

### THE OWNER OF REST VALLEY.

#### Curious Life-History of an Ex-Congressman's Daughter.

The last and strangest chapter in all the career of the late Mrs. Lizzie H. Monmouth, who died recently in this town, has just come to light, writes a Canterbury, N. H., correspondent of *The Boston Journal*. As is well known, she was the daughter of the late ex-Congressman Harper, the widow of Col. Monmouth, of Texas, an author of ability, and an eccentric person generally. She was best known to the public in her later years by her public services in the worsted church, at Hill's corner, near the Shaker village, and through the quaintness of her artistic home, known as Rest Valley, in the center of the town. Years ago she gave out that she had lost through a clergyman to whom she confined her business affairs nearly all of a handsome property which she had inherited from her father. She managed, however, to retain her humble home and a wood lot of a few acres. Then she began what she called her struggle with poverty. Persons who had known her in prosperity felt a great interest in her, and gave her food and clothing generously. For years she lived in a chamber, refusing to see or speak to anyone excepting to a few intimate friends. She remarked to a neighbor that if the public did not wish her to starve she would accept any offerings of provisions that might be tendered. Her way of receiving gifts was as follows: She would, unseen, let down a rope from her chamber window, and when persons brought her presents they would attach them to the end of the line, and after their departure Mrs. Monmouth would lift by the rope into her chamber what had been deposited for her outside.

She kept along in this way for a considerable time, her friends and what few relatives she had being anxious that she should not become a public charge. She wrote a pamphlet, that a friend got published for her, entitled "Living on Half a Dime a Day," in which she related that there had been times in which she had lived with a daily expense for food of only 5 cents. She wrote that she was "a woman with broken health and broken fortune." At length she conceived the idea of decorating her house with paper ornamentations and mottoes, and by much skill and labor she made her home so wonderfully attractive that it became famous with the public, especially with many summer visitors from Boston and vicinity. Through the efforts of the latter numerous Boston merchants sent Mrs. Monmouth as gifts large packages of sample wall papers and odd window shades. She charged a small admittance to examine her house, which in the warm season would bring her some ready money. Finally age and disease unfitted her to take care of herself, and a few months ago a kind neighbor carried her to the house of a niece in London, where she had the kindest of care, but died soon afterward.

The strange part of her history lies in the fact that a will which has been found and probated proves that instead of being in poverty she left a handsome property. She bequeaths to one relative \$1,000 to several others \$500 apiece, to still more smaller sums, and to the Women's Benevolent society connected with the Baptist church in Canterbury \$200. Her home and wood lot also go to relatives, and what is remarkable, property sufficient is found to meet all her bequests, and, as a gentleman from Canterbury remarked to-day, "We don't know how much more will turn up."

#### Jealousy.

The old adage that "jealousy is as cruel as the grave," is, to my way of thinking, wrongly put, for were the grave one half as cruel as this taunting fiend, no one would desire, with the longing which at some time or other in life comes to poor jaded humanity, to fly to its sheltering arms for rest.

Were I asked to diagnose this passion, it would be as the chill of despair, the sting of envy, the fire of lunacy, and claim for its precedence in the celebrate d box presented by Jupiter to Pandora, but with *hope* left out. I would call it a monster greater than the python of old, for where is the hand that can stay its ravages when once its hydra head is lifted? Step by step it makes progress to the verge of the maelstrom where lie so many wrecked barques which started on life's journey with such fair freight of hopes and promises; withering the freshness of the heart and narrowing the judgment, it makes a pandemonium of home and happiness; like the swallow, goes and comes then finally takes a farewell flight.

Not the least contemptible phase of this many-sided evil—and often displayed when least expected—is that which makes one envious of another's personal influence or position. If the hitherto dearest friend of such a person is unfortunate enough to arouse this antagonistic feeling, he or she will not hesitate to the meanest subtleties and innuendoes; especially in this case where the offending party has the least claim to good looks or fascinating manners. At once they become the target for invidious remarks, and branded by their suspicious natures as designing; everything to them is tinged with a lurid light. With such persons friendship counts for nothing, for the slime of the serpent is trailed over all the hitherto pleasant relations. Envy and doubt are allowed to creep in and blind the eyes to true merit and motives. Sacred confidences are laid bare and put to such base uses as would cause friendship to veil her face in shame and make the very name a by word.

No one who studies the vagaries of this passion and notes its influence on various temperaments, but has abundant food for musing over the strange and often ridiculous amusements—like wine it seems to bring out the idiosyncrasies of character and runs the entire gamut of feeling. Caused after all by that "spasm of the heart" so graphically described in Chesbro's *Victoria*.

I have seen persons under the influence of this passion do the most un-

natural things; love, fatal consequences, pride, the one thing that holds many a strong nature in check, are swept away by this mighty power. Lives are wrecked, reputations blasted, and tragedies enacted through this insane passion that fills our lunatic asylums and prison cells with its victims. I doubt if heaven's shining messengers stood with flaming sword at the portals of this monster's keep had power to stay its course, for with the strength of attachment comes the intensity of the fever that consumes.

I believe that jealousy is one of the most potent parts of all human nature. A latent germ, perhaps, in many who are unconscious that the least taint lurks within their veins until some circumstance forces it to the surface, and they are suddenly awakened to the fact that there is a slumbering volcano in their breasts, ready to throw out the lava which withers everything it touches.—*Mary F. Stiles, in St. Louis Magazine.*

#### Now is the Time

to see the Niagara in all the beauty of its winter garb, envied by marvelous and fantastic forms of ice and snow. Gigantic icicles form on the overhanging rocks and reach from summit to base of the tall precipices. The ice bridge generally extends from the Horseshoe Fall to a point near the railroad bridge, lasts generally from two to three months, and is crossed by hundreds of foot passengers during the winter. The ice forming the bridge is ordinarily from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet thick—rising from fifty to sixty feet above the natural surface of the river. The tinge of the waters from the dark green of summer is sometimes changed to yellow; the trees on Goat Island and Prospect Park, sheathed in a glittering mail of ice, formed and added to by the incessantly rising spray, seem partially buried; a mass of quaint and curious crystalline forms stand in lieu of the bushes; the buildings seem to sink under ponderous coverings of snow and ice; the tops of trees and points of rock on which the dazzling white frost does not lie stand out in bold contrast, forming the deep shadows of the entrancing picture. The whole presents a wild, savage aspect, grand and imposing beyond adequate description.

If one can see Niagara but once, it had better be in winter than in summer. The scene is one of peerless grandeur, worth going hundreds of miles to see, and daily excites the enthusiastic delight of the Michigan Central passengers who gaze enraptured upon it from the magnificent standpoint of Falls View, above and almost on the brink of the Horse Shoe Falls.

From this point, says *Peck's Sun*, editorially, "the Michigan Central gives its passengers the most beautiful view to be seen on this earth. There may be more beautiful views on some other earth, but no railroad runs there yet."

#### The Science of Noses.

The nose we all know, forms a prominent feature in everybody's career, but it has been left to M. Sophus Schack, a Danish disciple of Lavater, to find out that it is an infallible index to human character. He tells us in a book just published that his discovery is a result of a long and patient study of this facial organ among people of all nations. According to his experience, the moral and physical nature of a person can be gathered from the formation of his nose. A well-developed nose, he says, denotes strength and courage; a little turn up nose indicates cunning and artfulness; a delicate, straight nose, taste and refinement; a curved nose, judgment and egotism; and a thick, misshapen nose, dullness and want of tact. But this is not all. "The nose," proceeds our physiognomist, "discloses to the intelligent observer the faculties possessed by the owner. It also indicates the intensity of his intellectual activity and the delicacy of his moral sentiments. Finally, the nose, which belongs both to the mobile and immobile parts of our visage, reflects faithfully the fugitive movements of our inclinations." If all this be true, it is evident that people who desire to disguise their character or dissemble their passions must in future beware of their noses, or rather, they must wear false ones.—*Full Mail Gazette.*

#### The Place for Chair-Makers.

Last winter when living in the City of Mexico I tried to buy a better chair than the one assigned me in my room at the middle class hotel, where I was stopping. But to my dismay I found that the furniture man wanted me to pay \$10 for a chair which could be had almost any where in the United States for \$2.50. I spoke to our minister about it one day by chance, when he explained to me that the duty on the cheapest of chairs was at the rate \$60 per dozen!

Let some few enterprising young American mechanics or carpenters set upon this. Go down the capital of Mexico and make furniture. All the fertile valleys are lined with willow trees. All the little mountain streams come tumbling down through lanes of little willow trees. Take a hint from one who knows the land well and go down there and make willow ware, chairs especially. The only possible thing that could interfere with your certain fortune would be a revision of their tariff laws. And this I do not think likely to take place. Mexico is trying hard to inspire home industry with life and healthy action; and "protection" is far more likely to be encouraged than set aside, as things now stand.—*Joanna Miller.*

#### Time to Reflect.

A young man thrusts his head out of the window of a cab and cries to the driver:

"Why don't you go faster? I am going to be married this morning, and at this rate I will arrive too late for the wedding."

Driver (sympathetically): "Well, what of it? I am giving you plenty of time to reflect."—*Paris Journal.*

SAM JONES began his sermon in the city of Robert G. Ingersoll's home by remarking that "Infidelity is only a great big mouth that goes around talking."

EX-GOV. ENGLISH and wife, of Connecticut, will return from the continent to England presently, and make an extended tour through the latter country, Scotland, and Ireland.

PRINCESS COLONNA, the daughter of Mrs. J. Mackay, is to accompany her husband to this country in the spring. She is coming over to look after his railroad interests in Mexico and Texas.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, of South Carolina, grandson of the great nullifier, has the second largest cotton-field in the United States. He was a captain in the confederate service at 18 and is now 41.

ALMA TADEMA's health has been seriously affected by a peculiar paint which he employed in decorating a room in his new house, and he has been obliged to cease all work for an indefinite time.

MRS. RICHARD JESSE is dead at Margate, England. Her maiden name was Emily Tennyson, and she was engaged to be married to Arthur Henry Hallam, the subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

JOHN C. BULLITT, the eminent Philadelphia lawyer, whose new charter for that city has received popular sanction in the election of Filer for mayor, is a Kentuckian by birth. He moved to Philadelphia in 1849.

FORD WILLIAM CECIL, the second son of Lord Salisbury, is to be ordained by the bishop of Norwich at his Lent ordination, and he is to be appointed to the curacy of the parish church of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth.

SENATOR STANFORD'S enthusiasm over his plan for erecting a great university in California is said to have reached such a pitch that he contemplates resigning his seat in the senate in order to devote his whole time to the project.

ROSCOE CONKLING, as the only member of Horatio Seymour's family living in New York, received the memorial resolutions adopted by the board of aldermen of that city, acknowledging the compliment to the dead in his usual eloquent way.

REV. MARCUS RAINSFORD is probably the first clergyman to preach in a sewer. When a new sewer in the north of London was recently being built Mr. Rainsford, whose work is among the people of that neighborhood, went into the sewer one evening and held service for the workmen.

ONE of the most expensive works architects now have in hand is the new congress hall for Buenos Ayres. This is to cost \$10,000,000, and to be built in four years. It is to be in the renaissance style, its dimensions being 1,200 feet by 900 feet. The site covers twenty acres in the best part of the city.

THERE is a depression in the English marriage market. Population is increasing, but marriages are decreasing. Divorces are increasing. The registrar general decodes these vexed questions? Is a divorced husband a widower or a bachelor? Is a divorced wife a widow or a spinster? They are bachelor and spinster, he says.

A WRITER upon the products of Arkansas says: "The most remarkable and interesting mineral of all this region is the white malleable iron ore, regarding the existence and malleability of which a great deal of skepticism is said to exist. It is found in the corner of Howard county, adjoining the frontier of Montgomery, Polk and Pike."

ANOTHER JONES has arisen in the south, where he is raising excitement among his colored brethren by declaring that he is on a divine mission to let them know that there will be a famine two years hence, and that the end of the world is approaching. He wants twelve "sisters" to act as disciples in following him about on his travels.

PHILIP BOERKE MARSTON, the blind poet, is dead, in England at the age of 62. He was the son of John Westland Marston, author of "The Patriotic Daughter," "Strathmore," and many other dramas. He has written much and often of late years for American magazines. Personally he was an attractive and interesting man, and has been beloved by womankind ever since the day when he lay in his cradle and Dinah Maria Mulock apostrophized him in the melodious strains of "Philip, My King."

THE German crown princess stopped for several days in Munich on her homeward journey from Italy last November, when she gave sittings for a life-sized portrait to the eminent painter Franz von Leubach, who also commenced smaller pictures of the Princesses Victoria, Sophia and Margaret. Franz von Leubach has just completed life-size portraits of the Emperor William, the crown prince, and Field Marshal von Moltke, all of which are destined for the gallery of the imperial Schloss at Berlin.

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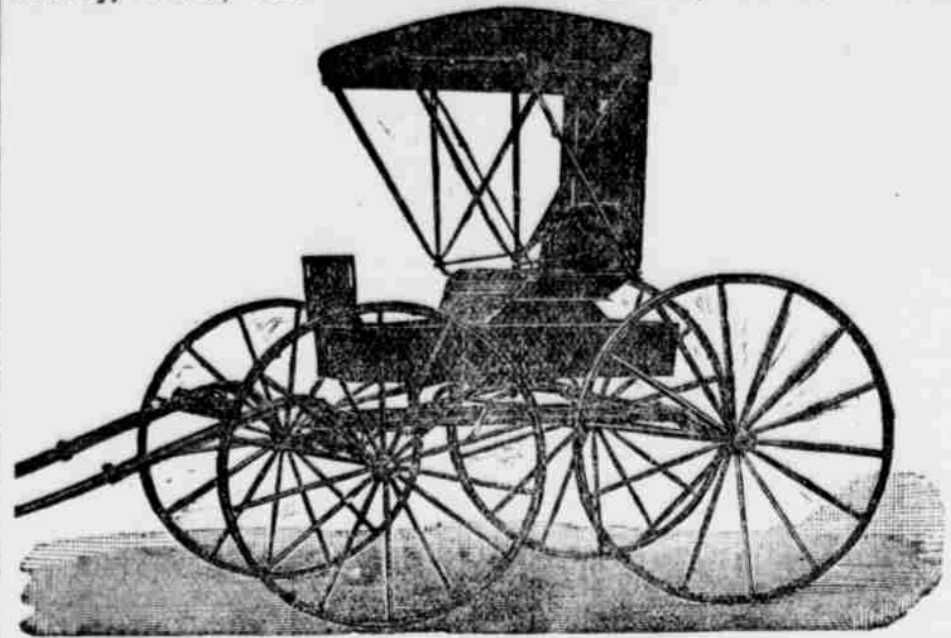
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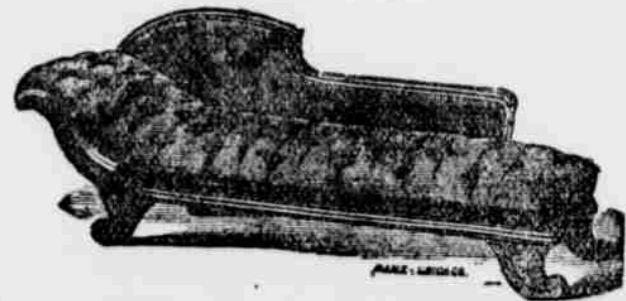
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