State Rights Democrat.

SUPPLEMENT.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

The president attends the races daily

Helen M. Slocum, the well known public speaker and woman's suffrage leader is dead.

Among the subscriptions received by Treasurer Gilfillan for the Garfield memorial hospital are $3,352 contributed in London and Paris.

The Mansion house Jewish relief fund has reached £52,000. The committee dispatch 600 refugees to America weekly at a cost of £1500.

Business statistics gathered from all parts of the country show a rather unsatisfactory condition of trade, probably caused in part by a backward spring.

The postmaster general has left Washington for a brief visit to Wisconsin. While west he will arrange for putting on a fast mail train from Chicago west.

It is said that a syndicate has been formed by Jay Gould, Blaine and others to build a new road from Baltimore and Cincinnati on the south side, to cost $15,000,000.

The coal companies at Cumberland propose to end the strike by putting new men in the mines. Three thousand old miners have been idle ten months and they are not likely to submit to this without serious trouble.

A Washington special says: The largest contribution through the American association of the Red Cross for Mississippi valley relief work was from Newton Edmunds, of Yankton, Dakota, and the next largest from Chas. S. Neal secretary of the San Francisco stock and exchange board.

An Inter Ocean Sandwich, Ill., special says: Mrs. J. A. Lay died there on the 19th, having fasted four weeks. She labored under the delusion she was enciente, and that if she fasted till the child's birth, which she believed would occur in a few days, her offspring would be a second prophet Elijah. A post mortem examination showed it was a complete illusion.

The tanners' strike continues in Chicago and is assuming the form of a lockout. Employers threaten to put in machinery and dispense with manual labor altogether. It is now stated that on the 13th employers met and agreed to stand by each other and all stop work in case of a strike in some of the houses and discharge all the men. About 800 are out of employment.

The first meeting of trustees of the John F. Slater fund for education of colored people of the south was held in New York on the 18th. Among those present were ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, Chief Justice Waite and Gov. Colquit of Georgia. The charter granted by the state was read and adopted. The board temporarily organized for its work by appointing committees.

Fort Madison special: The jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree against Polk, Wells and Cook, who murdered the jail guard, and a verdict of murder in the Second degree against Fitzgerald, who was an accomplice. The trial has been the shortest on record, lasting only two days. Wells and Cook are to be imprisoned for life, and Fitzgerald's sentence will be determined by the judge.

The damage done by the anti-Jewish movement, including houses, breadstuffs and other property destroyed, and money taken away by emigration of Jews, amounts to $110,000,000 all lost to Russia. To this must be added the losses resulting from preventing labor and profit, not only of Jews, but others during the riots and from stagnation of trade generally, which would increase the total by many more millions.

A Pittsburg dispatch of the 21st says: Some railroad coal miners of this disdistrict recently struck against a reduction in wages and colored men were imported in their places. Miners in thirty-three pits to-day resolved to continue the strike and stop all work if the negroes are not discharged by June 1st. At present the strike effects 2000 miners, but if it extends to all the mines, as threatened, 12,000 men will be thrown out of employment.

The Times recently announced the incorporation in New York of the North American Silk Exchange for the purpose of stimulating silk culture in this country. To this end they are now negotiating for 350 acres of land on Long Island for the purpose of establishing a nursery of mulberry trees, and for 2000 acres of land in Kentucky, which they propose to let in small lots in advantageous terms to those who wish to raise silk worms and produce cocoons. It is said anybody can raise worms and children can realize as much from their culture as the same number of men can in raising cotton.

Fire broke out on the south side of East Chestnut street in Leadville on the 19th and before it was under control had destroyed the buildings on that side east of the First National bank for nearly a block, including Windsor hotel, Academy of Music and the Palace of Fashion, a large dry goods house. The front of the buildings on the opposite side of the street were charred. Loss about $200,000; partly covered by insurance. It is supposed to be the work of incendiarism. One dead unidentified body was found and it is supposed that other lives were lost, as some of the occupants are missing.

The war department has the following: A Fort Leavenworth dispatch of the 18th says: The following telegram just received shows the situation at Mescaleros agency to be much the same only worse than it was with Cheyennes. The Mescaleros must be fed or they will starve. The Indian bureau, it appears, cannot feed them and the army must, therefore feed them. A heavy military force must be placed around them to make them starve peacefully. There is time yet to provide for them, but it cannot safely be postponed. It should be attended to at once.

JOSEPH POPE, General Com'dg.

The grand jury has returned new presentments against Gen. Thomas Brady, John W. Dorsey, Stephen W. Dorsey, Mountfort C. Keredell, Henry M. Turney, J. R. Minor, J. M. Peck and Harry M. Vail, charging them with conspiracy to defraud the United States in connection with the award of star route contracts. Four allegations of overt acts committed outside the statute of limitations have been omitted and twelve new overt acts been inserted, the acts being, making fraudulent claims against the government, based on fraudulent allowance for increase allowed by Brady. A number of letters and petitions are incorporated, and finally the data of the conspiracy is brought forward to may 23, 1879. The court issued warrants for the arrest of defendants returnable on the 23d.

The Northern Pacific road is about to run Pullman cars between St. Paul and Miles City.

S. R. Ainslie has been appointed superintendent of the Yellowstone division, which will be open the 1st of June.

Smallpox has been introduced along the Missouri and Yellowstone by immigrants. There are six cases at Miles City, ten at Glendive, and several at Bismarck.

An explosion of sulphur occurred in the Buckenridge colliery, near Shamokin, Pa., on the 20th, causing instant death to three men and fatal injury to another.

A Little Rock special says: The committee which has been investigating the books of ex-state treasurer, now Governor, Churchill for the past fourteen months filed a report on the 20th. The deficit foots up $114,829.

Jerry Hartigan, a noted 4th and 6th ward gambler and politician, was stabbed, probably fatally, in front of his rum shop in the Bowery on the 20th. The murderer, who was captured, said he was out to have some fun and he had had it.

A fight for $200 took place near Philadelphia on the 21st between Dennis Murphy and Louis Rheal, the latter winning in thirteen rounds, which occupied twenty-six minutes. The defeated man had his nose broken and face bruised into raw meat, and was taken home in a wagon.

A Cincinnati dispatch of the 21st says: In his morning sermon Bishop Gilmour denounced the women of his congregation for identifying themselves with the ladies' land league. The latter organization at its afternoon meeting hotly denounced the attack made upon its members.

Justice James has announced the decision of court in banc upon the exceptions in the Guiteau case, denying a new trial and affirming the judgment of the court below. Justice Hagner, in a separate opinion, discussed the bearing of the old Maryland act of 1875, an indictment under which would have been good in this district. Judge Carter stated that the opinions given were the unanimous opinions of the court.

A dispatch of the 21st says: One hundred and ten Canadians arrived at Muskegon, Mich., and will go to work on the booms Monday, protected by 80 of Pinkerton's force. Nevertheless a collision is feared, as the strikers have been idle so long and have become destitute and correspondingly desperate. A collision did occur yesterday and several broken heads resulted therefrom.

A Pittsburg dispatch of the 21st says: Intense excitement prevailed at the oil exchange this morning. Exaggerated reports of the capacity of the big strike at Warren were received, and fluctuations of quotations were frequent and quite large. The opening price was 65, but the market quickly jumped to 69, and then back again to 66, closing at noon at 66¾ bid. Sales at the morning session aggregated 750,000.

The Tribune of the 20th says: Yesterday there was received in this city a consignment of twenty-five cars of wheat from St. Louis, to be inspected here and shipped hence by lake to New York. Another consignment of the same number of cars of wheat from the same place, having the same destination, will arrive this morning. It would seem that river barges are not running, or that the water in the jetties is insufficient, or that it is at least understood at St. Louis that the natural as well as the cheapest route for wheat to market is through Chicago.

There are new and startling developments in the McMenormon fratricide, twelve miles west of Muscatine, Io. The girl Mary, who on the 20th declared she shot her father in self-defense, and her brother and elder sister are here in jail. The Daily Journal has a full confession from the girls, showing the murder was committed by a brother in order that the children might have things their own way at home, and that it was arranged that the youngest sister should acknowledge the shooting with the idea that the plea of self-defense and her extreme youth would save her from punishment, and thus her sister and brother escape punishment also. There is much excitement over the case.

A dispatch from Kansas City of the 20th says: Littleton Younger, uncle of the notorious Younger brothers, three of whom are now confined in the Stillwater, Minnesota, penitentiary on life sentences for complicity in the Northfield bank robbery, stated that he intended starting for Oregon in twenty days and would take his nephew with him. For fourteen months this uncle and a sister have been striving to secure a pardon for the boys, having spent $20,000, as he claims, going about the country and endeavoring to secure sympathy and aid in his purpose. He now claims to have matters arranged so that a speedy pardon will be secured.

The Pacific National bank of Boston, which suspended some months ago, but reopened a few weeks since, stopped payments again on the 22d, and will wind up business. Its directors vote to go into liquidation, and have applied for a receiver. Suspension is considered due to lack of business since resumption, as public confidence was not great enough to warrant any large dealings with the concern. The immediate cause of suspension of the bank was the maturing of $500,000 on the 20th, which the bank was unable to pay, and which went to protest. It is understood all deposits will be paid in full, but the original stockholders will have their investment of $2,000,000 wiped out.

Two tribes of Alaskan Indians, the Auks and Stickeens, had a difficulty some time ago, and the Stickeens got the best of the fight, and last week the Auks thought it was a good time to get even, and they were all camped close to town on the west side, and some few Stickeens camped on the east side of the town. The Auks captured a woman belonging to the Stickeens, and were going to burn her at a stake, but she made her escape and came to town to secure protection from the miners. The Auks came and made a demand for the woman, but the miners would not give her up. The Auks concluded to take her by force, but three companies of military hurried out in full force and very soon drove the Indians out of town. The only damage done was the dislocation of an Indian's jaw and a broken musket stock.

The President of the Pennsylvania Pharmaceutical Society is stated by the Lancet to have said that "two-thirds of all the medicines sold in the United States were in the form of patent medicines.

Spittoons are not among the appointments of the New York Elevated Railroads. Persons on the street below have often remarked the fact in language which this paragraph would blush to repeat.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST OF HER.

They were all enjoying the breeze that swept through the wide parlors that summer evening, it had been so hot of late. The month of May, the place was Philadelphia, and—I am almost afraid to say this—it was the Centennial time. But don't be alarmed, my reader; I am not going to describe the Great Exposition, nor tell anything about it, nor shall I give any information concerning '76 of either this or the last century. I only intend to relate an incident that happened to take place then and there.

The people enjoying the breeze were a family by the name of Fenton, and consisted of a father and mother, two grown up daughters, one grown up son and a little girl.

Mrs. Fenton had just been saying that she supposed they would soon be overrun with visitors coming to spend a few days and see the Centennial.

"Well, let them come!" said Mr. Fenton, heartily, as he turned his paper inside out. "I don't know one that I wouldn't be glad to see."

"Nor I," returned Mrs. Fenton. "I am always so thankful that we needn't be ashamed of any of our relations. There's sister Kate!—who could be more delightful than she is?"

"Oh, Aunt Kate is perfectly splended!" chorused the young people.

"And there's Uncle Phil and Aunt Emily," said Mabel, the eldest girl.

"And Cousin Joe and his wife," added Florence, the second daughter.

"And John and his family," put in Mr. Fenton.

"Oh! if you go counting up, you'll never get through," said Tom, the son and heir. "But I say! haven't we any objectionable connections at all? Isn't there some old duffer who will turn up at the wrong moment?"

"I haven't any," said Mr. Fenton.

"No-o-o," said Mrs. Fenton, rubbing her forehead thoughtfully. "Stop! I think I remember one. Of course—Cousin Jerusha! I wonder I didn't think before. But I don't know that she is objectionable; the fact is, I don't know anything about her. She's lived 'way up in Vermont all her life. She is a niece of grandfather's, and is an old maid; at least she ought to be if she isn't married or dead. Her name is Hevington—Jerusha Hevington. I always thought it such a pity to spoil such a fine name as Hevington with Jerusha. I hope she won't come; I'm sure she must be perfectly awful!"

The two young ladies had been looking at their mother in blank silence ever since she had mentioned this unpleasant relation; Tom had gone off in a fit of laughter; so that Mr. Fenton was the only one who spoke:

"Well, if she comes, all we can do is to make the best of it, and treat her as well as we know how."

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Fenton.

Tom here looked at his watch, and started up, exclaiming that he should be late, he had an appointment, and bolted off, promising to be home early. Then Mr. Fenton settled down for a nap; Mrs. Fenton buried herself in Lorna Doone; and the girls yawned over their Japanese canvas, fearing a dull evening.

The air gently fluttered the lace curtains, the mellow light shone down from the many-globed chandalier upon the fresh white matting, the linen-draped furniture, the pictures and statuettes, the three ladies in their pretty evening dresses, and the old gentleman snoring away behind his newspaper; all was as quiet as quiet could be, when a violent peal at the door-bell made them all nearly jump out of their skins.

"Who on earth is that?" asked Mr. Fenton, bouncing up.

Mrs. Fenton dropped her book and gave a scared look into the hall.

"I suppose it's Mr. Vanderpool," said Mabel.

"Oh no, he never rings like that," said Florence.

Their old colored waiter had opened the door by this time, and a loud voice was heard inquiring, "Does Mr. Fenton—Mr. Samuel Fenton—live here?"

"Yes, m'am, he does," old James answered respectfully.

"Wa'al, hen, I guess I'll walk right in; I seen the folks through the winder;" and apparently before the old servant stopped her, the owner of the voice did "walk right into" the parlor—a tall, strong-featured woman, with iron-gray hair, in a beautifully flowered dress that a bulging hoop-skirt showed to advantage, and a shawl of vivid red and yellow plaid. A bonnet of the shape called poke was on her head, and from it dangled a thick veil. She wore gray cotton gloves, and one hand firmly grasped a lumpy carpet bag, the other a fat umbrella. She looked comfortable and common from top to toe. She peered at the group through her steel-bowed spectacles, and tucking her umbrella under the carpet-bag arm, she extended her hand. "Wa'al, now, I s'pose yer don't know me. I'm Jerusha Hevington—yer cousin, Jerusha Hevington."

The strickin family were dumb. Mr. Fenton was the first to recover. He took the proffered hand and shook it warmly, and led the lady to a chair, begging her to be seated. He could not say that she was welcome, but he tried to make her feel as if she were. Mrs. Fenton then came forward, and sitting down beside her, asked some friendly questions about the journey; and the girls, a little conscience-smitten, offered to take her things.

"Wa'al, I guess I won't just now, thank yer—I've got to go and see about my trunk in a minute; I had it left in a grocery store jest around the corner. The young man was awful pleasant when I told him I was one of your folks—he seemed to set heap by you."

"Good gracious!" thought Florence, with a shudder. "I wonder if she has been going all through the city advertising her relationship to us!"

"Wa'al, Samuel," said Mrs. Jerusha, "yer've two fine likely gals; they'd oughter help their mar a sight in doin' house-work and sich. It must take a powerful heap o' work to keep all them fussin's clean"—with an admiring, rather awe-struck glance about the room. Then she went on, "Is them all the children yer've got, Maria?"

Mrs. Fenton answered that she had two more, a son and a daughter. Mabel offered to send for her little sister, thinking that a child might make converse easier, but Miss Jerusha answered, with such evident alarm and disrelish, "For law's sake, no! I can't bear children," that she drew back, offended. Mrs. Fenton looked annoyed; but Miss Jerusha, unabashed, began to complain of the awful drought up in their place, while an awful silence fell upon the rest.

A quick light ring made the girls start and fervently hope that it was not Mr. Vanderpool—I am sure for the first time in their lives. To have Mr. Vanderpool, of all beings in the world, see this dreadful relative—Mr. Vanderpool, whose father belonged to the oldest of Knickerbocker families, and whose mother was an F. F. V.; who was so fastidious and refined himself! It took only a few seconds for this to rush through their brains, when in Mr. Vanderpool walked. He was greeted in a rather embarrassed manner by them all, and inveigled into a seat as far as possible from Miss Jerusha, on pretense of its being cooler by the window.

But Miss Jerusha didn't mean to be left in the background—she got up from her chair and stalked over to the group.

"Who's this young man?" she blandly inquired, indicating Mr. Vanderpool with her cotton forefinger.

Mabel, with a very red face, introduced "Miss Hevington," mentally grateful that the name wasn't Mulkins or Snooks.

Mr. Vanderpool made an astonished bow, but Miss Jerusha held out her hand, and gave his an unmerciful grip, exclaiming heartily, "I'm real glad to see yer, mister. But see here, sis"—to Mabel—"I ain't ashamed o'bein' your cousin—yer might hev interdooced me as sich."

Then ordering Mr. Vanderpool "to set down on the sofy," she took her place beside him when he had obeyed.

"Wa'al, now, I didn't spect to see sich a fine young feller the fust night I come—a bean o' yourn, I s'pose?" she said to Mabel in a loud voice.

Mabel wished that the earth would open and swallow some one of the party.

"Wa'l, yer needn't get so all-fired red; yer ain't got no call to be ashamed o' him; he seems a nice nuff kind o' young man."

Mabel felt the cold shivers running up and down her back, and she thought she knew the meaning of purgatory now.

Miss Jerusha, quite blissful, turned to Mr. Vanderpool and put some searching questions with regard to his "trade." Mr. Vanderpool politely answered that he was studying for the bar.

"Hum! bar-tender; I shouldn't hev thought it!" was Miss Jerusha's comment.

The girls sat shuddering, and wondering what was coming next. Mr. and Mrs. Fenton were holding a council of war in the back parlor.

Miss Jerusha was silent for the space of three minutes, gazing upon Mr. Vanderpool with such ardent admiration that he began to fell nervous.

"You're awful like Linus Swinefield!" she exclaimed at length—"the fust beau I ever hed. I knowed him when he went to the deestrict school. They uster call him Piggy then and none o' the gals could bear the sight o' him, and when he growed up, I was the only one who'd go to prayer-meetin' with him. My stars! but he was powerful like you. He'd jest the same kind tow colored hair and kinder whity-blue eyes. I was awful fond o' him." She sighed and edged a little nearer the now thoroughly uncomfortable Mr. Vanderpool; then sighed again and edged a little nearer. "You're dreadful like him," she said, and buried her face in a big red handkerchief, and groaning, moved nearer still; another groan, another sigh, made the girls rise in a fright. Was the woman crazy? Still another sigh and groan wedged Mr. Vanderpool against a sharp corner of the sofa. He, somewhat alarmed, tried to get up when Miss Jerusha, with spasmodic twitches all over her face, threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming convulsively, "My dear, dear boy!"

Mr. Vanderpool indignantly struggled to release himself, but the clinging arms refused to be unhooked. Mabel and Florence stood wringing their hands in despair. Mr. and Mrs. Fenton rushed to the rescue, and in the scuffle that ensued, off came the poke-bonnet and green veil, carrying with them the spectacles and gray hair, and there was Tom's curly brown head confessed.

"Oh, Tom, you dreadful boy!" cried the girls, as Tom sat down on the sofa, shouting and shaking with laughter.

It took about the space of a lightning flash for them to grasp the situation, and such peals of laughter rang through the rooms that it is a wonder the neighborhood was not aroused; but then it was hearty rather than noisy, and that makes a wondrous difference.

Tom, with many chokes and roars, told how he had managed, winding up with:

"Nurse and cook and old Tim acted like regular trumps. How I did fool you all! but, by Jove, I thought I was gone when Mab wanted to send up for Dot; she'd seen the rigging up in the nursery, you know, and she'd have let it all out. Oh, dear, its the best fun I've had since I left the academy. When I called father. 'Samuel,' I thought I would explode on the spot. Oh dear!"

And, would you believe it? the young scamp persisted in wearing his outrageous get-up all the rest of the evening, and when Mr. Vanderpool finally took his leave, insisted upon escorting him to the door, where he bade him an affectionate farewell, assuring him that "he was powerful like Linus Swinefield."

In the learned city of Boston resides a most accomplished and beautiful lady, whose toilettes all bear the stamp of Worth, and who will be somewhat astonished should she chance to read this sketch, for her maiden name was Jerusha Hevington.

Real Estate Improvements.

Not far from Chicago are two communities, separated by a river, one settled with intelligent Christian people, and the other with those that are quite the opposite. A farmer of the latter place said to Deacon Good:

"Why is it that you always get better prices and readier sales for your lands than we can, when our farms are just as good?"

The deacon explained as best he could how the good schoolf, churches, etc., increased the price of land wherever they are established.

A few days after the same man called again on the deacon, and, placing a roll of bills in his hand, said:

"I have been talking up this subject of churches, and we have concluded to have preaching in our district. We want you to take this money and get us a preacher."

"I will do my best," replied the deacon, well pleased that he was about to be the instrument of so much good. "What kind do you want? We have Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Christians."

"Oh, any that comes handy. We don't care a d—n what kind it is so it raises the price of land."

A young man asked a Louisville policeman to kill him. The officer declined, though the man pleaded hard that he wished to die. He was taken to the station, where he soon fell into a stupor. He had swallowed laudanum, and the slow action of the drug disappointed him, but it killed at last.

A TURTLE-DOVE WIDOWHOOD.

The grief of the princess of Sora at the loss of her husband is still remembered throughout Paris. Within her doors, draped in black, in the Parisian mourning emblazoned with ciphers, there reigned the terrible despair of a Spanish woman. The princess cut off her hair, and secluded herself from every one.

In her mourning robes, with her youthful head shorn of its locks, she had the appearance of a nun; it made her hotel resemble a convent. She passed her days before the portrait of her husband, and dined alone in the large dining-room, where every evening the table was spread for two. The cane and the hat of the prince remained in the ante-room in their accustomed places, as if the master, though he had left home forever, had just come in. His presence being thus recalled rendered the despair of the poor wife more intense, and the void of his absence even greater.

But of all that round of calls, balls, receptions and concerts where they had met and loved, and which set, as it were, their happiness in a fashionable society frame, she retained only one friend, the Baroness Ancelin, a drawing-room prima donna, who was indebted to her beautiful voice for having remained the intimate friend of the princess, whose great, inconsolable and noisy grief made all conversation jar upon her mood, but who loved to hear singing around her, as it helped to give vent to tears.

Two years passed thus, and the widow was still sorrowful, still austere. Her hair, however, was allowed to grow, rippling over her head with rebellious life in luxuriant curls and waves. Her mourning was thus lightened and made more cheerful, and seemed now to be worn only as a caprice of fashion. It was at this period that the nephew of Mme. Ancelin, meeting the princess at his aunt's house, fell desperately in love and began to dream of marrying her. At the first word of love he ventured to address her the widow became indignant.

To her the prince still lived, and this offer seemed an insult, tempting her to be unfaithful. For some time she did not see her friend, the baroness. The young man went away and tried to forget, but soon returned, and showed so much love and despair that Mme. Ancelin took pity on him and resolved to overcome the scruples of the princess. But how could she persuade a woman with so peculiar a nature, who never reasoned, and who was led only by impulse and enthusiasm?

She believed that a passion so exclusive must necessarily be jealous, and tried to obtain some old letters of the prince. This was not very difficult, M. de Sora having written very many before his marriage, and scattered his scrawls throughout a multitude of little boxes and locked drawers, which, however, were so well-hidden once from the other, that each might boast of being the sole possessor of the perfumed coat-of-arms of the great lord.

In order to bring a few sheets of some common-place romance in letters without date to show to the widow, Mme. Ancelin had the courage to present herself again at that hotel which was like a tomb of the dead, a silent flower-decked tomb, where all day long wept a living statue.

It was not grief, but the falling of her idol that now became her pain. Poor little Princess! Her years of happiness, and period of widowhood, alike rolled down and vanished into the same abyss of scorn and anger. Nothing remained but an intense desire to avenge herself. The portrait was banished from her room. The second plate at table by which she had tried to delude her fancy that she was not alone, was now removed from before the empty, sacredly guarded seat; and in the crowded anteroom which was henceforth to be open to callers and passers to and fro, the hat and cane that had been there so long were no longer to be seen.

There were fetes at the Hotel de Sora now, balls and suppers. As a changeful sky shakes off the night that lingered long, the princess emerged in gray, lilac pink and blue, recovering all her former brilliancy. Then one evening, while walking in her small conservatory, she said to Mme. Ancelin's nephew, who had been following her about like a gloomy shadow since her return to the sunlight: "Now I will be your wife whenever you wish." She would have liked to have the ceremony performed that very moment in the conservatory.

They were married very soon after and were happy, she, through a kind of rage, and he perplexed and astonished at her sudden passion, but enjoying his happiness without seeking to analyze it too closely. In society the marriage was much talked about. The Baroness Ancelin, remembering similar phrases in her romances, had ready a charming little speech upon the subject: "Do you see the princess? * * * People thought she was lamenting, whereas her lamentations were cooing. * * * Hers was a turtle dove widowhood."

Six months elapsed. The newly married couple were living in the country, in a chateau in the suburbs of Paris, where the friend made them a visit. Seeing them quietly manifesting their happiness as they walked among the smooth lawns and silent paths, the charming baroness, who was never far-sighted, having her eyes open only to the present moment, suddenly said to them: "It was I who made you so happy. Well, I do not regret my falsehood."

The princess gave a sudden start. "What do you say? What falsehood?"

"Yes, dear, I can tell you everything now. The poor prince was not so black as I painted him. Those famous letters were dated five years back. You were not married then."

"Is this what you have done?" said the princess, looking at her husband and her friend with an expression of madness in her eyes. The dead, forgotten prince, whose name she no longer bore, wholly resumed his former place in her affections, as her husband plainly saw by a shrinking motion as she drew back from him.

All was over between them without a word of explanation. The princess shut herself up at home, and in an agony that lasted long she gave way to all the remorse that tortured her. The unhappy woman had married again, not for love, but out of revenge, and finding that the prince was not unfaithful she felt guilty toward him and ashamed of herself. With what pity and sorrow she recalled his memory that had been so rudely banished, and now returned with the same power.

The poor lover held himself aloof, knowing well that he was nothing to her; her former passion returning with such strength, had killed what she felt for him as by one blow.

At the last moment, as Mme. Ancelin was weeping near her, being overcome with remorse, although, hardly understanding her fault, the princess leaned over toward the thoughtless creature who had fluttered like a butterfly across her straight and serious path, and said in a voice too feeble for the complaint to resemble a reproach, "You see I am not cooing; I am dying."

And it was true.—*Alphonse Daudet.*

Mohammedan Sensualism.

No one of the Mohammedan races has carried out the license given to sensual passion given by the Koran and the adhering tradition to such an extent as have the Ottoman Turks, and no race has suffered so much from that license. The evil consequences are far-reaching and baleful in the extreme. It is to feed Turkish sensuality that the slave trade throughout the empire and in the interior is maintained. The beautiful, fair daughters who are purchased from the Georgians and Circassians also find their way at last to the harems of Constantinople, Brusa, Smyrna, Adrianople, Aleppo, Bagdad, and other towns and cities of Asia Minor. One of the direct results of this sensuality is that the Turks have degenerated physically during the past 200 years. That the conquerors of Constantinople were a hardy race of great physical strength there can be no doubt; that the great majority of modern Turks are of an effiminate type is equally certain; very many of them are persons of fine appearance, but they are physically weak, without elasticity, giving impress of men who have lost their vitality. The same may be said even more emphatically of Turkish women; they are small in stature, of sickly complexion, easily fatigued by slight exertion, and become prematurely old. After the age of 40 all femine beauty is gone, the eyes have become sunken, the cheeks sunken, and the face wrinkled; and there remains no trace of the activity and strength often seen in English women of 65, or even of 70 years of age. Another immediate result of the prevailing sensuality is the mental imbecility of multitudes of the Ottoman Turks; great numbers among them are intellectually stupid. Many even of the young men have the vacant look which borders close on the idiotic state. Severe mental application is for them almost a physical impossibility. It is well known that in all branches of business where considerable mental activity is required the Turks employ Christians to work for them. This is owing, not so much to a lack of education, or to a general want of energy, as in many cases to a mental incapacity which often amounts to real imbecility. Obvious illustrations of the special topic now discussed is furnished by the royal family itself. Sultan Abdul Mejid, Sultan Abdul Azz, and the disposed Sultan Murad were all men of depraved minds, vicious habits, intemperate and sensual in the extreme, and were alike devoid of moral character and mental character. Mental incapacity, however, from the causes alleged, is not confined by any means to the wealthy and aristocratic classes; it is found in all grades of society.—[British Quarterly Review.

Hand Us That Wash-Basin.

There is a proneness in man to admire great thieves. When, however, a thief has obtained a national reputation for robbing stages, and murdering conductors and detectives, there is no limit to the slobber and gush when the scoundrel is finally brought to grief. It is really not safe for a sensible person to read some Western papers since the death of Jesse James, unless the reader has a wash basin within reach.

Not long since, Jesse James and his gang murdered, treacherously, shooting him from behind, Conductor Westfall, because he was trying, as an honest, brave man, to protect the passengers and property entrusted to him. He was quite as brave a man as Jesse James, but as he was not a thief and an outlaw, there was no gush in the papers about his death. Nobody seemed to care how his widow and children came on, but when a thug, who has been murdering and robbing all his life, is finally come up with, half the Missouri editors want to reverse their column rules and put crape on their hats. For Heaven's sake, hand us that wash-basin, quick!

There! we feel better, now. But to resume. Governor Crittenden, finding that whole neighborhoods were screening the highwaymen, and furnishing them information and aid, and as the officers of the law were continually being betrayed and murdered by these cutthroats, declared Jesse James an outlaw, and offered a reward for him dead or alive. This is precisely what is done the world over, when such a vitiated and depraved condition of society exists that it is impossible to arrest a professional murderer. One of the gang, having imbibed Jesse James' notion that murder was the only approved method of procuring wealth, gives him a dose of his own medicine. What is there in this to make Jesse James a saint, and Ford the reverse? The late Mr. James was not in the habit of allowing detectives to get the drop on him, and he and his pals were not particular where they shot those they robbed, if the latter were at all slow in handing over their property. A world of sympathy is extended to the outlaw's wife and mother, but people seem to forget that these women have aided and abetted the outlaws in their crimes for the last ten or fifteen years. And is it not possible that the victims of the bandits had mothers, wives and children?

Bah! Hand us that wash-basin again, quick!—[Texas Siftings.

President Tyler and the Schoolboys.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier Journal relates the following story:

When John Tyler was President, the Whig party was displeased with him, and said many grievous things to his disadvantage. The President took a trip and made a short stay in a small country village. The school teacher of the district school invited his Excellency to witness the culture which she imparted to her pupils. She drew them up in a line and propounded the following questions:

"Who was the first President?"

"George Washington," the boys sang out in chorus.

"Was he a good man?"

"He was," the boys emphatically replied.

"Who was the second President?"

"John Adams."

"Was she a good man?"

"He was."

So she kept on through the list until she got to Tyler. Then she asked:

"Who is the present President?"

"John Tyler."

"Is she a good man?"

"We are commanded by the Scriptures not to speak evil of our rulers," rolled out the little band of embryo politicians.

Pinching the Wrong Leg.

A dignitary of the church was dining out. Of the two ladies between whom he was seated, the one on his right hand side was an intimate acquaintance, and noticing that her distinguished neighbor was silent and preoccupied, said to him, "sotto voce":

"I am afraid you are not very well this evening, you do not seem in your usual spirits."

"Well," said the dignitary, "I am in rather a nervous state of mind about my health, and have a sort of presentment that a serious illness is hanging over me. I am conscious of a peculiar numbness all down my right side, which seems to forbode an attack of paralysis."

His fair companion expressed her hope that such fears were ill-founded.

"Ah, no," he replied, "I'm afraid there's no doubt of it, for I have been pinching my right leg all dinner time, and can elicit no responsive feeling whatever. The limb seems quite dead to all feeling."

"Oh," exclaimed the lady briskly, and with a look of intense relief on her face, "if that is all that troubles you, I think I can at once relieve your mind from all anxiety, for the leg you have been pinching all the evening is mine."

One of the new caprices among imported dresses is the use of velvet on cotton dresses; for instance, the turned over collar, cuffs, belt and bows on a dark blue percale dress are of velvet of the same color. The quaintest little buttons of Dresden china are used for fastening such dresses. The ficelle or twine lace is used alike on cotton dresses and on the richest costumes of the season.

Stories Without Morals.

Henry is a boy who gathers instruction from whatever he reads. He is not like some boys, who read merely for mental excitement, and who know no more about the great lessons intended to be inculcated by a book after they have laid it down than they did before taking it up. Once upon a time Henry read of a great man who died from overwork. "This is very sad," mused Henry; and he made a mighty resolve that, whatever might be the temptation, he would never so far forget his duty to himself and to mankind as to die of overwork. He began to act upon this resolution the very next morning. Everything he was bidden to do he set about so slowly that his mother lost all patience and said she would rather do it herself. It pained her to see him so awkward. Henry was not a lad that would willingily give pain to his mother; so he very soon neglected his work altogether. It was the same at school. He copied his mathematical problems from Charley Jones' slate (Charley was a studious boy; Henry characterized him as a "muff," whatever that may mean) he wrote all history dates on his finger nails, for convenient reference, during recitation, and, by divers other ingenious devices, most nobly kept his resolve. Henry is now the rich owner of a faro bank. Charles is bookkeeper upon the princely salary of $500 per annum.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again. This motto was the guiding principle of James' life. When James first assayed to smoke a cigarette he turned deadly pale, and was very sick; but he was not the boy to weakly succumb to so trivial a thing as a cigarette. He tried again and again, and though he was repeatedly quite ill in consequence of his bravery, he persisted until he could smoke any number of cigarettes with impunity. In time he conquered the legitimate cigar itself, and now chews tobacco with all the grace and efficiency of a man-of-war's man. Frederick also tried to smoke a cigarette. He lacked the persistency of James. He was fickle in the extreme. He wished very much to smoke, but hardly had he puffed at a cigarette five minutes, when he lost all interest in the diversion, and proposed to dispossess himself of his dinner. Frederick not only failed woefully upon this initial attempt, but he surrendered unconditionally to his internal remonstrances, and gave up the battle forever. James had no end of amusement in puffing his smoke into the faces of young ladies on the street, and in decorating the sidewalks with fluid tobacco; while Frederick, besides losing all this pleasure, is burdened with small change which might have been so profitably expended upon nicotine had he possessed the true manly courage which distinguished James from himself.—[Boston Transcript.

Unlucky Men.

When a young man, I was a staunch believer in the integrity of human nature; consequently I was always ready to lend money to those of my acquaintances who needed it. As a natural consequence, the "unfortunate" ones gravitated to me as though I had been their legitimate prey. When I would find myself swindled—as I did in ninety-nine cases in a hundred—I would declare that I would never trust another thing in human shape; and the very next time an "unlucky" wretch came along (always telling a story of suffering and promising so sweetly and plausibly), out would go my hard earnings—often my last dollar—to be swindled again and again, losing, I believe, fully one-half of all my earnings in this way. Many and many a time was I reduced to the verge of pauperism, and a great deal worse than this (if anything can be worse to a man who is industrious and frugal). These "unlucky" wretches, if they ever found me helpless or exposed to their mercy in the least, after I had shared my scanty hoard with them freely, would take, as it were, the dollar, the next to my last dollar I had on earth, that I had offered to them cheerfully, and use it as a wedge or lever to pry open my pocket and get my last cent, and add insult to injury. And, seemingly, without shame, they would come back again and again, until even my patience became finally exhausted. Wherever I found the "chronic" borrower and "unlucky" man—and his name is legion—I found by being credulous in trusting, a man as utterly, totally and completely destitute of human principles as he was of money and business habits. I never found one in a thousand who was free to ask a loan of comparative strangers, or a "regular" borrower, but was at heart a thief who is too cowardly to rob any but his friends and the benevolent. There is something radically wrong about such people, and young men are wise who avoid them.

Eternal Punishment.

It is refreshing to hear of a genuine conversion; if it be from darkness to light, especially when it is speedy and complete. A few years ago, a friend of mine—there is no harm now in telling this story, as the superstition referred to it is exploded, if not everywhere, certainly among our readers—was taking a country walk with a friend, a clergyman, when the latter suddenly wheeled around, his face toward home with the remark:

"Let us go back, I'm tired; was called up in the middle of the night to baptize a child that was dying."

"Were you in time?"

"Just," was the reply; "another half minute and I should have been too late!"

"And if you had been, what then?"

"Why, then, I suppose, the poor little thing would have been lost."

"Eternally?"

"Well, yes, according to our belief."

"May I ask what sort of boots you wear?"

"Boots? Elastic side, always."

"Now suppose you wore laced, and they had taken two minutes to put on, the child would have been dead, and—eternally lost, ay?"

"That's a peculiar view of the question; I must think over my position."

Two days after the clergyman met my friend and said:

"I have thought that matter over and must alter my view. The boots did it."—[London Spectator.

A curious fact connected with the killing of Jesse James, that ev-Governor Burbank, of Dakota, now postoffice inspector of Chicago, received notice Saturday that there were found among the effects of James a $900 diamond pin and watch and chain, taken from him in a stage robbery near Hot Springs, Arkansas, eight years ago.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A Vermont man wants to know who this Lowell minister is that Blaine telegraphs to every day.

Fix upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

Sitting Bull has the proud satisfaction of counting the entire United States army among his most devoted followers.

When the devil wants to train up a young man in the way he wants him to to go, he appoints idleness to boss the job.

Captain J. A. Sylvester, who when a private in the United States army captured Gen. Santa Anna, died recently in New Orleans.

Jeanne Hugo, the granddaughter of the poet, is a handsome young girl with bright, dark, soft eyes, and a proud and graceful carriage.

A soldier's life resembles a cigar. He passes through the fire and smoke to find his hopes in ashes, and what is left of him is a mere stump.

Some men, they say, like to be lied about. We presume this means Washington editors, of whom no good can truthfully be said.—[Boston Post.

Deep-voiced guzzler: "Hi, waiter! bring me three more schooners!" Awe-struck spectator, whispering: "That must be the new secretary of the navy."

It looks now as if a prominent feature of every traveling show this season will be a figure of Guiteau dressed in "the only original" suit of the assassin's old clothes.

A parrot believed to be seventy-two years of age recently died at Napierville, Illinois, reducing the percentage of first-