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FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1880.

An Intensely Passionate Heroine.
Her Noble Pets and the Fate of Her Faithless Lover.

Her perfumed yellow hair hung up by the mirror, while she sat in the fragrant haze that blew through the curtained lattice, waiting in the sweets of jasmine and heliotrope. On the saffron maze of perfected years she saw the dimly-limned pictures of lost opportunities for rosy sinning, and dreamed, as she scanned the lines in the architecture of her life, of more than one buried chance for transgression whose bridal robes of pallid and half-forgotten advantages rustled in the low, musical air of her memory.

Rising languidly from her chair she crossed the velvet floor to a corner of her chamber where her glossy-coated horse stood patiently stamping bon-bons in his satin lined stall of sandalwood. The noble brute turned, and affectionately placing his high fore-leg around her waist, looked down in her lapidary eyes with that ineffable expression of a horse.

"Yes, Toto," sighed the young girl; "the *esprit de corps* may fail; but, *car-amba*, have I not thee? Thou wert my friend on the old stone bridge at Florence, when the Marquis came not, and even now I hear the fall of thy hoofs that beat down the echoes of eighty centuries and made the shallow arches ring as rang the sword against the diamond studded breast of him of Beauclerc when Easter lilies of the Va d'Arno opened their pale throats for his bridal blood."

The strong nature of the horse, subdued by the melancholy memories of that bitter night beside the flashing Arno, melted in fiery blast at the young girl's passionate utterance, and the sympathetic animal clasped her more closely to his loving breast.

Gwendolin Trevilyn had indeed suffered. The apotheosis of society, she had lived socially, and though perhaps stern mothers of the lower classes had pointed her out to milkop sons as something to avoid, she crushed above them in the chariot of her insouciance, and looked upon the world from out her calm, pale eyes as a plain upon which battles were to be fought, but not battles of arms. Bred in diplomacy, she left the fierce whirl of contentings to those below her, while she set up jobs on all whom the wrath of her passionate being might fall.

A FAIR SINNER'S FAME.
In the vulgar language of the common world, she may not have been good. But she was sociable, and did as society demanded, notwithstanding that it might involve peccadilloes from which the vulgar mind shrinks. At Caprea there had been murmurings of eminent social proceedings, and at Pisa too, wild narratives sprang from the mouths of men and mingled with the airs that blew swiftly down from the gray and tan of the Apennines. The church bells of Rome had whispered her fame in their dusty bellies, and Naples and Venice looked on her with curious eyes as she floated on the Vesuvius bay like a cloud in the spring sky, or swept the water street like the down of the dandelion. The flashing sunbeams of many climes had wintered in the fragrance of her gilded hair, and the clouds of disappointed hopes lurked in the brows that shaded her lashes.

"He will come, Toto," said she, disengaging herself from the warm embrace of her horse and crossing over to her Bengal tiger, that slept in another corner of the apartment; "and you my lovely Fidelia, my brave mistress of the stormy jungle, you know your part." The graceful tiger snarled pleasantly at her mistress and curved her claws. "Yes, yes," continued the girl, as she took down the mystic masses of molten gold from the mirror, and with a quick turn of her graceful arms, adjusted them to her head; he will come and he will remember the night under the Italian stars, when he let me wander among the purple lilies by the Arno, waiting in wretchedness for the soft tones of his sativ voice. And he will face clouds darker than the mountain storm he braved by the river, though the warning breeze

blow soft and fragrant, and the lying love that wet his lips down by the Florentine water side."

The drawing, negligent and aristocratic step of a young man who approached the door did not disturb the listless expression of the enraged beauty, and as he entered she motioned him to a seat.

"And have you come, Bertie?" she inquired hiding the spasmodic flash of the old love-light that, for a moment, shrouded her eyes.

"I have come, Gwendolin," he responded, kissing her impassive hand. "How's things?"

WAITING FOR SWEET REVENGE.
"Indifferently, Bertie," she answered with a smile that momentarily cloaked her fixed design. I have waited for you. Twice I waited by the Lion, in Venice; once I wandered along the beach in the soft Neapolitan dews, and once the waves of the yellow Arno washed my Toto's hoofs, while you came not. Yet had you asked me to wait for you by the Pyramids, or on the Norwegian headland, on which the sun sinks not, I had waited. Why, came you not, Bertie?"

"Busy," replied the young man, in the soft, low, melting tones that only breeding can bequeath.

The young girl arose and stood before him. From her shoulders draped the ghostly mantles of centuries of brave ancestors. In her eyes lurked the rage of catacombs full of men who had died without winking.

"Listen, Bertie," she said in a voice of suppressed passion; "you have deceived me; you make engagements with me hundreds of miles apart and fail to come. Bertie, do you love me?"

The young man hesitated.

Taking him by the arm the trembling girl led him toward the stall in the corner.

"Come and look at Toto," she said faintly, casting a glance at the tiger which followed them; "isn't he beautiful?" she asked. "Stand there, Bertie," and she placed him some three feet behind the horse.

"Now, Toto, now!" she exclaimed, and with a roar of rage the horse shot out his hind legs—hind legs that had descended through years of training, through generations of Arabian steeds. The deadly hoofs caught the young man in the stomach. He flew back to where the tiger stood with widely-extended jaws.

At the window the young girl sat once more looking into the tomb of her past, but no regret clouded the golden haze of the memories. Up from the jasmine and heliotrope swept the summer perfume, bringing to her, perhaps, some of the recollections of the valley of the Decameron when the red lilies blushed even a deeper cardinal as she wandered among them; bringing to her, perhaps, some faint remembrance of the Red Lion's eyes as they gazed pitifully into hers one dark Venetian night while she waited in a window looking for the footsteps that made no marks upon the marble quay; bringing to her, it may be, a reminiscence of the shadows that floated to her across the bay of Naples, as its waters kissed her feet and murmured consolation to her ears, tired of listening for the coming of him she loved.

Toto slept in his stall.

The tiger lay upon the Persian rug, too brave to express the pain within; for there had been a bad computation of distances, and the horse had kicked Bertie half way through the heroine of the jungle.

A Model Disciplinarian.

Considerable hilarity has recently been excited in Austro-Hungarian military circles by an incident quaintly illustrating the rigid strictness with which Magyar non-commissioned officers are wont to carry out, to the very letter, the instructions contained in the Imperial Royal Military Code. A few days ago a private soldier died in the barracks infirmary at Kaschan, and his body in due course was consigned to the grave with the customary military honors. It was observed, however, by a superior officer present at the ceremony of interment, that the party following the coffin marched into the cemetery with fixed bayonets, contrary to the established military usage in such cases. As soon as the burial rites had been concluded, he sent for the sergeant commanding the party and asked him, with some asperity, whether he did not know that it was contrary to regulations for a funeral escort to march with fixed bayonets. Standing stiffly at the salute, the conscientious sergeant replied: "Yes, sir; I am quite aware of that. But I beg respectfully to report that the deceased, during his illness and at the time of his death, was under arrest. It was therefore the duty of his escort to fix bayonets." "Very well; you may go," was the rejoinder; and the model disciplinarian retired with the proud consciousness that he had triumphantly proved his case.

Rust in Wheat.

We know from scientific authority that 95 to 98 per cent. of all that goes to make up the mature wheat plant is derived from the atmosphere, and that those portions of the plant are organic or capable of being burned and evaporated into invisible gases. We know also from the same authority that the 2 or 5 per cent. remaining is derived from the earth, that it is inorganic or incapable of being destroyed, for when the plants are burned there remains indestructible ashes. But scientific authority goes further, and shows us that without the presence of those inorganic substances in the soil which the wheat and other plants feed upon, the organic substances which the plants derive from the atmosphere cannot be taken up, digested, so to speak, and assimilated in a form to make a strong and healthy plant. Where both organic and inorganic matter are wanting there is barrenness; where both are present in suitable proportions for the growth of the plant, there is fruitfulness, and finally, where there is too much of one and too little of the other, there is one-sided development, and especially in the case of too much nitrogen, there is overgrowth and a tendency to disease and decay. When we use much green manure on our wheat fields, the plants make a great growth of blades and straw for the grain, and the crop under unfavorable weather is pretty sure to blight, mildew or rust and fall down. And the same result follows if we use an over dose of nitrate of soda, or any other plant food of a similar nature. So also, in hot and wet seasons, if near or at the time of harvest there is much thunder and lightning, the phenomena produces nitrogen in excess of the wants of the plant, and the same thing follows as where too much green manure or nitrate of soda is employed. There being in such cases a want of equilibrium between the quantity of organic matter furnished from the atmosphere and the inorganic derived from the earth, under the stimulus of heat and humidity, the cell matters of the plant are produced faster than it can be digested and assimilated, and hence they burst their boards, whether of the leaf or stalk, and are instantly seized upon by the blight, mildew and rust fungus germs, always floating in the air at such seasons and temperatures. This brief and necessarily imperfect statement of the cause of the fungous disease of the wheat plant covers the whole ground, and shows why it is the phosphates which supply so large a portion of the ash of many of the cereals, is the best if not the only known preventative of blight, mildew and rust.

B. F. I.

Democratic Authority.

The *Sunday Capital*, Washington, D. C., Don Platt, editor, though out-and-out democratic, says of the recent attempt in the New York *Sen* and other newspapers to slander Gen. Garfield:

Gen. Garfield, personally considered, is singularly pure and upright. He is one of the few men in public life who can look his beautiful little wife and lovely children in the face without shame. We say this advisedly, for we have known Garfield intimately all his public life, and we can advise the machinery called the partisan press that attempts at blackening Garfield's character will be signal failures, and will be met by protests from such eminent democrats as the Hon. Jeremiah Black, Allen Thurman, and Justice Field, who have already put themselves on record in his behalf. Garfield's purity is so thorough that it gives him a perilous confidence in men, and has gotten him into trouble precisely as a confiding boy gets into scrapes. In that Credit Mobilier affair, for example, we know, and have so testified, that at the very time it was claimed he was scheming to enrich himself through Ames' rascality, he was "shimming about" Washington striving to borrow \$300 to pay house rent," and so ignorant of an ordinary note of hand. He had not only lived in the open air, but has occupied positions where, like other leaders, he could have winked himself into millions. He holds to-day the honored position of being the only poor man among political leaders.

Negro Eloquence.

In reviewing our Texas exchanges in one of them, the *Dallas Times*, if we are not mistaken, we find the details of a case that certainly presents some of the most remarkable features in the history of jurisprudence in this country.

This occurred in Waxahatchie, during the Ellis county District Court. A colored man had been indicted for entering a conspiracy to murder. He was brought to trial, the evidence was strong, and in spite of the good fight made in his defense by his attorney, he was convicted. A motion for a new trial was made, and the Judge seeing that no error of law had been made, and believing the evidence was sufficient, promptly overruled the motion. When the prisoners were brought in to be sentenced, this negro was among them.

When asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he said he knew anything he might say would have no weight with the court, as all the forms of the law had been complied with, and he knew he must go to the penitentiary, but that he had something to say for the benefit of his colored friends, and with the permission of the court he would make a few remarks.

The court told him that he would listen.

The negro started off slowly and deliberately, reviewing the testimony, showing the inconsistencies of witnesses statements, and then, carried away with the idea of the wrong done him he burst forth in a strain of eloquence seldom heard.

When he sat down the Judge said: "Sam, I thought you guilty; I don't believe so now, and will set aside the judgment overruling your motion for a new trial, and give you another chance."

So eloquently had the negro presented his case that the County Attorney dismissed the case, and the negro walked out of the court-room a free man.

A Kiss and Its Results.

Our readers shall have the benefit of a good story we once heard. Traveling into town about dusk, Parson K. had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed parishioner, who had, among other worldly possessions, two or three fine daughters. He had scarce knocked at the door when it was opened by one of these blooming maidens, who as quick as thought threw her arms around his neck, and before he had time to say "Oh, don't," pressed her warm delicate lips to his, and gave him as sweet a kiss as ever heart of swain deserved. In utter astonishment the worthy divine was endeavoring to stammer out something, when the damsel exclaimed, "Oh, mercy, mercy! Mr. K, is that you? I thought as much as could be that it was my brother Henry."

"Pshaw!" thought the parson to himself, "you didn't think any such thing." But taking her hand, he said in a forgiving tone, "There's no harm done. Don't give yourself any uneasiness; though you ought to be a little more careful."

After this gentle reproof, he was ushered into the parlor by the maiden, who, as she came to the light, could not conceal the deep blush that glowed upon her cheek, while the bouquet that was pinned to her bosom shook like a flower garden in an earthquake. And when he rose to depart it somehow fell to her lot to wait upon him at the door; and it may be added that in the entry they held discourse together for some minutes, on what subject it is not fit for us to say.

"Miss J. knew it was me who knocked at the door, or how did she recognize me before I spoke? And is it possible that her brother would knock before entering? She must be desperately in—pshaw! Why, if she loves her brother at that rate how must she love her husband? by the great squash, I never felt such a kiss in my life!"

Three weeks after the above incident Parson K. was married to Miss J.

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It was under Gen. Hancock's administration at New Orleans, when that commander had made up his mind not to enforce the reconstruction laws, that "nigger killing" was introduced as a political method, and soon after it became a favorite pastime. "The civil authority" that refused to punish such crimes was that authority to which Gen. Hancock insisted that the military should be kept strictly subordinate. The oppressed classes received no protection from Gen. Hancock during the whole period of his administration in the south; and herein lies the secret of his popularity with the dominant party there.—*Oregonian*

In Rome the other day an ostrich managed to suffocate itself by pushing its neck through between two bars swallowing a bunch of keys that had been dropped outside, and then tried to get its head back again. The result was that it was choked, and on its stomach being examined for missing property, the usual assortment of stones, nails, coins and beads was discovered, with, however, the interesting addition of a silver medal of the Pope and the cross of an Italian order. By whom or when these honorable decorations were "conferred" upon the sparrow-camel, no one knows; but the ostrich, it seems, did its best to show its appreciation of the distinction accorded to it, and swallowed both the medal and the order. It had no button-hole from which to display its honors, but at all events it has a coat—to its stomach.

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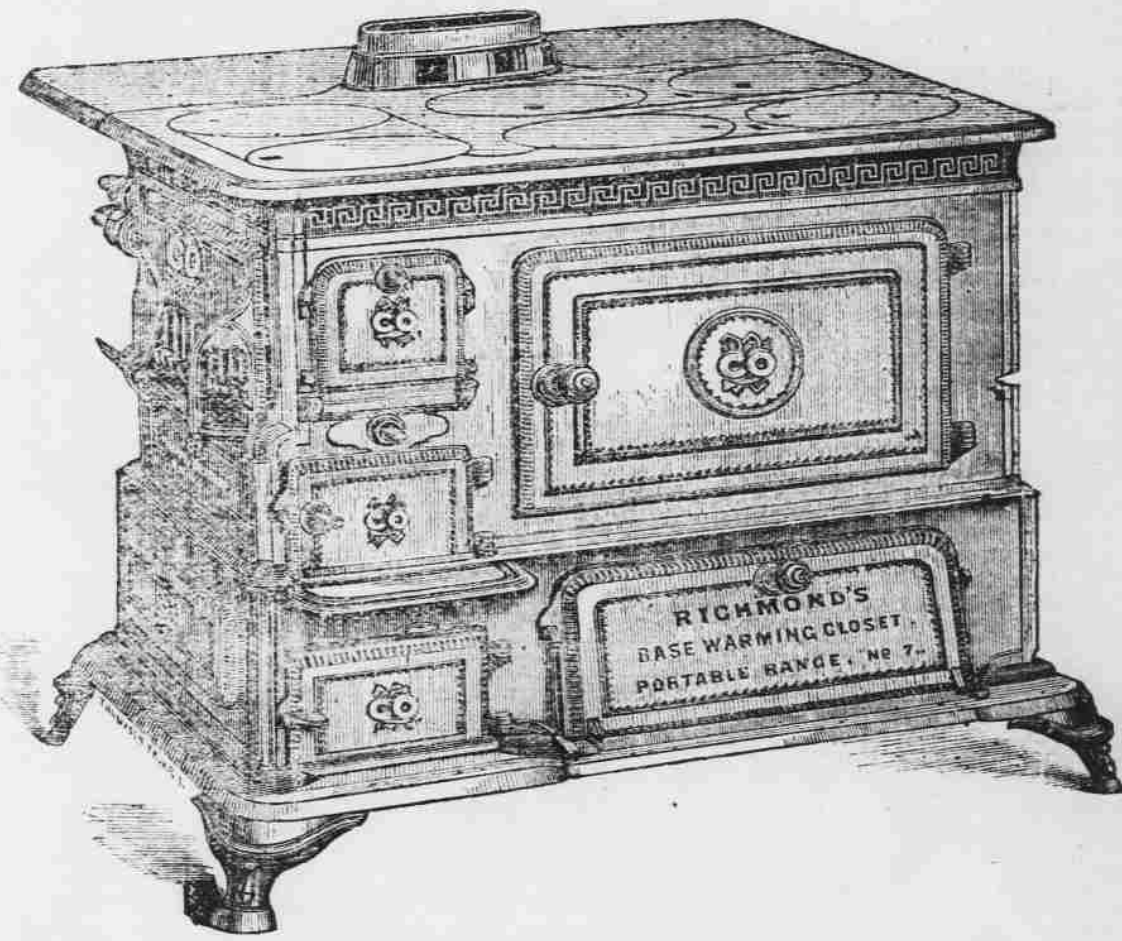


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