Wichita Eagle

THE BELLES OF LONG AGO

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE TELLS OF FAIR ONES OF OTHER DAYS.

Miss Emily Marshall, of Boston; Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore; Maria Ludlow, of New York; Octavia Walton, of New Orleans, and Others.

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In a vision of fair women the beautiful belles I remember myself or who have been described to me by mother and grandmother reach back a century. First on the list is the famous Emily Marshall, of Boston. Her picture and a sketch of her life appeared in a recent publication, and I will only add here an anecdote related of her by my grandmother.

Miss Marshall was an exquisite blonde, with fair hair worn in natural curls, and a skin tinted like a peach blossom. She was one day walking on Broadway, New York, her white dress trimmed with blue ribbons, a wide straw hat shading her lovely eyes, when a sailor hurried up to her and asked her to please tell him where to find the Battery. With charming sweetness she gave the information and walked on. To her surprise at the next corner she met the same man, who asked the same question. Thinking she had not spoken plainly, she again pointed out the direction more distinctly and strolled on. At the third corner she once more met the sailor, who breathlessly put the thrice repeated query.

This time the young lady said in surprise: "Why, I have twice answered that question. Did you not understand?"

"Oh, yes, miss, I understood," he answered, "but I would run round a block all day if I could see your pretty face at the corner."

He had made the circuit of three sides of the square while she had walked one, merely in order to gaze again on her loveliness.

The beautiful Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, who married Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of the great Napoleon, must have been a radiant young creature at the time of her wedding. She was a veritable "daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." Her hair was chestnut, her eyes hazel, her complexion cream tinted. Her figure was perfect, and all the graceful outlines were plainly disclosed by the costume of that day. The extreme of the empire dress was then worn, short of waist, with skirt reaching only to the ankle, and so scant that there was just room to step in it.

Her wedding dress was of thinnest India gauze, heavily embroidered. Entirely without starch, it clung to every curve of her exquisite young form, as the underclothing was of the scantiest description, consisting, it was said, of only one long garment of mull. A cousin of my mother's who was present at the ceremony, when asked what the bride wore, said:

"I could have put all the clothes she had on in my waistcoat pocket."

It should be remembered that the waistcoat of that day had more generous pockets than the vest of today. Yet never since classic times has any costume so scant of drapery been worn.

So let us think of the beautiful girl—as lovely a vision on her wedding morn as has greeted mortal eyes since the days of Diana—remembering her thus rather than as the deserted wife, whose long life was shadowed to its last hour by the sorrows that wrecked her early hopes.

Quite of a different type was Maria Ludlow, of New York, a dainty, laughing, captivating coquette who reigned in the early half of the century. Golden haired and blue eyed, she was one of those beings who set all men aflame that see her, drawing masculine creatures to her as inevitably and as blindly as the scintillating flash of the electric light lures all that flies to destruction.

She was once visiting at a country seat on the Hudson in the summer days of more than fifty years ago. Of course every young man within the sphere of her influence was more or less in love with her, but there were two, Tom and Sam, staying at an adjoining place who were especially under her spell. One morning it was proposed by the girls in this family that they should make up a little excursion party, and that some one should go over and invite Maria.

At once Tom and Sam were both on their feet, ready to perform the pleasant duty of escorting her. Each regarded the other with jealous eyes, and as neither would let the other go alone they put a side saddle on a horse and started together, leading the animal.

The girls left behind wondered how the fair Maria would manage to keep the peace between her two lovers and almost feared some angry outbreak; but by and by the trio appeared, coming slowly down the woodland path, the sunlight and shade flickering over the pretty flushed face of the belle, who was seated on the horse, while on either side of her walked Tom and Sam, and, behold, each man was radiant with happiness!

How had she managed to content them both? Her waiting friends took the first opportunity to question her apart.

"Oh," she laughed, "it was very easy. Sam, you know, is a quiet fellow and Tom is a great talker, so I chatted with him, and that made him happy, but I let Sam, who was on the other side of the horse, hold my hand."

Poor, pretty Maria! Her gay career was cut short, not by the orange flowered gates of matrimony, but by the cold portals of the tomb. She died while yet in the flush of her youth and beauty, and many a manly tear fell on her bier. In the course of time most of her lovers forgot her and were consoled by others, but Sam remained a bachelor through many long years for her sake.

Perhaps the most remarkable belle that our country ever produced was Octavia Walton, of New Orleans. A small woman, with plump figure and expressive dark eyes, she had no especial good looks, and yet probably no girl ever queened it as absolutely as she did. "Miss Walton has come" was information that threw men into a flutter, and wherever she went she was surrounded by a crowd of adorers.

It was said that her father was repeatedly offered free accommodations at the hotels of fashionable watering places, because wherever he came with his fascinating daughter an air of unmistakable fashion was given to the place, and so many young men would flock thither that the success of the establishment would be assured.

What was the secret of her charm? Flowers strewed her way; attentions of all sorts were lavished upon her. It was said that she received a hundred offers of marriage. What was the subtle magnetism that made her outshine all other women? She was not beautiful nor especially witty. My mother once asked a cousin who was utterly devoted to her what was the magic that made Miss Walton so attractive. He thought a moment with puzzled brow, and then said:

"I don't know, unless it is that she is so good natured."

This was probably the explanation of the mystery. She was a woman of great amiability and exquisite tact. She knew how to make the people about her happy, how to say the right thing to each person, and was remarkably unselfish. On one occasion on board a steamboat, when she had half a dozen adorers in attendance, she left them all to sit for an hour beside the reclining chair of an invalid, to while away a little of his suffering with her bright chat.

After several years of belleship Miss Walton married Dr. Levert, and was for a long time a social leader. Then the war deprived her of her fortune, and her later years were troubled with struggles, but to the very last she retained the charm of manner that made her famous.

Susan Pettigrew, of Charleston, S. C., was another celebrated southern belle before the war. She, too, was not especially beautiful. As she said of herself, she was "not pretty, but had lots of style." Her figure was good, her gray eyes sparkled with intellect and she had admirable taste in dress. But it was as a wit that she especially shone, and her *bon mots* were quoted far and wide. Few of them survive. They were of the events of the day, as sparkling and as evanescent as the bubbles that danced on the waves of the bay in those vanished summers.

In the days when Charleston was the leading city of the south, and the St. Cecilia balls were the events of the season, before the war had come to destroy the *ancienne regime* of southern society, as Miss Sue Pettigrew, and afterward as Mrs. Henry King, this graceful, brilliant woman was a power.

During the war and for some years later Olive Grossbeck, of Cincinnati, and Emily Schomberg, of Philadelphia, were each famous as being the most beautiful woman in her city. Season after season these two radiant women were each the sovereign of her own circle. Miss Grossbeck was tall and majestic, with dark hair and eyes. Miss Schomberg was of medium height, with round figure, blue eyes and brown ringlets—the one reigning as a stately queen, the other winning as a finished woman of the world.

The years went by. Scores of suitors wooed them, and still they remained unwedded, visiting the watering places in the summer and queening it in the cities in the winter. It seemed as if each was reluctant to resign the scepter she had swayed so long, but matrimony at last caught them in its silken lure, and the crown of fair maidenhood was resigned for the bridal wreath.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

SARA BERNHARDT IN NEW YORK.

She Gives a Queer Order to a Modiste and Displays a Temper Not on the Bills.

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A characteristic story has been related to the writer that is interesting in more ways than one.

It appears that a few years ago a well bred French girl fell in love with and married a French officer. The latter dying soon afterward, the young widow, having no means of support, applied for a position at Worth's, the famous Parisian milliner, and as a supposed expert was assigned to one of the departments in the establishment. Practically she was inexperienced, but she hoped to obtain enough knowledge of the business to enable her to go elsewhere, and as a pupil of the great master of fashion secure a patronage of her own. For a week or two everything passed off well, but one day the superintendent gave her as a task the plaiting of a peculiar piece of goods that required great skill. The young debutante went about it with trepidation, and her hands trembled as she plied the needle. Looking up from her work she caught the sharp eyes of one of the forewomen watching her intently. "Ah! you are no modiste," exclaimed the latter; "you do not know your business. Why have you come here?" "In order to learn it, madame," was the tearful reply. "I wish to go to America and become a modiste there." "Then you shall, ma chere ami; I will teach you myself."

In due time the object of the young widow's ambition was achieved, and she found herself in New York, engaged in fairly profitable work. A few months after her coming Sara Bernhardt also arrived here. One morning the latter found upon her dressing table a letter from the Parisian modiste asking madame as a countrywoman to allow her to make any alterations in her costumes that might be required during her stay in America, adding that it would be of immense advantage in her business to be known as Mme. Bernhardt's costumer.

Much to her surprise and delight the next morning's mail brought a reply from Bernhardt, with a request that she would call at the hotel at a certain hour. Responding punctually to the summons she was shown into the apartments of the divine Sara, and found her in full costume standing before a mirror, apparently enraged and tearing her passion to tatters.

Taking no notice of the young woman's arrival the tragedienne went on with her rehearsal, for such it was. She stripped her long white gloves from her hands, stamped upon them, pranced around the room, tore her hair, and, in short, frightened the poor little modiste, who expected every moment to be seized and dashed upon the floor.

When this display of temper was over Bernhardt turned to the young woman a smiling face, and extending both hands gave her a warm welcome. Then, looking at her coquettishly, she said: "Yes, quite pretty, and I want you to do something for me; I wish you to make me a bonnet, and yet not a bonnet, a mantle, and yet not a mantle, a sleeve, and yet not a sleeve; you understand? That is my order."

Her visitor looked nonplussed for a moment, and then with all her French naivete she replied: "Oui, madame. Madame is an artiste; I also am an artiste; I know what you want."

"I wish to wear my bonnet in the garden where I go to find my lover. I do not want him to see my face until I am ready for it; then, by a sudden movement, I wish him to recognize me—you understand?" "Oui, madame, very well." The French woman made her adieu, when Bernhardt rushed impulsively after her and exclaimed, "Ah, mon Dieu, I forgot a wreath of flowers, a long garland—something original!" And with this remarkable order the visitor took her departure.

The "bonnet, yet not a bonnet," the "mantle, and not a mantle," the "sleeve, yet not a sleeve," with a wreath of Marguerites, were brought in a few days for the inspection of the fair Sara, and proved not only acceptable, but, as a woman would say, "enchanting." In her delight Bernhardt threw her arms around the now happy modiste, and exclaimed: "Yes, you are indeed an artiste, and I am your friend for life. You shall go to Paris with me and I shall make your fortune! Here, take my purse, and until we leave this country together use my name to your own advantage."

A few months later Bernhardt kept her word, paid all the expenses of the woman who had thus served her, and on arriving in France gave her such an introduction both among French and Americans as insured her substantial patronage.

G. W. M.

The Fashions of Paris.

Paris magasins are now doing a thriving business, particularly with the American buyers, who are beginning to flit toward their homes, and some notably beautiful costumes are shown. The pannier and hoops are slyly introduced, and flounces and foot ruches and volantes of several styles are seen.

Some lovely dinner and reception dresses are seen, of two of which I furnish pictures. One is of pink surah, richly embroidered in black chenille, with sleeves, corsage drapery and side panel

DINNER AND RECEPTION TOILETS.

in black Spanish lace. Rich satin ribbons form flots on each side at the hips. Black dressed kid gloves are worn with this.

Another is of pale blue surah front, opening over a finely plaited fall of crepe de Chine, and with a rich galloon of Persian coloring along the two front breadths. The waist is made with a vest of the crepe and white lace, ornamented with the same kind of galloon. The back of the dress is en train of wine colored faille, and the front sides are also of the same, making altogether a most elegant toilet.

A handsome promenade costume is made of slate gray ladies' cloth, richly embroidered in black silk and gray of a lighter shade than the material. There are great black gros grain bows, with jet and silk pignets, and the embroidery is also carried out on the pointed basque and on the pretty cape, which is worn with it. The sleeves and collar are of velvet.

Another very stylish home dress is of flexible camel's hair in prune color, for

HOME AND PROMENADE COSTUMES.

young lady, and it is open in the back, with a jersey fitting corsage trimmed with braiding, which also is used on the underskirt which shows slightly beneath the drapery.

The newest fancy in trimming the fall bonnets and capotes is to have them represent as closely as possible the helmet of Mercury, with the wings standing out as if ready to fly away.

A Wail from a Victim.

"My charge for pulling a tooth, madam, is $3."

"But, doctor, isn't that rather dear? Other dentists only ask $1."

"Ah, but you must remember, ma'am, they hurry over their work, while sometimes I spend an hour or so pulling a tooth. I must charge for my time, you know."—Chatter.

Beaten by His Task.

Visitor—Poor fellow, is he violent?

Attendant—Once in a while. You see he started early in the season to keep the scores and percentages of the different baseball associations and brotherhoods, and it was too much for his brain.—Puck.

FIVE CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR.

Three Are Democrats, One a Republican and One a Farmer's Champion.

The gubernatorial campaign in Delaware this fall promises to be an unusually lively one. Robert J. Reynolds, who has been

JAMES S. HOGG.
FRANCIS E. WARREN. R. J. REYNOLDS.
J. F. WILLITS. JAMES E. BOYD.

nominated for governor by the Democrats, was born in Smyrna, Kent county, on March 17, 1838. In telling the story of his life the other day he remarked that he had been told by his mother that he was born in a snow storm. "Somehow or other," he said, "I have been in a storm ever since."

He began life as a farmer in 1860 on what is known as the "Golden Ridge" farm. In the following year he married Miss Lorenia Latchem. They have but one child, Byron Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' parents died in 1874, in which year he came into possession of the old homestead. It contains about 400 acres of improved land, most of which is kept in a state of fine cultivation. It includes a peach orchard of 2,500 trees, an apple orchard of 500 trees and a pear orchard of 400 trees. So that it will be seen he is quite a fruit raiser. The larger part of the farm, however, is devoted to the raising of grain.

Mr. Reynolds has taken an active interest in politics ever since he became of age. He was elected a member of the legislature in 1868, and in 1879 was elected state treasurer. Mr. Reynolds has also taken a lively interest in the cause of education, and for twenty years has been clerk of the school district in which he resides. The nomination of Mr. Reynolds is generally looked on as a victory for ex-Secretary of State Bayard, and it is said that his re-election will be the first step toward bringing Mr. Bayard into national politics once more.

J. S. Hogg, the nominee of the Texas Democrats for governor, is at present attorney general of the state, and is talked of as a vice presidential possibility in 1892. He is a keen eyed, heavily built man, in the prime of life, and has a large personal following outside of political lines.

The man selected as the standard bearer of the Nebraska Democrats is James E. Boyd, a wealthy citizen of Omaha. He is 56 years old and a native of Ireland. He became a resident of Omaha thirty-four years ago. By trade he is a carpenter, but he acquired his fortune chiefly as a railway construction contractor. He has been mayor of Omaha for two terms, and has also held other places in the gift of the Democratic party.

The Kansas farmers have chosen as their nominee J. F. Willits, of Jefferson county. Mr. Willits is a native of Indiana and 55 years of age. For the last twenty-seven years he has been a resident of Kansas. He left the Republican party in 1884, identifying himself from that on with the farmers' movement.

The first Republican candidate for governor of the state of Wyoming is Francis E. Warren, who was appointed governor of the territory in 1885 by President Arthur. He was born at Hinsdale, Mass., in 1845, entered the northern army in 1862, rose to the rank of captain, was mustered out in 1865 and became a resident of Wyoming in 1868. He has been mayor of Cheyenne and a member for several terms of the territorial legislature.

A Woman Who Has Won Her Way.

Among other novelties to be seen in Chicago is a woman pharmacist—a woman who owns a drug store, and has college and state licenses to compound prescriptions.

Eight years ago, when Mrs. Ida Hall Roby was thrown on her own resources, she cast about for some means of making a livelihood. She decided not to fellow the avenues usually open to and already crowded by women, but to strike out along a new pathway. She used her slender funds in studying pharmacy, passed her examinations with credit, started a drug store, demonstrated to a number of physicians that she knew her business, secured their patronage and good will, and is now, as she herself says, "doing nicely." She believes in homeopathy, sells cigars and refuses to deal in soda water, declaring that a fountain has no legitimate connection with the drug business.

MRS. IDA HALL ROBY.

Wood Flour and Its Uses.

A mill at a small town in New York state makes wood flour out of white beechwood. The logs, stripped of bark, are forced against a cutting machine which makes 400 revolutions a minute. The thin shavings are dried and put into a hopper which grinds them into flour. The flour is bagged and sent to New York. Says a gentleman who visited the mill the other day: "A man told me there is a pretty big sale for the stuff. He said that part of it was used as paper stock and in the preparation of linoruste walton. That is the ostensible purpose for which it is made, but the workman told me that a good deal of the stuff went into the hands of contractors for furnishing Indian rations, and that considerable of it also went into the cheap breads sold in the Italian and Hebrew districts in the lower part of New York city.

A Ludicrous but Costly Affair.

A ludicrous but costly incident occurred at the dedication services of the new Congregational church at Moorland, Ia., the other Sunday. When the contribution plate was passed not a single person arose. The varnish on the seats was not sufficiently dried, and all of the audience were glued down. It took nearly an hour to free the prisoners. Many ladies' toilets were ruined, large portions of them being left to decorate the pews.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

Cruel Pa.

"I've bought a bonnet, papa, dear;
My beau declares 'tis trimmed with skill;
I have no funds, and I've come here
To see if you will foot the bill."

"Your beau! and what may be his name?"
The father roughly questioned her;
She hung her head, with cheeks aflame,
And softly answered, "William, sir."

His eyes shone with a dangerous light;
"Hum! So he says 'tis trimmed with skill?
Well, bring him to the house to-night,
And I will gladly foot your bill."

—Boston Courier

DAMES OF HIGH DEGREE

THEY LIVE AT OTTAWA AND ARE LEADERS IN DOMINION SOCIETY.

Lady Stanley of Preston, the Charming Wife of the Governor General—Women Who Adorn Social Circles at Canada's Capital.

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LADY STANLEY OF PRESTON.

The wife of the governor general of Canada by right of position is the "first lady in the Dominion."

Lady Stanley of Preston, wife of the present governor general, was Miss Constance Villiers, eldest daughter of George, fourth earl of Clarendon. She married Baron Frederick Arthur Stanley, who in 1886 was raised to the peerage, and in 1888 became governor general of Canada.

Lady Stanley is tall and distingue looking, with a kind, benevolent face, beautiful, soft brown wavy hair and blue eyes. Her expression is gentle and attractive. About a year and a half ago her eldest son, the Hon. Edward Stanley, married the Lady Alice Montague, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Manchester. Lady Stanley is the devoted mother of seven sons and one daughter. All of her excellency's family are extremely fond of outdoor sports, such as skating, tobogganing, hockey on ice, etc., and seem to thoroughly enjoy the Canadian winter. During the summer they go down the St. Lawrence for the sake of the fishing.

LADY MIDDLETON.

Of the governor general and his wife Mr. W. Blackburn Harte recently wrote in The Cosmopolitan Magazine, of New York city: "Lord Stanley of Preston is one of the best representatives of the type of the old aristocracy that is fast disappearing in England. He is a wholesome British aristocrat—indeed, he was generally known in transatlantic society as the 'first gentleman in England.' He certainly, by his manners and his irreproachable domestic character, merits the distinction. Lord Stanley is a tall, heavily built man, and in a crowd would be noticeable for his generous proportions. His face is expressive of generosity and a tolerant good humor. He is not by any means a brilliant man, and his official speeches are inclined to be ponderous, but he has a hearty manner in his intercourse with all classes, and is wholly devoid of affectation. In fact he is a perfect gentleman, in the large sense of the word, as it is accepted in America.

"Lady Constance Stanley is a woman particularly adapted to supplement her

MRS. J. A. CHAPLEAU.

husband's intellectual and moral being, and indeed she possesses many of the same qualities of mind which distinguish him. She is, like him, essentially English in both appearance and manner. A glance is sufficient to reveal the fact that she is a product of the British civilization and social system. She is a tall, well proportioned woman, of refined and matronly demeanor; her features are pleasant and regular without being distinctly handsome, and there is a very womanly, loving look in her eyes which compensates for the absence of any indication of extraordinary mentality. Her tournure is pleasing, with all the charms of maturity, and her toilets always denote infallible judgment and good taste, both in the selection of color and material and in the arrangement."

Lady Middleton, who with her husband left Canada for England the other day, belongs to a well known French family, and has the pretty, gracious manners belonging to her countrywomen. She is petite and vivacious, with dark, bright eyes and brilliant brunette coloring, and her face sparkles with intellect. Gen. Sir Fred Middleton has seen service all the world over. In 1865 he fought against the Maoris, and was mentioned twice in the dispatches. He served in India twice, and was thanked by the Indian government, a most unusual honor. He served the second time in 1877, in the Indian mutiny, when he was five times mentioned in the dispatches and was recommended for the Victoria Cross, but his being on the personal staff created a technical difficulty. In 1885 Gen. Middleton suppressed the northwest rebellion in Canada, for which the Canadian government thanked him and voted him $30,000. He was also created a knight. Sir Fred has four medals, the New Zealand, the Indian mutiny medal and clasp, the cross of the Commander of the Bath and the northwest rebellion medal.

One of society's greatest favorites is Mrs. Chapleau, wife of the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, secretary of state for Canada. She is only an inch or two over five feet, her complexion is fair and her hair chestnut brown. Her eyes are dark and soft and her eyebrows beautifully marked. A very fascinating manner is one of her many gifts, she is fond of society and as the wife of a cabinet minister entertains a great deal during the session, but though many of her entertainments are necessarily official they are never dreary. Her face is a soft oval. Mr. Chapleau was premier for the province of Quebec till he resigned to enter the Dominion parliament. He is a gifted orator, speaking both English and French fluently, and is noted for his witty repartee.

Mrs. C. H. Tupper, the wife of the minister of marine and fisheries, is a lady well known in Washington society, as she accompanied her husband when he visited the American capital recently to assist Sir Julian Pauncefote in his conference with the United States government relative to the fisheries question. The Hon. C. H. Tupper is the second son of Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, who is high commissioner for Canada in the United Kingdom. Mr. Tupper is the youngest and one of the clev-

MRS. C. H. TUPPER.

erest of the Canadian ministry. Mrs. Tupper is tall, with a beautiful figure and fine carriage. She is rather dark, with a quantity of dark hair which she wears drawn to the top of her prettily shaped head. Her manner is pleasant and unaffected. Mrs. Tupper was Miss Janet McDonald, daughter of the Hon. Chief Justice McDonald, of Nova Scotia.

Mme. Laurier is the wife of the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, leader of her majesty's loyal opposition, to use the quaint parliamentary phrase, and who was minister of inland revenue when his party (the Reform) was in power.

Mme. Laurier belongs to the Lafontaine family, and speaks French and English equally fluently. Her manner has a touch of French grace and dignity, and she is a delightful hostess. During the session she and her husband live at the Russell, the fashionable hotel of Ottawa, and the head-

MME. WILFRID LAURIER.

quarters of most of the senators and members and their families, who are to be found there year after year. Mme. Laurier is rather below than above average height. Her complexion is dark and her coloring rich, which, with her brown eyes, forms a pretty contrast to her white hair and youthful looking face. With Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie's assistance Mme. Laurier gave a series of weekly receptions which were delightful reunions, and were varied by singing, recitations and sometimes dancing, in which even grave members of parliament did not always disdain to indulge a little.

Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie is a tall, dignified, elderly lady, with silvery hair and quiet, impressive manner. Her husband, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, is a very distinguished statesman, who was premier of Canada when the Reform party was in power, but though he is still in the house he has resigned the arduous duties of leader of the opposition on account of ill health. When Mr. Mackenzie went to England he had the honor of visiting her

MRS. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

majesty Queen Victoria at Windsor castle, and was presented with the freedom of Irvine, Perth, Dundee and Inverness.

HELEN E. GREGORY, Mrs. B. and B. A.

Cuba's New Captain General.

Gen. Palarieja, the new captain general of Cuba, is a man of the people. He began his military career as a private soldier, but chanced to please the queen regent and secured an heiress for his wife. How the aristocracy of Havana will receive their peasant ruler remains to be seen.

Good Advice.

Young man, act on this good advice
From one who knows it all.
When you upon your lady love
At eventide do call.
If she has powdered her fair face
Don't kiss her in the dark—
It may explode and blow you up
When you apply the spark.

—Exchange.

The Kind of a Man He Was.

Landlord—I want to tell you before you move in that I like to have the rent paid promptly on the first day of each month.

Tenant—That's the way I am. Either punctually or not at all.—Texas Siftings.

Poking Fun.

"I wish you would quit trying to poke fun at me," said the editor as the amateur humorist thrust another bundle of bad jokes into the sanctum.—Epoch.

Two of a Kind.

The doctor wired to Mr. Fortune
"Twins, and both are girls,
Come at once and leave your business,
Come and see your pearls."
And then the father, proud and kingly,
Unto his thoughts gave vent,
"Although Miss Fortune come not singly,
I'm very well content."

—Chatter.

STOPPED IN ROBBERS' CUT.

Desperadoes Hold Up a Train and Secure Big Money.

"Robbers' Cut."

That is the name of a wild locality on the Lamine river, near Otterville, Mo. It is traversed by the Missouri Pacific railway, and for miles the track is bordered by rocky and precipitous banks. There Cole

AVERY OPENS THE SAFE.

Younger and his gang of outlaws despoiled a train in 1873, and there, on a recent dark and stormy night, a band of masked desperadoes "held up" a passenger train and secured the contents of the strong box in the express car.

How the robbers got aboard is not known, but while steaming down grade at a fast pace the engineer and fireman suddenly found themselves covered by revolvers in the hands of men who ordered them to stop the train. They did so, and the raid on the express car took place. But one man climbed into the car. He made his mission known in the tersest sort of style.

"Open that safe or I will kill you," was his greeting to Messenger Avery, and the latter obeyed without unnecessary delay. The contents of the safe were put in a bag, the robber jumped out, shouted "All right; go ahead," and he and his companions disappeared in the darkness. It is thought they secured between $20,000 and $30,000.

Jesse James, Jr., told a Kansas City reporter the other day that he regarded the recent Missouri Pacific train robbery as the work of amateurs. Young James is now 13 years old, and a very bright and industrious boy. He is said to know more about the train robberies of the past than any one in the country. He can tell the time and place of the principal "hold ups," and the names of the participants in them. He lives with his mother, and is her chief support.

Chicago's Criminal Record.

According to the last census Chicago has become the second city in the United States so far as population is concerned. That the proportion of criminals to inhabitants is not large is shown by the annual report recently issued from the sheriff's office regarding the inmates of Cook county jail. During a twelvemonth 3,565 persons were incarcerated. Many of them were charged with larceny. Indeed convictions for this crime were particularly numerous, no less than 1,058 of the total being docketed under this head. The burglaries come next on the list with 643. The disregard for life, which becomes more frequent every year, is shown by the 357 cases tried and convicted of assault with intent to kill. There were ninety-eight murders committed last year. The robberies from the person amount to three figures, with a total of 196. There were forty-seven cases of embezzlement, and forty-one skillful penmen, who manipulated bank notes and checks, were incarcerated.

Fifty-two attempts to obtain goods under false pretenses and fifty seven to obtain money in the same way are chronicled. Horse stealers numbering sixteen languished in jail for a considerable period, and six blacklegs are on the list for swindling. Besides these, forty cases of conspiracy were treated and twenty-five cases for contempt of court. Sixty three debtors found temporary resting places from the importunities of creditors during the year. There were twenty-five prisoners held for using threatening language and three cases of perjury. Then there were 2 cases of arson, 3 of abduction, 40 of adultery, 7 of abortion, 19 of bigamy, 60 of bastardy, 11 of mayhem, 74 of rape and 196 cases classed under the head "miscellaneous." The jail also had 81 dependent boys, 69 United States prisoners and 16 witnesses.

Fatal End of a Drunken Row.

A drunken row at Kansas City one night recently has caused the death of one man and rendered another liable to a charge of murder. The victim, Sam Swetman by name, quarreled with Frank Cameron in a saloon. They continued the discussion after going out on the street. Cameron walked away, picked up a piece of scantling, returned, hit Swetman a tremendous blow over the head and ran off.

SAM SWETMAN.

Swetman wandered about for a while, lay down in a doorway and was dead at daylight. His skull had been fractured. The assassin is a young fellow of means, who has lived on his income and spent his time in riotous debauchery. The dead man was a barber by trade, and had a reputation for inoffensiveness among those who knew him.

A Tale of Murder and Cannibalism.

A horrible story comes from Livingston, a mining camp in Gallatin county, Mont. No stir being noticed for some days in the cabin of a man named Quinn a party went to investigate. Arriving at the cabin they found the body of Mrs. Quinn propped up in a chair. Her head was cut open, and around her were lying the mangled remains of her five children. Their heads, arms and legs were cut off. In a corner sat the father, eating an arm of one of his offspring. A man named Brophy advanced toward him. Quinn dropped the arm and assaulted Brophy. He then ran out of the house and was shot dead.

Cancer Not Caused by Smoking.

Mouth cancers and cigar smoking have been closely associated in the public mind since Gen. Grant's death, but a prominent Cincinnati physician, in a recent conversation upon the subject, said: "The only cases of cancer of the tongue that I ever saw were of persons who never smoked. The majority of them were women, and the half dozen men who were afflicted were not confirmed smokers at all. I don't believe that smoking, even in the most indirect way, causes cancer of the tongue. In Gen. Grant's case the public believes his disease was due to excessive smoking, but few physicians share that view."

Not a Scheme.

"Anything new on foot?" asked one politician of another.

"Yes," was the reply.

"What is it?"

"Our baby. He's just learned to walk."—Lawrence American.

Everthing Must Harmonize.

Mrs. Cosmo—Why did you discharge all your white servants and employ negroes, Mrs. Fangle?

Mrs. Fangle—My husband's sister died last week, and I'm in mourning now.—Money's Weekly.