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THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

Col. Corley died at Norfolk, Va., on March 29th.

A fire destroyed much timber in the forests near Allentown, Pa., recently.

The old Augusta, Ga., opera house was destroyed by fire April 1st.

A movement is on the tapis to hold an Irish convention at Montreal on dominion day.

Five sharp earthquake shocks were felt in San Francisco on the morning of March 30th.

Journeymen cigar makers of Philadelphia, ask an increase of wages from \$1 to \$2 per 1000.

The Chicago Young Men's Christian Association celebrated its 25th anniversary on April 1st.

The Scranton, Pennsylvania, steel company has started new mills, employing over 1000 men.

Coinage at the Philadelphia mint in March aggregated 6,687,752 pieces, valued at \$1,114,073.

Two hundred Mormon converts left St. Louis recently for Utah. They are mostly from the South.

✓Serious floods are reported from Charkoff and vicinity, in Russia. Several persons were drowned.

✓Cold weather reported in Virginia, Tennessee and other Southern states, injuring fruits and crops.

A Lordsburg, N. M., dispatch says that several more whites are reported murdered by the Apaches.

The geographical society of Frankfurt, Germany, recently advocated the resumption of the Polar expedition.

The estimated cost of the grand ball given by Mrs. Vanderbilt at New York recently, aggregates \$250,000.

The bodies of two colored men were found at Rocky Mt., recently, supposed to have been murdered.

The annual meeting of the society of the Army of the Potomac will meet in Washington May 16th and 17th.

During the recent terrific gale off Yarmouth, England, six fishing smacks went down and fourteen sailors were lost.

A fire that occurred in Cape Street, Montreal, on April 1st, destroyed several buildings. Loss, \$60,000 to \$80,000.

Perry H. Smith, the well-known Chicago millionaire, was placed in the insane asylum at Madison, Wis., on the 31st ult.

The craters of Mount Etna are again active. Rumbblings of the volcano are frequent, and signs of earthquake are apparent.

A large number of French Canadians have left their eastern homes to work on the Canadian Pacific railroad in British Columbia.

Forty armed men entered Lexington, Va., recently, to Lynch Jones, the wife-murderer, but left, as the jail was heavily guarded.

The acting secretary of the treasury has appointed Captain T. N. Burrill, of New York, chief of the bureau of engraving and printing.

Secretary Chandler will accompany the President on his trip to Florida next week, and will make an inspection of the Pensacola navy yard.

Inquiry at Staunton, Virginia, into the fatal poisoning of six lunatics in the asylum, has not developed who put the poison into the medicine.

A heavy snow storm in New York on the 31st ult. At the same time Philadelphia was visited by a sleet storm, breaking down many wires.

It is rumored that southern man to succeed the late Postmaster General Howe in that department.

Mrs. Meaker, of Windsor, Vt., convicted of killing her daughter some time ago, was hanged March 30th. She persisted in her innocence to the last.

In a railroad collision on the Vandalia road, near Brazil, Ind., on the 21st ult., Wm. Stewart, fireman, was killed, and Wm. Brannon, engineer, fatally hurt.

Gen. W. Conkling, who shot and killed Wilbur H. Haverstick recently at New York, and who was acquitted of the crime by Police Justice Smith, will be re-arrested.

British Columbia is considerably excited over the wholesale importation of Chinese in that province, and a movement is on foot to get a law passed prohibiting further importations.

Mary Ann Dooley, of Chicago, was arrested in New York on March 30th, on the charge of poisoning her mother, the latter having died about a month ago under suspicious circumstances.

A seizure has been ordered of the Dublin United Irishmen.

Minister Lowell has refused to intercede in behalf of Michael Boyton.

The university of Toronto has organized a rowing club to compete in American college matches.

Although Kansas for eleven years had a capital punishment law, nobody has been hanged except by lynchers.

The stockholders of the Philadelphia exposition company have resolved to wind up the affairs of the company.

The Malagasy envoys at Boston devoted March 29th to visiting and receiving merchants and shipmasters engaged in the Malagasy trade.

Twenty-one of the 26 persons arrested at Ballinrobe for complicity in the murder of Ferriek, in June, 1880, have been released from Dublin castle.

At a meeting of the board of the San Francisco supervisors recently, a resolution was adopted providing for the issuance of bonds to the amount of \$500,000, at five per cent interest.

Four frame houses in Allegheny City were destroyed by fire on the 29th. Two twin boys, aged fifteen months, children of David Faulkner, who lived in two of the rooms, were cremated.

Dispatches from Tucson of March 28th say that the Apaches, Creeks and other Indian tribes of Arizona and Indian territories are on the warpath, killing more than fifty whites within the past few days.

The following body snatchers have been sentenced at Philadelphia recently: Robert Chew to two years imprisonment; Levy Chew to 18 months; McNamee, eight months; Philetel, four months.

A Washington dispatch of March 28th says: Ex-President Diaz of Mexico was presented to the president-to-day by Secretary Hope. He was accompanied by several of his party, Minister Romero and General Foster.

The Ohio wool growers, assembled in convention recently, passed resolutions condemning the action of congress in lowering the duty on wool, and resolved to support none but a tariff in favor of high tariff for office hereafter.

At Camden, S. C., on the morning of March 31st, Oliver Bristow, colored, was hanged as an accomplice of Joe Wilson, also colored, in the murder of M. F. Donnell last November. Bristow persisted in his innocence till the last.

N. L. Dukes, of Uniontown, Pa., recently acquitted of the murder of Capt. Nutt in that place, received a notice on the 27th ult., to leave town within 28 hours; but Dukes refused to comply with the order and the citizens are greatly excited.

Colonel James L. Corley, agent for several insurance companies, out his throat at a hotel in Hampton, Va., March 29th. He was a graduate of West Point and had a commission in the Army before the war, and was general and quartermaster general of the army of northern Virginia.

A Treka dispatch of March 29th says: Mrs. Luddy, an elderly lady, was found in a ditch about five miles north of Calhoun. She was missing since Sunday night. The ditch was only three feet deep. She had been having much trouble with her neighbors about water.

The coroner's jury found that she was strangled by parties unknown.

News from Richmond, New Mexico, of March 27th, says the Indians attacked the camp of Palmer and Emerick, about ten miles east of York's ranch, at 3 o'clock yesterday. Jack Haynes and a stranger were killed. The other men in the camp escaped to York's ranch.

The military line between this point, Fort Bayard and Fort Cummings, is abandoned. It is reported that a band of Indians are scattered in the mountains north of York's ranch.

Late dispatches from Ireland give accounts of the sufferings of people in the distressed districts continue. Mrs. Power Loring, who is feeding 5000 children, draws the picture of the little ones dying in their mothers' arms, and fainting from want of food at school.

Collections in aid of the sufferers are now being made in Catholic churches, and in several localities. No help is being received from England. The English bitter feeling prevails among them on account of the recent explosion, and in some towns Irishmen are menaced with dismissal from employment and even worse.

A Tucson dispatch of March 27th says: The Indian situation grows worse. Silver advances say that a party that arrived there from the mountains, and killed young bucks in the San Carlos reservation were very restless last week and showed every evidence of an early outbreak. They talk of victory and said that a big chief in Mexico said that he would soon be at San Carlos. A courier states that Indians have been constantly passing through the reservation and Jub's band in Sonora, carrying communication and information. The band raiding southeastern Arizona is drawing near the reservation and increasing in numbers daily. As far as heard from 21 people have been murdered in seven days.

Advices from Sonora place the depressing band at 150, who are being driven to the Arizona border by Mexican troops.

A Pittsburg dispatch of April 1st says: This afternoon, while two boats were making up tows of coal for shipment south, 37 barges belonging to Joseph Walton & Co., containing 45,000 bushels of coal broke from their moorings at the pier at Smithfield bridge, and were swept down the river. On the way down the runaway fleet first encountered the steamer E. Hayes, with a tow of six barges, containing 72,000 bushels. The Hayes was sunk and the barges cut loose.

The steamer Dick Fulton was next struck, and a tow of seven boats holding 175,000 bushels of coal sunk. The Fulton was damaged, but managed to get to shore without sinking. Another boat, with 25,000 bushels, collided with the steamer S. Lawrence, and was sunk.

Two more boats, with 48,000 bushels, sunk at Manchester. A number of tows were started in pursuit of the runaways, but at last accounts the portion of the fleet which escaped sinking was pretty well down the Ohio river.

Lent in New York.

"As a European institution," said a society lady to me at the Lotus Club reception on Monday, "Lent has been thoroughly naturalized in America. It has taken the first step toward it; that is, you know—"

"Declared its intentions?" I suggested.

"Yes, that's it, declared its intentions, but it still is an Englishman, and persists in being so to its credit. The influence of Lent here is over-estimated. The number of those who obey it through devoutness is not one-twentieth as large as the number of those who obey some of the requirements for other reasons. Some fast from frivolity because they are tired; some from money because they have formed only their time otherwise; a few because their church commands it, and the multitude affect merely because their fashionable neighbors do, and it is considered 'the thing.'"

"What about fasting?"

"Well, there is mortification of the flesh among the Protestants, but high church people and ultra-fashionables eat smaller steak and more black bass. The fish markets thrive. It is getting to be the thing now for people of a religious turn of mind to abstain from some particular articles of food. I know a man and his two sons who are great smokers, and who do not touch a cigar during the whole of Lent. I know a young fellow, a clerk in a bank, who goes to see his girl every other Sunday night during the season, and I don't know a young school girl—bless her dear heart—who abstains from chewing-gum because she likes it so much. You may laugh, if you feel like it, but it is a pathetic side. I know a good, tender-hearted old lady, who always sets a little table for the poor in Lent, because she wants to deny herself something, yet she always did, in every season, eat as if it was a disagreeable duty. Her little granddaughter said that she hadn't lit on her favorite enjoyment and said to her Grandmother, if you want to do that, I will do it for you. You see you stay away from funerals?" You see the old lady's chief amusement in life is going to funerals, just as you go to theaters. She watches the obituary column of the Tribune to see what's going on, and she selects the church to go to, and she sits in the front pews. Her son told me that she attended more than 100 funerals in a year, and the little girl's suggestion struck me as being quite to the point.

"I dropped into Pinar's. They are, as you know, the white artists, and one might say—decorators of the alimentary canal. 'Why, no,' said Pinar the younger, 'Lent is not especially a social obstruction. We have nice parties, for instance, to-morrow—gatherings of all sorts, including Hart's ball of course, and the Brooklyn and the five persons out of a hundred will send regrets or stay away on account of Lent. We don't see a great deal of difference between January and February in the displays and dinners of society people. For instance, here at Miss Carolyn King Dwyer's birthday dinner to-night, the table is set in that back room. I glanced into the back parlor. The table was almost round, 15 feet long and 12 feet wide, with a vast expanse in the middle, filled in with a magnificent oval bank of ferns and flowers a foot high, and covering the whole area with greenings spelled in blossom. Twenty plates were laid around it, and before each gentleman's plate, was a silken card bearing his name, wreathed with graceful embroidery of flowers; and before each lady's plate was a beautiful hand-bag of white satin, bearing upon it's side an exquisite painting of some tender picture, or a picture of some life, not 'store work,' but every piece painted by the young hostess herself. If Tiffany had furnished them they would have cost from ten to twelve dollars apiece, so elaborate and artistic were they. The men were not yet on the table, probably they were not so expensive as those at Astor's dinner three years ago, where they were of silver and cost fifty dollars apiece.

A Curious Complication.

"You won't give me away!" she exclaimed earnestly, as the Question Answered man handed her to a chair and assumed his most sympathetic aspect.

"If mamma knew I came to you there would be no end of fuss! But what you do is to go over the lesson with me, what shall I do?"

"Don't the word ever set up anything?" asked the Questions man, scratching his chin.

"Oh, no. He says that oyster houses and ice-cream saloons are snarers and abominations."

"He's right about that!" murmured the Questions man.

"And he says that I should not inflame my soul with stews or cool it off with ice-cream."

"Which of them has the most money?" queried the Questions man.

"Oh, the good young man has the most money," she replied. "But he never takes me to the theatre or the opera. We go to church together and he talks so beautifully of the 'sweet by and by.' You ought to hear him!"

"What does the other fellow talk about?"

"Oh, he always talks about rackets, and wants to know where I would like to go next. But I must give one of them up, and I want you to advise me which I shall keep."

"It's a pretty plain case, I think," commenced the Questions man. "You should hang on to the bad man who sets 'em up."

"Think so?" she exclaimed, blushing with delight. "Do you really think I would be happier with him?"

"Stick to him until you marry the good one. That's obviously your duty as a Christian. A girl never gets so sick of anything of a pious suitor who never sets anything up. You cling to the bad one who buys cream and oysters and maybe you'll convert him. If you don't, you've got the other fast for the marry when you get settled down."

"That's what my maid said, faltered the beauty, modestly casting down her eyes."

"And I'm agree with her. I don't see what else there is for me to do."

"Strikes me that's curious advice," remarked the law reporter, as the girl went out.

"Don't you bother, young man," observed the Questions man, with severity. "That pretty little Sunday school teacher isn't going to marry either of them. She just wanted my advice to hold over that pious chap, and you mark my words, she'll work both of those fellows for all the candy, cream, oysters, ice-cream, opera and things of that kind there are in the city of Brooklyn from now to the time they all go out of season."

"And do you call that Christian advice?" demanded the law reporter.

"Don't mind, sonny. She'll go around and let what a nice lot of fellows we are here and she'll increase the influence of this paper among the churches more than any reporting you can do from now till that girl gets married, and don't you forget!"

And then the Questions man went back to his work, while the law reporter looked at him with the awe that worldly wisdom always inspires in the minds of the innocent.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Harvard and Yale.

As a gentleman is known by his speech and bearing, the Harvard statement of the case doubtless is its own good warrant. "I know a man who had twins so much alike that the only way to tell them apart was to send me to Harvard and one to Yale. They then came back a gentleman and one a Connecticut rough."

For native and ingenious modesty this has its parallel in the historic description by the Kentuckian of the guests at a Cincinnati dinner party, which he had attended. "There were present, sir, one Kentucky gentleman, whom you know, sir; one Huguenot from the old South State; a Virginian—Poindecker stock; one Wolverine, two Buckeyes, and a Quaker son-of-a-peddler from Massachusetts."

Harvard, at least in former years, has produced more brilliant men than her practical and sturdy rival. It was the custom of the elder sort to carry their literary wares to the market town adjacent. The new generation, however, with the keen instinct of youth, perceives that a broader life, a larger market, a more various intellectual growth, are to be gained in the national metropolis. Harvard men are thronging in the ranks of the learned professions here, and only the briefest residence is needed to make them typical [i. e., cosmopolitan] New Yorkers. The staff of the new comic opera, "The Great Train Robbery," which turns Mary's title statutory as a student of bright young Harvard wits, who have found Boston a good training school, but have discovered that New York henceforth is the ground for successful literary careers.

An Actress Transformed into a Marble Statue.

It may interest you to read about the wonderful new costume which Mary Anderson brought out a few nights ago as "Galatea." Talk of high art in stage dressing, nothing that way could exceed the article in question. It was designed by Frank Millet, and we are, I suppose, to expect something remarkable when a man turns costume. Miss Anderson and others who have appeared as a statue turned to life have managed to be at least white like marble, but never before has cloth been made to look so stony. Mr. Millet gets all the praise, and that is not right, for every woman knows that it is far easier to design the costume which turns Mary into a statue than to realize it in cloth. An exquisite Greek tunic falls over her tall, slender figure in a perfection of graceful drapery, and a kind of heaviness suggestive of marble. This curious effect is produced by weighing the fabric with metal at various points, by shirring and staying in at just the right points, and by fastening certain portions to her body with concealed bands. Not only was she a statue when she posed as marble on the pedestal, but when moving about the stage every attitude was perfectly statuesque. The costume seemed capable of being thrown out of artistic and beautiful lines. Her face, neck, and arms were whitened; her wig was quite like cut stone, and her feet were in stockings that fitted each separate toe. If she wore anything at all under this drapery it was not enough to conceal any movement of her limbs.

VINEGAR FOR THE SICK ROOM.—There is a French legend that during the plague in Marseilles a band of robbers plundered the dead and bring without injury to themselves. They were imprisoned, tried and condemned to die, but were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret whereby they could ransom houses infected with the terrible scourge. They gave the following recipe, which makes a delicious and refreshing wash for the sick room: Take of rosemary, wormwood, lavender, rue, sage and mint, a large handful of each. Place in a stone jar and then turn over it one gallon of strong, clear vinegar; cover closely and keep near the fire for four days, then strain and add one ounce of powdered camphor gum. Bottle and keep tightly corked. It is very aromatic, cooling and refreshing to the sick room, and of great value to nurses.

A New Enoch.

"What're you doing here?" demanded a policeman of a chap whom he had caught peering in at the window of a Farmer street house last night.

"Nothin'," replied the man, jamming his hands in his pockets and gazing up at the sky.

"Didn't I hear a woman yell in that house a few minutes ago?" continued the policeman.

"Shouldn't wonder," returned the man, carelessly. "In fact, I know you did, for I heard her myself."

"What's going on in there?" queried the policeman, peeping in.

"I guess he's licking my wife," suggested the stranger.

"Do you live here?" asked the policeman, in some astonishment.

"I used to, but I kinder fell out of the habit lately," was the indifferent response.

"Strikes me that's curious advice," remarked the law reporter, as the girl went out.

"What kind of a man are you, to stand out here and let another man lick your wife?" demanded the policeman.

"I think he can do it better than I can, carelessly. 'In fact, I never had any luck at that kind of a job, and if there's any one who can make a success of it I'm not going to interfere with his fun, now you bet!'"

"Who is the man? Do you know him?"

"Never saw him before," replied the stranger. "I guess he and she thinks he's her husband."

"And it's your wife?"

"Sure! Only I've been away a long time—shipwrecked, you know—and I just got home. I saw 'em at it, and I thought I wouldn't interfere."

"Do you want me to arrest him?" inquired the policeman, contemplating the returned husband with amazement.

"Just as you like," returned the other; "only don't you mention my name in the paper."

"But don't you propose to do anything about it?"

"Well, now, you just bet! Just as soon as that man winds off that job he's going to be dry, and if I've got a quarter anywhere he's going to get a drink, and don't you interfere; now, you hear me?"

And the policeman, without further ado, turned the silent street, while Enoch, bending low his chin upon the window that contained Annie, absorbed the scene, then turned him round as Philip came the while a little ahead of a flat iron and took him by the arm. And so they went, and Annie, left alone, was left to speculate had been so near, and had him shekels in his pocket wherewith to assuage the grief of Philip.—Brooklyn Eagle.

More Sinners Against Sinning.

From the Rome Daily Bulletin we have the following sad and pitiful account of a recent attempt at suicide in that place:

Wednesday night one of the women known as the "Red Light Girls" was arrested for being drunk and disorderly and lodged in one of the cells in the city hall building. It fortunately happened that the girl's life, happened that Policeman Brown at half-past ten that night passed around the cells, and in looking into them discovered a woman hanging, apparently dead. The key was promptly procured, the woman was taken down, and her body left to the floor to rot, as the police are so careful to do.

It seems she, after sobering up a little, discovered her condition and where she was, and concluded to end her miserable life by suicide. She took one of her stockings, a very fine one, and a pink silk garter, and with these made a strong cord, and after fastening one end to the ceiling of the cell, and the other formed into a noose around her neck, all was ready to start on a long journey. She then threw her weight on the cord, and was in a fair way to take her own life. She certainly would have been dead before Policeman Brown discovered her if she had not had the weight all on the back of her neck, and as it was she escaped a suicide's fate by the narrowest chance. A few years ago some foul wretch, called man, possibly under the pretension of marriage, seduced this then and there, and after fastening one end to the ceiling of the cell, and the other formed into a noose around her neck, all was ready to start on a long journey. 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