SOLVING THE LABOR PROBLEM.

A Plan Proposed at the Cleveland Convention of the Knights of Labor.

The delegate from Peoria, Ill., read in the Knights of Labor convention at Cleveland a lengthy address by Lawrence Harmen, a lawyer of that city, entitled "The Labor Problem, its Relations to Inter-state Commerce; a Plan Suggested for its Solution." The address says:

The fact of the stoppage of commerce between the states within the past two months or more, in consequence of differences between the carrier and the workingmen in his service; the fact of 200,000 men striking between April 24 and May 14, 1886, for shorter hours, besides 50,000 more striking whose demands were not shorter hours; the fact that for the whole week ending May 1, 250,000 men were out on a strike, shows to every thoughtful man that there is something radically wrong in our industrial system; that the workingmen have come to a realization of those wrongs so far as they affect them, and that a speedy remedy ought to be found in legislation for the removal, as far as possible, of the causes of discontent, by doing full and impartial justice to all interests concerned. When we consider that this condition of affairs entailed a direct loss of the wages of 250,000 men in three weeks of about $3,000,000, and of $2,500,000 to their employers in that time by the interruption of business and $4,000,000 in losses upon deferred or cancelled contracts; of $20,400,000 upon building contracts alone; to say nothing of far greater indirect losses consequent upon the feeling of uncertainty and insecurely throughout the nation, we are appalled at the magnitude of the total loss consequent upon strikes during the last three months.

The address continues that these have been many hundred millions of dollars, and while most of the strikes are ended the grievances are not removed. "Workingmen," it proceeds, "if you have a reasonable, equitable and just plan for a remedy of these evils, we assure you that will urge upon that part of the subject that comes without the cognizance of the United States that the relations between the employer and employe engaged in interstate commerce may be determined by an act of congress, and that a fair and just rate of wages be fixed by a national tribunal."

Mr. Harmon says it is apparent to him that if the labor question relating to that of interstate commerce can be solved by the action of the government it would be the beginning of the solution of the labor problems.

PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN.

Democratic Representative Morrison, of the Eighteenth Illinois district, wishes to be addressed as plain "Mister," and will not be called colonel, although he has a brilliant war record.

Mrs. James G. Blaine is now entertaining as a guest at Augusta Miss Rachael Sherman, daughter of Gen. Sherman, and the house-warming of the new cottage at Bar Harbor will be early in June.

The Rev. Augustus Fulton is the only colored student ever sent from the United States to the Propaganda at Rome. He has been ordained and will return to this country to take charge of the colored Catholic church in New Orleans.

Mme. Sophie Kowalowski's appointment to the professorship of mathematics in the university of Stockholm is exceedingly distasteful to European literary and scientific circles, and this wilfull woman has further offended by taking a degree as a doctor of medicine.

Mrs. Mary Beneman, of Russiaville, Ind claims to have been born in Sussex county, Del., April 27, 1769, making her not 117 years old, and it is evident that she might have been a body servant of George Washington had Mary Beneman been a man, as it were, or rather as it wasn't.

Mark Twain professes to be better satisfied with his success as a publisher than with his reputation as a writer. He says he is about to take an old-fashioned loaf and will spend the rest of the summer at his country home in Elmira.

Mr. Charles Dickens, the younger, says that if he succeeds in England in reading from his father's books he will make a professional and pecuniary tour in the United States, but this threat is much mitigated by the prevailing opinion that he won't succeed.

Gov. Swineford, of Alaska, still invites immigration to that far-off but, as he insists, favored country, and now says that gold yielding $16 a ton can be mined there for $1.50, the forests furnish fine timber and the sea teems with fish sufficient to supply the world.

THE BEAUTIFUL BRIDE-ELECT.

The Young Lady Who Just Now Occupies Public Attention.

Miss Frances Folsom of Buffalo, the young lady who of all the American ladies in the world, just now occupies the greatest share of public attention, writes Lucy Hooper from Paris, is very young and very, very charming. I do not think that any of the portraits published by her, whether in words or by pencil, at all do her justice. She is tall and slender, with a complexion whose roseate paleness tells of perfect health more accurately than a more vivid bloom might do. Her features are fine, the brow broad and well formed, and shaded by thick, loose waves of chestnut hair. The nose is aquiline, the mouth small, with full red lips, disclosing two rows of pearly teeth, white, transparent and even. Her eyes are lovely, of a dark transparent sapphire blue that looks almost black under the shadow of the thick, long eyelashes. A great attraction to the face is the delicate arch of the eyebrows, which are as dark and perfectly defined as though drawn in India ink. Altogether Miss Folsom's countenance is remarkable for its blending of feminine sweetness with intellectual charm. There are elements in it of nobility and intelligence that will make it most striking when girlish delicacy gives place to womanly strength and full development. Her manners are exquisitely natural and winning, and her tact unerring.

If, as is currently reported, this fair girl is to become at no distant date the lady of the White house she will fill the position to perfection, and that despite the fact that she will be the youngest lady that has ever presided there. She will be a worthy successor to the last young hostess of the White house, the beautiful and queenly Harriet Lane, whose loveliness and dignity lent such a charm in the old days before the war to the presidential entertainments in Washington and to the hours of the presidential vacations at Bedford Springs in Pennsylvania. Miss Folsom has received many offers of social entertainments in Paris, the families of Minister McLane and of Consul General Walker having been among the first to proffer her invitations and attentions. But she has declined them all, remaining very quietly at the Hotel Bellevue with her mother when not engaged in the inevitable Parisian round of sight-seeing and shopping.

Two Brothers Left for Dead.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., May 30.—In the Chickasaw nation yesterday a party of horsemen started home from a saloon some miles from Fort Arbuckle, and while on the highway a dispute began and was soon followed by a combat with knives and pistols, during which James and Charles Gilfillan, brothers, were stabbed several times and left senseless on the roadside. The remainder of the combatants escaped.

HELPING IRISH HOME RULE.

A Large Gathering in Chicago Favorable to the Gladstone Plan.

Fully 10,000 friends of home rule in Ireland were present at a meeting held in Chicago on the 25th in behalf of that cause. Gov. Oglesby was chosen chairman of the meeting, and 300 vice presidents were named, among whom were judges, congressmen and ministers of all denominations. The decorations were American, and Irish favors blended. The governor was greeted with enthusiasm, and spoke as follows:

Said he: Fellow citizens, I accept with becoming diffidence, I trust, the unusual honor conferred upon me of presiding over this vast assemblage of citizens of Chicago, under the auspices of the Irish National league. I do not know how it is that differences of so serious and cardinal a nature seem to separate the Celtic and Saxon races from the cordial fellowship and associations which the Saxon and Celtic citizens of the United States have established as an indisputable fact, here where they abide together in perfect harmony, sympathy and brotherhood. If there be differences of race of sufficient importance to justify feelings of antagonism, it would be among the first impulses of my heart to concentrate my best efforts to bring about in the british isles the cordial sympathy that exists among the people of different races in our own country. Who in the United States would not contribute energetically in any course, in any direction, that would bring about on the continent of Europe, or especially in the British isles, a more cordial state of feeling between the races?

The United States is at peace with the world. We have no substantial quarrel with any country; therefore, as citizens of this state, and of this republic, it is fitting that we should wish for the same blessings to be extended to our brothers beyond the sea. I am proud to officiate in the honorable position to which you have assigned me, and, if by this act of mine, good can come to the people of Great Britain and Ireland, it will indeed be an added honor and a source of gratitude."

The governor concluded by reading a brief address advocating home rule for Ireland as practical and advisable and warmly eulogising Gladstone and Parnell.

The following message was unanimously approved, and ordered to be sent to Mr. Gladstone:

To Parnell, House of Commons, London:—Chicago citizens, in mass meeting assembled, request me to express to Mr. Gladstone their appreciation of the services rendered by him to liberty and humanity by the introduction of his bill to restore legislative independence to Ireland, his ability to overcome prejudice and to view fairly and broadly the present unnatural relations of the English and Irish people. His manifest desire to undo the wrongs and remove the dissensions which have caused the neighboring islands to live in hatred and warfare, do honor, not only to his head and his heart, but also to the nation and age of which he is so conspicuous a leader.

They also desire me to express their admiration of yourself and your associates for your tireless efforts in behalf of your country's right to a national parliament. It is due to truth and to history to acknowledge that it was those patriotic and brilliant efforts that made Mr. Gladstone's action possible and showed the liberal party of Eng and the necessity of undoing the wrong inflicted upon Ireland when she was reduced to provincial vassalage.

[Signed.] RICHARD J. OGLESBY,
Governor of Illinois.

JUST BEFORE THE MARRIAGE.

Interlopers and Sight-Seers Must Stand Aside for a Brief Season.

Washington special: A blunt refusal has been given to all requests to gain admission to the executive mansion on the night of the marriage for the purpose of doing reportorial work. An extra squad of police will be assigned to the white house on Wednesday afternoon and after the hour for the ceremony no one will be admitted to the ground, and at the time of the ceremony it will be seen that there are no interlopers inside the enclosure. Another squad of police will do duty on the streets adjacent to the white house grounds, and perfect order will be maintained. It is expected that the usual thousands of people, men, women and children, will hang around in the streets during the afternoon, evening and night in eager expectation of seeing something or somebody unusual. This crowd will be amply provided for.

It is amusing to hear the diplomats from all parts of the world now in Washington talk of the approaching marriage. There are a great many things connected with the coming event which they cannot understand. A lot of them got together and discussed the question to-day. They feel that they should do something to celebrate the event, but since none of them have invitations to be present, they fear to move lest they offend his excellency. The diplomatics cannot understand why the engagement was kept such a profound secret, nor why the announcement came so near to the date of the wedding day. Then, the bride coming to the groom to get married puzzles them beyond measure. They understand that in America the groom usually goes after the bride, and they are at a loss to understand the president's movements. Indeed, the diplomatics are worried. They are afraid of committing some awful impropriety, and yet they don't know what to do, to do the proper thing. One thing which perplexes them most is whether they shall congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and how. They fail to see why the president is not publicly married, and why they are not asked to assist. A private wedding at home, or any other place, they say, they could understand. If the president had arranged for his marriage at Buffalo they would have comprehended it, but to have his bride brought to him after the fashion of the effete monarchs of the old world is beyond their power of interpretation. They say it is not American, and it is ludicrous to hear their comments upon it. The diplomatics are also puzzled as to whether they should present gifts to the president and his bride, and so far they have been unable to ascertain if it will be proper, or whether the gifts if sent, will be received. It is customary to make royal gifts in nearly every country in the world when a crowned head takes to himself a wife, but so many unusual things have already attached to this event that they cannot reach a conclusion. So they remain in mental misery, trusting that they will be excused on the ground of ignorance. The ministers would like to send Mrs. Cleveland some token of respect, but they cannot get an answer as to the propriety of it. Some of the diplomats have determined to send gifts to the bride as mementoes of personal regard, and not as officials.

A Pension Veto.

Among the pension bills vetoed by the president is that of J. B. Haworth, an Iowa editor. Haworth wanted a pension for a defective eye, but during the time he was applying for it he got into a snarl with relatives, and they entered a protest, claiming that his infirmity of eyesight was always with him; that he was born with it. The bill was passed by congress at the request of Senators Allison and Wilson.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES.

The waist of the royal princess, Christian, measures thirty-six inches in circumference.

The czar of Russia has offered Dr. Schweninger, Prince Bismarck's physician, $6,000 to reduce him to a healthy weight.

The sultan of Turkey may rank with the musical monarchs of the age. He has recently composed several orchestral works.

Queen Victoria has ordered the royal box put in preparation for occupancy during the forthcoming operatic season in London.

The Princess Beatrice looks very happy, far happier than Battenberg does when Mother-in-Law Victoria commands him to wear Scotch petticoats.

King Kalakaua is an active member of the Honolulu fire department. He runs to fires with the engine, and is an expert operator of the pump handle.

It is stated on pretty good authority that the Princess of Wales is a very clever milliner, and gives the finishing touches to all her bonnets and hats.

The Countess de Paris will give as a wedding present for her daughter a prayer book bound in white morrocco, with lining of blue morrocco, with gold fleur de lys.

The Prince of Wales, who is overwhelmed with debts, is yet able to sell his royal mother's land which she wants to add to her Balmoral estate, and for which the queen pays Wales $125,000.

A good deal of Queen Victoria's time must be spent in match-making. According to the German newspapers she is now desirous of bringing about a marriage between the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Duchess of Albany.

The queen proposes to make Wales' eldest son the duke of Kent, Victoria's father's title, which will give him a seat in the house of lords, and the people will be asked to give him an annuity of $50,000 for so sitting.

St. Louis Republican: The czar of all Russia is growing so fat that he asks Bismarck to lend him his physician. In the early days of Machiavellian diplomacy this would have been regarded as a very dangerous experiment to make.

The Duchess d'Uzes and the empress of Austria, heretofore famous as horse riders, have their noses quite put out of joint by the sultan of Zanzibar's sister, who has been used to ride out to shoot lions, and as an equestrienne exceds any feminine circus rider ever seen in Paris.

Awful Discovery.

KANSAS CITY, MO., May 28.—The *Times* says: Last night at 9 o'clock a colored woman named Annie Miller cut and seriously wounded a respectable German woman named Agnes Ward. The Miller woman is one of the most hardened characters in the city. She lives at No. 90 State Line street, near Ninth, a very tough locality. Mrs. Ward lives next door, at No. 88. Some words came up between her and her colored neighbor, which resulted in the negress drawing a knife, which she plunged in the side of the white woman. Mrs. Ward fell to the ground, when the infuriated negress caught her by the hair and attempted to scalp her. She stuck the knife in near the eye and almost ran a circuit of the head. Flourishing the bloody weapon she ran to her own house and locked herself in a room. Sergeant McGowan and Officer Todhunter went there to arrest her, and by the aid of a small boy whom they put over the transom they effected an entrance into the house.

When the woman was arrested it was found that she had in her house three young white girls, the oldest 18 years of age, the next about 15, and the youngest barely 13. These white girls were kept by her for infamous purposes, and it is claimed that the youngest of them is so nearly a mere child that the offenses committed against her are of the most revolting character.

The charge of cutting with intent to kill was written against her name at the Second precinct police station, and she will probably be charged with harboring minors for the purpose of prostitution.

The injuries of Mrs. Ward are of a serious nature.

The Next Meeting in Omaha.

The Presbyterian general assembly at Minneapolis decided that the next assembly meet at Omaha. Invitations were also received from Niagara Falls, Saratoga and Jacksonville. The synodical records were renewed. The recommendation of the special committee on appointment of benevolent contributions was adopted, viz: Foreign missions 33 present, home missions 31, church erection 8, publication 3, freedmen 5, education 5, ministerial relief 9, aid for colleges 3. A letter of greeting to the Southern Presbyterian church was prepared and adopted.

Elder Ralph E. Prince's resolution criticizing christians for using and advertising in Sunday newspapers was adopted after some modifications.

THE MARKETS.

OMAHA.

WHEAT—No. 2	58	@	58⅝
BARLEY—No 2	43	@	44
RYE—No. 2	45	@	45½
CORN—No. 2 mixed	21½	@	21⅝
OATS—No. 2	21½	@	22
BUTTER—Choice table	10	@	12½
BUTTER—Fair to good	6	@	8
EGGS—Fresh	8	@	8½
CHICKENS—Old per doz	3 00	@	3 35
CHICKENS—Spring per doz	3 50	@	4 00
LEMONS—Choice	7 00	@	7 50
ORANGES—Mesina	3 75	@	4 00
BEANS—Navys	1 40	@	1 60
ONIONS—Per bbl	2 50	@	3 00
POTATOES—Per bushel	25	@	30
POTATOES—Salt Lake	75	@	1 00
WOOL—Fine, per lb	14	@	16
SEEDS—Timothy	2 20	@	2 50
SEEDS—Blue Grass	1 30	@	1 40
HAY—Baled, per ton	5 50	@	6 25
HAY—In bulk	6 00	@	7 00
HOGS—Mixed packing	3 60	@	3 65
BEEVES—Choice to extra	4 90	@	5 30
SHEEP—Heavy grades	4 00	@	5 00

NEW YORK.

WHEAT—No. 1 red	93½	@	94
WHEAT—Ungraded red	87½	@	91
CORN—No. 2	46	@	46½
OATS—Mixed western	37	@	39
PORK	9 00	@	9 25
LARD	6 15	@	6 17½

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Winter	4 00	@	4 40
FLOUR—Patents	4 50	@	5 80
WHEAT—Per bushel	75½	@	76
CORN—Per bushel	36⅝	@	36½
OATS—Per bushel	27⅝	@	28
PORK	8 45	@	8 50
LARD	5 87½	@	5 90
HOGS—Packin & shipping	4 10	@	4 35
CATTLE—Stockers	3 00	@	4 80
SHEEP—Natives	2 50	@	5 60

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red	72⅝	@	78⅛
CORN—Per bushel	32⅝	@	33
OATS—Per bushel	28⅝	@	28½
HOGS—Mixed packing	3 90	@	4 15
CATTLE—Stockers & feeders	3 25	@	4 75
SHEEP—Common to choice	3 00	@	4 00

KANSAS CITY.

WHEAT—Per bushel	61½	@	62
CORN—Per bushel	25	@	25¼
OATS—Per bushel	25⅝	@	26½
CATTLE—Stockers	3 50	@	4 35
HOGS—Good to choice	3 50	@	3 90
SHEEP—Common to good	3 50	@	4 00

MY BABY.

I think my baby's weight in gold,
With all the gems of earth,
Though multiplied a hundred fold,
Would not be half its worth;
And yet it is not many days
Since first my darling came,
And knew so little of our ways,
Had neither clothes nor name.

But, ah, how gladly I supplied
All wants that baby had,
And through my love for him relied
To make my old heart glad;
For grandpa loves his dear, wee boy
Far more than words can tell;
Already he has brought me joy,
And will repay me well.

THE LITTLE CANDLE MAKER.

Charles E. Whitney in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

I.

If one follows the stream of early worshipers that pours out of the old St. Louis Cathedral after low mass, he will notice that the greater number pass down the alley on the north side of the edifice and distribute themselves up and down the Rue Royal. Just below this, Rue St. Anne crosses the more busy thoroughfare, and is but a stone's throw from the cathedral. The immediate neigdborhood thereabouts has an air of sanctity and ecclesiastical quiet about it that is due, perhaps, to the close proximity of the great parish church. Show windows are brilliant with gilt crucifixes, altar candlesticks, communion wreaths and ornate rosaries; and as temptations to the eye of youthful lovers, little blue velvet prayer-books look coyly out from hiding-places on their shelves, inviting the devout gallant to make the heart of his belle flutter by such a present. Artificial flowers in great clusters bloom in handsome Sevres vases, and near them tasty biscuit vessels for holy water fill up the garniture of the store windows. Here one could, in fact, furnish all the altar paraphernalia for either a grand cathedral or modest private chapel, and when high mass is sung in the old building so close at hand, it is not difficult to imagine each window an altar and unseen acolytes swinging their incense-holders as the rich organ tones fill the little side streets.

Around the corner from Royal street, on St. Anne, for many years stood a one-story house fronting immediately on the street. The years had evidently some ill-will toward it, for the weather boards seemed more dilapidated, the chimney more tottering, and the green mossy herbage on the roof more grasping in its clutches on the shingle roof than any thereabouts. Just before the fire of a few years ago it was what would be called a "tumble-down affair," but in 1851 it had a somewhat more presentable appearance. This was perhaps due to the neatness and taste of that dapper little old maid, Mlle. Pierrette, who occupied the premises, rather than to its architectural qualities. Every spring she had the outside regularly white-washed, and the heavy shutters given a glossy green that quite renewed the youth of the old building. Like the larger stores around the corner, her front room had caught the ecclesiastical spirit, and in two large, upright glass case hung in long rows, the results of the energetic maiden's handiwork.

Not even a modest sign or other notice gave testimony to the world of the articles to be found on sale within, but all the Creole population knew the place. Every year, just before the time when the little ones take their first communion, the store would be crowded with children, selecting their tall wax candles for the interesting ceremony. Mlle. Pierette commenced the manufacture of altar candles, so it was reported, away back in the days of Gen. Jackson. In fact some of the envious shopkeepers over the way intimated that she had made the wax lights for the marriage of some of the old Spanish hidalgoes when they occupied Louisiana, but these sarcastic remarks were due, perhaps, to jealousy of the little lady's thriving trade.

No matter how long ago it was when she commenced the business, it is nevertheless true that for delicacy of taper, grace of ornamentation, and purity of wax, there was no communion candles in New Orleans that could compare with hers. Even the tinsel paper with which she adorned them had a chic about it no one else could copy, and the tall ones, measuring nearly five feet, were marvels of the candle maker's art.

It was a source of much satisfaction to her, on great church occasions, to stand far back in the cathedral, near the vestibule, and looking over the heads of the kneeling congregation, gaze with pride on the hundreds of soft lights, all from her hand, that shed their mellow radiance on altar and picture. She had never been known to miss a mass, not even during the cholera time of 1847, and her reputation as a devotee was not less than her renown as a candle maker. Except in the shop she was neven seen elsewhere than in the cathedral, and the sweet faced Madonna looking down from the pew could hardly be said to be oftener seen than Mlle. Pierrette.

II.

Way back in the twenties a young lady of remarkable beauty produced quite a stir in New Orleans society by her varied accomplishments and rare conversational powers. With an aged father she arrived from the West Indies, and soon afterward presided over a handsome establishment in the French quarter of the city, purchased by her indulgent parent at the sale of an estate. Her artistic taste was said to be exquisite, and from the imitation of natural flowers in wax to the execution of an oil painting, she excelled all amateurs ever seen here before. Modest and unassumming, she heard the praises that were showered upon her in an unaffected, charming manner, and even her rivals could not but admire her girlish grace and naive frankness. It was not long before she had many admirers at her feet, for her reputation for wealth was most enticing to those seeking a fortune in marriage.

Conspicuous in his attentions was a young gentleman of pleasing address and promising ability, whose name just then was in everybody's mouth. At a celebration of the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans he had delivered an oration that had attracted general attention and the press of the city was loud in praises of its exquisite sentiments and lofty rhetoric. Raoul Chappelles was a law student in the office of an old attorney, and, like many others, was quite poor. A gambling father had left him without a son of his mother's estate, and at the age of nineteen he had commenced the study of the law, subsisting on what he could make by commercial collections.

His family connections gave him the entree into good society, and, poor as he was, everybody saw a brilliant future before him.

The beautiful West Indian girl and the law student met frequently, and it was easy to see that the young man had made a deep impression. The father of the girl at first pretended not to notice the advances of Raoul, but as month after month passed and the acquaintance between them ripened into an intimacy, he startled the daughter one morning by the announcement that he would admit Raoul no more to his house. The fiery, impetuous temper of the girl was aroused at this, and for some days she would not leave her room or hold communication with her father. Surreptitiously she conveyed billets doux to Raoul and mutual love was acknowledged.

There were stormy scenes in that big house on Esplanade street. An old negress was placed on guard over the girl. Her meals were sent to her room and her only promenade was in the back garden of afternoons. Love laughs at locks, and a regular correspondence was kept up between the lovers through the hair-dresser that came every day to assist the young lady in her toilet.

One morning in May all this ended. A family carriage containing an old gentleman and his daughter stopped near the wharf occupied by West Indian schooners and both alighted. A number of trunks were carried on board the Tres Hermanos, and that fleet little vessel was soon on its way down the river bound for Porto Rico. Two months subsequent a young gentleman, well recommended, entered the college at Grand Coteau to study for the priesthood, and by a coincidence society at the same time missed Raoul Chappelles.

III.

With the budding of trees and the first warm breezes from the south, Lent of 1850 was ushered in, and all good Catholics crowded the cathedral to hear the gifted father who had just taken charge. The report of his eloquence had been such that it was said another Massillon had come to earth. His fervent sermons produced quite a religious excitement wherever he went, and New Orleans was not slow to pay him homage. His success here was not less than elsewhere, and never before had such congregations filled the old edifice.

Benevolent, ever attentive to the wants of his flock, and leading the life almost of a saint, he so endeared himself that his parishoners looked upon him not only as a religious adviser, but warm friend. The success of his first sermon was not abated by the many that followed, and two years after he had taken charge his popularity was unbounded.

It was about this time that a lady in reduced circumstances opened a little store on St. Anne street, and for awhile supported herself by the sale of artificial flowers and in giving music lessons. It was reported that she had relinquished all right to a large legacy conditioned that she should never visit Louisiana, and had come to New Orleans on account of former pleasant associations. There were many rumors afloat as to the reason of this sacrifice, but the little lady evaded all questions, and the gossipers were left to surmise. She attended church regularly, never failing to be there when the good father preached, but always left just before service was over. This had been noticed by many. Once she met the father in the alley below the cathedral almost face to face. She hastily drew her veil down and hurried by him, while the dignified pere walked on entirely unconscious of the little woman's efforts to hide her face.

Years passed, and the trade in altar candles had become one of the recognized industries of that section of the city. Of mornings the neatly-dressed proprietress of the establishment could be seen deftly at work ornamenting those tall ones of wax, putting on here a leaf and there a bit of silvered paper until they grew into gorgeous affairs.

One evening the shutters of the front window, wherein were exposed numbers of these wax candles, were put up earlier than usual. It was remarked that an old negro woman performed this labor, and not the little Mlle. Pierrette.

Then it was reported that the little lady with the white cap and fichus across the way was very sick. As it grew darker the wind began to blow, howling under the eaves, whistling through the railings of Jackson square and moaning up among the bells in the cathedral spire. At first it caught up the loose bits of waste paper lying around French Market, until the air was filled with flocks of wingless paper birds. Then it grew more savage and dug into the interstices of the square block pavement and scraped out every loose particle of dust and sent it skurrying in clouds down St. Anne street. Then came the rain, big drops at first, followed by drenching torrents. The sacristan was called down stairs by a ring of the rectory bell. A woman was dying and needed a priest.

Through the storm, guided by the old negress, the father made his way slowly, and was not sorry to find that he had not far to go. He went into the little candle store on St. Anne's street, where he performed the last sad offices to the unconscious little proprietress of the establishment. The negro woman said afterward, Mlle. Pierrette gave a start as the priest entered and tried to talk—that was all.

In the old mahogany armoir, among the pile of snowy-white linen was found a letter, which puzzled those who opened it.

It read: "My name is Hortense Dularge, and not Mlle. Pierrette. My love brought me back to Louisiana, but it was too late. The only glimpse we have of heaven on earth is true love reciprocated. Fate denied me that. Show this to Father ——, and he will understand. I leave all my property to the church."

It was signed with a firm hand and sealed.

The funeral was impressive and the sermon one of the most touching ever preached, for old memories were awakened in the heart of the gentle priest, memories he had long since buried. The little candlemaker's own candles shed a soft radiance on altar and chancel, but like her life, they at last flickered and went out and the cathedral was left in darkness.

A Spiritual Medium Exposed.

From a Manchester (N. H.) Letter.

A sensational exposure of an alleged spiritualistic medium, while in the midst of a materialization seance took place recently at the residence of G. B. Ammidon. The medium was Mrs. Bessie Huston, of 488 Tremont street, Boston, who had made three previous trips to Manchester and gulled the public into believing that she possessed the requisite powers of calling up the spirit forms of those who had passed on into the great unknown. Her seances have been well patronized, but all who attended had not been her dupes, as several had expressed themselves that she was a fraud. The last seance was the eighth given by the woman in Manchester, and her company on this last occasion included some of the best known residents. Some five or six forms had appeared, and among the number the daughter of one gentlemen, who thought he recognized his dead girl and exchanged kisses with her. Finally a pretended spirit came to a gentleman who made up the party, and the latter acting in accordance with a preconceived plan, seized the outstretched hand and threw his arms around her body and bore her to the floor. The form was no other than that of Mrs. Huston, who screamed, and her husband, who always accompanies her, pulled out a billy and proceeded to apply it with vigor upon the head of the captor. In the meantime the gas had been lighted by those who were parties to the plan, and Mr. Huston was then seized and the billy taken away from him. The lighting of the gas revealed Mrs. Huston stretched upon the carpet where she had been held by the gentleman who had the nerve to trap her, dressed in a sleeveless white garment and wearing a white vail over her head. The exposure was complete and overwhelming, chalk and other materials used in the deceit practiced being discovered. The woman was allowed to return to the cabinet, where she clothed herself in her evening dress. The money paid by the company was returned, but as the chandelier had been broken in the lively scenes which had been enacted when the coup de grace took place, the purse was presented to Mr. Ammidon, with instruction to apply it toward the purchase of another chandelier. Mr. Ammidon informed the Hustons that his roof could not shelter frauds another night, as he did not countenance anything of the kind, and at once, showed them to the depot, where it is supposed they took a southward bound freight train at an early hour in the morning. The veil taken from Mrs. Huston's head was divided up among the party as mementoes of the occasion. The gentleman who led in exposure was John Byron Huse, of East Manchester, and he has the billy which was wrenched from Mr. Huston.

Mr. Parnell's Mother.

New York Letter in Chicago News.

You have perhaps heard the contradictory tales told of old Mrs Parnell's condition. Well, it is just as bad as it is represented. Mrs. Parnell is a lonely old lady, without the slightest regard for what we call comfort. Moreover, there is a strain of bohemianism in the family, excepting Charles Stewart Parnell, which betrays itself in wearing their hair down their backs, carrying Gampy old umbrellas around, and a certain disregard of appearances that looks like discomfort to American eyes. Mrs. Parnell does live on the fourth floor of a tenement-house on Hudson street, which is a very poor street indeed; she is poor and in want of money; and she is apparently uncomfortable and is certainly failing fast. But Mrs. Parnell is always more or less in those conditions. She has no idea of the value of money and has made ducks and drakes of a handsome fortune; but she never was what we would call comfortable even when she had money. The people with whom she is staying are plain, but they are honest and do kindly by her. To Mrs. Parnell's lively imagination, however, they are princes and princesses, the tenement is a cozy flat, and as for want of money, she always was poor, even when she was rich. So, to Mrs. Parnell's peculiar notions of what constitute comfort and independence may be ascribed the difference between her views and other people's. You and I would say that she was in penury, but Mrs. Parnell lives on the shamrock and Tara's harp and the vale of Avoca, and resembles Lord Edward Fitzgerald to that degree that whether she has any stockings or not is a comparative trifle.