

desk, against the wall was a long easy sofa, in the centre of the room was a marble-top table covered with books and pamphlets, and chairs were placed about in the usual manner. Folding-doors seemed to separate the rooms, and adjacent thereto was what seemed to be a piano, having a large cover of heavy damask. The man laid down the pipe from his mouth, for he had been smoking, and wheeling an easy chair in front of us, at once began the conversation.

"I suppose you called for medical services?" he asked.

"We called for medical information," was the answer.

"Exactly; we probably understand each other. You wish to release a lady from difficulty."

"We came to inquire what you propose to do, and what your charges are for such work."

"Well, what are the symptoms—tell me exactly."

"We tell you nothing; but suppose that a lady is —, and that — are the symptoms. What can you do?"

"Well, you wish to save her, and her family. I can do it without danger. I will not fool you. You know what risk there is in this business. I want \$200 down. If there is no trouble, I will see the lady safely through for that sum."

"But the result—what is to be done with that. Are we responsible?"

"No. I will take care of the 'result,' (with a significant look and motion of the hand to the lips.) You need not trouble yourself about that."

"But—a young lady and gentleman—what can they do to save their reputation?"

[Sotto voce.] "I will give you marriage or burial certificates. I have facilities for both. Is this the lady?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, Sir, I must see the lady," he said, and bowed us out.

Next week I called alone. He was again beclouded in smoke.

"Well, Sir," he began, "you have not brought the lady?"

"No; I have not."

"I cannot tell you anything without I see her."

"You told me you could attend to any case; in the far West, for instance."

"But I must know the person and her peculiarities."

"I want to know just what you could do in a certain case. Suppose it to be this—"

[Here an imaginary case was put.]

"Well, that is serious, but I have had lots of them. I can do the worst safely. If the first means fail I must go to the extreme."

"Dare you use instruments, and is it safe?"

"I do nothing but what is safe. I can do more than all these humbugs that pretend and yet cheat."

"But, in case of the child's death, who is responsible in the eye of the law if a discovery is made?"

"Don't worry about that, my dear Sir. I will take care of the result. A newspaper bundle, a basket, a pail, a resort to the sewer or the river at night. Who is the wiser?"

"But, Doctor, if the mother dies?"

"If that should happen, of course you would stand the expense. But you need never fear. The lady can be disposed of without trouble. I can get marriage or burial certificates without trouble. You know Madame Restell and all the others. I have the same facilities they have. We can do the thing up handsomely, and I can save you lots of expense. All these other fellows are humbugs. But, why did you not bring the lady here?" he asked with an evident suspicion of the visitor, and then turning the key in the lock and leaning his ponderous form against the door, he seemed to forbid our egress from the place.

"You seem to hang off," he continued, "What do you mean?"

"I don't bring you a case, I ask 'what would you do under the circumstances I have named.'"

"You are a — sneak and a liar?" he exclaimed, with flashing eyes and an excited manner. "You are a — spy. I will split your head for you, you—you — — —!"

The piano, or table, stood between me and the only means of exit, which his bulky form covered. The blinds, too, seemed to be fastened. He was a muscular man, at least three times the weight of myself, and appeared wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement.

"Let me out, Sir," I exclaimed.

"You —, I'll kill you —, (advancing.) I'll give you all you want; you spy, you devil, you villain!"

Matters seemed desperate. I had not expected such a denouement. But I felt that there was but one thing to do—either to be conquered or to conquer, and leave the house I must or else suffer violence at his hands.

Perceiving his desperation, I was at once upon my guard. A sudden movement of his hand to his breast pocket startled me into the belief that he was about to draw forth a deadly weapon, and possibly take my life, as he had threatened. In an instant I drew a revolver, the sight of which intimidated him, and in his moment of terror and confusion I escaped.

"I will have you arrested," he screamed, as I slammed the door shut and hurried to the street. As I passed through the hallway I saw the same girl who left the parlor when I made my first visit to the house. She was standing on the stairs, and it was the same face I saw afterward at the Morgue. I positively identify the features of the dead woman as those of the blonde beauty before described, and will testify to the fact, if called upon to do so, before a legal tribunal.

AUGUSTUS ST. CLAIR.

Something More Concerning Ascher's Business—A Terrible Story from our Reporter's Note-Book.

Our readers were yesterday reminded of the fact that this man "ASCHER" was pretty thoroughly exposed in the article entitled "The Evil of the Age," which appeared in these columns a few days since. As there were a number of the same class of "doctors" to be dealt with, in a limited space, the description of each was necessarily brief. Now that this man has been arrested, however, it may be of interest to the public to know something more concerning him, and the business in which he is engaged. To this end the reporter who visited his place a few weeks ago, in quest of information, has written out the whole story of his interview with him, as follows. After reading it no one will doubt that he is fully capable of committing the crime charged against him.

THE REPORTER'S STORY.

During the month of July last I was directed by the 'TIMES' editor to investigate thoroughly the entire business carried on so extensively in this City by professional abortionists. In order to secure success, and to avoid suspicion, I was instructed to take a lady with me. After a long, tedious, and in many respects an unpleasant experience, we unearthed a mass of evidence that, if available in a Court of law, would drive a score of villains to the refuge of the State's Prison.

Among others upon whom we called was "Dr. ASCHER," at his office in South Fifth-avenue, as advertised daily in the *Herald* for months previously. We rang the bell and were promptly ushered into the hall-way of an ordinary first-class house of the former period. It was of the kind of dwellings that would have been aristocratic ten years ago. A woman of, say, forty years of age opened the door and led us into the parlor. As we entered the room a young girl emerged therefrom. She seemed to be about twenty years of age, a little more than five feet in height, of slender build, having blue eyes, and a clear, alabaster complexion. Long blonde curls, tinted with gold, drooped upon her shoulders, and her face wore an expression of embarrassment at the presence of strangers. She retreated to the end of the hall, and stood there for a moment, and then went to another part of the house. In a few moments the Doctor made his appearance.

"Do you wish to see me?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir. We have come to consult you professionally."

The room in which we were seated was nicely furnished. A fine tapestry carpet covered the floor; at the window was an elegant mahogany