LONDON SOCIETY.

III.

FROM EPSOM TO ASCOT—THE GOSPEL OF INVITATIONS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

London, June 13.

The week between Epsom and Ascot is by common consent the "fullest" week of the year in London society. This, like all recent seasons, is supposed to be a dull season, yet the list of entertainments in which society, or some section of it, took part from the 3d to the 10th of June is long enough to relieve the year from any such reproach. I include two Sundays. This country is supposed to be given over to Sabbatarianism, and in London you cannot have a letter delivered on Sunday, nor, without much delay, even a telegram. But society makes distinctions. No ball is ever given on that day, no large evening party. Dinners are given; there are lawn tennis parties and afternoon receptions; you may have music not altogether sacred in character, parties are made up for Niagara, the Gallery Club is open, and most ladies, who are ever at home to their friends in the afternoon, are at home then. The Sunday Park is a feature by itself, and Sunday luncheons hardly less so. Niagara is a novelty, and the attractiveness of it is for that reason all the greater to a weary world ever longing for some form of amusement that is not old. No small part of the popular success of M. Philippoteaux's clever composition is due to the Sunday visits of the favored few. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar organized them—the word is not too strong—and as soon as it was known that royalty smiled upon the scene, the smart world crowded thither. It was the Princess Louise, perhaps the most admired of the Queen's daughters, who was present last Sunday week, with quasi-royalty in the person of the Duke and Duchess Paul; with Mr. Cyril Flower in attendance on the Princess Louise; with the Duchess of Leinster, the Duchess of Athole, Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, Isabella, Countess of Wilton, the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe and many another leader of fashion also in the party. The management find their account in supplying tea to fifty or sixty such great people; tea being a synonym for what would, I fancy, be accepted in the Wild West of America as a square meal. If you preferred something more rural, you might choose between a drive to Richmond, where Mrs. Bischoffsheim received in the Old Palace, and a drive to Heath House, Hampstead, now in the possession of Lady Borthwick, who, during Sundays in June, prefers Hampstead to Piccadilly for her afternoon at-homes. If you will ask Mr. Chauncey Depew, who was there last year, he will tell you all you want to know of Heath House, and perhaps who the diplomatist was who flew the Japanese kite for Lord Wolseley's amusement. The diplomatist is flying his kite now in an Oriental capital.

To catalogue such a week's entertainments would be but a dreary business, nor is there space if it were worth doing. But you might, if you cared, have gone to one or two "things" each evening, and on some evenings would have to choose between half a dozen attractions. The concert at Albert Gate on Monday was the sequel to a farewell dinner given by the French Ambassador and Madame Waddington to the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and Countess Karolyi, whose departure everybody laments. As Madame Waddington is an American, her renown in London may well enough be a matter of interest to other Americans. The French Embassy is known to Londoners as the most exclusive of all the diplomatic houses. That is only another way of saying, human nature being what it is, that it is the one to which invitations are most sought; sought, that is, by people who seek invitations; and most valued by those who have not to seek them. A large party is sometimes given there, but it is only relatively large. The position of diplomatic personages is exceptional. If they are under some burdensome social obligations, they enjoy likewise some immunities, and among the latter may be reckoned the privilege of not holding, unless they choose, great assemblies of guests. The customs and traditions of the Embassies, or most of them, in London are all in favor of splendid hospitality. The German, the Austrian, the Russian Embassies all are, or all have been at one time or another, famous for various forms of entertainment; and even the Turk gave parties. The Turk of today, Rustem Pacha, who is not a Turk, not many weeks since opened the doors of the rather sombre mansion in Bryanston Square to a great multitude of men and women. The outer world is kept advised of these events, or of some of them, by announcements in some of the papers. Sir Algernon Borthwick's paper, "The Morning Post," is the great authority in such matters. Of late, "The Daily Telegraph" has entered into competition with the recognized social oracle. You may read during the season each morning a list of the evening parties, and on Mondays a list for the week, and for many weeks ahead, is published.

You might ask what is the use of this publicity. They who are bidden to these festivities know that they are bidden, and why should they who are not bidden care to be reminded of the omission? These questions and comments ignore, however, what is perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the social life of London, the habit of asking to be asked. I say nothing of official, or semi-official, or court functions. There is a certain publicity in the character of these solemnities. They are ministerial or royal, and supporters of a ministry or loyal subjects of the Crown who have given proofs of their devotion by being presented at Court, may well enough think themselves suitable candidates for such marks of ministerial or royal favor as cards to Court balls or State concerts at Buckingham Palace, or to Lady Salisbury's Foreign Office parties, or even to the hardly less miscellaneous gatherings in Arlington-st. Nor need much criticism be wasted on requests made by Americans, or in behalf of Americans who are strangers in London, and want a glimpse of what there is best in London. The American Legation will not thank me for this charitable view. Applications to the American Minister and Secretaries of Legation are at times numerous enough to give full employment to the full staff in disposing of them; nor are always confined to official or semi-official or royal functions.

But I keep to the purely English side of the question. There is not a hostess in London who could not tell you strange stories of the importunities she has to endure. Her cards are sent out for a party; or, very likely, her party is announced in print long before the cards go out. Forthwith she is besieged. Her friends begin to ask for their friends, and for their friends' friends, and cases have been known where a card thus sent has brought a fresh application for a friend of the friend to whose friend the too good-natured hostess has dispatched what is still by courtesy called an invitation. I hope I do not overtax your comprehension or your credulity. Up to this point all is conceivable by the generous mind—perhaps with a little effort, but still conceivable. But there is a point beyond. The stranger appears on the scene; the total stranger, and boldly, under one pretext or another, or sometimes under none, petitions for a card. She knows somebody who knows the giver of the party; she has met her at some other party; she has heard that these particular parties are so delightful; nay, she received an invitation (procured heaven knows how) to a former party, and therefore thinks herself entitled to a second. Again I say, there are women in London so large-hearted that even these suitors are not all sent empty away. Others there are whose austerity is such that they find themselves able to refuse all these piteous entreaties.

Some, the minority, have been known to say that no guest enters their doors who is not known to them personally; known, it may be, very slightly, by a single meeting or by an exchange of cards, but known. Their opposites are to be found in those ladies, sometimes of rank but with a secure social foothold yet to be gained, who of their own free will address invitations to persons of station not known to them, but whom they would like to know. This plan answers but seldom. Tried not many years ago by one or two ladies whose names are familiar to London, it failed rather conspicuously. In the case of parties more or less political in character or in object, the Whips' Lists must be treated with respect. These lists are for the most part lists of names of members of Parliament and their wives (sometimes dead), but they contain also a choice selection of persons who, in one capacity or another, have been useful to the party and are deemed presentable. Sometimes it is hard to say who is not presentable. But I have discoursed on this theme in times past, and I will leave political considerations alone on this occasion.

If it be not a mere reception, but a ball or dance, the pressure on the hostess and on all her friends and kin is very much greater. "Can you get me a card for Lady Pimlico's dance?" is a question you may hear openly put time after time in crowded rooms. There is no pretence of concealment or sense of shame in these appeals. They are made and repeated with unblushing pertinacity. "There are so few good balls in these days," said an admirable woman, "how can you blame people for asking?" Heaven forbid that I should blame anybody for anything; I do but relate what occurs, and my relation is purely historical in spirit. This lady, it so happened, was closely connected by blood with another lady who has within no long time past given one of the smartest and most beautiful balls of the season. She was inundated with letters of supplication, all in one tone: "Do get me a card to your daughter's ball." "I refused every one," she said, "simply because my daughter could not refuse me if I asked." It may be inferred from this that the people who do not mind asking to be asked are often people of undeniable social position. And it would be rightly inferred. They succeed sometimes and fail sometimes, but the failures do not count and the successes do. "If you want to go about in London you must ask," once said an American of much experience in social matters on both sides of the Atlantic. He has, in fact, not only experience but authority, yet I will venture to dissent from his dictum, and to say that it is possible to see something of London society, the best of it, and never to ask, directly or indirectly, for an invitation.

G. W. S.

WHAT THE WOMAN SAID.

THE INGENIOUS CEMENT SELLER.

"Madam," said a man with a crushed hat and dilapidated clothes, as he appeared at the basement door of a Harlem house, "I have here some little bottles of my own genuine patent indestructible cement, for mending broken china and other articles, absolutely indispensible to any well regulated—"

"Don't want it, sir!"

"It's only ten cents a bottle, madam, and it will pay—"

"No use for anything of the kind, I say—wouldn't have it!"

"It is warranted to mend anything in the line of broken dishes, or—"

"I tell you I don't want it, and you needn't stand there talking any longer."

"All right, madam, all right; don't want to intrude. Fine morning, madam. The lady next door made a little remark about you, madam, but I don't suppose you would care anything about hearing it repeated. Good-by, madam."

"Hold on a minute, won't you. She said something about me, you say?"

"Yes, ma'am, let fall a little remark concerning you—but I don't think you would care to hear it. I've got to hurry along."

"Just a moment. I believe I'll take a bottle of that stuff."

"The lady I was speaking of took three bottles for a quarter, madam, but I—"

"Give me four bottles, please; half the dishes in the house are broken. The idea of her saying anything about me, the mean thing!"

"Yes, certainly. Accidents will happen to valuable china. Apply it with the brush, as directed. Also, I have large bottles of furniture polish, fifty cents a bottle. Two bottles? All right. There you are. There's your change, madam. Hope everything will be all satisfactory. Good morning."

"But wait just another moment—you didn't tell me what that woman said about me. I'll teach her to talk about me behind my back!"

"Oh, yes, I most forgot it. You see it was this way: I asked her if the lady in the next house, meaning you, you see, was at home."

"Yes, yes, I understand. What did she say then?"

"She spoke up quick like, and said she didn't know. That was all, madam—I told you it wa'n't much. Be sure and apply the cement with the brush, as directed. Good-by!"

SHERIDAN BELIEVED IN BEING AROUND.

From The Chicago Herald.

Governor Lionel A. Sheldon, of New-Mexico, relates the following story of Grant and Sheridan: "I had been a member of Congress for nearly six years," says the Governor, "when, in June, 1874, Congress Hall, at Cape May, was opened. General Grant, who was then President, several members of his Cabinet, and many Senators and Representatives, myself among the number, went down to the opening festivities. We returned on Sunday, and arrived at Philadelphia to find that we must wait three hours for the train that was to carry us to Washington. The prospect was naturally not an agreeable one, but it turned out quite the contrary. A number of us were assembled in a private room, when the conversation, which was animated and general, turned upon the war and military affairs. Then Grant began to talk, and gradually warming to his subject, he held the breathless attention of the others. His talk was not brilliant, for it never possessed that quality, but it was sensible and solid. He reviewed his campaigns minutely, pointing out what he considered the salient points in each, and gave his opinion of the various officers of prominence that were engaged. He spoke much more freely than he has since spoken in his Memoirs, and he was as frank as possible.

"When he came to Sheridan, he said:

"'General Sheridan was always where I expected him to be at any designated time. He accomplished as much or more than I expected him to accomplish. I tell you, gentlemen, Philip Henry Sheridan is the ablest military man now living, and if this country should become engaged in a war with any or several of the great powers of Europe during my term as President, I should give him command of the armies of the United States.'"

"While I was Governor of New-Mexico," continued Governor Sheldon, "General Sheridan came out and paid our country there a little visit. I told him what Grant had said. He laughed and replied:

"'Well, when a fellow is expected to be around anywhere, he ought to be there!'"

CAR-SEATS TURNED OVER ONLY FOR LADIES.

"Can't you turn over this seat for me?" asked a man who was travelling with his little boy on a train going out of New-York on one of the trunk line roads yesterday. The question was addressed to a brakesman, who seemed endowed with good-nature above the average of his class. That he was in a cheerful frame of mind was shown by the pleasant smile that illumined his countenance as he answered:

"Sorry, sir, but I can't do it without the conductor's permission."

On the conductor's next trip through the car the same question was put to him.

"No," he replied; "it's against the rules to turn over a seat for a gentleman. If you had a lady with you it would be all right."

"Can't you do it for a little boy?" queried the passenger, pointing to his travelling companion.

"No, that wouldn't do."

"How long has that been the rule?" was the next question.

"About six weeks."

"What made the company make such a rule?"

"Because the men would put their feet on the seats. There were ten coaches spoiled that hadn't been out of the shops more than two months; there were big black spots of grease and shoe-blacking on the cushions, and of course they had to be fixed over again. The company couldn't stand that sort of thing, and they decided to shut down on the whole business. I've no doubt you would treat the seat all right, but we have to enforce the rule against all alike. Ladies can still have the seats turned over, for they are not apt to stretch out their feet and sprawl all over the seats. I don't know whether other companies have made the same rule or not, but I should think they would have to do so if their experience has been the same as ours."

THEY APPRECIATED GREATNESS.

From The Chicago Tribune.

"If General Blank is not engaged," remarked a visitor at the Grand Pacific a day or two ago to a young man who seemed to have charge of one of the delegation headquarters, "I have a friend here that I would like to introduce to him."

"Well, sir, he is too busy to see anybody now," said the young man, pompously, "you and your friend will have to come some other time."

"Then, if you will permit us," rejoined the visitor, removing his hat, and looking at the speaker with the most profound reverence, "we will stand here a few moments and gaze in silent awe at the gentleman who doubtless owns Chicago."

INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

From The Smithville News.

We are now offering a year's subscription in exchange for the biggest watermelon this year. We are in the farming business ourself, and we are working it the other way—five melons to every new subscriber. There's a premium for you.

The editor is thankful for the advice of a friend who writes to say that we "ought to have more dignity" about us. But dignity on a dollar a year is as hard to manage as rheumatism in a ball-room.

BEFO' THE WAH.

REMINISENCES OF THE EASTERN SHORE.

COLONEL KYARTAH'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE—STORIES OF SLAVERY.

On The PoComoke, Md., June 23.—To a man who has been "raised" on the Eastern Shore, as that rich, rolling Southern country is called, locked in by the Delaware and the Chesapeake, no spot on this broad earth seems half so fair, no sun so bright and warm as the sun that shines upon its peach orchards and its pine thickets, no atmosphere so sweet and inspiring as that perfumed by its groves of sassafras and magnolia. In no other clime, among no other people can he ever feel all at home. Ambition or accident may lead him elsewhere to live but here where the corn tassels soonest, where "the branch" runs clearest, where the holly ripens reddest—here is where he wants to die. The cypress will need no bidding to mourn above his grave. All about him are the emblems of life and resurrection. All about him is a Nature harmonious, peaceful, suggestive of repose. The pine tree tops, perpetually green, stare straight into a cloudless sky. The river runs slowly as if it were in no hurry to leave the white sandy bed, the pebbly shore, the mossy rocks, the overarching shade of laurel and willow and beech, along which lies its cool and placid course. Robin and bobolink, thrush and oriole sing cheerily but softly in the pathless woods. No sound is loud or harsh. No movement is restless or disturbing. The leaves rustle dreamily. It is a land of tranquillity and contentment.

I have been wandering up and down the Eastern Shore renewing friendships and reviewing scenes all too long neglected. Time has wrought its disappointing changes here and there, and things are not just as they were in slavery days. But the "pone" bread still preserves its old-time flavor and the honey is as golden as of yore. The rail fences still measure the miles along the country roads from town to town and the dusty blackberry vines, whence I procured bushels of luscious berries and far more than my peck of dirt, still overrun them on either side of the sandy roads. Still at twilight on the drowsy air rises the melody of darkey voices singing the same old strains:

> We's a marchin' away to Ca-ny-ann's lan',
> O, come an' jine de army;
> I hyars de moosic ob de an-ge-el-la ban',
> O, come an' jine de army.

They are coming in from the fields where they have been planting or ploughing, grubbing or gathering fruit, and presently they will cluster in the darkey kitchen around the great huge fire-place where they and their fathers before them for more than a hundred years have eaten corn cakes and spare ribs and where they have made merry to the music of jew's harp and banjo night after night ever since they were born. It is the same old kitchen, darkened with the smoke of pine-knots and "lightwood," adorned with tins that shine like looking-glasses, wherein the darkeys used to gather at Christmas Eve singing and dancing and telling quaint, ghostly stories, the pickanninies all huddled together almost on top of one another in a corner, the young bucks disporting themselves gallantly in the most mysterious dances and the old folks sitting around on benches with their black faces extended in one glorious grin of benignancy. This old kitchen is a part of the same old house which has been standing in the same old spot during the lives of five generations. It is a low, spread-out house, easy to lose yourself in, for each son of each father, since the first of his race began life there in a log cabin, has added a wing or two. It is a type of many other old farm mansions on the Eastern Shore, though few of them yet remain in the possession of the families that built them. The war was even more cruel in its effects upon the border States than upon those further south. Within a quarter of a mile of each other, upon the banks of the Pocomoke in Worcester County, stand seven of these huge, noble old farm-houses. Only one of them remains to-day in the hands of the family that owned it before the war. Old Uncle Mose, whose kinky hair was turning gray when I was born told me about them.

"Dat were Colonel Glover's place, sah, dar whar de hick'ries grows. Dey's a fambly name o' Hayne a-libin dah now, sah."

"Hayne! What Hayne?"

"O, dey was on'y jis' foresters, sah, in slabery days."

Foresters! Why, foresters were thought to be the very scum of the earth. They were a class of dead-and-alive people living in log huts back in the woods, squatters on the wild lands of rich planters. How in the world they ever got enough to keep body and soul together, nobody ever knew. A forester in Colonel Glover's house!

I remembered the Colonel well. He was a superb old man, all fire and spirit. Silver-white hair covered his big, shapely head. He wore a white mustache and his features, always red with his rich, warm blood, were uncommonly handsome. He was married four times and had a score of children. The last of these was a girl of surpassing beauty, a perfect gypsy queen. Her olive complexion, her lustrous coal-black eyes, her blue-black silken hair, are still described by the older darkeys with picturesque admiration. While visiting in Richmond when only eighteen years of age, she met an army officer, a Lieutenant Marcy. Within a month they were engaged to be married. Within another, the Mexican war broke out and he was ordered to the front. He received this intelligence only in time to enable him to ride to her home in Maryland and bid her a hasty farewell. She insisted upon a marriage then and there, and a darkey was dispatched to secure a clergyman. He speedily returned successful in his efforts and Miss Glover and her soldier lover were married. Within half an hour afterward the Lieutenant was on his way to Baltimore to join his command, and three weeks later he was cut to death in a cavalry charge. Her first information of the tragedy was conveyed by the arrival of a trunk which contained his blood-stained saddle, his sword, his clothes and his spurs. Poor child! she was sick a long, long while and she scarcely ever left her room while she lived. She inherited the old mansion and whatever was left of the Colonel's plantation when the war had done with him, but it never was productive after the flag was fired upon at Sumter. Mrs. Marcy became a Spiritualist and among her effects a journal of daily conversations with her husband was found extending over a long period of years. Her executor destroyed the journal. Perhaps he did properly, though he acknowledges that she left no such request. He told his sister that it was not fit for her to read, a remark to be construed in the light of the fact that he was a stanch Presbyterian. The "place" was sold for the benefit of her heirs, an innumerable host, who got as much as a dollar apiece, I fancy, and now a forester reigns in the grand old home of one of the lordliest of the race of Southern aristocrats.

Down in Accomac County lived one of the Colonel's sons ekeing out a wretched existence, Heaven only knows how. He was tall, thin, brown, and might have been good-looking, but never having earned a dollar before the war except at a speculation in "hosses" and "niggers," and having neither to speculate in after the war, he sank lower and lower until he became the merest vagabond and spent his time chiefly at the town tavern "sponging" on anybody who came along for a drink. This was the frequent fate of gentlemen's sons after the war. One of the most amusing stories I ever heard is told of Charley Glover. An Englishman of the name of Carter came to the town upon a matter of business and dropped in at the tavern. Of course, Charley had heard who he was and all about him. As he gave his order for a brandy and soda, Charley swaggered up to the bar and said politely:

"Beg pawdon, sah, but is it true that your name is Kyartah, sah?"

"Yes, sir, it is; Henry Carter."

"Any relation, in that way and mannah, of the Kyartahs, of Kyartah County, Vahginny, sah?"

"No, sir; none whatever."

"That's a pity, sah; that's a great pity. The Kyartahs air the finest people in Vahginny, sah, the very finest. They air po', sah, but they air proud. You mustn't quit these parts, sah, without meetin' the Kyartahs, and I shall be only too happy to present you to the Kyernal. Befo' de wah, the Kyernal owned as many as eleben hundred niggahs, but since de wah, in that form and mannah, his fo'tunes has somewhat—ah, declined, sah.

"Well, sah, not long ago, sah, Kyernal Kyartah wanted fo' to send a letter to Colonel Glovah, my father, up in Worcester County, on de Eastern Shoah. Mrs. Kyartah an' my mother, sah, went to school together down at St. Michael's. She was a Berrian, an' they do say that in Scotland, where the Berrians come from, sah, that they was of royal blood, sah—yes, indeedy, sah, of royal blood. Well, the Black Republicans, down in Washin'ton, sah, in that form an' mannah, had sent a kyarpet-bag postmahstah down here, an' when Kyernal Kyartah took his letter to the office, he says to the kyarpet bag postmahster, says he, 'just send that letter to my friend, Kyernal Glovah,' says he, an' he started to go away. But what do you suppose that postmahster did, sah? By Jawdge, sah, you couldn't guess. He tuck the letter, held it in his hand, and in that form sah, he says to Kyernal Kyartah, 'Free cents, sah, if yo' please.'

"Kyernal Kyartah was so shocked and indignant he could skasely speak, sah, but finally he managed to remawk that he'd be danged if he evah heard such impudence in all his life. But that postmahster 'peahed to have lost his mind, for he said again, 'Free cents, Kyernal Kyartah, if yo' please.'

"That was too much fo' the Kyernal. He was po', but he was proud. He heaved a sigh, and then he drawed his derringer an' he shot the postmahster's head off, an' do you know, sah, them Black Republicans down in Washin'ton actually chased the Kyernal roun' Accomac County with a company of soldiers for six weeks tryin' their best to get up a disturbance 'bout that affair, sah. They did, sah, 'pon my word!"

Uncle Mose, my constant attendant along the Pocomoke pointed out a log-hut all covered with moss and ivy, and long since abandoned, which he said, "had orter be as interestin' fo' you as fo' me. Dat was a white folks school-house in de ole days when dis niggah was a pickaninny, an' yo' gran'mammy, honey, did de teachin.' She knowed a pow'ful heap, 'kase fo' de reason dat she done got her eddicashun down to Richmon' town. 'Long when I growed up de niggahs held deir camp-meetin's dere an' de white folks used de cabin to pen up us po' critters in when dey held a niggah auction. I got 'ligion on dat spot, bress de Lawd, an' when my fo' darters was sol' in slabery down in Georgey, dey was tored from me an' deir po' ole mammy right dah 'long o' dat willer tree. Dem was dreffal days, honey. My ole woman 'longed to ole Miss Parker. 'Fo' she married de Kyernal, her name was Lawrence, an' she bringed him 'most fifty niggahs. Dey was a heap better'n his niggahs, an' de Lawrence niggahs would'nt hab no deal'n's wid de Parker niggahs. De ole Kernal was a foroughbred, now min' I tole yer. 'Bout obery free monfs he take de black mare an' ride off ter Salisbury fer a game o' pokah wid some odder great gemmans, and den he'd come back whome and fotch a niggah drivah wid him and sell two er free ob de Lawrence niggahs fer ter gib hunk on wot he'd lost playin' keerds. 'Longerbout dis time yer gran'mammy sot me free fer pullin' yer uncle Jawdge outen de branch when he was a-drowndin' and I sot up in a cabin wha' de roads fork fo' Injun town. Mirandy was de Parkah cook, de mos' beautifulles' niggah wot eber ye seen, honey, an' dis chile made up to her an' we was marr'd. We had fo' darters, two at a birf, and dey was lubly chillen, now, ye bettah had b'lieve. Dey growed up wid Miss Parkah and she lubed 'em, honey, like dey was her own. She wouldn't 'low 'em ter 'sociate wid de Kyernal's black trash, but jess kep 'em in de house. One day, sah, gorry! but it makes my ole eyes tearful jess ter fink, de Kyernal kim back from a pokah settin' mad wid rage an' drunk, fer his watch was gone an' he hadn't 's much 's a shillin' lef' in his clo'es, and 'fo' anybody knowed wot he were 'bout, he ketched up my fo' darters an' chucked 'em in de dearbo'n. Mirandy hyeerd 'em screamin', an' grabbin' up a kyarvin' knife, she headed fer de Kyernal. But 'twant no good, fer he were a pow'ful man an' he jess wrenched de blade outen her han' an' give her a poke wid his fis' dat e'enamos' drew her froo' de side of de house, an' den he jumped in de dearbo'n and whipped up de hosses an' was off.

The old man drew his cotton pocket-handkerchief across his blurred eyes and continued, "Dem was dreffal days, honey; dem was dreffal days. Mirandy riz up from wha' de Kyernal flunged her, an' when she seed de wagon a-whirlin' off down de lane she give a cry louder'n a painter's yell, an' I heered it down in de apple orchard a mile up de 'Quango branch. I knowed wot dat soun' significated, honey; I knowed it meant on'y de one fing an' I scooted across de field an' come out right dere by yander willer tree jess as de Kyernal was roundin' de bend, wid Mirandy a-follerin' on foot, a-swingin' her arms an' callin' in low tones like her heart would break, as breakin' it were, sah, breakin' wid ebery jolt she give her poro old body along de road. It were jess a low, meller, coolin' soun', an' her eyes was fixed on de sky like she were in a trance. De Kyernal seen me a-comin' and he give his hoss a lick, but I grabbed de lines an' jerked 'em back.

"'Git away from dar, yo' onery brack niggah!' roared de ole man, 'git away er I'll kick de head offen ye!'

"Now, ob case I knowed de Kyernal had de law ob it, eben ef I was a free niggah an' dem was my darters, so I says, says I, 'Mars Dick,' says I, 'yo's a white man an' I ain't nuffin but a ole niggah.'

"'Dasso,' sez he.

"'Dem gals am yourn by lawr,' sez I.

"'Dasso,' sez he.

"'But dey am mine by natur',' sez I.

"'Dasso,' sez he.

"'Back o' de lawr am de sheriff an' de gun, but back o' natur dey ain't nuffin,' sez I, ''cep'in tears an' sorrer.'

"'Mose,' sez he, 'wot d'ye want?'

"'Air ye gwine ter sell my gals down in Georgy, Mars Dick?'

"'Dat I am, Mose, shore.'

"'Den let 'em git outen de wagon an' kiss deir ole daddy an' mammy good-bye an' git a blessin' fer to take wid 'em,' sez I.

"De ole man gimme a long look an' he sez: 'Hab yer own way 'bout it, Mose.'

"So dey clumb down in de road, an' I tuck off deir irons, fer de ole man had chained 'em up like dey was setter dogs, and I tole 'em to be good an' hones' an' guv 'em a blessin', and so did Mirandy, an' den I jumped 'em back in de wagon an' sez, 'Drive on, Mars Dick,' an' off dey went to Georgy, an' Mirandy fell down in do san' like she was dead, an I could feel my heart bein' drug outer me by hooks, honey, by de berry roots."

Uncle Mose sank down on a rock and buried his head in his hands, rocking to and fro and uttering that strange, mournful sound that only a negro relic of slavery days can produce. When he grew easier, I said, "But you heard from them, Mose?"

"Law, Mars Jack, Mary Ann an' Kitty got de fines' sort of a whome down dah in Georgy, an' dey kim back yere free times ter make a visit. Dey was buyed up by a ole gemman wid a beautiful young wife, an' she was good to 'em."

"And the other two, Mose?"

"Come, Mars Jack, ef yo's gwine ter Neswaddux country terday hit's time ter saddle up de hosses an' be off."

The good old man was right. They were dreadful days. But if he were capable of feeling the horrid passion of revenge his soul would have been satiated long ago. Northern bullets stretched out upon the sod of Virginia two of the Colonel's sons. A third was murdered by a negro man, whose wife he had sold into Texas. The fourth and last, left utterly destitute by Abraham Lincoln's pen, became an oysterman over on the Chesapeake, and lived his wretched life in a hut far meaner than that of Uncle Mose, and a Northern family lives in the grand old house where the Parkers for nine generations had resided in princely state.

The condition of public feeling on the Peninsula just before the war broke out is well illustrated by an almost unthinkable outrage inflicted on a free negro in Dorchester County. His name was Sam Green. He had been suspected of assisting the flight into Canada of fourteen slaves belonging to the grandfather of ex-Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania. These fourteen slaves had escaped in one night and were never heard from afterward. The feeling against Sam Green, though based upon no evidence whatever of any complicity on his part, was intense, and a scheme was hatched to punish him. A copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was found in his house, undoubtedly taken there by the villain who "found" it, for Sam could not say his letters. But he was arrested and under the then existing law relating to the presence in a negro's possession of incendiary literature, he was tried, convicted and sentenced to hard labor in the State prison for a term of ten years. At about the same time, a Northern civil engineer, then engaged in building the Dorchester and Delaware Railroad, who did actually aid in a slave's escape, was convicted and sent to prison for forty-five years. Both these men were pardoned after the war.

Old things have passed away on the Peninsula, and the sun of liberty shines there brightly. Some years ago there was an old colored preacher, who used to tell this experience:

"Chillen," he would say, "I's nebber fo'got de bressed day when de Lawd gimme my ticket fer a passage up de bay on de packet boun' fer de glorylan', I's ergwine ter tale ye 'bout dat joyful 'cashun, but fust I'll denounce de tex.' It am in dese words: Zaccheus clum' up de sycamore tree. Dis am a gran' tex' ob Scriptur,' chillen, an ef de power don't come down an' 'lighten de sarmon, yer shore ob de tex' am dat's a good 'eal.

"I was e'enamos' a man when de Lawd tuck me aboard his chariot of fiah. 'Twas down in Somerset to a camp-meetin' in one of my marser's woodses. Dem was de days when de cullud folkes camped wid de white uns, on'y dey had deir quartahs back o' de rare o' de preachin stan' twixt two fences wot shut em off de white folks' groun's. Many's de time, chillen, when I 'av sot on de top plank tryin' ter hyar wot de preacher was a-saying, but 'fore he got fur in his disco'se I'd be a wond'rin' in my min' whedder up yander in the sky where de Lawd is holdin' ob his 'campment he allers talked wid his back ter de niggah angels and had 'em shut off wid fences ter keep 'em outen de white angels' grounds. Mebbe dey useter do dat away, but I guess sence Mars Lincum jined de meetin' all dem fences has come down."

He didn't mean to be irreverent. He was only rendering unto Cæsar what he thought was Cæsar's due.

SHREWD SCHEMES OF LOTTERY MEN.

HOW THEY SUCCEED IN EVADING THE LAW.

The law is supposed to be so strict in this State in its prohibition of lotteries as to cut them off entirely. That is the letter and spirit of the law. Its enforcement is quite another thing. In a city paper not long ago was printed a long account of how several persons in this city had won prizes at a late drawing of a Southern lottery. What was striking in this matter was the specific manner in which the name of the New-Yorker who secured the cashing of the tickets for the fortunate holders was used. A little inquiry gave convincing evidence that he was a duly authorized agent of the lottery in question and that this was the method he took of finding more purchasers of tickets. An old police officer said to me: "The law is very explicit about lotteries. It is a criminal offence to sell a ticket, to advertise a lottery, or to conduct one. It is not a crime to participate in a drawing. The law seems to regard the gambler as a fool, rather than a knave, but takes it for granted that only knaves conduct the lotteries. The sales of lottery tickets in New-York amount to $25,000 a month the year round. How can I estimate them? Well, you just go around to the express offices and ask the managers about them. I have been around that way twice. All the money is sent on by express, as it is a criminal offence to use the mails. So you see we can arrive at it pretty accurately. The latest dodge to let gamblers know where to go for tickets is the one you have dropped onto. It is a criminal offence to advertise a lottery, but a newspaper can print the 'news' of a fellow's luck without becoming amenable to law. It can also mention as 'news' the name of the man who cashed the tickets. The people who want to gamble in lotteries tumble at once to the fact that they can buy tickets from the same man and he doubtless pays for the publication of these so-called items of 'news.' They not only post gamblers where to go, but they stimulate interest in lotteries and bring in lots of new victims. They are a shrewd lot are these lottery men."

This talk was a reminder of a story I heard about a well-known lawyer, who is now dead, who was at one time counsel for a Southern lottery. The State and Federal laws about lotteries had become so stringent that the lottery people could not get their tickets printed. Printers everywhere were afraid to take the risk under a new Federal law, although promised great remuneration. In despair the lottery managers presented the matter to the lawyer. He studied over the matter for a night. Then, at his instance, they hired a small steam yacht, put a printing press and the necessary equipment of type and printing material aboard of her and sailed off to sea during fair weather. As soon as the vessel was outside the shore limit the press was set to work and the tickets duly struck off on the high seas. This left it impossible to prosecute the offenders for a violation of the laws of any of the States, and the Federal law was so drawn that this sort of thing was not an offence under it.

BOUND TO ENTERTAIN STRANGERS.

THE POMPOUS MAN ON THE WEATHER.

"Sir," said a large, pompous gentleman as he mopped off his brow and approached a man who had just arrived at a downtown hotel, "I believe I met you here and got pretty well acquainted with you the day of the blizzard."

"Yes, I think so."

"And I told you how cold weather did me right up and that hot weather was my strong hold."

"Yes, you said something like that."

"That was it exactly. Said hot weather never affected me and told how I once marched in a procession four miles straight up Broadway when the mercury stood at 104 and didn't mind it at all."

"Yes, I remember it."

"And how I always walked on the sunny side of the street because it was more healthy, and that I wore my winter clothes all summer and never owned a straw hat in my life."

"Yes."

"Of course you remember it, I see. All lies, sir, straight up and down lies, every one of them!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir—just told 'em to pass away the time and help entertain a stranger in the city. It's the hot weather that kills me every pop—cold weather is where I shine. Why, sir, after I left you that day of the blizzard I walked from Union Square to the Battery and back again, and rescued two women from perishing, and pulled more than a dozen men out of the snow-drifts by the hair. Didn't think any thing of it, either, and had forgotten about it until I saw you. Yes, sir, give me about twenty degrees below, plenty of snow and a good wind, and I'm right on my native heath. Sorry I made any misstatements to you last March, but I had to do something to make it pleasant for a stranger that was snow-bound."

SINGULAR TENDERNESS OF MR. CORLISS.

From The Boston Transcript.

Mr. Corliss (the famous engine builder of Providence), not very long before his death, had occasion to build an addition to his manufactory—a big "L," for additional machinery. To prepare the foundation for this L, it was necessary to remove a ledge of rock by blasting. The men to do the work on the addition had been employed and put on the payroll; the materials had been purchased and brought to the building, and the work of blasting had begun. The next morning Mr. Corliss passed by the place where work was proceeding, when the foreman in charge, knowing his interest in pretty things, called him.

"See here, Mr. Corliss," said he, "here's a bird's nest that we've found, and that's got to go."

He showed the manufacturer a robin sitting upon a nest that had been built, fast and snug, in a crevice of the rock, among some bushes that grew there. The bird flew off her nest as the men came near, and showed five blue eggs that looked as if they had just been laid.

"Can we move that nest somewhere else?" asked Mr. Corliss.

"I'm afraid not, sir. We'd tear it to pieces getting it out, and it isn't at all likely that you could get the bird to go to sitting again anywhere else. We've got to go on, so we may as well rip it out and throw the eggs away."

"No," said Corliss, "we wont disturb her. Let her bring out her brood right there."

"But we'll have to stop the work on the building."

"Let it stop, then."

And so orders were given that operations on the addition should be suspended. They were suspended; and the hands stood still, drawing their pay for doing nothing, or next to nothing, while the robin sat on her nest with her air of great consequence and zealous attention to business, and had her food brought by her mate, and at last hatched her brood. And then there were three weeks more to go by, at the least, before the young ones could fly. Corliss visited the nest frequently, not with any uneasiness or impatience to have the robin and the young ones out of the way, but with a genuine interest in their growth. The old birds had all the time they wanted; and when at last they had sternly helped the clumsy, reluctant youngsters over the edge of the nest, and they showed themselves able to get about on their own hook, orders were given to resume the building operations; and the dull boom of the gunpowder tearing the rocks apart was heard where the birds had peeped.

A VEGETABLE BAROMETER.

From The London Standard.

A remarkable little weatherwise plant is now said to be on exhibition at the jubilee flower show just opened in Vienna. According to the account supplied by the proprietor of this natural curiosity, it belongs to the family of the sensitive plants, but is so extremely meteorometric that it not only moves if touched, but will close its leaves forty-eight hours in advance of any change in the weather. It seems, moreover, to be the most catholic of barometers, for it foretells not only rain and wind-storms, and "set fair," but earthquakes and other subterranean movements. In short, the new mimosa is so accomplished a vegetable that one learns with some disappointment that it fails to forecast a fall in rentes, while its pinnules display not the faintest agitation on the eve of the most warlike Russo-Austrian rumors.

A LIVELY CENTENARIAN.

Tennyson (Ind.) dispatch to The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Benjamin Moore is hale and hearty at the age of 105 years. Last winter he helped to dress hogs at the annual killing time, and he chops stove wood and does chores generally. He is living with his second wife, who is eighty-four years old and enjoying good health. At the age of 100 he and his wife walked nine miles to visit some friends. Mr. Moore in his younger days followed farming, and hauled cotton from North Carolina to Washington, Charleston, Philadelphia, and all those Eastern cities, except New-York. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the age of ninety-nine. He never was sick and never used tobacco. His nerves are steady and his voice is good. When the writer visited him he sang a song of five verses in good style. He says he would like to live, but is ready to go whenever the Lord shall call him.

At His Post Day and Night.

The vigilant imp, indigestion, goads us with his many-lashed scourge. Each lash is a diabolic symptom. No comfort in eating, misery afterward, little or broken rest at night, visitations of the nightmare during fitful intervals of sleep, an uprising unrefreshed and without appetite, sleepiness and yawning during the day, nervousness and irritability of temper, even monomania in extreme cases. Hard to bear, all this. Necessary? No! a thousand times no, so long as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the nation's specific for indigestion, acute or chronic, is procurable. The commencement of a course of this medicine is the commencement of a cure. Prompt relief first, absolute eradication subsequently. The truth of this statement, backed irrefragable testimony, is well known to the American people. So are others, viz That the Bitters averts and cures fever and ague and bilious remittent, and removes nervousness, biliousness, constipation, and kidney and bladder troubles.

A CHARMING EXPLORER.

MADAME DIEULAFOY AND HER SHUSHAN TREASURES.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Paris, June 7.

The lioness of the week has been Madame Dieulafoy, the explorer of the mounds which stand on the site of the City of Shushan, whose name through the Book of Esther is familiar to all Bible-reading nations. She shares the honor in a degree with her husband, who is a civil engineer in the department of roads and bridges. He had the first idea, it is true, of doing at Shushan what Layard did at Babylon. But General Sir Robert Smith, who organized the telegraphic service in Persia for the British Government and greatly helped the enterprising couple, says that Madame Dieulafoy was the soul of the undertaking, and that nobody unacquainted with the part of Persia in which she carried through her enterprise could have any idea of the difficulties that were to be surmounted. Shushan was the winter palace of the great Darius and in the plains, as Persepolis up in the mountains was the summer one. The whole country about both is utterly wild, and the plain, which was covered with a network of canals for irrigating purposes, is now all marsh. Roads even so rudimentary as tracks or trails do not exist. The horses and mules are unused to draft work, and the inhabitants have fallen into a state of barbarism. Fever is a terrible enemy to the European. Water is not drinkable and is almost deadly, unless first boiled. Food supplies are meagre and uncertain, and the sun is so hot that to drink any of the wines which the country produces would be to have brain fever. It took ninety days to penetrate from the Persian Gulf to Shushan. According to Sir Robert Smith, who attended the opening of the Persian Museum created by M. and Madame Dieulafoy, and who gave me many particulars about her work, she was never depressed under the most depressing circumstances, made light of disappointments and difficulties, and though worn to a thread by fever and famine, continued the soul of the enterprise.

At first she had, she said, to save honor. The French Government allowed M. Dieulafoy 41,000 francs to make searches for art and antiquities in the mounds of Shushan, and the brave little woman felt as though he and she would be eternally disgraced, and at any rate expose themselves to the charge of having got the grant for the mere purpose of making an Oriental tour at the cost of their country. When after much digging they came to a wall-facing in small glazed and colored tiles and representing in bas-relief a large lion, she found in it encouragement to go on. The lion is now in the Louvre. The first thing she saw was the lion's nose, and then the head was brought out by the excavators. In a few more days the rubbish was cleared away from the forehead and a terrible brute, modelled as well as if by Cain or Barye, stood out to the admiring eyes of the French engineer and his wife. They then came upon bas-reliefs of human figures in a line, also in painted and glazed tiles, and matching exactly with the types at modern Shushan. The Persian potentates who dwelt in the palace which the Dieulafoys have partially laid bare were probably tender fathers to their offspring, to judge by the quantity of toy vessels which have been brought to light. There are kettles, cruses, water jars, bottles, decanters and many other kinds of baby-house or dolls'-house furniture in pottery and glass. The iridescent and milky glasses of which these are fragments are of great beauty and antiquity. Another art in which the Persians of the time of time of Darius the Great excelled was seal-carving. Sometimes the seal was cylindrical and the sunken carving all round, in which case it was to be rolled on a piece of wax the breadth of its circumference. There were other conical seals, with the signet on the base. The stronger the magnifying glass with which one looks at the impressions they make the more their beauty is apparent.

The President of the Republic and Mme. Carnot attended the opening of the Persian Museum, which consists of three rooms, and will soon embrace five. M. Carnot bargained in accepting the invitation that only a hundred persons were to be invited and that he was to see the list. Among the hundred were M. Renan, M. Oppert, the decipherer of cuneiform inscriptions; Sir Robert M. Smith, Mr. Armstrong, head of the Science and Art Department of Great Britain; M. Kaempfen, the Director of the Louvre; and M. Jules Claretie, of the Theatre Francais. In addition to the objects I have above described, there was a hall pillar of astonishing originality of form, astonishing massiveness of effect, and I have no doubt great beauty when in a colonnade. The capital was formed of two hornless antelopes' heads, looking in different directions, and resting on a sub-capital, which looked in front, so far as shape went, a little like the two lower leaves of the shamrock. The column would represent the stalk, which had for its pediment a duplicate of the top, less the deers' heads, which last were like a sub-capital. The shaft and base were of gray stone, and of great size, and supported a large projecting block of red marble, square and polished.

M. Dieulafoy did the honors to the President and Mme. Dieulafoy to Mme. Carnot, who was dressed in black moire antique, with a jet trimmed mantle and a black lace bonnet. Mme. Dieulafoy herself was in man's clothes, and she looked charming. Without being exactly pretty she has a charming face, honest as the sun, fresh of complexion, surmounted with a high, wide forehead, lighted up with dark blue eyes, which have nothing to hide and much to say, and a delicious smile on a wide but well-formed mouth. Her hair was cropped as close as though she were a jailbird, and so a finely formed head of considerable power was well in view. Her standing collar, shirt-breast and spread cravat of white figured silk were spruce and in all respects faultless. The black paletot was of a light twilled cloth, fitted loosely and came down to the knee. It was buttoned up enough to hide the waistcoat but not the shirt front. The trousers were of the same stuff as the paletot, neat, and rather in the "pegtop" form. I noticed that her hands were very pretty and ended off in almond-shaped nails that bore marks of constant attention. The voice was small in volume, but a very pretty treble, and the diction was also charming. It was, after M. and Mme. Carnot left, very funny to see her when addressed by any one take off her hat and stand with it in her hand, until her interlocutor said: "Madame, couvrez vous, je vous, en prie." The little woman shows frankly and artlessly a desire to please—and pleases. There is not a grain of mannishness about her, and one is astonished to see how her mental and moral qualities more than supply the want of frillings, flouncings and other adornments in which the feminine mind revels.

I had the pleasure the day following the one in which the Museum was opened of lunching at the residence of this rare French woman and hearing the story of her life from her own lips. She told me that she was hardly over her honeymoon when the War of 1870 broke out. Her husband had to serve as a soldier in Chanzy's army, which she determined to follow to be near him and do what good she could. For convenience she dressed in man's clothes, and when she went to don again her old habiliments she could not stand their inconvenience. Dressed as a man, she acquired a liberty that opened to her wide horizons. With petticoats, stays and the cumbersome impediments of the feminine wardrobe she could never have got through her Persian task. Her husband seems to adore her, and his eye rests on her with pleasure. She was brought up in a severely Puritanical fashion at Toulouse, never going to a dancing soiree until she was married. One of her grandmothers was an Englishwoman, and her father's family were seafaring folks at Calais. Though she has a delightful home, rich in art furniture, the arrangement of which shows artistic feeling of a high order, she wants to go and excavate again at Susa, or Shushan. It is not probable that she will have, should she revisit Persia, the same facilities as before. International jealousies will stand in her way, and the good and intelligent General Smith is no longer at the head of the telegraphic department there.

E. C.