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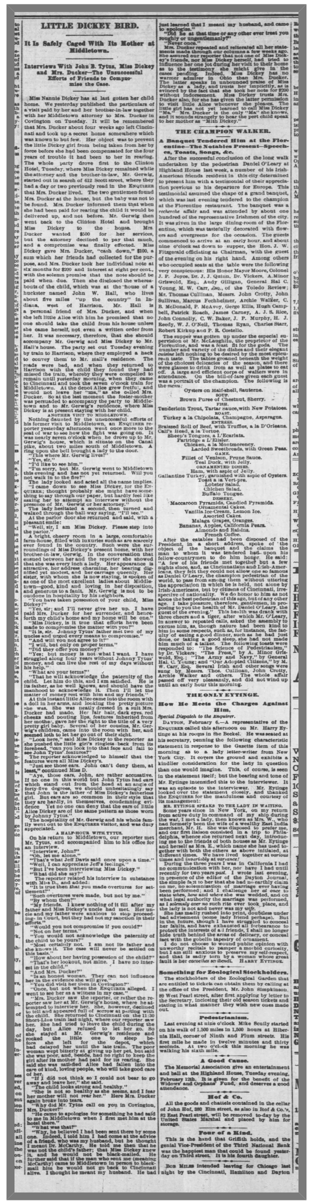

LITTLE DICKEY BIRD.

It Is Safely Caged With Its Mother at Middletown.

Interviews With John B. Tytus, Miss Dickey and Mrs. Ducker—The Unsuccessful Efforts of Friends to Compromise the Case.

Miss Nannie Dickey has at last gotten her child home. We yesterday published the particulars of a visit paid by her and her brother-in-law together with her Middletown attorney to Mrs. Ducker in Covington on Tuesday. It will be remembered that Mrs. Ducker about four weeks ago left Cincinnati and took up a secret home somewhere which was known to but few. Her object was to prevent the little Dickey girl from being taken from her by force before she had been compensated for the four years of trouble it had been to her in rearing. The whole party drove first to the Clinton Hotel, Tuesday, where Miss Dickey remained while the attorney and the brother-in-law, Mr. Gerwig, started out in search of 612 Scott street, where they had a day or two previously read in the ENQUIRER that Mrs. Ducker lived. The two gentlemen found Mrs. Ducker at the house, but the baby was not to be found. Mrs. Ducker informed them that when she had been paid for rearing the child it would be delivered up, and not before. Mr. Gerwig then went back to the Clinton Hotel and brought Miss Dickey to the house. Mrs. Ducker wanted $500 for her services, but the attorney declined to pay that much, and a compromise was finally effected. Miss Dickey gave Mrs. Ducker, "cash down," $100, a sum which her friends had collected for the purpose, and Mrs. Ducker took her individual note at six months for $200 and interest at eight per cent., with the solemn promise that the note should be paid when due. Then she disclosed the whereabouts of the child, which was at the house of a huckster named John W. Hall, who lives about five miles "up the country" in Indiana, west of Harrison. Mr. Hall is a personal friend of Mrs. Ducker, and when she left little Alice with him he promised that no one should take the child from his house unless she came herself, not even a written order from her. It was necessary, therefore, that she should accompany Mr. Gerwig and Miss Dickey to Mr. Hall's house. The party set out Tuesday evening by train to Harrison, where they employed a hack to convey them to Mr. Hall's residence. The roads were bad, and when they returned to Harrison with the child they found they had missed the train, whereby they were compelled to remain until yesterday morning, when they came to Cincinnati and took the seven o'clock train for Middletown. At the depot Alice grew fretful, and would not leave her "ma," as she called Mrs. Ducker. So at the last moment the foster-mother was persuaded to accompany the party to Middletown and to Mr. Gerwig's residence, where Miss Dickey is at present staying with her child.

ANOTHER VISIT TO MIDDLETOWN.

Nothing daunted by the unsuccessful efforts of his former visit to Middletown, an ENQUIRER reporter yesterday afternoon went once more to the seat of war to see how the fight was going on. It was nearly seven o'clock when he drove up to Mr. Gerwig's house, which is situate on the Canal pike, about two miles south of Middletown. A ring upon the bell brought a lady to the door.

"This where Mr. Gerwig lives?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'd like to see him."

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Gerwig went to Middletown this evening and has not yet returned. Will you not walk in to the fire?"

The lady looked and acted all the name implies.

"I came down to see Miss Dickey, for the ENQUIRER; thought probably she might have something to say through our paper, but hardly feel like asking her to attempt an interview without the presence of Mr. Gerwig or her attorney."

The lady hesitated a second, then turned and walked through the hall-way saying, "I'll see."

At the parlor door she returned and said, with a pleasant smile:

"Well, sir, I am Miss Dickey. Please step into the parlor."

A bright, cheery room in a large, comfortable farm-house, filled with luxuries such as are scarcely ever found in the country. Such were the surroundings of Miss Dickey's present home, with her brother-in-law, Gerwig. In the conversation that ensued between her and the reporter she showed that she was every inch a lady. Her appearance is attractive, her address charming, her bearing dignified yet modest, and her carriage queenly. Her sister, with whom she is now staying, is spoken of as one of the most excellent ladies about Middletown—good, kind and loving in her disposition, and generous to a fault. Mr. Gerwig is not to be outdone in hospitality by his neighbors.

"You have taken possession of your child, Miss Dickey!"

"Yes, sir; and I'll never give her up. I have paid Mrs. Ducker for her surrender, and henceforth my child's home and my home will be one."

"Miss Dickey, is it true that efforts have been made to compromise the matter with you?"

"It is, sir. Johnny Tytus' father met two of my uncles and urged every means to compromise."

"And will you not agree to it?"

"I will, but only on proper terms."

"Did they offer you money?"

"Yes; but money is not what I want. I have struggled along four years without Johnny Tytus' money, and can live the rest of my days without his help."

"What are your terms?"

"That he will acknowledge the paternity of the child. Let him do this, and I am satisfied. He is its father, as he well knows, and should have the manhood to acknowledge it. Then I'll let the matter of money rest with him and my friends."

At this instant little Alice came into the room with a doll in her arms, and looking the pretty picture she was. She was neatly dressed in a suit Mrs. Ducker had made. Her fair hair, dark eyes, red cheeks and pouting lips, features inherited from her mother, gave her the right to the title of a very pretty girl baby. Several of her cousins, Mr. Gerwig's children, came into the room with her, and seemed loth to let her go out of their sight.

"Look here," said Miss Dickey to the reporter as she pushed the little girl's ringlets back from its forehead, "can you look into that face and fail to see John Tytus' features?"

The reporter acknowledged to himself that the features were all Miss Dickey's.

"Just see those ears. John can't deny them, at least," continued Miss D.

"Aye, those ears, John, are rather accusative. If no one in this world but John Tytus had ears which stand out from the head at an angle of forty-five degrees, we should unhesitatingly say that John is the father of Miss Dickey's fatherless girl. But ears are so common in their style that they are hardly, in themselves, condemning evidence Yet no one can deny that the ears of little Alice Dickey are of the same pattern as those worn by Johnny Tytus."

The hospitality of Mr. Gerwig and his whole family went out to the ENQUIRER visitor, and was duly appreciated.

A HALF-HOUR WITH TYTUS.

On his return to Middletown, our reporter met Mr. Tytus, and accompanied him to his office for an interview.

"Interview, John?"

"Oh, let me alone."

"That's what Jeff Davis said once upon a time."

"Well, I can appreciate Jeff's feelings."

"But I've been interviewing Miss Dickey."

"What did she say?"

The reporter related his interview in substance with Miss D., and added:

"It is true then that you made overtures for settlement?"

"Such overtures were made, but not by me."

"By whom then?"

"My friends. I knew nothing of it till after my father and Miss Dickey's uncle had met. Her uncle and my father were anxious to stop proceedings in Court, but they had not my sanction in their efforts."

"Would you not compromise if you could?"

"Not on her terms."

"You would not acknowledge the paternity of the child to be yours?"

"Most certainly not. I am not its father and she knows it. The case will never be settled on this basis."

"How about her having possession of the child?"

"That's her lookout, not mine. I have no interest in the child."

"And Mrs. Ducker?"

"Is an honest woman. They can not influence her in the evidence she will give."

"You did visit her then in Covington?"

"Once, but not when the ENQUIRER alleged. I went to see her as a witness in my case."

Mrs. Ducker saw the reporter, or rather the reporter saw her at Mr. Gerwig's house, where he attempted to interview her. She, however, declined to tell and appeared full of sorrow at parting with the child. She returned to Cincinnati on the 11:30 Short-Line train last night, where our reporter saw her. She had tried to leave the child during the day, but Alice refused to let her go. So she stayed at Mr. Gerwig's residence and rocked the little one to sleep before she left for the depot, which had delayed her until the late train. The poor woman wept bitterly at giving up her pet, but said she was poor, and, beside, had no right to keep the girl after its mother had paid for its rearing. She said she was satisfied Alice had fallen into the care of kind, loving people, who will take good care of her.

"If I did not think so I could not bear to go away and leave her," she said.

"The child looks strong and healthy."

"She is not so healthy as she seems, and I fear her mother will not rear her." Here Mrs. Ducker again broke into tears.

"Why did Mr. Tytus call on you in Covington, Mrs. Ducker?"

"He came to apologize for something he had said to me in Middletown when I first met him at the hotel there."

"What was that?"

"Why, he believed I had been sent there by some one. Indeed, I told him I had come at the advice of a friend, who was my husband, but he thought I meant Dr. McCarthy. He told me then that he was not the child's father; that Miss Dickey knew it, and he would not be black-mailed. He further said that if the man who sent me (meaning McCarthy) came to Middletown in person to black-mail him he would not go back to Cincinnati alive. I thought he meant my husband. He had just learned that I meant my husband, and came to apologize."

"Did he at that time or any other ever treat you roughly or ungentlemanly?"

"Never once."

Mrs. Ducker repeated and reiterated all her statements made through our columns a few weeks ago. She assured our reporter that not one of Miss Dickey's friends, nor Miss Dickey herself, had tried to influence her one jot during her visit to their home as to the testimony she might give in the cases pending. Indeed, Miss Dickey has no warmer admirer in Ohio than Mrs. Ducker. The latter speaks in unbounded praise of Miss Dickey as a lady, and trusts her implicitly, as is evinced by the fact that she took her note for $200 without indorsement. Miss Dickey trusts Mrs. Ducker also, for she has given the latter permission to visit little Alice whenever she pleases. The little girl has not yet learned to call Miss Dickey "Ma." Mrs. Ducker is the only "Ma" she knows, and it sounds strangely to hear the pert child speak to her mother as "Mith Dickey."

THE CHAMPION WALKER.

A Banquet Tendered Him at the Florentine—The Notables Present—Speeches, Toasts, Songs, &c.

After the successful conclusion of the long walk undertaken by the pedestrian Daniel O'Leary at Highland House last week, a number of his Irish-American friends resident in this city determined to present him with a testimonial of their appreciation previous to his departure for Europe. This testimonial assumed the shape of a grand banquet, which was last evening tendered to the champion at the Florentine restaurant. The banquet was a *recherche* affair and was attended by about one hundred of the representative Irishmen of the city. It was given in the large dining-room of the Florentine, which was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens for the occasion. The guests commenced to arrive at an early hour, and about nine o'clock sat down to supper, the Hon. J. W. Fitzgerald officiating as Chairman, with the guest of the evening on his right hand. Among others who occupied seats at the table were the following very conspicuous: His Honor Mayor Moore, Colonel J. P. Joyce, Dr. J. J. Quinn, Dr. Vickers, A. Minor Griswold, Esq., Andy Gilligan, General Hal C. Young, M. W. Carr, Esq., of the Toledo Review; Mr. Thomas Cullinan, Messrs. John Crotty, John Sullivan, Marcus Fechheimer, Archie Walker, C. B. McDonald, P. McAvoy, Gerge Ellis, Hugh Campbell, Patrick Roach, James Carney, A. J. S. Rice, John Connolly, C. W. Baker, J. P. Murphy, H. J. Reedy, W. J. O'Neil, Thomas Ryan, Charles Starr, Robert Kirkup and P. R. Costello.

The supper was gotten up under the especial supervision of Mr. McLaughlin, the proprietor of the Florentine, and was a feast fit for the gods. The number and variety of the dishes and their elegant *cuisine* left nothing to be desired by the most epicurean taste. The tables groaned beneath the weight of the choicest delicacies of the season, and there were glasses to drink from as well as plates to eat off. A large and efficient corps of waiters were in attendance. On the bill-of-fare given each guest was a portrait of the champion. The following is the *menu:*

Oysters on Half-shell, Sauterne.

SOUP.

Brown Puree of Chestnut, Sherry.

FISH.

Tenderloin Trout, Tartar Sauce, with New Potatoes.

ROAST.

Turkey a la Chipolata, Champagne, Asparagus.

ENTREES.

Braiszed Roll of Beef, with Truffles, a la D'Orleans.
Calf's Head, a la Tortue.
Sheep's Tongues, a L'Ecarlata.
Partridge a L'Elisler.
Chicken, a la Montmorency.
Larded Sweetbreads, with Green Peas.

GAME.

Fillet of Venison, Prune Sauce.
Teal Duck, with Jelly.

ORNAMENTED DISHES.

Ham, with aspic of Jelly.
Gallantine Turkey, garnished with aspic of Oysters.
Toast a la Vert-pre.
Lobster Salad.
Chichen Salad.
Buffalo Tongue.

DESSERT.

Maccaroon Pyramids, Candied Pyramids.
Ornamental Cakes.
Vanilla Ice-Cream, Lemon Ice.
Assorted Cakes.
Malaga Grapes, Oranges.
Bananas, Apples, California Pears.
Almonds and Raisins.
French Coffee.

After the eatables had been disposed of the President, in a short address, spoke of the object of the banquet and the claims the man to whom it was tendered had upon his fellow-countrymen to do him honor. He said: "A few of his friends met together but a few nights since, and, as Cincinnatians and Irish-Americans, they felt they could not allow one so famous as Daniel O'Leary, the champion pedestrian of the world, to pass from among them without uttering the appreciation in which he is held, not alone by Irish-Americans, but by citizens of Cincinnati, irrespective of nationality. We do honor to him as not alone the best pedestrian of this age, but of any other age. I take pleasure, therefore, gentlemen, in proposing to you the health of Mr. Daniel O'Leary, the guest of the evening." This health was drank with three cheers and a tiger, after which Mr. O'Leary, in answer to repeated calls, asked the assembly to excuse him, as, though nature had been kind to him in some respects, such as, for instance, the faculty of eating a good dinner, such as he had just done, or taking a good sleep, she had not made him much of a talker. The following toasts were responded to: "The Science of Pedestrianism," by Dr. Vickers; "The Press," by A. Minor Griswold, Esq.; "The Army and Navy," by General Hal. C. Young; and "Our Adopted Citizens," by M. W. Carr, Esq. Several Irish and other songs were sung by Messrs. Thos. Cullinan, John Crotty, Archie Walker and others. The whole affair passed off very pleasantly, and did not wind up until an early hour this morning.

THE ONLY EYTINGE.

How He Meets the Charges Against Him.

Special Dispatch to the Enquirer.

DAYTON, February 6.—A representative of the ENQUIRER called this afternoon on Mr. Harry Eytinge at his rooms in the Beckel. He was seated at his secretary, penning the following characteristic statement in response to the Gazette item of this morning as to a lady letter-writer from New York City. It covers the ground and exhibits a kindlier consideration for the lady in question than one would imagine. This, of course, is seen in the statement itself; but the bearing and tone of Mr. Eytinge intensified this to the interviewer. It was an episode to the interviewer. Mr. Eytinge looked over the statement closely, and thanked the ENQUIRER for the manfulness and courtesy of its management:

MR. EYTINGE SPEAKS TO THE LADY IN WAITING.

Some years since in New York, on my return from active duty in command of my ship during the war, I met a lady, then known as Mrs. W., who had formerly been the wife of a wealthy East India merchant, Mr. H. She was disposed to prefer me, and our first liaison consisted in a trip to Philadelphia, whence she returned next day, introducing me to the friends of both houses as Mr. Eytinge and herself as Mrs. E., which name she has used together with both the others as above initialed, at different times. We have lived together at *various* times and *invariably at variance!*

During the three years I was in California I had no communication with her, nor have I had until recently for two years *past*. I wrote last evening, in presence of the editor of the Dayton Journal, the simple fact to her that she had no earthly claim on me, no solemnization of marriage ever having been performed; and I challenge her *at once* to state *when, how* and *where* she was wedded, and on what legal authority the marriage was performed, as I *solemnly aver no* such rite ever took place, and the lady is not and never was my *wife*.

She has madly rushed into print, doubtless under bad advisement (some lady friend perhaps). But in the future, though I have struggled to conceal her faults, and have exhausted all forbearance to protect the interests of all friends, I shall no longer hide truth behind the arras of delicacy, or conceal fact with the gobelin tapestry of ornament.

I do not choose to wound public opinion with unworthy recitals to pamper a morbid curiosity, but I am still anxious to preserve my self-respect, and that is sadly torn by a woman whose great fault is her *cacoethes scribendi.* HARRY EYTINGE.

Something for Zoological Stockholders.

The stockholders of the Zoological Garden that are entitled to tickets can obtain them by calling at the office of the President, Mr. John Simpkinson, 89 West Pearl street, after first applying by letter to the Secretary, inclosing their old season tickets and stating in what manner they wish new ones made out.

Pedestrianism.

Last evening at nine o'clock Mike Scully started on his walk of 1,500 miles in 1,500 hours at Hibernia Hall, corner of Ninth and Plum streets. His first mile he made in twelve minutes and thirty seconds. At two o'clock this morning he was walking his sixth mile.

A Good Cause.

The Memorial Association give an entertainment and ball at the Highland House, Tuesday evening, February 12th. It is given for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and deserves a good attendance.

Hof & Co.

All the goods and chattels contained in the cellar of John Hof, 380 Elm street, as also in Hof & Co.'s, 82 East Pearl street, will be removed to-day by the United States Marshal and placed by him for storage.

Four of a Kind.

This is the hand that Griffith holds, and the genial Vice-President of the Third National Bank was the happiest man that could be found yesterday on Third street. It is his fourth daughter.

BOB MILES intended leaving for Chicago last night by the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton

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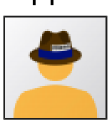

jeremy_loukinas
Sun, Nov 13, 2016

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