I SAW HER IN THE MORNING.

Daniel J. Donahoe in Donahoe's Monthly.

I saw her in the morning,
Her face like morning fair,
She walked among the roses,
A wild rose in her hair,
She sang a tender ditty;
I sat and listened long—
The bluebird in the orchard
Ne'er sang so sweet a song.

I saw her when the shadows
Fell long upon the lea;
She stooped among the asters—
More fair than they was she.
Her gentle voice was silent,
Her face was marble pale,
And like a blessed angel
She moved along the vale.

I saw her in the evening
When twilight's latest ray
Fell o'er the snowy hillside—
In gentle sleep she lay.
Upon her brow the roses,
The asters on her breast,
And oh, upon her cold, pale face
A smile of peace and rest.

THE HOSIER'S GHOST.

We have become epicures in the supernatural. The respectable and conventional ghost and the haunted chamber of the old manor-house no longer serve our turn. A spectre, to command our respect, must be, nowadays, of original habits, and so stand somewhat apart from the other members of his extensive clan.

I was, therefore, not a little pleased when, a few years ago, I succeeded in lighting upon a spectre of somewhat unconventional type.

My treasure trove was acquired as follows:

I happened to be detained for a short time in a small and exceedingly tumble-down old town in the middle of the Black Forest.

The place of which I speak is little better than a large village, though in deference to the feelings of its worthy inhabitants, who consider it, no doubt, as the "hub of the universe," I have dignified it with the appellation of town, and lies quite out of the ordinary run of tourists, high and dry above the restless ebb and flow of the great excursional ocean.

Let us call the old place by the name of "Dummelsheim"; it will do as well as any other name, and will convey a delicate and not unmerited compliment to its respected inhabitants.

Dummelsheim, then, lies in one of the loveliest of the many lovely green valleys which run like tongues of verdure between the pine-clad heights and crags of the Black Forest. It is set down on a small patch of tableland, above which rise some wonderful shapes of crag and pine forest, and below which a little mountain stream rushes frantically night and day, raging and tearing its little life out among the great boulders and between the fern-clad banks, yearning to obliterate itself in the nearest river that offers a refuge.

I happened to be detained in this place on special business for a whole fortnight.

A fortnight in Dummelsheim, with nothing to do, represents about five years of ordinary existence in length and tedium.

I explored the lovely valley, not without duly feeling the charm of its peace and isolation; I drank, as in duty bound, very many tumblers of the peculiarly nauseous spa water, of which the Dummelsheimers are so unreasonably proud; and then time began indeed to hang heavily on my hands. There was no gaming table, no theatre, no concert hall; a few noisy Gasthauser in which German Lieder made night and morning hideous, and where the lagerbier was the worst that money could purchase, afforded the only amusement of which the stupid little place was capable.

To be sure, there was "billiards." Every one plays billiards in Dummelsheim, otherwise its folks could not exist. Even billiards, however, with cork pool and the fearful delight of overturning your opponent's cork with its pile of silbergroschen, begins to pall upon one in time, and ere my fourteen days' sojourn drew to a close I became not only weary of poor little Dummelsheim, but began absolutely to loathe the place. I could not leave it, however. A certain event had to happen, a letter to arrive, and before my time I could not stir.

At last I discovered a diversion. It came in the shape of a compatriot, a resident compatriot. Not that in appearance or garb he was much of an Englishman. Twenty years' residence in Dummelsheim had made him more German than the Germans, and had quite obliterated the handiwork of the good old land that gave him birth. He had all but forgotten his mother speech, and when he endeavored to use it his sentences were patched together by the Teutonic words and phrases, which came more readily to his tongue. He was as regardless of his personal appearance as the most inborn of the Dummelsheimers, and as devoted to the consumption of tobacco as the best of them. It was supposed that he was a bachelor. At any rate, of "womankind" he had none, and lived alone with merely the intermittent aid of a supernaturally hideous frau at those times when scouring and cleansing became a bitter necessity.

It was in a cafe that I first met with him. I thought when I first saw him, "What a dreadfully shaggy old German that is: no one could mistake his nationality, at any rate." He seemed to be a part and parcel of the green, mouldy place, a sort of human lichen, an animated fungus, on two short and sturdy legs. And his smoking and spitting were an honor to his adopted country, and would have been creditable even in a citizen of San Francisco, or a dweller in "Poverty Flat." However, a compatriot is a compatriot, and if one has to scrape the dirt from his countenance in order to recognize him the operation must be gone through for the sake of the dear land of our fathers.

My German-Englishman proved, as a companion, decidedly better than none at all, and in his morning rambles with me pointed out with great care what he knew of the antiquities of the little town; showed me a wood where one of the Dummelsheimers had once, in a fit of playfulness, applied a hatchet to the back hair of his betrothed, and also the jail in front of which he was afterward hanged as a punishment for his little escapade. Many other spots of interest, where incidents of a less tragic, though still striking, character had occurred, were also designated by his kindly walking-stick as we strolled along. After a day or so my newly found friend began to resume his native speech, so long disused, and by that time I also had learned to translate into ordinary English his quaint and puzzling Anglo-German expressions.

So we managed to get on very well together, and I found him an interesting if a slightly dirty old man. The town, when explained by such a cicerone, was invested with quite a new charm of interest. It was quaint enough without any extraneous help, and the houses, being for the most part ancient timbered edifices, and the gables leaning forward with age and hanging over the streets, one obtained every now and again a street vista of delicious picturesqueness, in which the ancient houses, nodding toward each other, seemed to be whispering forgotten and piquant scandal of the good old German days.

There were at every turn and corner abundant "bits," which an artist for an illustrated paper would have found very handy, and sketches of which he could have rapidly converted into current coin of the realm.

I am no artist, but to my great surprise I discovered that my dear and dirty new-found acquaintance and counntryman was. One day, having accompanied him to the queer and humble lodging which he inhabited, I found on the walls certain indubitable proofs of his artistic bent. There were many admirable sketches in chalk and sepia of striking points in the valley, and of certain buildings and objects in the town itself.

The fountain in the market place was there, with its great St. Christopher as its centre figure. There were the porch of St. Christopher's Church, the quaint turret at the angle of the town hall, and the crumbling ruins of an ancient fortress on the Ganzberg. Among other things I noticed a sketch of a certain picturesque old house which I had indeed seen, but the locality of which I did not remember at the time.

I mentioned this fact.

"Ach nein, I have not shown you him. He is in the Lederstrasse," he replied. "We will see him together auf morgen."

On the morrow, accordingly, we walked together to the Lederstrasse.

As we entered the dirty old street my companion remarked: "I have never been in this street for twenty years or more, and I never wished to enter it again."

My curiosity was roused.

"Why?" I inquired.

"I got so great a fright here once, and I was so much laughed at," he answered.

"Why, what is there about this street to frighten you? It is old enough, certainly, and quaint enough, and smells rather—pah!" I exclaimed, as a full-flavored German stench saluted my nostrils; "but nothing terrible, after all."

"Well, mein Herr, it is not the street; it is that house, and—the ghost in it," the Anglo-German replied, with a sort of shudder, so to speak, in his voice.

"Oh, oh! then you have not lived long enough yet, and you are not quite a boy, to get rid of your superstitions, eh? You are still afraid of ghosts, are you?"

"I was afraid of what I saw," he replied, with a certain amount of dignity, as if hurt by my light manner and my tones of mockery.

My curiosity was of course roused, and I doubt not yours, reader, would have been by this speech, and I was about to question him further, when, pointing with his stick, he said briefly:

"That's the house, then."

I looked, and recognized in the ancient-timbered edifice on the further side of the street the original of the chalk sketch in his lodgings.

It was a tumble-down pile, with overhanging stories, and carved "barge board," having, moreover, a curiously twisted chimney of ancient, ruddy brickwork, and certain obscure remains of armorial bearings over the door. There was a date which, however, I could only make out in its state of dilapidation to be 15— and something or other.

The edifice seemed to have been long deserted, and the grass was growing in tufts among the stones at the front door, as if the passer-by had long been accustomed to avoid a too near acquaintance with the old tenement.

Indeed, something about the building said, as plainly as a German version of Tom Hood's poem could have said:

"The house is haunted."

Nay, the very street itself seemed to be haunted. It was in a great part deserted. The tumble-down buildings on either side of the picturesque house seemed to be devoid of occupants, and the few sordid and wretched houses in the street which appeared to enjoy the presence of tenants, had, to my imagination, and in the gathering dusk of evening, a scared and terrified aspect.

"Look well at that window," said my conductor, pointing to a large, battered casement just above the door, "and when we go I will tell you what I know about it. That will do," he continued, taking hold of my arm, "you have seen it, and it is not good to stay in the street; it chills the blood, I imagine."

"Indeed it does," I replied, and we moved off, not, I fancy, without a thrill of pleasure at leaving behind us the ghostly atmosphere of the Lederstrasse. A few crows, fitting inhabitants of the desolate street, were wheeling about the roofs and chimneys of the house as we departed.

I went with my acquaintance back to his lodging, and there, over a plentiful supply of lagerbier, and the smoke of two big pipes, he told me his experience of the house and street we had quitted.

"Twenty years ago—I was rather younger, then, I fancy; I mean not in years merely, but in life and hopes—I had recently come to this town, and before I was long in it I heard much talk about a queer ghost, quite unlike any ghost I had heard or read of, which was said to haunt the Lederstrasse, and which the people of this town so much dreaded.

"Hans Hubbler, down the Ganzstrasse, had seen it when a boy, and old Frau Hertzler had all but died from fright, when she was sixteen years old, in consequence of a mere glimpse of it. It was the celebrity of the little town, as well as the bete noir of the place.

"Well, mein Herr, I laughed at all of the stories, and grew very courageous over the matter in my cafe when the night grew late and the bottle was low. Some of the fellows there tried to chaff me on the score of my nationality. 'Ein Englander,' they said, 'always asserts that he will brave anything—dog, or fiend, or fraulein—but let him be put to the test, and he is not always so brave as a lion.' Then one of them said:

"'This Herr Englander, here, he has heard enough and is brave, but let him face a test we will give him if he be a brave Englander, and we shall see.'

"So one night in the restaurant Kloppart, in the milk market—I remember well that night. Ach, mein Herr! is that door fast? So! I remember that night. I was fired with courage, and I said, when they spoke of the ghost, that I would face it, come what might.

"A grin of incredulity passed over the countenances of my listeners, and they puffed away at their pipes in contemptuous silence. At last big-boned Krantz Hubscher, the butcher, made me a bet that I would not sleep for one night in the old house in the Lederstrasse alone.

"'Done!' I cried, and the money was staked; not much, a few silbergroschen, and I was pledged to an adventure.

"It struck me afterward that a great number of the ghost stories I had myself read turned upon some unused house or room and an undertaking to sleep there; but further than this, as you will see, my case had little resemblance to any other spectral adventure. Nor did this render my case less real or less terrifying.

"'What sort of a ghost is it?' I asked; 'tell me just that so that I may know what kind of an appearance I am about to face.' 'Ach nein!' they said, 'mein Herr must just see him as he is, and enjoy him as he will.'

"So the night was fixed upon, and the key of the ancient house procured. A mattress and some candles, and also a pistol, at my request, were taken into the biggest and best room, that one just over the doorway. A good bottle of Zeltinger and a supper for me were got ready, and a roaring fire of big logs was built up in the afternoon in the fireplace there.

"The people living in the Lederstrasse were much astonished and a good deal interested at the unwonted glare in the windows of the haunted house, and, when they were informed of the reason of the illumination, expressed a good deal of pity for the mad Englishman whose craze had tempted him to brave the ghost of the locality.

"Night came—a dark night it was in November, with windy gusts every now and again sweeping down the street and among the crazy old chimneys. There was a pale, gibbous moon that showed herself at intervals from between the drifting clouds, in a very weird and uncanny fashion. 'Just the night for a ghost story,' I said to myself, and thought, as I felt a little thrill come over me, 'Shall I pay the small bet, and have done with the matter? Shall I cry off, and smoke my pipe at home, and turn into my bed at my usual hour in peace?' No! I decided, after a bit of consideration, I will go through with my undertaking now, come what may, and show these Germans what an Englishman can do, and will do, at need.

"So I made all my preparations for my adventure, and about ten o'clock entered the house with two or three friends, who had resolved to accompany me in order that they might see me comfortably disposed of.

"The crazy old stairs creaked a good deal as we went up them, but the room looked exceedingly cosey, for the great logs were smouldering in the chimney, and cast out an agreeable heat. In all the corners, and hanging from the beams, were many dingy cobwebs, the work of generations of spiders, undeterred from their work by the house's evil reputation. Save these cobwebs, my mattress, a couple of chairs, and a small round table upon which stood my supper and the good bottle of Zeltinger, the room was unfurnished.

"As a further aid to courage I had provided myself with a flask of eau-de-vie, and, of course, had my pipe.

"My friends, having cast an approving glance around the room, sat down smoking for a few minutes, then bade me guten abend and gute nacht, and left me to my meditations.

"I listened to their heavy boots as they went stump, stump, stump down the stairs, and to the street door as it shut to with a bang.

"I was alone in the house of evil repute.

"'Stay a bit,' I said to myself; 'this is perhaps a joke, a trick, and it will be with the living Germans that I may have to deal. Well, the pistol will give an account of them; but I will make myself as safe as I can.'

"So I took from my pocket a screw-driver and a paper of big screws, and with a quiet smile at my own cunning,—for of these screws I had said nothing to any one,—proceeded forthwith to screw up the door.

"The door made fast, I walked round the room and carefully took stock of it. There was a small corner cupboard. I opened this: nothing there but spiders, their webs, and the carcasses of their victims.

"On the other side of the fireplace was a very low door, about the height of my shoulder. Another cupboard, I thought, and endeavored, for a long time without success, to prise it open. When at last it yielded, I discovered with some surprise, a step and another low door, evidently strongly nailed up, and which, from its appearance, had been for ages in the same condition.

"This discovery gave me for the moment what the ladies describe as 'a turn.' 'What a strange thing,' I said to myself, 'a passage leading to somewhere; just like these haunted chambers usually have. However, I will take good care that no one makes use of this passage to-night, at any rate.'

"And so closing the low door, I proceeded to make it fast with some more of my great screws. As I did so, and was driving the screws home, I felt a queer sensation from my right hand to my elbow, something like a faint electric shock; 'pressed on the nerve somehow,' I said, and continued my work.

"This done, I had my supper, lit my pipe, and drank the half of my wine. The chimes of St. Christopher's Tower startled me, sounding the hour of eleven. I was, however, in a peaceful frame of mind without the least fear of anything human or supernatural, and I gazed placidly at the red smouldering logs, and puffed my pipe in peace.

"Suddenly, however, the fact that the hour of midnight would soon approach gave me just a little shiver. I quickly quenched the feeling with a drop of my eau-de-vie.

"Nevertheless, I thought, there is no use in sitting up thus. I may just as well go to bed, then I shall, without doubt, fall asleep, know of nothing till to-morrow morning, and be able to go home with flying colors.

"Accordingly I prepared for rest, and, as I can never sleep well with my clothes on, pulled off all my attire with the exception of my shirt, took a final drink of the eau-de-vie, laid ready my pistol, and lay down upon my mattress, drawing a single blanket over me.

"I lay with my feet turned toward the glowing embers, which diffused grateful heat and gave sufficient light to enable me to discern the objects, such as they were, in the chamber after I had extinguished my candle. The feeling of security, born of the fact that I had securely screwed up the only two doors which opened into the room, did its work, and in a very little time I fell asleep.

"I cannot tell how long I slept. All I know is that I seemed to wake up from a feeling of cold, as if some one were blowing upon me with a pair of bellows; I rubbed my eyes, remembered where I was, and experienced a slight feeling of unhappiness to find that the night had not passed over, and that I was still in the haunted chamber.

"The fire was all but dead, the moon, as I could see through the uncurtained window, seemed to be plunging her way among great banks and masses of cloud, the room was fitfully lighted here and there with a strange twilight of moon and fire.

"Somehow my eyes fixed themselves on the low door by the side of the hearth. Could it be possible? Was that door opening? No; impossible! I had screwed it up far too tightly for that.

"Yet something strange was taking place. Whether the door was opening or something was coming through it I could not tell; but I felt that a change was taking place, and sat up on my bed in silent terror, with that peculiar sensation in my body which persons of an imaginative disposition are pleased to call 'gooseflesh.'

"Fixing my gaze firmly upon that mysterious door I sat and watched it. Little by little the aspect of the door changed. It became white, bleached, as it were, and then, to my intense horror, a something seemed to pass through it, and to stand in front of it. Yes; that something gradually assumed shape and proportion. I could see the head, the body, the arms; the form was that of a man. Then, while my hair stood upright upon my head with terror, I noticed its stern, wan face, its costume of a long bygone age, its lean and withered arms, and its attenuated legs. Could it be a man in the flesh? No, clearly no; for I could see through it, and discern that the little door at the back of it was fast screwed up as I had left it. This was no man in whom was the breath of life, a phantom, a form, a show, merely an image, and how inexpressibly ghastly and terrific! When I had fully realized this fact I became a prey to the most abject terror. It was true, then, about the ghost! It was no trick, no joke, that I was to be subjected to, but before me was a supernatural shape for the first time in my life. I became seized with a species of fascination as well as by terror; I gazed fixedly at the appearance, covered as it was by a strange unearthly white light.

"It was the figue of a tall, lean man; for it had by degrees risen far above the height of the low door from which it had emerged.

"Its eyes were fixed upon me, and over one of its arms it carried a number of dark objects, the shape of which I could not make out.

"But, horror of horrors! it was quietly nearing my bed.

"I arose at once and stood erect, trembling in every limb. In vain I tried to speak; my lips refused to utter a word. I could only stare fixedly and in silence at the strange, glittering figure. The form, doubtless, it was of some creature who had walked the streets of Dummelsheim in the flesh, and lived in this house some two hundred and fifty years ago, still haunting in its ancient shape the well-known spots.

"The spectre advanced, and I retreated before it, holding out my arms as if to ward it from me.

"I never thought of using my pistol save at one moment; but the fact that the figure was transparent at once convinced me that to fire at it would be of no avail.

"Still the terrible shape approached with a silent, noiseless stride; then, on reaching the middle of the room, it seemed to motion me with one of its arms toward the chair.

"I hesitated. Its action became imperative, and I was constrained to obey. Once seated, the spectre, which appeared to have acquired a perfect control over my paralyzed senses, took something from over its left arm, and signed to me to stretch out my leg. I did so mechanically—and then—how can I convey to you the feeling that came over me as it proceeded to pull what seemed to be a stocking of ice upon my left leg? I can even now at times feel the horrible icy coldness of that spectral hose. It was a stocking that the figure was pulling upon my bare leg and foot. I was chilled to the very bone, my hair bristled, my head swam, my heart ceased to beat for a moment, higher and higher crept the ice-cold stocking upon my leg. The stocking was on. This accomplished, the spectre motioned me to stretch out the other leg. My horror now fairly broke the spell that chained me. I fled to the door, the spectre glided after me smoothly and silently as a fate. I seized the handle of the door—miserable! I remembered that I had fastened myself in with the ghost! My reason seemed to be escaping me. The steel-like glitter of the spectre's eyes was fixed upon me. Like a hunted and doomed animal I fled round the apartment. I leaped at the window, crashed through it, and fell into the street below.

"I must have lost consciousness at once, for the next thing I remember was lying on my bed in my own lodgings, with my good landlady and the acquaintances who had dared me to the terrible trial standing around my bed.

"It was said for some time after that the poor Englander was going mad, as all the others who had seen the ghost of the Lederstrasse had done. I cheated them, however. My head was too strong, I suppose, for I got over my fright, and after my broken leg had been set, could listen to their recital of what had taken place. I learned that those who had set themselves to watch in the street had heard first a strange, low, grinding sound—my screws, no doubt—then, after a long interval, my frantic screams, a crash, and the clatter of broken glass, and had seen me fall as a lifeless lump upon the street pavement.

"They picked me up, and one of them described that as they did so he chanced to look upward and saw at the broken window above, shining in the moonlight, a pale, shadowy face, and the glitter of two bright eyes.

"It is not strange to say that my right leg was broken by the fall; but it is, I think, somewhat strange to relate that my left was blackened to the knee, as if scorched; nay, it is so to this day—see!"

My friend showed me his blackened leg.

"And that is all?" I asked.

"All, lieber Himmel! is not that enough? Can you wonder after what I have told you that I don't like the Lederstrasse?"

"Wonder; not I! I would not go near the place again after dark for a grand duke's ransom. But who do they say the spectre was?"

"I do not quite know. There is a legend of some hosier who once lived in that house and was rich, who fell into some disgrace, and the reigning Duke of Saxe-Dummelsheim seized upon him, and with a refinement in cruelty, in order to extort from him his money, caused him to be put to a torture something in the manner of our ancient machine called 'the boot,' which crushed the leg of the victim. In this case the instrument was a hose of steel, which was at the outset icy cold, and was then heated by fire to almost a red heat. The poor hosier sank under the dreadful torture.

"It is said that his ghost now seeks to avenge itself upon all who approach his ancient abode, and that he tried on them his ghastly hose; if he succeeds in getting both hose on their legs they die, and his spirit is released from its wanderings."

Such was the tale of the queer old Anglo-German. I went to my inn and to bed; there I lay and pondered long upon the strange story I had heard. My sleep, when sleep came, was not of the best. Every now and again I awoke with a start and a shudder, and fancied that a ghostly hosier was pulling upon my own legs the spectral hose of the story.

A day or two passed by, and one night, as I was packing my portmanteau for my homeward journey on the morrow, I was startled by a great yellow light in the sky. Soon after I heard the hoarse and blatant voice of the alarum bell. I dressed and went out, and found the whole population of the place running in one direction. I followed the stream of folk. It was a fire, some one told me, in the Lederstrasse; the haunted house was burning down. We arrived in the ancient narrow street; the sight was magnificent; the whole dwelling was enveloped in flames. No one took the slightest trouble or endeavored to get the flames under. All were staring and gaping in idle curiosity.

"It was a bad place," some one said, "and they were well content to see it perish."

How, or by whom the fire was kindled I never knew.—Time.

A BRAVE PRIEST.

From The London Daily Telegraph.

L'Abbe Mouly, the only priest who received the decoration of the Legion of Honor on the occasion of July 14 will certainly not be grudged the distinction conferred upon him even by the most hardened enemy of the Church. He is, in fact, one of those heroic, self-sacrificing workers who in every nation and every clime earn the unbounded admiration and respect of their fellow-creatures. L'Abbe Mouly, who is now in his fifty-fourth year, served for a long period as military chaplain in various French possessions. The worthy priest was acting in this capacity at Guadeloupe during the Mexican campaign, and all the French transports touched there on their way home from the seat of war. A terrible epidemic of yellow fever broke out among the garrison of 800 men, as many as twenty-five and thirty deaths occurring daily. All the doctors and the sisters of Mercy were carried off by the pestilence, and for three weeks the heroic priest was alone in ministering to the sick. In consequence of his meritorious conduct the Abbe was recommended for the Legion of Honor, but his nomination was prevented by the events of 1870. While at Guadeloupe he also distinguished himself by building on the Ile des Saintes, assisted only by a few convicts, a chapel surmounted by a lighthouse, which enables vessels to pass through a dangerous, rocky channel in perfect safety. The Abbe, who has waited so long for the well-merited recognition of his services, has for ten years past occupied the post of chaplain to the National Lunatic Asylum of Charenton.

THE GERMANS IN LONDON.

From The London Truth.

When the Emperor and Empress came upon the scene there was a good deal of enthusiasm. The Emperor kept his gray hat in the air, and the Empress bowed in most ungraceful fashion, nearly touching her knees with her nose each time. She has a nice, good-tempered face, with much German placidity of expression; such a contrast to her husband's eager quickness of glance and lively interest in everything. He was looking quite tired, while she was fresh enough. The placid temperament takes things easily and wears well. The active, restless, questioning spirit, such as the Emperor's, puts so much vitality into every waking hour that each new experience becomes an exhausting process.

IN DEATH DIVIDED.

From The Galignani Messenger.

An old widow lady named Martin, originally from Toul, and daughter of a former Mayor of that town, has died at Vincennes under rather peculiar circumstances. She was a person in independent circumstances, and was thought to be possessed of a large fortune. A few days ago her neighbors missed her, and when the Commissary of Police was sent for she was found dead from heart disease. Amongst her papers a will was discovered, by which she leaves all her property, estimated at 200,000 francs, to her native city. She has left 1,200 francs for the expenses of her funeral at Vincennes, but with the express condition that she is to be buried "as far as possible from her late husband."

FROM BENCH AND BAR.

GATHERED FROM LAWYERS AND AMONG THE COURTS.

Most of the judges and a large number of the prominent lawyers who were not on their vacations attended the funeral of Richard S. Newcombe on Wednesday. Mr. Newcombe's attractive personality and his ability had won him many friends among the leaders of the bar who had been engaged with him in important lawsuits, and the circumstances attending his death would have served to overcome any ill-feeling if any had been engendered in his contests with the fellow-members of his profession. There might have been several years ago a less hearty recognition of his position at the bar, but his talents and industry displayed in recent long-continued litigation had secured for him the respect and esteem of many judges and lawyers who had at first underrated the ability concealed under his somewhat careless manner of speech. He maintained a cheerful spirit even in the last few months of his life, when he endured much mental and physical suffering, and his bravery was shown by the steadiness with which he made the choice between death by slow suffering and the dangers of a surgical operation. One of the last important cases which he tried was that of Simmons, the bank wrecker, in the United States Circuit Court, and he suffered great physical distress while conducting that trial. On the night when the verdict was given he had scarcely strength to mount the several steep flights of steps in the Federal Building, and before he reached the courtroom he fainted and would have fallen to the floor but for the assistance of a companion. His loss will be felt with especial severity by ex-Judge Donohue, between whom and the younger lawyer there existed the warmest friendship. Many important law suits may be delayed while other members of the firm prepare themselves to carry on the work which Mr. Newcombe was compelled so suddenly to leave.

The work carried on by such lawyers as Mr. Newcombe would in England be sharply divided between solicitors and counsel, and English lawyers are discussing the question as to whether the division of work is altogether a wise one. Lord Coleridge and other eminent English jurists think that the American system has many advantages over the more complicated and cumbersome English practice. It is not unusual to see attached to the report of some action involving a few pounds the names of several lawyers on either side, who act as solicitors, juniors and leaders, each with a carefully limited share in the conduct of the case. The client in this country consults directly with the trial lawyer, while in England he knows only the solicitor, who tells a junior counsel, who in turn communicates to a senior counsel so much of the case as the dignified leader will condescend to listen to. A California lawyer, who was educated in England and practised for several years in that country, has recently given his views in advocacy of the English system. He believes that the existence of the "family solicitor" in England causes a marked diminution of litigated causes. The "family solicitor" frequently holds a semi-judicial place among his clients, and disputes about family estates are settled in his office more frequently than in the courts. He has no interest in increasing litigation, and he, in fact, discourages it as much as possible. The lawyers who are consulted by clients in this country usually have a financial interest in promoting litigation. It is doubtful, however, whether this fact operates as strongly, as the California writer—J. E. Deakin—believes to cause lawsuits. Certainly lawsuits are much less expensive in this country than in England, and considering the differences in social and business life in the two countries, there can be no doubt that the English system would never be popular or even practicable in this country.

Some of the figures with which Mr. Deakin illustrates his arguments are interesting. As to the number of judges, he says there are in England some thirty-five men exercising unlimited jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases over a populaton of, say, 30,000,000; a conservative estimate cannot place the number of men invested with similar jurisdiction here, over a population of almost 65,000,000, at less than 1,500. Again, while there are in England sixty-two or sixty-three County Court judges, there cannot be less than "10,000 men throughout the United States—local justices—exercising substantially the same civil jurisdiction, except in bankruptcy matters." Yet litigation is, the writer declares, subject to much greater delays in this country than in England. The Court of Appeal in England, with seven judges usually sitting, is nearly up with its work, while the United States Supreme Court, with nine judges and with only a limited number of subjects of litigation to consider, has two or three years' work before it to complete the present calendar, without considering the constant accumulation of cases. It is probably true, as the writer suggests, that there are fewer ignorant and uneducated lawyers in England than in this country, but the advantage of paying three or four men to do what one lawyer accomplishes here is still far from apparent even after reading this earnest defence of the English system.

Irving Brown, the editor of "The Albany Law Journal," is enjoying his European trip and is writing charcteristic letters to "The Journal." He "drops into poetry" with alarming ease and furnishes several specimens of the peculiar kind of verse familiar to his readers. He did not see a rocking-chair and had to fight for iced water in England. The warden at Warwick Castle spoke of "Ercules and Harihadne." He jumps from London to Paris and back again, giving a paragraph to each, and, though he grumbles at railroads, hotels, barbers and architects, he is on the whole contented and even cheerful over his experiences. He unfortunately gives no notes which interest the members of the legal profession more than any other readers.

The decisions of the courts cause some peculiar family complications at times. A recent decision of the General Term of the Supreme Court, Third Department, for instance, concerns the relations of a married couple who lived in this State a few years ago. The husband left his wife and went to California solely for the purpose of obtaining a divorce. He procured a divorce, but on evidence which was false. The summons was served by publication and by mailing a letter to New-Jersey, where, as the husband falsely declared, his wife lived. He afterward married again. The General Term held to the two apparently inconsistent propositions which the highest courts of this State have apparently laid down. The divorce, it was held, was invalid as against the wife. The husband had procured the divorce on his own false testimony and the wife had never been served with a process in the case and had always been a resident of this State. While the court held the divorce not binding on the wife, decisions of the Court of Appeals seem to support the view that the marriage of the husband with the second wife is valid. It is valid in California, and therefore held valid here. So that the man apparently had two lawful wives, but as the first wife won her suit for divorce, the peculiar matrimonial condition does not longer exist. The Kentucky Court of Appeals has recently decided that Lewis F. Pearce was the husband of Jennie S. Pearce in Kentucky, though according to an Ohio decision he had been at the same time the lawful husband in that State of Anna M. Pearce. Pearce lived with Anna for several years, but there was no marriage ceremony between them. He afterward married Jennie, or "wife No. 2," as the court calls her. Less than a year after the marriage he deserted "wife No. 2" and went to Ohio, where "wife No. 1" began a suit for divorce, alleging that there was a civil marriage between them, though no ceremony was performed. The Ohio court granted the decree, thus establishing the fact as far as the Ohio courts were concerned that "wife No. 2" was not a wife at all. "Wife No. 2" then began a suit for divorce in Kentucky, and the courts of that State have decided that Pearce was never married to "wife No. 1," and "wife No. 2" obtained a divorce and an allowance for her support.

The Incorporated Law Society of England held its annual meeting a few weeks ago. It is an organization larger and more powerful than any body of lawyers in this country. It consists of over 6,500 members, of whom 3,100 practise law in the cities and 3,400 in the country. The society has a recognized legal supervision over solicitors. A committee of the society examined in the last two years 300 complaints against solicitors, and in thirty cases solicitors were punished. Nineteen solicitors were, on recommendation of the committee, stricken from the rolls by the courts. The members pay from $5 to $10 a year, and a large sum—over $40,000—is received from clerks and students. The society is representative of the whole legal profession and it is able to lay down rules which guide practitioners in many difficulties. The moral influence as well as power of the society does much to raise the tone of the legal profession in England. Bar associations of the cities and States in this country might do much good if they would by influencing the sentiment of the lawyers, but many of the organizations are merely debating clubs, with little real power to lead or control the members of the local bar.

An Indiana juror in an important criminal case was carefully questioned and cross-questioned as to his qualifications, and was accepted by both sides. While the trial was in progress the juror entered the courtroom late one morning, and stumbled as he entered the jury-box. He was confused, and explained to the judge that his eyesight was defective, and he could not see the steps. The trial proceeded, and the defendant was convicted. It afterward appeared that the juror was so nearly blind that he was unable to distinguish the face of one witness from that of another; that he did not see the face of the defendant; that he did not see the expressions of the witnesses' faces, nor their demeanor on the stand. He could not see various implements which were introduced in evidence. The Supreme Court has decided that a new trial must be had. Verdicts, it is said, have frequently been allowed to stand because the jurors who were able to observe the demeanor of the witnesses were considered the best judges of the facts. If the jurors could not see the witnesses, they might not be able to judge properly of the truth of their statements.

HEARD AMONG CLUBMEN.

WHAT MEMBERS OF WELL-KNOWN ORGANIZATIONS ARE DOING.

Jay Gould and Russell Sage are somewhat exceptional among the noted millionaires of this town in having few or no club affiliations. So far as it known Mr. Gould belongs to only one club, the American Yacht Club. Mr. Sage has kept out of clubs altogether. The millionaires of Gotham, as a rule, are emphatically clubmen. Here are the names of a few of the conspicuous clubmen of wealth, who are known from one end of the country to the other, with their respective club affiliations: Cornelius Vanderbilt, Union, Knickerbocker, St. Nicholas, Union League, Century and Country clubs; William K. Vanderbilt, St. Nicholas, Union, Racquet and Country clubs; Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Union, Knickerbocker and Racquet clubs; George W. Vanderbilt, New-York Athletic and Century clubs; John Jacob Astor, Union, Knickerbocker, Racquet and Country; William C. Whitney, Union, University, Knickerbocker, Manhattan, Lawyers', and Country; August Belmont, Union, Knickerbocker, Manhattan, New-York Athletic, Lawyers' and Country; Perry Belmont, Union, Knickerbocker, University, Racquet, Country and Lawyers'; William Waldorf Astor, Union, Racquet, Century, Country and Lawyers'; Theodore Havemeyer, Manhattan; Chauncey M. Depew, University, Union League, Racquet, St. Nicholas, Lawyers', Lotos, Century, Country, Republican and Manhattan Athletic; Austin Corbin, Century and Lawyers'.

Chauncey M. Depew leads the list with eleven clubs to his credit. He is also an honorary or non-resident member of perhaps a dozen clubs in other cities, and hence cuts quite as much of a figure in the club world as he does in the railroad, political, oratorical and social worlds. Of the Vanderbilts, George W. apparently has the least inclination toward club life, but he is still very young. Frederick W. being the only member of the family who has received a university education, is its single representative in the University Club. William Waldorf Astor, having a literary turn of mind, has naturally gravitated into the Century, and young John Jacob Astor betrays his social inclinations in his membership in the Union, Knickerbocker, Racquet and Country clubs.

The governors of the new Insurance Club announce that the opening of their club-house, at No. 52 Cedar-st., will probably take place to-morrow, or, in the event of unexpected delays, on Wednesday next at the latest. In its remodelled shape the building is scarcely recognizable as a former warehouse. The club has two years lease of the building with the privilege of renewal, but its officers are confident that the organization will be in a position to secure a building of its own at the expiration of the present lease. No formal exercises will mark the opening, but a general invitation will be sent to all the insurance offices and it is likely that there will be a big crush.

James A. Hearn, who is an enthusiastic member of the Manhattan Athletic Club, has recently lent a score or more of valuable paintings to the club, and the collection now adorns the walls of the club reading-room. Mr. Hearn has promised to replenish the collection from time to time with new pictures, and will also, it is said, lend to the club a case of bric-a-brac and curios valued at something like $25,000.

The various prizes and trophies captured by the M. A. C. athletes in England and France are now on exhibition in the clubhouse. They number fifty-five. As a rule, trophies and prizes won by individual athletic-club men become their personal property, but as the men who made up the M. A. C.'s European team were sent abroad by the club, it is not unlikely that the results of their skill will be given by them to the club.

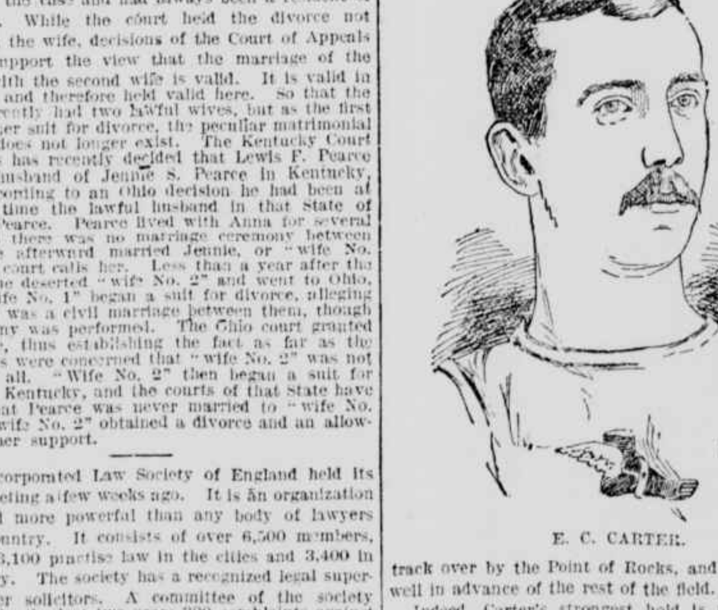
The handsome club-book of the Lawyers' Club is just out. The club now has 869 resident members and 134 non-resident members, thus having crossed the 1,000 line and secured a place in the list of the eight or ten New-York clubs which can boast of 1,000 or more members. The club has been in existence about four years and a half, and despite the fact that it has 1,000 members, has lost only twenty-nine members by death. The necrological lists of the other clubs in town show a similarly small percentage of deaths, and it appears that clubmen are a particularly healthy lot.

The gentlemen who are talking about organizing a club for Englishmen in this city will have a meeting to-morrow night when a report on the possibility, or advisability, of joining forces with the existing club of Englishmen, known as the St. George Hall and Association, will be presented. The secretary of the association, Dr. E. V. Brandon, will give an idea of the prevailing sentiment among his associates. A rather unexpected result of the agitation about the new club has crept out in the shape of dozens of letters which have been received by the promoters of this scheme whose names have been published in the newspapers. These letters come from impecunious Englishmen who are anxious to get under somebody's wing, and the number of them has suggested the possibility of establishing a bureau for the relief of Englishmen temporarily stranded in New-York.

A CHAMPION DISTANCE RUNNER.

E. C. CARTER WHO HAS NEVER BEEN BEATEN IN A CROSS-COUNTRY RACE.

The photograph from which was made the accompanying cut of E. C. Carter, the ex-champion distance runner of the world, was taken in Dublin just after the race between Carter and Conneff at the Ballsbridge grounds for the championship of the world at four miles. This was in the spring of 1888, and Carter, weighed down with the duties of salaried handicapper to the Amateur Athletic Union, is hardly the cheerful boy he appeared then. The race with "Tommy" Conneff was a disastrous one to Carter, the Irish lad winning, though he had to make the good time, over the turf course, of 19 minutes 44 2-5 seconds to do it. But in the spring of the following year, when Conneff came over to represent the Manhattan Athletic Club in the distance races, Carter had his revenge. The men met the second time at the National Cross Country Association's championship race at Fleetwood, and Carter, running well within himself to the finish, with the advantages of being acclimated, of having some knowledge of the country, and being a settled cross-country runner, brought Conneff to a standstill in the last mile of "run in," which was once around the Fleetwood mile. Poor Conneff fainted and fell on the



E. C. CARTER.

track over by the Point of Rocks, and Carter finished well in advance of the rest of the field.

Indeed, Carter's strongest hold is across country. This young Englishman is at home in this line, going well up hill and down, over all sorts of footing, and "fencing" like a bird. If Carter had never run on the flat and did not hold, as he does, the records for from four and a half miles to eight and a half miles of all the world his cross-country triumphs would mark him a phenomenal distance runner. Carter was born in Bristol, England. He is twenty-eight years old, and is of what might be called slender built, but he has legs of iron and lungs of some kind of indestructible composition. He has a five-mile record of 25 minutes 23 2-5 seconds and he once ran three miles in 14 minutes 50 seconds on turf, the cinder path record for the latter distance being only 14 minutes 39 seconds, by W. Day.

In 1886 and 1887 he won the one-mile and five-mile championships of America, and the two-mile championship of Canada, winning the four-mile and the ten-mile championships of England in 1887, making three countries he was the distance-running champion of in 1887. He won the cross-country championship of the Southern Counties of England in 1885, and the cross-country championship of America in 1885, 1886, 1887 and 1888, and as likely as not would be winning distance-running championship medals now if it were not for a rule of the Amateur Athletic Union which applies to his case, although it was probably not originally intended to have such scope. This rule, or definition, was made to prevent athletic clubs from indirectly paying champions to represent them by hiring star athletes to do clerical work, with nominal duties, but first-class salaries. As Carter gets a salary of $1,500 a year as official handicapper to the Amateur Athletic Union—an employe of all the clubs, not of any one organization—and his duties are sufficiently engrossing to keep him from training too assiduously, it is likely the law will be so interpreted as to allow him to compete again.

Carter was the man to introduce team cross-country racing here, and he was captain of the Suburban Harriers, which won the championship in 1887 and 1888. He was never beaten in a cross-country race.

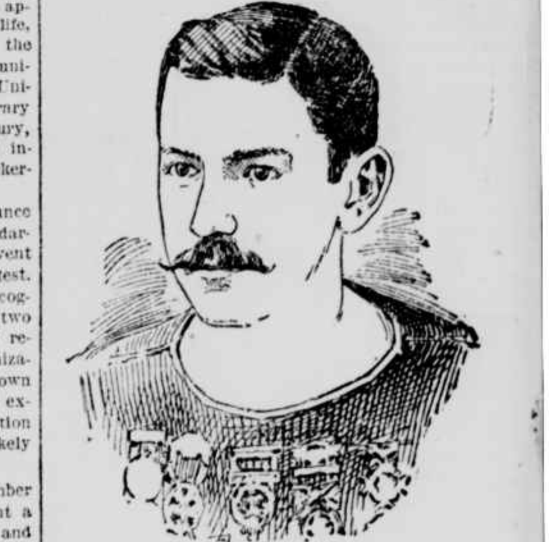
HE HAS OVER TWO HUNDRED MEDALS.

THE ATHLETIC RECORD OF GEORGE D. PHILLIPS.

George D. Phillips, a popular and energetic official of the New-York Athletic Club is entitled to much of the credit for the Mercury Fort organization's fine aquatic department. For years Phillips pushed boating for the New-Yorks, almost living at the boat-house float that used to be chained in the Harlem half-way between the old McComb's Dam Bridge and the Madison Avenue Bridge. Many a time has he spent days and nights of hard work to insure the success of a regatta which otherwise would have fallen flat.

Mr. Phillips is thirty-five years old. He stands five feet five inches in his costume, and weighs, in condition, about 125 pounds.

A column of The Tribune would be necessary to detail the prizes that ornament his home. They number over 200. He won them in various kinds of athletic competitions—running, walking, rowing and skating. The first time Phillips appeared as an athlete was away back in 1867, when he won the first speed-skating contest held in New-York from a field of thirty-two starters. All the speed-skating contests and the championships in this line fell to him from 1867 to 1885, when he decided to retire. In order to celebrate his twentieth anniversary of athletics, however, Phillips went into the 220-yard skating championship race



GEORGE D. PHILLIPS.

of 1889, and won. Besides holding at one time some forty speed records of the world at skating, some of which still stand, he developed his powers as a figure skater, and became the champion of America at this branch.

Phillips's career as a walker began in 1875 and continued till 1879, his best mile being covered in 7 minutes 3 seconds. He still holds the world's record for walking one-sixth of a mile. From 1879 to 1883 he went in for distance running, and won several ten-mile and one-hour runs. In the cross-country run for the championship of 1883 he finished third, beating both Myers and Ford.

Rowing has yielded Mr. Phillips more prizes than any of the other branches. Beginning as an oarsman in 1874, he holds prizes with the date of nearly every year following. In the year 1885 he was in the winning boat in four races in one day in the Harlem regatta; the races were the pair-oared gig, the pair-oared shell, the four-oared shell and the eight-oared shell. With M. T. Hard he won, from 1883 to 1887, eleven pair-oared races in and about New-York, defeating thirty-two crews. The pair-oared gig records made by Phillips and Hard on the Harlem in 1884 and at Newark in 1885 still stand.

Phillips has always been active in the management of the New-York Athletic Club, being a first-lieutenant for five years and on the Board of Governors four terms. He is a delegate to the Middle States Regatta Association and to the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and is the president of the Harlem Regatta Association.

WONDERING WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT.

"Strange isn't it," he said, leaning sadly against a water butt at Nassau and Fulton sts., and fanning his stubby beard with a Panama hat, "how some days are lucky days, and other days you hit a streak of miseries from breakfast clean up to bed time."

"'Tis strange," answered the policeman on the corner sympathetically.

"This is one of my bad days," continued the other mournfully. "Things has happened agin me ever since I got up."

"Nothin' bad I hope," said the policeman.

"Well, she started in when I shaved before breakfast. I joggled the razor and when I started downtown my left ear looked like a sliced tomato. That made me late, and on the platform at the Elevated Railroad station a tall thin fellow behind me stepped on my umbrella and broke the bottom off."

"What did you do?"

"Nothin'. When I went out to lunch this noon the man on the next stool switched around and spilled half a pint of milk and two crackers down my right sleeve, I feel like I was a milk toast now, and I hadn't been back at the office twenty minutes before ——"

What the next mishap was will never be known, because a new and unexpected one had arrived. The watering-cart which on rare occasions pushes through Nassau-st. and takes in that narrow-gauge thoroughfare entire with its broad-gauge sweep, had suddenly appeared on the scene, and taking in the unfortunate at the water butt with a stream of limpid Croton, passed placidly on, almost before he realized the situation. Then he gazed speechlessly at his dripping legs, and looked up at the policeman with a sickly smile.

"What did I tell you," he said, "here's another. Better go home, hadn't you!"

"Reckon I will," gasped the dripping unfortunate, picking up his bottomless umbrella and hurriedly crossing the street.

"Tain't the shavin' I care about," he called back from the other curb, "nor the milk, nor even being squirted on, but it's what the merry Moses is goin' to happen next."

REBUKING THE YOUNG MAN.

From The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

It was early in the forenoon, and the car was on its way downtown. It goes without saying, therefore, that most of its occupants were business men, en route to their offices.

But on this particular morning there was a pleasing innovation in the form of a pretty girl, faultlessly attired from the top of her bonnet to the tips of her dainty shoes. She had jumped on the car in a great hurry, apparently, and was busily engaged in pulling on a pair of long suede gloves, which she then proceeded to button with that indispensable adjunct to a woman's toilet, a hairpin. This article proved refractory after a moment (don't we all know that they are possessed by a demon?), and flew from her fingers. It landed at the feet of the young man beside her; he picked it up, and, instead of returning it to her, gently took her wrist in his left hand and calmly continued the buttoning process. Every man in the car had been watching the pretty girl, some openly, others furtively from behind their newspapers. Now all the papers dropped, every one looked aghast and gazed at the pretty girl to see what she would do. She did nothing. Not a muscle moved, and she showed no consciousness of what was going on. The young man, with a conscious look of triumph, finished his pleasant task, and the girl, with a preoccupied air and not a glance in his direction, opened her pocketbook, took out a nickel and placed it in his hand! His expression changed with lightning rapidity, the color came into his face, and he quickly murmured what was evidently an apology. She listened with a willfully misleading air, and handed him another nickel. By this time his face had become scarlet, and he began another low-toned, but earnest protestation. The calm, cool and collected young lady signalled the conductor, and as she rose to depart said, in a clear, distinct tone, audible to every one in the car: "No, I cannot. I never give more than a dime for having my gloves buttoned or my boots blacked!"

A DUCK-HUNTING STORY.

From Forest and Stream.

Old Captain Prout, for whom Prout's Neck, now a well-known summer resort, is named was a noted gunner in the days when water fowl were plenty in that vicinity. "Early one spring, 1800 or thereabouts," said an old settler to me, "he brought home from the West Indies a gun the like of which had never been seen by the natives. It was a muzzleloader, about a 2-gauge, and weighed some thirty pounds. Soon after its arrival there came a heavy storm, and the next morning a pond a couple of acres in extent back of the Captain's barn was covered with ducks so thick that another one could not possibly have been squeezed in. Here was an opportunity to try the new gun, and loading it with a regulation charge of one-fourth of a pound of powder and one-half pound of shot, he sallied forth. At the corner of the barn he cocked the piece and stepped out with it held in readiness. When within about forty yards, all the ducks jumped as one bird. The Captain aimed at the middle of the mass and fired."

Here my informant stopped as if expecting some encouragement, and somewhat against my will I felt constrained to ask, "How many did he get?"

"Wal," he replied, "he didn't get any, he undershot, but he picked up three bushels of ducks' legs."