New Orleans Republican.
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES
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Local Intelligence.

UNLUCKY LOCALITIES.—Persons who travel in various parts of the city, as press reporters do, must have noticed that certain buildings frequently change occupants, but the casual observer will probably simply remember that the place underwent a change. A building on Magazine street has had no less than fifteen different tenants since the war, and each one proved to be unfortunate. First, a small grocer tried to make a living there, and lasted nearly three months, but he and his goods disappeared between two days. Then a dealer in junk tried his hand, and he remained about two weeks. The little building took a rest for a month, when another grocer spread out his small truck and kept his head above water fully two weeks, and then disappeared as a mist. A fruit dealer followed, one of a tribe that can subsist on two bits a day, but he quickly dried up and flew away. The next victim was an old furniture man, and he remained only a month. Then appeared a hard working tinsmith, and bad fortune carried him under. Following him was an oyster dealer, one who could live on what was left, but his business was insufficient to furnish food for the half starved rats that tried to pick up enough to eat. He stayed nearly four weeks and then vanished. After six or seven months another tinsmith rented the place and seems to be flourishing. However, it is supposed he will soon have a red flag at his door.

There are two places on lower St. Charles street that have proved stumbling blocks for every person who has made an attempt to gain a livelihood in them.

Another building, a large one, on Baronne street, has wrecked all who dared to invest a dollar in it. Two druggists, two grocers, two cigar dealers, two milliners, a painter, a house agent, and a quack doctor all learned too late that a curse was on the lower floor, and disaster followed each adventurer. A boardinghouse keeper or two have been swamped on the upper floors.

A large brick building on Delord street, built about the close of the war, has never been occupied except by the owner, who has used it as a storehouse.

An extensive four-story building on Carondelet street, constructed seven or eight years ago, has never had a regular tenant, but one or two rooms on the ground floor have been leased for short terms, always disastrously.

Other places equally unfortunate might be mentioned, but as no plausible reason can be given for these failures, it is useless to enumerate further. People who see and know these things to be true need not be called superstitious, as that faith need not be called on to substantiate what is here written. Why such is the fact must remain a conjecture, and perhaps time will never divulge the secret.

Many other places might be mentioned, some of which never have had a paying tenant, or even paid the interest on the capital invested. Adjoining these unfortunate places are others that have always proved successful, but the why or wherefore may not be satisfactorily accounted for.

Grand opening of Grand Hotel at Point Clear on June 1.

THE NAMELESS FORCE.—Two young gentlemen were at the lake, in a skiff, last Wednesday, fishing, when the actions of two men on the shore, not far from the mouth of the New canal, attracted their attention, mainly because they had heard that Wingard had declared himself in readiness to experiment with his nameless force. The gentlemen quietly pulled close to the place where the strangers stood by a boat, but those persons warned the gentlemen off. This command caused them to remain as close as convenient, and do nothing but watch the men and Wingard in his skiff. One of them saw Wingard signal, and the other looked to the men, who, the instant the signal was seen began reeling in a wire which extended directly toward the old schooner. When the wire's slack was in there was an explosion on the schooner. The schooner, the men and Wingard, in their positions, made three points of angle, Wingard being off the mouth of Bayou St. John.

These facts can be easily substantiated, and the doubtful may call on Mr. Hunt, at the Union Oil Company's office, or to his friend, Mr. Fernandez.

Grand opening of Grand Hotel at Point Clear on June 1.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT STRAIGHT UNIVERSITY.—The closing exercises of Straight University will begin this evening, with an address to the theological class, at the Central Church, by Rev. W. S. Alexander. Examinations will be held Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week, at the University, corner of Esplanade and Derbigny streets. The annual exhibition will be given at Central Church on Thursday evening at eight o'clock. The graduating exercises will be held at the same place on Friday evening. Two students graduate from the classical course and eight from the law department. Patrons and friends of the institution are cordially invited to be present.

BRIEF MENTION.—Tiro al Barsaglio today—if it does not rain.

Festival of Philadelphia Fire Company No. 14 to-day at the Fair Grounds—if it does not rain.

Complimentary picnic of the Arlington Glee Club at the Washington Hotel today—rain or shine.

An inquest in the case of S. Griff, whose dead body was found in a vinegar cistern Friday morning, will be held to-morrow.

Mrs. Pollins, principal, and John Crowley and John Hayes, accessories, charged with arson, were before Judge Evans last evening, but an effort to postpone the examination proved successful. The court has determined to hold an investigation next Tuesday morning. This is the fire in the triangle building on the morning of the fourteenth ultimo.

C. T. Lawson was arrested at the corner of Royal and St. Peter streets, and locked up in the third precinct, charged by Mr. T. Moreant with assault and battery on a child. He was also charged by the officer with being drunk.

John Harper and Charles Williams were arrested Friday evening and locked up in the fifth precinct, charged by Jules Lane with robbing the money drawer of William Clarke's grocery.

Henry Jones was arrested at the corner of Calliope and Claiborne streets by W. D. Kevlin, private watchman of the Jackson railroad, charged with being a dangerous and suspicious character and about to commit a breach of the peace, and also with carrying a razor concealed on his person.

Jo Bremer was arrested Friday night by Officer Levy and locked up in the third precinct station, charged with attempting to commit a burglary at the cigar store of C. Fischer on Old Levee, near Conti street.

Vessels in port—Ten steamships, seventeen ships, twenty-one barks, six brigs, and thirteen schooners.

Grand opening of Grand Hotel at Point Clear on June 1.

About one o'clock yesterday an unknown sneak thief entered the barroom of Mr. Condon, corner of Dauphine and Delery streets, while the barkeeper was asleep, and robbed the money drawer of $4 25.

WIRE PULLING AT THE NEW LAKE.—The intrepid and beautiful wire-walker, Miss Ida Vincent, lately from a professional tour of Australia, will walk a wire from Brown's to Hoyt's across the canal at the New Lake end to-day, at 3 and 6 P. M., blindfolded. The exhibition will cost the spectator nothing but car fare on the New Lake railroad.

SERENADE.—Last night the Thirteenth Infantry band serenaded the congressional committee at the St. Charles Hotel, after which they proceeded to the Edwards House, corner of Camp and South streets, where they also complimented Judge H. R. Steele and Captain George L. Norton with a delightful serenade.

FLORINE.—This discovery from the cotton plant contains all the virtue and peculiar action of that plant, and in the treatment of diseases peculiar to females is a certain specific. M. B. Morrison & Co., agents.

Grand opening of Grand Hotel at Point Clear on June 1.

Eugene Krost, No. 128 Gravier street. Anheuser & Co's beer, ice cold, on draft.

The Congressional Committee.

At a late hour on Friday night the committee, in secret session, determined not to visit the jetties at present.

All day yesterday the committee was in executive session, after which they adjourned until 10 A. M. Monday without transacting any business of a public nature.

Last evening Messrs. Woodburn and Vance, the sub-committee, left for Coushatta for the purpose of taking testimony in the King-Twitchell case.

COURT RECORD.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1876.

United States Circuit Court.

Present—Hon. W. B. Woods, circuit judge; Hon. E. C. Billings, district judge.

Myra C. Gaines vs. city of New Orleans.—Ordered that the rule be made absolute in that the inscription of judgment for $125,266 79, of March 14, 1874, be canceled so far as it includes two lots in the square bounded by Julia, Carondelet, St. Joseph and St. Charles streets.

Alfred E. Billings, Esq., of the bar of Louisiana, was admitted to practice in this court, on motion of District Attorney Beckwith.

Superior District Court.

B. Bruener vs. city of New Orleans and recorder of mortgages.—Petitioner alleges he acquired certain property November 23, 1875, at a tax sale of the First District; that it is now assessed for taxes from 1869 to 1875, and the city is ordered to show cause why the taxes should not be canceled June 9.

Francois Dupierris vs. F. J. Herron, recorder of mortgages.—Injunction issued against canceling mortgages recorded to secure notes.

Superior Criminal Court—In Chambers.

MOTIONS.

State vs. Thomas Houlihan.—Indicted May 31 for the murder of William F. Laresche on Bourbon street, May 26, and Matt Hogan and Tom White, assessories. Motions to admit to bail argued, and in case of Houlihan refused. Hogan and White admitted to $10,000 bail each.

First District Court.

NOLLE PROSEQUI ENTERED.

Benjamin Smith, assault with a dangerous weapon; Henry Lausen and Paul Leco, false imprisonment.

AFFIDAVIT DISMISSED.

Thomas Cook, charged with petty larceny.

SENTENCED.

Joe Dwyer, assault and battery, $2 50 fine; James Wilson, attempt to rob a pocket, one month; Mike McDermott, alias Hugh Early, petty larceny, one month.

Second District Court.

Successions of E. W. Thurm, Aristide Bienvenu, William Connery, Pierre Heno and Louis Boisdore opened.

Henry J. Karstendiek and Margaret M. Kilpatrick pray to be emancipated.

A Raphael.

An interesting statement over the signature of Pat Rice appears in the current number of the *Morning Star*. If Mr. O'Hara is in possession of such a treasure, the fact should be substantiated by art experts beyond question. Will Mr. Julio, Mr. Coulon and Mr. Armant examine the work and give the public the benefit of their investigation? The following is Mr. Rice's communication:

Competent critics declare that Mr. C. J. O'Hara, No. 119 Carondelet street, in this city, is the fortunate owner of an original painting executed by the "divine Raphael" a year or two before his death. The subject is the "Last Supper," bearing also the additional designation of "*La piece des Pieds!*" This piece had been lost to the world of art ever since it was carried away from Rome during the sacking of that city by the Spaniards in the year 1527.

Unevenness all round in the edge of the canvass and a continued difference of width in the marginal ground go to show that the picture had been ripped hastily from its frame with a sword or other such instrument. So awkwardly was the work done that in one instance the foot and garment of one of the thirteen personages had been infringed upon.

Mr. O'Hara found the picture fitted to a frame entirely too small for it. He discovered a monogram under a marginal fold, which Spooner's Dictionary proves to have been employed by Raphael. Besides this evidence of originality, the picture answers minutely to every particular set down wherever it is referred to in the books descriptive of such works. Nothing more probable than that this great relic fell into the hands of parties ignorant of its origin, and so found its way to Louisiana in the days of her existence as a Spanish colony.

Mr. O'Hara, challenging intelligent criticism, invites all to call and see his Raphael and his collection of other paintings by great masters, on hand at his office, No. 119 Carondelet street.

Death of a Pugilist.

Arthur Chambers died in Philadelphia recently. His disease was consumption. He was born in Manchester, England, about thirty years ago. He was for years the champion light weight of England. He fought there twelve pitched battles, all of which he won. He had only two contests on this side, the first being in Canada, about four years ago, with Billy Edwards. The fight was given to Chambers, his friends claiming that Edwards bit him, which Billy indignantly denied. His last fight was with George Seddons, on Long Island. In that contest Chambers was also the victor.—*New York Herald.*

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The following new books, received through George Ellis & Brother, are for sale at their store, No. 82 Camp street:

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1875. Edited by Spencer F. Baird. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The present is the fifth volume of this annual. It makes a book of 650 pages, crowded with valuable information concerning new discoveries and experiments and progress in the various branches of science and art.

SELECT POEMS OF THOMAS GRAY. Edited, with notes, by William J. Rolfe. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

This tiny volume contains a short life of Gray and eight poems, including the immortal Elegy, which is illustrated. The notes supplied by the editor in the appendix give much interesting information concerning the single poem which made an unpretending author famous.

STRAY STUDIES FROM ENGLAND AND ITALY. By John Richard Green. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The contents of this volume have before appeared in English magazines. The little sketches and fancies jotted down are worthy of their present dress of type and binding, and the volume will prove a friend to many looking for elegant reading. The same author has given "A Short History of English People," and won a reputation for saying thoughtful things in an agreeable way.

DANIEL DERONDA (volume I.) By George Eliot. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The novels of George Eliot are read by others than the careless reader reading for pastime. They entertain strangely, and suggest thoughts away from the story, it may be; but they are novels full of meat, and chunks of odd and wise sayings. It has been the author's pride to make "Daniel Deronda" her best book. The second volume will tell the story.

THE PRIME MINISTER. By Anthony Trollope. Published by Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Trollope is an unsparing satirist. The sober English people did not find in this story a life of Lord Derby or Disraeli, but now and then a reference in a society novel, to Spurgeon and a few other prime ministers of the gospel according to Spurgeon. It is a good Trollope story.

Report of the Committee on the Wingard Force.

For some time past there has been in the public papers, an allegation that by a nameless force, a vessel could be blown up at a distance of one or two or more miles.

Mr. Wingard, an old and respectable citizen, claims to be the discoverer of this force, and the inventor of the mode of applying it; and proposed, if he could be aided in means, of demonstrating his invention and discovery, to give ample evidence of the verity of his allegations.

The fact that Mr. Wingard had been the inventor of the Gatling gun, from which springs the Mitrailleuse, is well verified and known to many persons in this city, and tended to give to Mr. Wingard's statement that he had discovered such a destructive agent some credence. Besides, he was known to his neighbors to be a most ingenious man and a capital teacher, and was an humble but consistent member of one of the Christian churches. These facts led a few persons to advance the money for an experiment.

It was from the first stated by Mr. Wingard that his secret was his own, to be made known to no person. His right to this no one disputed; but of course that placed him in the category of disbelief, and subjected his statements to the ridicule of the press.

When all was ready he announced a day for the exhibition, and a great number of persons went down to the Bayou St. John to witness the explosion, and after waiting a whole afternoon failed to see Mr. Wingard or his explosion. The schooner was moored and prepared by a committee of citizens, who expressed their impatience at the failure, which seemed unexplained. It appeared afterward that the number of vessels visiting and running about the schooner interfered and rendered dangerous the experiment, without hazard to the life of others.

The newspapers from the first, with an honorable exception, were jubilant at the failure. With the peculiar prescience that always predicts afterward and sometimes before, they chuckled at the failure. Another appointment for last Monday was made, to take place at the lake end of the New Canal, when Mr. Wingard fired but missed his mark. Yesterday he appointed for his committee certain gentlemen who were willing to see him have a fair trial, and believed that the first experiment of so new and extraordinary a force might possibly require new adjustment before success could be attained. The public were not invited.

The vessel was moored at the two mile stake from the canal, her bottom was raked from stem to stern and a flag or streamer left flying.

The experimenter left the bathhouse near the lighthouse at 12 M., and was under our observation every moment thereafter. He rowed about a mile from us down toward Bayou St. John, and made fast to a stake. He rowed his own skiff, with a large trunk or box in it, and was not even visited by any person. His son, in another skiff, kept near, but not in contact with him, and still another skiff with Sam, a sailor, kept off to the left in case of accident. No one of his party went near the doomed vessel.

At different times through the day sail boats and row boats passed near and about the vessel, and more than one stopped to see what a vessel, stripped as she was to bare poles, was lying out there for. The committee used all precautions to render fraud impossible. To presume that a plan was laid by any persons to destroy the vessel, or any one who should visit her after they had boarded her, was to impute a design of murder too devilish for any conceivable motive; we did not, therefore, follow all the craft that visited the schooner.

At 2:35 P. M., Mr. Wingard, standing alone in his boat, was seen to discharge something directed towards the vessel.* We waited a moment, and seeing no effect, were remarking our disappointment, when the vessel suddenly blew up, at an estimated interval of one and a half minutes.†

Mr. Wingard came in, but was so badly burned, and having to row himself a mile, that he could not receive the congratulations of friends, for his agony. We bound up his hand in flour, and in spite of his pain he accompanied us to the vessel to see the wreck. This was in some respects peculiar. The schooner was shattered in small fragments, and though she was first blown up astern, her bulwarks were torn to little pieces, to the very stem.

Another curious fact: A flag was flying from the peak of the mainmast. It was torn in fragments and dropped on the halyard to half mast, where it hung, some two square feet of it, in the wind.

We would state that we know nothing whatever of the nature of the invention or discovery. The agent was apparently electric, and the use of apparatus and insulators to handle the glass and brass instruments were in evidence.

The committee does not think that any explanation is due to them from Mr. Wingard, who owes it still less to the people and the press, from whom he has received nothing but ridicule. He has, however, the company of Fulton and Franklin and Espy and Morse, and can afford to wait the result.

C. G. FORSHEY,
L. T. MADDUX,
M. F. BIGNEY,
Committee of the Wingard Force.

I was not present at the experiment yesterday, but to all the rest I put my signature cheerfully. A. L. ABBOTT.

New Orleans, June 2, 1876.

*At this moment I clearly saw a line of disturbed water, like the trail of a passing body, running from the skiff toward the schooner and extending apparently about 100 yards. M. F. B.

†My eye was still on the vessel, though it had left my watch. C. G. F.

Anheuser & Co.'s beer, ice cold, at Eugene Krost's new saloon, No. 128 Gravier street.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There is no time like the old time,
When you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed,
And the birds of spring-time sung.
The garden's brightest glories
By summer suns are nursed,
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets,
The flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place,
Where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids,
On the splendors of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us,
From the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us
That will look for us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend
That has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower,
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the love
That we courted it our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling,
And we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us,
With the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine
When the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—
They shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the dear old place—
Keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—
May Heaven prolonge their lives!
There are no loves like old loves—
God bless our loving wives!

Stranger than Fiction.

After the battle of the Wilderness General Lee set out to follow the Union forces, leaving Colonel Cronan with others to bury the dead and care for the wounded. Among the disabled on the Confederate side was a man named Smith, who had lost an arm in the battle, and was strongly suspected of being a Union spy. A council of officers was held to decide the status of the suspected, when Cronan, dissatisfied with the account he gave of himself, insisted on his being shot. Smith, cool, bold and astute, confronted the council with the air of an injured man, pointed to his shattered arm, and asked: "Was it thus that spies executed the behests of their employers? Was it usual with spies to bear the brunt of battle? Was it thus that Lee expected the Confederate wounded to be treated?" Colonel Cronan retorted by observing that spies not unfrequently mingled in battle to avoid suspicion; that the accused had been detected in making inquiries respecting the movements of commanders, which, at the least, were calculated to arouse suspicion, and that finally his explanation of these suspicious circumstances was doubtful and unsatisfactory. At last a vote was taken as to his guilt, which resulted in his acquittal, Cronan casting his ballot for condemnation.

"The fortune of war" changed, the stars of the Union were in the ascendant, and the Confederates were pressed on all sides by Grant, and it befell Cronan to taste the bitter life of war. He was captured and sent with eight others to Florida, where they were guarded by colored soldiers. The prisoners, relieved from the toil of war, occupied themselves with plotting to effect their escape. The colored women around the prison, strange as it may appear, were the most devoted friends. They procured for them all the comforts they could command, gave them all the intelligence they could obtain, and in short, were the confidants, advisers and secret messengers of the prisoners. Constantly plotting, maneuvering and dissimulating, the prisoners occupied themselves for two months, when one night, at a signal from their female friends, they resolved to try fortune. It was midnight, and black as Erebus. Rain poured down in a deluge, the thunder crashed, the angry and incessant lightning rent the sky, illuminating the heavens with a momentary glow of lurid light, and then abysmal darkness enveloped the earth. It was one of those awful nights when nature cowers, and the bravest experience an undefined sentiment of fear. The African race is naturally superstitious, and it was no wonder that the colored guards became derelict and took to cover. This was the moment for the captives. Prostrating themselves on the ground, they wriggled, snake like, by slow and silent movement toward the guards with bated breath and glaring eyes. Through the thick darkness they could barely see them scattered here and there in the shelter of trees and other objects which afforded security from the remorseless storm. Noiselessly they crept on. When they were within three feet of the sentinels they paused to concert simultaneous action, and then with a sudden bound they sprang on them, disarmed and gagged them, and then held a council as to their next procedure. It was a fearful crisis in a desperate adventure. Some counseled tying the guards to trees to prevent them from spreading the alarm; others to put them to death as a more efficacious means of insuring their silence; while Cronan, with characteristic originality, proposed to seize the guards as fugitive slaves, who were beyond the pale of law and protection, and to carry them off to Cuba. This was exactly the kind of plan to secure the concurrence of his desperate companions. They caught the idea at once, and marched the tied and gagged colored soldiers down to the seaside, seized a schooner in the harbor, and by daylight were sailing for Havana with their late guards tied down in the vessels hold as marketable slaves. Arrived at Havana they sold the schooner and their seven "slaves" for $2700, which sum, being evenly divided, Cronan with his share of the spoil came back to the South, got married, and went into business with a partner at New Orleans. Nemesis pursues the evil doer, and Cronan, instead of attending to his business, took to gambling as a more rapid as well as a more easy way of recruiting his shattered fortunes. Losing in play he drew surreptitiously from the funds of the firm, hoping by a turn of luck in cards to be able to restore the abstracted money and thus save his honor.

But Nemesis would not have it thus. The revengeful goddess decreed that he should drain the cup of bitterness to the dregs. When the guilty man saw detection at hand, rather than abide his fate or seek refuge in suicide, he left his wife and friend and business and took flight, arriving in San Francisco in 1866.

Cronan was in every way an extraordinary man—tall, of soldierly bearing and of fine presence, he was withal highly accomplished. A brilliant conversationalist and fine linguist, he could converse in French, Spanish, Italian and German, as well as in English and Celtic. He was also a mathematician, could steer a ship, construct a fort on the most approved principles of engineering; was an architect, a machinist, excelled in chirography, was a first class book-keeper, a musican, a singer, and a skillful fencer—in short, he was in many respects a second Admiral Crichton. He arrived in San Francisco without a dollar, and was glad to get a job at shoveling sand. With his other natural qualities and qualifications he was gifted with a cheerful, hopeful disposition, which nothing could disturb. He did very well at sand shoveling, and, though ambitious, was content. When he had been about three months in the city he began to make acquaintances, not among the hoodlum classes, but with respectable merchants, who, it is needless to say, admired his versatile powers, and resolved to help him when opportunity offered. He was initiated into organizations and clubs in the city, which widened the circle of his acquaintance, and Cronan understood the tact and art of making the most he could of the circumstance. An advertisement appeared in one of the morning papers from the Anatomical Museum, on Montgomery street, calling for a person to translate into English the French inscriptions on specimens just delivered at the museum, such translations to be made in a good, legible hand. Cronan applied for the job and got it. He was paid $10 a day for the work, and gave the utmost satisfaction to his employer. It would be supposing something beyond human nature to think that he was in a hurry to get through with the job. Whenever he completed a dozen translations or so his fertile imagination would suggest some improvement in the work. His employer, who knew very well he could make the public pay for it all when his museum was opened, readily adopted every suggestion, and Cronan, in the receipt of his $10 a day, was recuperating fast. In fact, he thought Nemesis had forgotten all about him. But she was on his tracks still. One morning he was strolling up Montgomery street, jingling his gold in his pockets and ruminating whether he should try a game of chance once more or put on the arm of virtuous resolution and keep aloof. If he won he could go back to his wife in New Orleans, pay his debts like a man and resume business with his friend; but then, again, if he lost—ah, there was the difficulty! While pondering in this way he reached the corner of Pond street, where two or three men happened to be standing, engaged in conversation. As he was brushing past, one of them lifted his hat.

"Ah, Colonel," said he, "you here, eh! Glad to see you. 'Tis some time since we met."

"Really, my dear sir—"

"You don't know me, eh!" interrupted the stranger.

"I have some vague recollection of you," returned Cronan, "but can't place you just at this moment."

"Let me aid your memory," observed the stranger. "Do you remember the Wilderness?"

"I should think so," replied Cronan, still cudgeling his brains.

"Do you remember the one-armed man you wanted to have shot as a Union spy?" said the stranger, flaunting the armless sleeve in the other's face.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," returned Cronan, quickly, but without the change of a muscle. "You are the man I believe. Your name is Smith, if I don't forget."

"You don't forget. That's my name. And now, my dear Colonel, since you remember my name you must also remember that you owe me a reckoning."

"Anything you wish," returned Cronan, promptly.

"Well, then," resumed Smith, "I challenge you to mortal combat. It is moonlight, and we must meet to-night, as I have urgent business which calls me elsewhere."

That evening at eight o'clock the parties met three blocks to the north of Laurel Hill Cemetery. Cronan went alone, the only friend in whom he could confide being absent from the city. Revolvers were the weapons, and Cronan fell at the first exchange of shots. The blood oozed from his side, and he was apparently dangerously, if not fatally, wounded. Smith and his friends thought him hopelessly injured, and to conceal the deed, wipe out all traces of the encounter, and thus prevent tedious and unpleasant investigation, they carried him to Meigg's wharf and threw him in and left him. The friend, on returning to the city and missing Cronan, acquainted six or seven mutual friends of the circumstance that Cronan had left him a note in his room announcing that he was about to fight a duel. Not doubting that he was killed, they made diligent search for his remains, but to no purpose. They were anxious to recover the body in order to give it decent interment, but the search was fruitless.

Fifteen months afterward a respectable painter in this city—the friend already alluded to as being absent from the city at the time of the hostile meeting—received a letter from our adventurer, detailing among the other things the circumstances of the duel; he fell slightly wounded; how he feigned insensibility for fear of being assassinated, and how the parties bore him to Meiggs' wharf and threw him into the water, where the shock from the cold water revived him, and he swam out when his enemies were at a short distance; and finally how he left California as cook on shipboard to escape his vengeful enemy, who, he had no doubt, would pursue him like a sleuth-hound if he remained in the country. It remains to tell the post mark of this extraordinary letter, and the more extraordinary announcement with which it was concluded. The versatile Cronan dates his letters from Cairo, and makes the astonishing revelation that he is an officer in high command in the Khedive's service! No later than six weeks ago a gentleman in this city received a letter from Mrs. Cronan, in New Orleans, inquiring about her husband, stating that as she had never heard from him since he left she must conclude he was dead, and in that event her interests prompted her to listen to the addresses of his former partner in business and get married. But if, on the other hand, he was still living and would return all would be forgotten and forgiven, and they might spend their days in content and happiness. Smith's whereabouts have lately been discovered, and the last heard of him is that he is living with an Indian wife in the Black Hills.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Baron Somoskeoy."

At the beginning of the month a fine looking, elderly gentleman, with abundant luggage, engaged a suite of apartments in the Westminster, and wrote in the register, "Baron Somoskeoy, of Hungary." He dressed unassumingly, but the superb diamonds that he wore on his breast and fingers attracted general attention. He said that he was an Austrian commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition, and as he was courteous, well informed and liberal he was much appreciated in the hotel. On the ninth the Baron went away. He said he was going to the opening of the exposition.

Meanwhile Superintendent Walling had been informed by an agent of the Austrian government that the Baron was a faithless Austrian official, who, by forging the signature of a superior to vouchers, had obtained a large sum of money and fled. Detective Elder was detailed to watch the Baron and to arrest him as soon as a warrant for his extradition to Austria could be obtained. On the sixteenth the Baron returned to the Westminster and talked largely of the exposition. Detective Elder did not lose sight of him. A hint as to Elder's work, and the probability of his receiving a fine reward, was incautiously given by a brother officer to an ex-detective. Desirous of baffling the police department, from which he had, he thought, been driven by persecution, the ex-detective went to the Westminister, got into the baron's apartments unnoticed, and told the terror-stricken Austrian that he was to be arrested within an hour. He then offered to lead the baron out of the trap that the police had set, for a price. He named it, and though it was enormous, the baron paid. Then the ex-detective aided the baron in packing up. A quarter of an hour afterward the baron's luggage was taken away in an express wagon, and he himself, having paid his bill, and given baronial douceurs to the servants that had waited upon him, was driven in a coach down Sixteenth street toward Broadway. Detective Elder, powerless to prevent the flight followed in a coupe. The baron alighted at a small hotel in Dey street and locked himself in his room. His baggage was taken to the New Jersey Central railroad depot and then transferred to the Adams Express office. There it was booked for New Orleans. An hour afterward the Baron sailed for Mexico. Detective Elder telegraphed yesterday to the police of the port in which the baron must disembark, and it is probable that the baron will be in custody before the week ends. The ex detective has gone to New Orleans, it is said, to take care of the baron's valuable luggage.

Mr. Hugo Fritsch, the Austrian consul in this city, said yesterday that he has not been informed by his government that Baron Somoskeoy is a defaulter, and that the baron was not accredited to him as an Austrian commissioner to the Centennial Exposition.—*New York Sun.*

Tice's Predictions for June.

The following weather prognostications for the present month are from Professor Tice's latest pamphlet:

First and second—High barometer and generally clear and pleasant weather.

Third to fifth—Falling barometer, rising temperature, cloudy, with local rains.

Fifth to eighth—Rising or high barometer, generally clear or fair weather.

Eighth to eleventh—Falling barometer, rising temperature, clouding and threatening weather, with heavy rains and severe storms in places.

Twelfth to fourteenth—Variable, generally fair, but some local showers.

Fourteenth to seventeenth—Falling barometer, rising temperature, clouding and threatening weather, with local rains.

Seventeenth to nineteenth—Rising or high barometer, generally clear or fair weather.

Nineteenth to twenty-third—Falling barometer, rising temperature, cloudy, threatening weather, with heavy rains and storms in places.

Twenty-third to twenty-fifth—Variable, but generally high barometer and clear to fair weather.

Twenty-fifth to twenty-eighth—Falling barometer, rising temperature, clouding and threatening weather, with local rains.

Twenty-eighth to thirtieth—Rising to high barometer, clear and generally fair weather.

STATE NEWS.

NATCHITOCHES.

From the *Republican*, May 27:

Company C, Third United States Infantry, left this place last Tuesday on the steamer Bart Able, having been transferred to the military post at Pineville, in Rapides parish. This company has been stationed here for over a year and a half, and have made numerous friends among our citizens by their good deportment.

Company H of the Third United States Infantry reached this city last Tuesday morning to take the place of Company C of the same regiment.

On Tuesday last, a white citizen named William Mann, shot and mortally wounded George Fowler, and also wounded Jim Haddox, on Mr. T. Clark's place, about four miles east of this city. It seems that Mann and the other men went into the woods for the purpose of getting a load of wood. As soon as Fowler and Haddox descended from the wagon, Mann drew a revolver and commenced shooting at them from behind, with the result stated. A warrant was procured, and Sheriff Baron and Deputy Sheriff Collier, accompanied by several citizens, immediately started in pursuit of the murderer. It was stated that no difficulty had occurred among the parties previous to the shooting. Every effort is being made to apprehend the would be murderer.

It will be remembered that a notorious character, known as Anderson Douglass, was arrested early last February by Sheriff Paul, of Rapides parish. He was brought here on the fifth of February, having been badly wounded when arrested. Since the time of his incarceration he had recovered from his wounds. He was suspected of being concerned in the heavy robberies of stores in this place last year, and was known as one of a band of desperadoes and horse thieves, who plied their nefarious business between this section and Texas.

Last Tuesday night about eleven o'clock, while Deputy Clerk J. A. Barlow and Deputy Sheriff J. T. Boullt were quietly seated and talking on the doorstepe of the courthouse, on Second street, between St. Denis and Church streets, they were suddenly surrounded by a body of armed and disguised men. One of the party demanded of Deputy Boullt the keys of the jail. On his assuring them that he did not have them they searched him, both of the gentlemen being under the muzzles of six-shooters. Not finding the keys, they held a consultation and finally compelled Mr. Barlow, under specific instructions and accompanied by a guard, to go to Sheriff Barron's house and ask his wife for the keys, and stating that they were wanted to put a prisoner from the country in the jail. With a pistol presented to his heard by one of his guards, Mr. Barlow delivered the message and procured the keys.

A number of the party unlocked the jail keeper's house doors and the jail doors, and proceeding to the cells asked for Douglass, first opening and re-locking the cell opposite to him. They next proceeded to the cell opposite, and as Douglass came to the door, and without any questioning or talk, one of the disguised men put a pistol to his head and shot him through the brains, afterward unlocking the cell and looking in. There was confined in the cell with him another prisoner named Neville Low. They did not attempt to injure or molest any one else, and locked up everything safe and fast, and delivered the keys to Deputy Sheriff Boullt. The night was dark and cloudy and no light was permitted, and not a person was recognized by either Mr. Boullt or Mr. Barlow. In this connection it is necessary to state that Sheriff V. A. Barron was absent, being in pursuit of an alleged murderer with a posse of citizens.

It is well known that this parish has been infested with organized bands of horse and cattle thieves, who have plied their nefarious calling with impunity, either escaping detection or, if arrested, released by means of legal quibbles and technicalities, or else not found guilty. So constant have been these depredations that they have become unbearable, and probably as a last resort to stay this evil, the citizens may have appealed to lynch law. This is a terrible alternative, and may be carried to excess. But in the present instance the whole proceedings were marked with a calm deliberation which admitted of no alternative save the consummation of the fixed resolve of the participators in the tragedy. The parties from whom the keys were demanded could not act otherwise than they did, forced as they were, under the muzzles of loaded and cocked pistols, to either obtain the keys or see the jail torn to pieces, as was the avowed purpose of the perpetrators of this deed. This journal is no apologist for such acts, but still adheres to its sentiments proclaimed some weeks ago.

Some parties seem to think that persons connected with Anderson Douglass in his robberies and depredations, were fearful that he would divulge the names and secrets of the "clan" to which he belonged, on his trial before the district judge, and took this summary method to prevent it, on the ground that "dead men tell no tales." The facts alone remain. Under threats, the jail keys were procured, the jail opened, Douglass killed, no one else molested or injured, no property damaged or destroyed, no person recognized in the transaction, and the whole affair shrouded in mystery until that final day when the great I Am shall proclaim the secrets of all earthly affairs. Whether as a justification for violated law or to prevent detection of crime, such events are to be deplored, and must inevitably be followed by evil, even if meant for good. It should at least be a warning to evil doers to avoid infraction of law and live honestly, peaceably and uprightly among their fellow men.

Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

The Supreme Council Thirty-third Degree Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry for the Southern jurisdiction of the United States assembled in the sanctuary of the Bodies of the Rite over the Bank of the Republic, corner of Seventh and D streets, yesterday morning, and opened in full form at twelve o'clock.

There were present active members, Thirty-third Degree, as follows: Albert Pike, senior grand commander, District of Columbia; Albert G. Mackey, secretary general, District of Columbia; J. C. Batchelor, Louisiana; Thomas H. Caswell, California; A. E. Frankland, Tennessee; Fred. Webber, Kentucky; R. Toombs, Georgia; W. L. Mitchell, Georgia; Henry Buist, South Carolina; J. R. McDaniel, Virginia; M. Collins, Missouri; T. A. Cunningham, Maryland.

The following honorary members of the Supreme Council were also in attendance: W. M. Ireland, District of Columbia; C. W. Bennett, District of Columbia; R. M Smith, Georgia; W. C. De Saussure, South Carolina; R. J. Munn, Georgia; S. R. Morel, Texas; R. F. Powers, Iowa; C. Ingle, District of Columbia, Ben Perley Poore, District of Columbia.

And Sublime Princes (Thirty-second) of the Royal Secret, as follows: H. H. Hubbard, California; H. H. Neale, William Ryan, Kentucky; O. S. Long, West Virginia; E. A. Hall, Kentucky; E. B. MacGrotty, W. R. Singleton, District of Columbia; Fred. Speed, Mississippi; B. W. Jenkins, G. Meredith, F. J. S Gorgas, Maryland; A. T. Longly, H. J. Martin, J. R. Gibbs, J. O. Stanton, G. E. Noyes, Allison Nailor, Jr., District of Columbia.

After the usual routine business of the body had been concluded, a Sublime Grand Lodge of Perfection was opened and a large number of members of the degree were admitted, when the Sovereign Grand Commander delivered a lengthy, interesting and able allocution, exhaustive of all subjects relating to the Supreme Council during the recess since 1874, and which was referred to a special committee.

The following standing committees were appointed, all of Thirty-third Degree:

On Jurisprudence and Legislation—Inspectors A. G. Mackey, Henry Buist, Robert Toombs.

On Finance—Inspectors M. Collins, A. E. Frankland, W. M. Ireland.

On Correspondence—Inspectors J. C. Batchelor, Thomas H. Caswell, R. M. Smith.

On Doings of Inspectors and Deputies—Inspectors J. R. McDaniel, T. H. Caswell, W. L. Mitchell.

On Doings of Subordinate Bodies—Inspectors T. A. Cunningham, C. W. Bennett, W. G. De Saussure.

On the State of the Order—Inspectors H. Buist, J. C. Batchelor, A. R. Morel.

A committee was appointed to take into consideration the most appropriate mode of celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the organization of this Supreme Council, which occurs on the thirty-first day of May.

Previous to the meeting of the Supreme Council, the Knight Commanders of the Court of Honor, attached to that body, met at ten o'clock in the same place, and organized.

This body was created by the Supreme Council a few years since as a reward for those who have by zeal and devotion to the interests of the rite deserved well at its hands. It is composed of two grades—Grand Crosses and Knight Commanders. Its members are specially selected by the vote of the Supreme Council, and it is impossible for any one ever to attain the Thirty-third Degree unless he is a member of the court. It was presided over by Illustrious Brother William M. Ireland, Thirty-third Degree, who was specially commissioned by the sov