Saline County Journal.

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TIME TABLE—K. P. R. R.

The following is the time-table of the arrival and departure of trains on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, at Salina.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	DEPART.
Mail No. 4	7 35 a. m.
Freight No. 6	7 35 a. m.
" 8	5 45 p. m.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Mail No. 3	7 05 p. m.
Freight No. 5	3 50 p. m.
" 7	3 00 a. m.

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Nos. 7 and 8 do not run on Sundays.

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Senator—Nathaniel Simpson.
Representative—J. H. Snead.
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County Clerk—F. H. Wildman.
County Treasurer—L. R. Fatzinger.
Sheriff—H. B. Bacon.
Register of Deeds—S. T. Crisp.
Coroner—J. K. Lull, Jr.
County Attorney—Frank Foster.
Surveyor—L. O. Wight.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—D. I. Mirick.
Clerk of the District Court—N. Patterson.
Probate Judge—R. S. Greenleaf.

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Police Judge—N. F. Carroll.
Clerk—Frank R. Wildman.
Treasurer—J. M. Bloomgren.
Marshal—L. M. Terrill.
City Attorney—John Foster.
Chief of Fire Department—Ira L. Carver.

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EPISCOPAL—Rev. Thos. H. Dooley, Rector. Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening.

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BAPTIST—Rev. A. H. Millard, Pastor. Preaching on each Sabbath morning and evening. Sabbath school 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Preaching every Saturday and evening on the second and fourth Lord's day of each month, in the Russian Lutheran church. Elder A. D. Goodwin, Pastor. Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

RUSSIAN LUTHERAN—C. Young, Pastor. Preaching on the first and third Sundays of each month, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Second and fourth Sundays, at New Cambria.

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FLOUR & FEED STORE,
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Best Flour and Chopped feed constantly on hand, at lowest price. All kinds of grain bought or sold. Orders for coal promptly filled. S. M. PALMER.

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Ladies' shoes made to order. Favorable patching done.

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$200,000 TO LOAN
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Time 3 or 5 Years.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO COLLECTIONS

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Any kind of work or repairing done in this line, or almost anything else will be done at reasonable prices.
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(Successor to Dible & Davis,) MANUFACTURER OF
Harness, Saddles, Collars, &c.
Also Bridles, Whips, &c.
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The Delmonico Restaurant is the cleanest and best restaurant in Central Kansas. I am constantly receiving fresh supplies of
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Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine
It has but very little machinery, every part of which is a model of simplicity and even right and rigid. It is a neat, durable and legally constructed machine, the lightest running machine in the world. Come and see it before buying elsewhere. Sold on easy terms.
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FRESH OYSTERS,
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OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,
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Free 'Bus to and from all Trains.
The Pacific House is a new building and contains the conveniences of a first class hotel. A spacious sample room has been added and arranged for the use of travelers. It is located nearly opposite the county buildings, where good board can be obtained at all times with or without rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed.

L. O. WIGHT, SURVEYOR. N. F. CARROLL, NOTARY PUBLIC.
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REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE
—AND—
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Office over John Geis & Co.'s Bank,
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George Krueger,
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Is prepared to execute contracts for building in good style and on reasonable terms.
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SHOP:
South of Baptist church, on Ninth street.

New Furniture Store
W. & M. D. Berg,
Dealers in all kinds of
Plain and Fancy
FURNITURE,
Mattrasses,
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Oil Cloths &
Wall Paper.
REPAIRING DONE TO ORDER.
—Also—
Practical Undertakers
A full line of good and reliable coffins always on hand.

The Twin Portraits.

A rising artist! So Gilbert Lawson was called, but only by a small circle of his especial friends. Otherwise he was entirely unknown to fame. But he was hopeful. Once he saw an eagle leave its nest, and soar up high towards the sun, while its unfeathered young fluttered, but remained behind unable to follow. He felt that it was much the same with himself—that struggles would strengthen his pinions, and he would in time be able to ascend the great ladder of fame. And so he toiled unceasingly.

For some months he had been engaged upon a portrait. He had found his model in a young girl, perhaps twelve years of age. He had first seen her in the streets, and she was a beggar, or the next thing to it—she was a street singer. When her voice first fell upon his ears it thrilled him, for it was wildly beautiful. He knew that voice trembled. He saw her hand as it was extended to receive the pitiful coin dropped into it, and he observed that this trembled also, and that it was very tiny and delicate. Then he looked upon her face.

Her eyes were of heavenly blue, but wore a sad expression and were downcast. Her golden hair fell in tangled masses over her shoulders—indeed, she was beautiful, although no one but the young and enthusiastic painter had as yet especially noticed that beauty. When he explained to her his wish, her face became radiant with pleasure, which lent it an additional charm.

The picture was completed and the artist sat gazing on it. He could scarcely decide in his own mind which he loved the best—the original or the semblance. But, dropping a curtain before the work, he arose, and walked to the window, gazing into the street. A sigh escaped him, and so absorbed were his thoughts that he did not observed the entrance of a second party until a hand was placed on his shoulder, and a voice said: "Gilbert, I have called to see you work, as I promised you."

The artist blushed and even trembled, and as he lifted the covering, remarked:

"Mr. Byrd, my fate depends upon a few words which you will speak now. I have thrown my whole soul into this picture, and I am everything or nothing. You are an old painter — speak candidly—tell me just what you think."

It was some moments before the young man raised his eyes, and then only when attracted by the long continued silence of his friend. When he did so he saw that Mr. Byrd was pale as death, had sunk into a chair and that he trembled violently. He sprang to his side with a cup of water, and when the old man had partially recovered, he asked: "What, in the name of Heaven, is the matter with you, my friend?"

"Where is your model?—who is your model?" gasped Byrd.

All was explained, and then the old man continued:

"Take your painting; come with me to my house.

Gilbert followed his old friend, and he entered a superb mansion in due time, and was then taken direct to the studio. His own picture was placed beside another, and it was the young man's turn to start in surprise, for here was two portraits exactly alike with the exception of the dress.

Mr. Byrd now said: "Be seated, I will tell you Gilbert, and a secret which has never been breathed to mortal man before. Twenty years ago I painted the likeness of my only daughter, and the picture that you see before you. She was then ten years of age; she is now thirty, and still with me."

"May not this be her child — this model of mine?"

"Listen. At the age of nineteen my daughter did as many good girl has done before her—she married, without my knowledge one who was to me an entire stranger, and nearly so to her. That husband proved to be a villian, for, in two years after, he forsook her. More than this—he took with him a daughter by the name of Gracie. The blow nearly killed the mother and even time has never healed the wound. I have made every effort to trace out the man, and recover our darling, but in vain. I gained such information, however, that I was satisfied he had died miserable in a distant town, and we have given little Gracie up as lost forever. Now you can account for my agitation when I first saw your painting, can you not?"

"I can divine your thoughts."

"What is the name of your model?"

"I only know her as Katie, the street singer."

"You know where she can be found?"

"Yes."

"Let us go for her at once."

In two hours after, the little beggar entered the splendid saloon of the Byrd mansion. She was bewildered, for she had never gazed upon so much elegance before, except as she had seen it from the streets through the closely curtained windows. Her confidence was soon restored, however, by the kind treatment she received, and then she was conducted to the study.

As her eyes fell upon the pictures, she stood motionless for a time, and then said: "Why, you have painted two pictures of me, instead of one, Mr. Gilbert."

"Yes—would you not like a copy?"

"Oh, so much!" she answered, her eyes becoming brilliant in anticipation.

"You shall have one of them. Which do you prefer?"

"This. I feel as if I could love it!"—and the young creature knelt before the mother, while tears filled her eyes.

This was too much for the grandfather. He sank into a seat, and covered his face with his fingers.

"What is your name?" asked Gilbert.

"Katie Courtney. I thought you knew that before."

"Courtney was his name," groaned the old man.

"Do you remember your parents?" again asked Gilbert.

"Only my father. He was not very kind to me, and died in Plymouth several years ago."

"And you have been singing for your bread ever since?"

"I have."

"Well, if you are to have the picture, I want you to sing me a song now. You will do so, will you not?"

"Oh, yes, willingly."

She began one of her wild strains, and the dwelling was filled with melody.

This had not long continued before the door of the study was opened, and a lady entered the room. She was pale, and staggered as if suffering from great weakness. She clutched the back of a chair for support and then asked, in a faint voice: "Who is this singer?"

To have answered in words would have been useless, however, for her eyes had fallen upon the face of the child; and with a dull shriek, the mother fell fainting upon the floor.

In an instant, Katie, or Gracie, as was her real name, was by her side. As she gazed upon the marble face, she exclaimed: "Oh, this is the other picture!"

"Can you imagine who it is?"

"Not my mother! Oh, tell me, is it my mother?"

"It is."

Joy never kills. The orphan child at this moment gave vent to her feelings in sobs, caresses, and words of endearment; and fully conscious of her great happiness.

Those twin portraits had been the means of uniting those loved ones, who had been so long and cruelly separated.

A Galaxy of Foreign Beauties

So prominent a part has been taken by the diplomatic corps this winter in social life, in contributing to the pleasure of the season, by giving six soirees and many dinner parties, that sketches of some of the ladies and gentlemen who belongs to the corps may be acceptable to a majority of your readers. It was the subject of comment in a former letter that the diplomatic corps had given more entertainments during the past season than usual. This is doubtless owing to the fact that there are so many ladies in the diplomatic family now who speak our language and are so able to enter with pleasure into our social life. Only six of the ministers are unmarried and some two or three have not yet brought their families here. The German Minister, Mr. Kurd Von Schlozer; the Turkish Minister, Aristarchi Bey; the French Minister, Mr. A. Bartholdi; the Minister from Venezuela, Senor Don Juan B. Dalla Costa, Mr. M. Delfosse, the Minister from Belgium; and Baron Albert Blanc, the Italia Minister, are unmarried. All these gentlemen mingle much in society; several of them are fond of dancing, and always attend the germans. The Charge d' Affairs of the legation from the Argentine Republic, Senor Don G. Videla Dorna, and Mr. A. Grip, Charge d' Affairs of Sweden and Norway, are likewise unmarried. Among the wives of the Ministers are several American ladies: Mme. Mariscal, Mme. Dardon, and Mme. Hegermann-Lindencrone.

The lady who takes precedence of all the others in the diplomatic corps on all state occasions is Lady Thornton, whose husband, the Right Honorable Sir Edward Thornton, K. C. B., is the Minister from Great Britain, and having represented his country at Washington longer than any other minister plenipotentiary now stationed here, is styled the dean of the corps, and is entitled to precedence of all other diplomats on all state occasions. Lady Thornton is quite tall, has a slender, erect form, and is a blonde of the purest type. She has made many warm friends during her eight years residence here. She is possessed of rare dignity, which attracts rather than repels, because it is accompanied by a gentle courtesy. She has suffered much from ill-health since she has lived in this city, and on that account has not been able to mingle in general society as freely as some of our foreign ladies. She is very kindly disposed toward our countrymen and women, and makes herself most agreeable to all with whom she is brought in contact.

Mme. Mariscal ranks next to Lady Thornton, now that Mme. Garvin is absent, since her husband, the Minister from Mexico, ranks next in point of length of residence here to the British Minister. Mme. Mariscal, as above mentioned, is an American. She was a resident of this city when she married Senor Don Ignacio Mariscal, who was at that time the Secretary of the Mexican Legation. She is strikingly handsome, a tall, graceful blonde, and is attractive in manner and conversation.

Mme. Borges, the wife of the Brazilian Minister, is deservedly a great favorite in society. She has beauty of a most winning type, as her amiable expression attracts before one has time to observe the brightness of her dark eyes, the clearness of her brunette complexion, and the silky luster of her dark, waving hair. She speaks our language remarkably well.

Senora Dardon is the wife of the Minister from Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras. She was a resident of Cleveland, Ohio, and is a native of our country. She is a most pleasing lady, has an engaging expression of countenance, and a modest, unassuming manner. She is both handsome and agreeable. She has a fair complexion, and very dark, clear eyes and dark hair.

Mme. Preston, the wife of the Minister from Hayti, is of English and French descent, and prior to her marriage resided at Kingston, of which place she is a native. She has the warm coloring of the Southern clime, a fresh, rosy tinge, showing through her clear, fair skin; her eyes and hair are dark. She is a warmhearted, motherly woman, who devotes much of the time to the care and training of her large family of little ones.

The wife of the Spanish Minister, Senora Mantilla, is an Andalusian, who gives proof in her own person that the world-wide reputation her race enjoy for remarkable beauty is well grounded. She has the wonderfully clear brunette complexion which seems, from the transparency of the skin, to rival the whiteness of the blonde type. Her eyes are dark, lustrous, liquid orbs, which are so expressive that, although Mme. Mantilla speaks but little English, she can always make herself understood, even by those who do not comprehend her native tongue, or French. She is much pleased with her residence in Washington, and is deservedly a favorite with our people.

She and her husband are peculiarly situated with regard to the Cuban question, since both have resided on the beautiful island many years, and have not only relatives but intimate friends there. Senor Mantilla was at one time Governor of Havana.

Baroness de Sant Anna, the wife of the Minister from Portugal, is a Belgium by birth. She is a very cultivated lady, has most winning manners, and converses readily in our language. She is a handsome brunette.

Mrs. Yoshida Tei is the dainty little wife of the Minister from Japan. She would be regarded as a heroine in society, since she has dared what few of her sex would attempt. Fancy one of our women going to a foreign land, discarding every article of her toilet to which she had been accustomed all her life, assuming the strange garb worn by the women of the country and going through a tedious round of social duties, unable to converse with any one. Let no sneerer of the other sex proclaim aloud that the last would be the overpowering grievance. It would not assuredly. A bright young lady, a resident of New York, once observed, with more truth than most of us have the candor to acknowledge, that "it forced to walk the length of a ball-room, knowing that a number of women who hated her were looking at her back, a woman would find more consolation in the consciousness of wearing the latest Parisian toilet than in all the comforts religion could afford." Now fancy one of our women deprived of that consolation when in the presence of others of her sex whom circumstances would render disposed to criticise her, and it will be admitted that being struck dumb from ignorance of the language of those about her is as nothing in comparison. Mrs. Yoshida has adopted the style of dress usual here, and wears her unaccustomed garments as gracefully as if she had always worn them. She dresses in rich materials, but the fabrics are made up with simplicity in cut and garniture that suits her petite figure.

The Countess Hoyos, the wife of the Minister from Austria, is a countess by birth as well as by marriage. She is very youthful in appearance and extremely pretty. She is a blonde, has a fine figure and graceful bearing. Her remarkably sweet expression would win one without the regularity of fatigue and delicacy of coloring which characterize her face. She is extemely intelligent, and has been highly educated. Her talent for languages is very remarkable, for I'm told she speaks French as well as she does English, and her English is the most choice I have heard from any in society this winter. It is universally remarked, "What beautiful English the Countess Hoyos speaks." And yet I am told she had never lived where our language was spoken generally, until she came here in October; and her French has been acquired without ever residing in France. She had been married but a short time when she came hither.

Mme. Barbe Chichkine is the wife of the Russian Minister, and was born Princesse Schahovskoy. She speaks English fluently, but does not seem to care to much in society. She and her husband have given some very elegant dinner parties during the season.

Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone has for many years enjoyed an enviable popularity as a beautiful woman possessed of many accomplishments, chief among which is her wonderful voice to whose cultivation she has devoted so much time. She was a great favorite as Mrs. Moulton wherever known. She married Mr. J. H. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, the Minister from Denmark, in the autumn, and since her residence here has strengthened the favorable impression she had made during her visits here in the past.

These sketches have included the wives of the ministers only, but there are other ladies in the diplomatic family whose presence is warmly welcomed in society, and who enhance the pleasure of any entertainment they may attend. —*Miss Grundy in the Washington Capital.*

A patient lot of men—the Job printers.

What workman must always have his glass before he can do a day's work? A glazier.

What does a young fellow look like when gallanting his sweetheart through a shower? A rainbeau.

Why is a mad bull an animal of a convivial disposition? Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

Pendleton gave Belknap's bride away, and ever since that time somebody has been given away.

Senator Matt. Carpenter says that this government must be run more economically, and so he has given up wearing suspenders.

You cannot expect a man to stand corrected when he has been knocked down for making an erroneous statement.

Ups and Downs in a Wall Street Operator's Business.

New York, March 18.—So, good old Uncle Daniel has gone up at last. The disaster took the form of Northwest. He never got over the squeeze. Many a time and oft had the old man given "pints" to the boys and scooped in their ducats with a smiling face, but the tables were turned with a vengeance. It cost him something over a round million to get out of that Northwest corner, and he has been a different man ever since.

First a bare-legged farm boy in Putnam county, then a drover, next a cattle speculator, then working into steamboats and railroads, and at last rising to the eminency of monarch among stock gamblers, Drew pressed steadily on by sheer shrewdness and cunning and made enough money, had he been able to keep it all, to be as rich a man to-day as Vanderbilt or Stewart. His plan from the first was to sell short and rake in big profits when the periodical Wall street panics came along. This served him well till Gould and the late Horace F. Clark caught him in the Northwest whirlwind and took $1,225,000 from him at one sweep. He had been selling Northwest short at 70 to 80, and Gould and Clark arranged to buy up all that Drew sold and as much more as they could get. When their trap was ready to spring, they notified Drew to deliver the stock. This was impossible, for it was all locked up in the safes of Gould's brokers. The upshot was that Drew settled with Gould at a loss of a million and a quarter. But he was not often caught that way. Vanderbilt once tried to nip him, and got badly bitten for his pains. Drew was President of the Erie Railroad at the time. He owned a few millions of Erie bonds, which were secretly converted into stock. The stock was selling at par, and Drew was known to be a heavy seller on the short side. Vanderbilt began to buy, with a view of catching Drew in a corner. He bought, and got his friends to buy, till he thought he controlled all the stock in the market. Then he called upon Drew to deliver. The old man was wide awake and ready. He not only delivered all the stock that Vanderbilt claimed, but he threw a lot more on the market, and broke the price down to forty. Vanderbilt was furious, and set the law upon Drew, who ran away and entrenched himself in New Jersey; but the two afterward became very good friends. Vanderbilt never sold short. When asked for advice about stock his reply always was, "Don't you ever go and sell what you haven't got."

Hundreds of stories have been told about Uncle Daniel's way of doing business. Here is one I heard in Wall street some time ago that will do as a specimen. Once while sitting in his office Drew was approached by a clerical looking personage, who introduced himself as a Methodist minister from a town up the Hudson. Uncle Daniel wanted to know what he could do for him.

"Well, I thought, Mr. Drew," said the parson, "that you might put me in the way of making a little money."

"Thinkin' of buyin' some shares, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I've got something saved up, and if you'll be good enough to tell me what is best to do to increase it you'll oblige me very much."

"Well, now, its kind a rocky, ye know, but p'raps if ye tried a little Erie"—

"Thank you Mr. Drew, thank you. New, will you be kind enough to tell me a good place to buy? You see, I am not acquainted down here at all."

Drew sent him to one of his men here, who had orders to sell Erie right along, and when the parson was buying the good old man said to him: "Now, don't ye go an' tell any of the folks up there that I've been givin' ye any picks, for I don't want 'em to be comin' down here an' sperkilatin'."

The parson ordered some Erie, put up the margin, and went home, and in less than a week every one of his neighbors who had command a thousand dollars had come to New York and bought Erie in the same place. But they were all surprised to find stock falling instead of rising, and when more margin was called for the dominie came down in hot haste to see Mr. Drew and find out what was the matter.

"Mr. Drew, my dear sir, how is this? You told me Erie was a good thing to buy."

"Well, said Uncle Daniel, with his Egyptian mummy smile, "it has turned out pooty bad, that's a fact. But of course I don't want ye to lose any money. Let's see; how much are ye out?"

The dominie named his loss, and Drew told a clerk to fill a check for the amount. It was handed to the visitor, who became quite profuse in his thanks, and when he was leaving the office, Uncle Daniel stopped him for a minute, and said:

"Seems to me I told ye not to say anything about that pint on Ery to the folks up your way. Lots of em's been down yer buyin, an' I fear they haint made nothing. Sorry, but it hain my fault, for I told ye not to tell em." They had been buying the stock that Drew was selling, and the check to the dominie was only a small part of what he had made out of the dominie's friends.

In the day of his prosperity, Uncle Daniel made a bid for pious reputation by endowing two theological seminaries. To one named after him in Madison, New Jersey, he gave $250,000, and to the Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn., he gave $100,000. But the greater part of the gifts were merely on paper, and there isn't much likelihood now of the institutions getting the money itself. The bequests are not secured, and the regular creditors are pretty sure to object to their payment while other claims remain unsatisfied. Drew's total liabilities, including the endowments, are something over a million, and his nominal assets reach $750,000, but it is doubtful if they would realize half that amount. His personal property, such as wearing apparel, jewelry, Bible, hymn-books, etc., foots up $550, which isn't what might be called extravagant for a millionaire. But although good old Uncle Daniel voluntarily hands over everything to his creditors, he is not to be without a home during the few years he has to live. The house at the corner of Broadway and Seventeenth street, where he has lived as long as I remember, still remains to shelter him. With that clever for which so many man who become bankrupts are distinguished, he transferred this valuable property to his wife, through his brother, over a year ago. The conveyance was not put on record till Saturday last, the same day that his bankruptcy leaked out, but no doubt the transaction is all fair and square in a legal sense.

There is food for reflection in the fact that almost every man who has risen to eminence as a speculator in Wall street during the past twenty years has fallen much more rapidly than he rose. Vanderbilt is the only exception that I can think of just now, but Vanderbilt never was a speculator in the strict Wall street sense. His policy all along to buy only those stocks which he knew to be valuable, and never to buy on a margin. When he brought stocks he paid for them in full, and then locked them up in his safe. But the general rule is to sell short or go long on a margin, and many a man has it brought to grief. Among the monarchs of the market who preceded Drew, or were his contemporaries, one of the first was Henry Keep, who made a large fortune in a short time, lost the greater part of it in less, and then withdrew from Wall street, to die in comparative obscurity a few years later. Woodward, a Brooklyn Sunday school superintendent, next figured conspicuously, and got jammed to jelly, so to speak, in the great Rock Island corner several years ago. That was the last of him. Jim Fisk's career is too well known to need any particular mention here. He was supposed to be worth millions, but when death snatched him through the pistol of Stokes they quickly melted away to thousands. Stockwell, the head of the Pacific Mail clique, who almost ruled the streets a few years ago, lost nearly all he had made and has disappeared altogether. Legrand Lockwood went down as suddenly, and is now almost forgotten. A broker named Dinsmore made a sensation for a short time as leader of the Atlantic Mail speculation, but he too got swamped, and every dollar he had made was swept away. Jay Gould is the successor of these and several others. Luck has stood by him thus far, but it will be strange if he too is not brought down in the long run. Fate seems to have ordained that every man who takes the leadership in Wall street shall ultimately comes to grief.—*From the Buffalo Courier.*

The Excavations at Olympia.

The works began in October last, Dr. Hirschfeld representing the German, and Dr. Athanatius Demetriades the Greek Government. The first trench was continued in a straight line with the desultory diggings carried on by the French in 1829, when some fragments of cornices and slabs of a ceiling indicated the vicinity of the site of the Temple of Jupiter. The soil here excavated by the Germans gave evidence of formation during the third or fourth century of our era. The two trenches were dug—one to carry off the rain waters and the other to reconnoiter, so to say, the ground. In the latter have blocks of stone were met with, and the base of a Doric column. Toward the end of November, Dr. Demetriades, writing to an Athenian periodical, announced the active prosecution of the excavations, with 120 men, at a depth of over four French meters, this bed of earth being the alluvial soil deposited over the site of ancient Alis, to the course of the last ten or fifteen centuries, by the yearly overflow of the Alpheus, and presenting no traces of human habitation.

At the bottom, however, of the trench thus dug out, a shattered inscription of the Achean confederation, and, near it, as your correspondent mentioned last week, a silver coin of Pyrrhus was found, also a succession of foundations of several buildings, evidently of a recent period, as was proved by the presence in their construction of marble blocks taken from the more ancient edifices. Shortly after, a Doric capital, with its abacus in excellent preservation, came to light, and was considered as belonging to one of the columns supporting the eastern pediment of the temple. This supposition was borne out by the further discovery of fragments of the marble tiles described by Pausanias as composing the roof of the temple. A considerable number of fragments of terra-cotta water conduits and ornaments, some bearing traces of later period, were found; also spear-heads and fragments of bronze objects, some of them gilt, the most important being a small lion resting on two serpents—possibly the handle of some large vessel—and a bronze in excellent condition, and almost identical in form with those used to this day fastening lore worn round the neck.

A short pause now ensued, owing to the great rainfall; but the works were soon resumed, and the expectations of the commission began at last to be realized, and their zeal rewarded. The trunk of a statue, presenting every appearance of a work of the highest art, was unearthed. The head, arms and legs are missing; but the drapery, which is of the most exquisite workmanship, and other marks of this torso, bear evidence sufficient to warrant the supposition that it is statue of Jupiter — one of the group of figures adorning the pediment of the temple. The lifeless head of a terra-cotta statue—important inasmuch as it offers conclusive proof of the use by the ancient Greeks of this material for large statutes—was the last acquisition reported by letter from Olympia. On the last day of the old year, however, a telegram was received by the King from Dr. Demetriades, announcing a discovery which has filled Athens with joy. The statue of Nike (Victory)—also one of the group on the pediment—has been found, embedded in the soft alluvial soil, in an almost perfect condition—as if it had only yesterday been taken down from its exalted pedestal. It is said to be a figure of unmatched beauty and grandeur; and what gives it a still higher value is the fact that the name of Praxiteles himself (?) is engraved on it. This much is as yet known; but details are eagerly anticipated.—*Cor. London Athenæum.*