THE JOURNAL.

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No. 16—Freight ..... 9:00 P. M

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*No. 32—Accommodation, arrive ..... 8:50 P. M.

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Saline County Journal.

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REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Saline County will meet in delegate convention at the court house in Salina on Saturday, October 1st, 1881, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of placing in nomination Republican candidates for the the following offices, viz:

Sheriff.
Coroner.
County Clerk.
County Treasurer.
Register of Deeds.
County Surveyor.
County Commissioner, 1st District.

Said convention will also elect a county central committee for the ensuing year. Representation has been fixed as follows:

PRECINCTS.	DELEGATES.
Cambria	3
Dayton, No. 9	1
Dayton, No. 15	1
Eureka	3
Falun	5
Glendale	2
Gypsum	2
Liberty	3
North Elm	1
North Greeley	1
Ohio	3
Pleasant Valley	3
South Greeley	3
Smolan	5
Summit	1
Smoky Hill	4
Smoky View	8
South Elm	2
Solomon	3
Spring Creek	7
Salina, 1st Ward	3
Salina, 2nd Ward	4
Salina, 3rd Ward	5
Salina, 4th Ward	2
Walnut	3
Washington	3

The primary elections will be held at the usual places of voting, on Thursday, Sept. 22, 1881, from half past 4 P. M., to half past 6 P. M., except the city of Salina, where they shall be held from 3 o'clock P. M., to 6 P. M. None but Republicans shall be permitted to vote at the primaries.

By order of the County Central Committee.

D. R. WAGSTAFF, Secretary.
A. A. DOWNER, Chairman.

LEAVES FROM NEW MEXICAN TRAVEL.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., Aug. 29, 1881.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I have intended, ere this, to write about New Mexico's great desperado, Billy the Kid, who has now attained a national reputation. This person is only 22 years of age and is a leader of a gang of the worst outlaws in the Southwest, and, what is remarkable, in most every exploit for four or five years he has been successful. He has made a record which the oldest criminal in the country can scarce equal, not alone for the number of his offences against the law but for the heniousness of the crimes he has committed. He is reported to have killed twenty men, and about one-fourth that number has been killed since I came to the Territory. The Kid was captured last spring, tried and sentenced to be hung May 13. Just a few days before the day arrived, both legs being shackled, one hand bound and the other free, he grabbed one of the guard's revolver, shot him dead, and as the other came up shot him dead also; then taking a hammer broke off his irons, mounted a horse and escaped. And to this day he is at liberty. The whole Territory is constantly kept in excitement. He is reported every few days in some town. His reputation will soon equal that of Dick Turpin or Claude Duval.

It is said the Kid was first led to adopt the life of an outlaw by reading dime novels, and when he first turned out was a mere boy thirsting for notoriety as a desperado. He has been very successful in achieving this, and is a fit subject for a novel himself. His principal occupation is cattle and horse stealing from the big stock kings of the plains. He is one of the finest shots of the world. I have been told by parties who know him that either on foot or horseback he seldom misses his mark.

Since writing the above, about the middle of July, Billy the Kid was shot by the Sheriff of Lincoln county. The Sheriff, Pat Garrett, has, since the Kid's escape, been watching his movements. Learning he was secreting himself near Fort Sumner, the Sheriff about midnight went to Mr. Pete Maxwell (son of the Maxwell who once owned the great Maxwell grant in northern New Mexico), at whose house he thought he would meet the one he was after. He went to his bedside, asking him if the Kid was there. Maxwell replied, no. Garrett took a seat at the foot of the bed, in the dark. In a minute the Kid, in his stocking feet, with a revolver in one hand and a large knife in the other, entered the door. After entering and seeing the Sheriff, he made the inquiry of Maxwell, "Who is that sitting at the end of the bed?" The Sheriff soon recognized the man he had looked for so long, and with his revolver he soon pierced a hole through his heart. Thus ended the career of the greatest outlaw New Mexico ever had, and the Territory breathes freer.

Pat Garrett, the hero of to-day, is a tall, fine-looking man, and is very brave. Hundreds of dollars are being offered over New Mexico to reward his heroism. Las Vegas raised over $1,000 for him.

I had the satisfaction of seeing the Kid in the Santa Fe jail before his last trial. Also met Pat Garrett in Las Vegas since he shot the Kid.

A person to look at this country would wonder how people did before the railroad came for many things necessary to use and build with, but He who provides us from above, places the wherewith in every country to make man happy. Before the sawmills they mixed dirt and water, thus making the "dobies" with which they built their houses; with the ax, cut poles for joist and dressed the log down for flooring. The natives still build their houses that way. Also, to whitewash their houses, a kind of gypsum it is found. This they pulverize, and makes a very good whitewash. And if they desire paint, a certain stone is found near Las Cruces. This is prepared by being pulverized, and using oil makes a good colored paint. Near Albuquerque is a salt lake, where they go and scoop up salt in large quantities. This is put there by solar evaporation. I might mention many other things the All-wise Creator provided for those who settled here.

New Mexico was a place of kingdoms before the advent of the railroad. As it were, one family was the ruling spirit in each place. These were the Dons. They virtually controlled everything. When one would get married, they selected their better-half from one of the royalty from another kingdom. By so doing the rich are more or less related from Las Vegas to El Paso. Here at Las Vegas the Romeros held sway; at Santa Fe, the Delgados; at Bernalillo, the Peresa; at Albuquerque, the Armijos; at Los Lunas, the Lunas; at Belen, the Chaveys; at Socorro, the Amadors; at Mesilla, the Berilas; at El Paso, the Ochoes.

Administering justice here is similar to early times in Salina. Lately in El Paso a person was arrested for violating the law. During the trial the lawyers got so interested for the ones they were advocating that the effect was the drawing of two revolvers at each other, to assist in enforcing the argument. The Justice decided the case by immediately drawing two six-shooters, with one in each hand bearing on each lawyer, remarking, "Put up those guns." The advocates of the law recognizing the Justice's higher authority, returned the same to their pockets. During the fracas the prisoner made good his escape out of the room, then over the river into old Mexico. Also at Rincon, the other day, a party attached some goods to secure a debt. The friends of each would not wait for the slow process of law, and so commenced settling the dispute by shooting. One lawyer narrowly escaped being shot.

Out at Clifton, in Arizona, near the line with New Mexico, are the famous copper mines. I guess without doubt they are the richest in the world. The parties have taken out and sold about three million dollars worth of copper. Being a large mountain the mines are inexhaustible, as Col. Sellers would say, "there are millions in it." The curious feature is, that a large portion of the mountain is of such pure copper that it can not be worked. When a blast is put into it the same shoots as though it were from a cannon. I think if I owned the mine I would climb on top and cry myself to death because I could not get out the wealth it contained, but to think of millions and millions of tons of copper lying there that can not be removed! But the owner has enough left that can be worked to keep the mine producing for a life-time.

I have been very careful about writing up mining in my letters, as I do not wish to excite anybody. The mining interest in New Mexico is in her infancy, and no one can tell what the result will be, although many mines in New Mexico are now being worked with profit, and, as I have written before, I believe this Territory will surprise the world some day with her mines.

To be a successful miner you must understand the business; if you do not, you had better let it alone. And if you should find a mine, you have an elephant on your hands unless you have money to develop it. It takes a fortune to make a mine. Before the parties realized anything out of the famous copper mine mentioned above they sunk over two hundred thousand dollars in it. Around these mining excitements is a good place to make money at some kind of mercantile business or real estate. Let the miner get out the precious metals and you get your share of it after being coined.

The Indians have been very bad this month. From Socorro south in the Territory many a man, woman and child has been horribly slaughtered. Some whom I was acquainted with met their sad fate by the Red Men.

There is a great demand for girls to do housework in New Mexico. I feel confident I could secure places for five hundred girls on my route in thirty days at five dollars per week wages, and would almost guarantee that half of them would be keeping house for themselves within six months.

Lately I met Hon. Nels Peterson at Socorro, Rev. Maxwell Phillips at Santa Fe and A. E. Ruggles, the portrait painter, at Albuquerque (where he intends to resides). Also Mrs. A. M. and Miss Christie Campbell paid us a visit. To see familiar faces from old Salina is gratifying to one in this foreign country.

Respectfully, A. C. SLOAN.

LOVE ON THE HIGH SEAS.

"Now," said the captain, "we shan't see any more land for a week, and you young ladies'll have nothing to do but let some of these young fellows fall in love with you."

"Fall in love," cried Hetty, her tip-tilted nose curling with incredulity and disgust. "Who could fall in love at sea, I'd like to know."

"Who could?" asked the Captain, in innocent surprise. "Why, everybody does. Why not?"

Hetty smiled in evident unbelief, but glanced furtively across the deck toward the handsome young officer where he leans on the rail blowing rings of smoke into the deep-blue sky.

Mischievous Deb and the quick-sighted Captain detect both, and laugh unmercifully. Hetty blushes, and the first officer uncompromisingly turns his back and a deaf ear to the Captain's guffaws.

It is evening on shipboard, dinner is over, the day's work is finished, and all are assembled on deck.

The sun, which has hung all day like a copper gong upon a brass ceiling, is now mercifully disappearing. The mountains of Lower California shine in his fast-fading rays like "the golden hills of heaven," while one little hummock of an island, long and high and narrow, rises out of the sea like the grave-mound of some ocean god.

For once the water is smooth; nothing breaks its stillness but the steamer's trail, and the seagulls now and then brushing its surface. Far, far away—far as the eye can reach—is nothing but the same expanse of deep blue waters, broken only by those yellow hills, now fast vanishing into distance and night.

Overhead, only another and wider expanse, still "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," and behind a cloud the new moon just beginning to look forth upon the boisterous world below.

Prigsby, from London, explains to a gaping audience how the scenery now before them suffers from comparison with that of the Rhine. Sam Boland, of San Francisco, carelessly replies to an inquirer that he is going prospecting for gold in Gautemala, acknowledges it to be a "pretty risky business," admits the country to be full of road agents and bushwhackers, but "reckons he'll pull through." Meantime, Hetty and Deb, seeing the Captain had a story in reserve, settled themselves to hear it.

"Didn't I tell you how my first officer got married? No? Well, nobody could a been sicker'n his wife was when he courted her. I'll just tell you all about it if you like.

"Well, you see, I haven't always been captain of a first-class steamer—no, siree! I ran away to sea when I was 12 years old, and I've worked my way from the bottom of the ladder. Well, when I was 30 I was captain of a large sailing vessel that was in the South American trade.

"I sailed from the port of Callao, San Francisco being my destination. My second officer was an Englishman, but my first officer was an American, only two or three years younger than I, as good-looking a young fellow as ever I saw, tall and straight and handsome, with eyes like blue china. He was a right good fellow, too; brave and honest, but frisky as a kitten and up to all sorts of larks.

"Well, we crept up the coast, stopping at every ninth door, as our orders obliged us to do, taking in all sorts of things, all booked for San Francisco. Finally we came to San Jose de Gautemala—that lies ninety miles inland—and there we hove to and waited for a chance to go ashore.

"We'd only just hove to when I noticed that a ship at anchor, not far off, was making signals of distress, and that a boat was putting off in our direction. Of course, we were anchored far out beyond the surf, and it was comparatively easy for the boat to reach us; so it was soon alongside, and one of the men came up the ship's side and told me what was wanted.

"It appears that the ship was a coffee ship from San Francisco, and had come to San Jose for a cargo. It was only half loaded when one of their boats capsized in the surf, drowning the captain and first officer. The second officer was very low with a fever, and they had nobody to navigate the vessel; so they had to wait in port till some other ship came along and could lend 'em an officer or somebody who understood navigation.

"Well, I called up my first officer, and put him aboard the coffee ship, and in a day or two we both sailed. We were going over just the same ground—or sea, rather—and, as the two vessels were equally fast, we kept each other in sight most of the time. We'd been out ten days, and were in American waters again, when all of a sudden the ship hove to, and signaled us to stop. We ran as close to them as we could, and then we hove to, and, presently through the glass, I saw a boat being lowered, and there was a woman in it.

"I was surprised, as you can imagine, for I did not know there were any passengers in the coffee ship, though there were half a dozen in my own. In a few minutes up the side came my first officer, more than half carrying the prettiest little Spanish girl I ever saw. Oh, ladies! she was a beauty! Eyes like the stars in the flag, and the sweetest little face—kisses just sticking all over it! But wasn't she the sickest little mortal that ever set foot on deck! I tell you, she was all green and yellow, and looked half starved. I do not believe she'd kept down a quarter of a dinner for a month past.

"'Hullo, Jack!' said I, 'what's the matter?" and I gave the lady a seat on the lounge in my cabin. The poor little thing couldn't sit up straight, so I just hoisted her feet up and made her comfortable among the pillows.

"'Captain,' said he, 'I want you to marry me to this young lady.'

"'Marry you?' said I. 'What do you mean? She's too sick to be married, man! She can't stand up. If you and she wan't to be married, why don't you wait till you get ashore?'

"You see, ladies, we talked out free before her, for she couldn't understand a word of English.

"'If we wait till then,' said he, 'you and I will be going to her funeral instead of to her wedding. We've got to be married, and right away, and you have got to marry us.'

"You see again, ladies, we were very great friends outside the ship, and when we were alone we dropped all ceremony.

"What in thunder are you in such a hurry for?" said I. 'Why can't you wait till you're ashore? Where are the ladies' friends?'

"'Her stepfather's aboard my ship,' he said.

"'I thought so,' said I; 'and I won't have anything to do with it.'

"He just turned and winked me 'out of the tail of his eye,' and then I remembered, in a moment of misplaced confidence, I had told him of some little circumstances in regard to my own marriage.

"'Hem!' said he, grinning like a monkey, 'I think they're sometimes justifiable. Now, just look here, Cap; listen, and I'll tell you all about it. That little girl has no relations, nothing but a stepfather, and she's dependent on him for support. Well, the old coot's a doctor, and crazy at that; or, if he isn't, he's the meanest cuss on earth. He's taken it into his addled old head to discover a sure cure for sea sickness, and, because just the name of a ship sets poor Dolores to casting up accounts, he has been taking her on all sorts of long voyages, and trying his various decoctions on her. So I want to marry her to get her out of his way. Of course, I'm in love with her and all that,' said he, looking kind of foolish, 'but if that was all, I'd want want to wait till we got ashore. Of course, I can't make him let her alone unless she's my wife, and if he has control of her much longer she'll never see port again.'

"'Do you mean to say,' said I, staring at him in surprise, 'that he tries experiments on her—gives her things that ain't medicine?'

"'I do,' he said; 'and I mean to say that the last thing he gave her was a bottle of bed-bug poison, and it most killed her.'

"'By the Flying Dutchman!' said I, 'I should think it would. Where is the old coot now?'

"'In irons. I told him I wouldn't have any such doings aboard my ship, and he slapped my face. So I put him in irons and came off to you.'

"Well, ladies, I just went over to the sofa where the little girl was rolling her big black at us, and wondering what in thunder we were saying.

"'How old are you, my dear?' I asked, in Spanish.

"You see, I'd been married more'n two years, and I thought I'd a sorter right to be paternal.

"'Eighteen, Senor Captain,' said she, in the softest voice in the world.

"Said I: "Do you love this young man and want to marry him? You needn't if you don't, because I'll see to it that your stepfather doesn't bother you any more.'

"I didn't dare to look around at Jack for I knew he'd be looking blacker'n thunder just then. And, indeed, he took a step toward us; but I made him keep off till she should have answered for herself.

"Well, she blushed very prettily, and hesitated for a second, then answered very sweetly that if Senor Captain didn't mind the trouble, she should marry the senor first officer. That the senor first officer had been her only friend; that, although she had taken many voyages and seen many people, she had never before found any one who cared to interfere in her behalf; that she felt very grateful to the senor first officer, and had become now attached to him, and with the Senor Captain's permission would gladly become his wife.

"As she said this Jack got out of sight behind the door, put his thumb to his nose, and twirled his fingers at me in the most disrespectful manner. I had a great mind to put him in irons for mutiny—but no matter.

"Of course there was nothing to be done except marry them; she was over 18, and at sea the captain's as good as a parson, you know.

"So I called up the passengers and officers; and the ladies dressed her up in their own finery, and we had a wedding in very short order. After that the ship's surgeon prescribed an antidote for the bed-bug poison.

"The second officer went over and took command of the coffee ship in Jack's place, and sent back Dolores' trunk and clothing. At first I thought we couldn't get along without him, for Jack was so deeply in love with his little sea-sick girl I thought he'd be of no manner of use. But we had good weather most of the time, and Jack did his duty like a man.

"But it was real touching to see him go to his wife's cabin every day and bring her on deck and fix her comfortably on a bed the steward made for her under an awning. And there he'd nurse her and care for her just as if he'd been a sister of charity. You might have seen then, Miss Hetty, how a sailor can love a woman!

"Well, she soon got better and stronger. Jack and the doctor fixed her up between them, and a healthier, liveller, happier little woman never set foot in San Francisco. Jack took her right to his married sister, and there she stayed between voyages till she had a lot of children, and her husband bought her a house of her own.

"What about the coffee ship? Oh, that made a port a day before us, and the old doctor had us all arrested the moment we touched land. So we were all hauled up in court, and Jack had it out with his step father-in-law.

"I think the court was rather against us at first, but the bed-bug poison and the slap in the face did the business, and turned everything in our favor. He was afterwards declared to be a lunatic, and turned over to his brother's keeping.

"What's become of Jack? Why, he sailed with me for several years as first officer; now he's captain to the companion steamer to this. That good-looking young fellow that's been making eyes at you, Miss Hetty, is his son; and I dare say that he agrees with his father that sea-sickness makes precious little difference when a man is in love."

The moon is quite up now, flooding the sea with silver. Between us and the shining mirror interposes the head of young Jack, showing in fine, clear-cut silhouette. What wonder that Hetty has to put severe strain upon her eyes that they shall not wander in that direction?

The Captain saunters away to do the agreeable to other passengers, while Deb strays down to the deck to listen, at a little closer quarters, to the tinkle of a guitar and to a soft voice humming a Spanish love song.

And as she strolls back she finds a masculine form usurping her place, and peeping under Hetty's downcast lids are a pair of earnest sailor eyes, whose dawning love and hope no sea can fright or quell.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE.

A girl who looked scarcely eighteen summers old, slender and wonderfully fair, lay back against the cushioned softness of a big Turkish chair. A companion, a dark haired, dark faced man, sat at her side. His hand was near hers—so near he had but to lift it and lay it upon the little pink-tipped fingers that clasped the arm of the crimson chair. And his eyes, his dusky, unfathomable eyes, were fixed upon her face in a glance half scrutiny, half admiration.

"Violet!"

The girl raised her drooped eyes with a slow uplifting of their white, long-fringed lids, but she did not look into his face nor change one line of her graceful, languid attitude.

"Violet," her companion commenced again, a slight swift gleam of annoyance crossing his face, "are you angry because I have mentioned my brother's name? Really, do you care nothing for my brother more——"

"Really, Mr. Daryl, you are unwarrantably curious!" the girl flashed out, gathering herself up in a haughty way that became her well. "But lest you should willfully misunderstand me—hear me say it again—in plain words, Hubert is only my friend."

Now the man's idle hand closed over the light fingers in a firm clasp, and his handsome face, flushed and pleading, bent close above the girl's.

"Violet, you are angry with me—you call me Mr. Daryl, and I have known you as long as Hubert, and you say I am unwarrantably curious' because I am deeply interested in your welfare, and you evade my questions. You and Hubert may be only friends, and yet you may love him. Stay! you shall not leave me! I will leave you if need be. No doubt I have lingered too long already; but you shall hear me first—know why I am curious—because I love you. There, Violet! If you love Hubert, there is no hope for me, but I can, perhaps, accomplish your happiness."

The girl shook off his hand and stood up, angrily, a haughty little maiden with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes, and a cloud of short, tawny hair tossed impetuously away from her white brow.

"Yes, you have lingered too long already, Mr. Daryl; there is no hope for you here."

"Very well. I accept your dismissal for the present," replied her companion, with admirable calm; "but the day will come when you will be less swift to send me away. Good evening, Miss Rivers."

What did he mean? The girl sat long and late by the grate fire, trying to think it all over—his words about Hubert, his own confession of love, his offer to accomplish her happiness.

"As if I would take Hubert's love a gift at his hands!" she broke forth, indignantly. "Hubert does love me. I am sure of it. How can I help being sure, when we have always been such intimate frinds, and his manner has grown to be more and more that of a lover? Oh, why has Ernest come home to make me miserable?"

Poor child! Leading her sweet, quiet home life in the old vicarage, what did she know of the hundred evil passions that rule the ways of men?

The Daryl's country mansion was just across the broad, shaded country road from the vicarage, where Violet lived her quiet life with an elderly uncle and aunt. The girl had known the Daryl boys from childhood, and had admired the handsome elder one in an awesome way, and loved her younger friend and playmate with all her childish, passionate affection. As the years went by, Ernest, the heir, traveled abroad, and only with the recurring summer did she see much of his younger brother. But this year things had been different. Ernest had come home from abroad, Hubert had left Oxford, and despite the invalidism of Mrs. Daryl, the hall had been crowded with gay summer visitors.

Violet had never passed so gay a summer; for the parties at the hall were never quite complete without her, and it seemed almost a second home. Hubert was with her constantly, and the strange sweet blossoms of womanhood's love bloomed in Violet's heart. She was too happy, too innocent, in her sweet, pure girlishness to see that Hubert was beloved of another woman, and too wrapped in her dreams to study Ernest Daryl as he studied her, or she might have discovered that he loved her.

And so that evening's talk, when Ernest had called on her, came with a strange shock to Violet; but for all its sad foreshadowings of fate she scarcely comprehended it. Only, as the days and weeks slipped by, and Hubert never came to call on her, she could not shut out from her mind the face of handsome Miss Bellairs, and the words that Ernest had dropped concerning her and Hubert.

And then—sometimes—Violet recalled Mr. Daryl's words. Was it true that he could have—had the power to accomplish her happiness? Had she been foolishly, miserably unwise and overproud in striving to conceal her heart's secret until she should confess it—for the very first—at Hubert's wooing?

No! She could not, she would not take her love from another man's hands!

From November to the latter part of March—such a short time to most mortals—seemed an eternity to poor, proud, little Violet. And then, one night Ernest Daryl came to call. Much and often as she had told herself that she hated him, she met him eagerly now.

As the girl walked with outstretched hand toward him, Ernest noted how changed she was since the summer before. Her cheeks had lost their delicious bloom, her eyes their sweet haughty fire. He was glad. He had not hurried his plans, and he felt sure of triumph at last.

"What a stranger you are!" Violet said, with a slight, shy drooping of her eyes.

"Did you expect to see me after you sent me away?"

"I am afraid I was very rude that night. But you have forgiven me, or you would not be here?" a trifle questioningly.

"I have forgiven, yes. I have no choice but to forgive you—though you persist in ruining my life," he answered, in a soft, low why. "But I came here because Hubert sent me; otherwise I should not have the assurance to intrude. He is to be married in a fortnight to Miss Bellairs. It is to be a very private wedding, because my mother is ill."

And then—

"Violet, poor little dear!" so softly, so gently, so caressingly.

"Oh, Violet! Proud little woman! You did care!—you do care! I wish Hubert knew how much—I am sure he——"

"No! No! I am glad he does not. He must not know! What am I saying!"

"Violet," going to where she leaned, white and sick against the mantel, and gathering her gently in his arms, and drooping his face softly against hers, "if you do not care—I do! I care for you. I always have, ever since you were a little wee child. I am not a man to set my love—like—some men; but I care, and I never change. Will you put your faith in me, and be my wife, and prove to Hubert that you never cared, even when he plumed himself upon having won your heart without the need of suing for it?"

It was rest and healing balm to be thus loved in her hour of misery; it was a sore temptation to the girl to hide her wounds.

"Yes, I will be your wife—in time—if you care to have me."

"I care to have you—now, immediately. I cannot wait. I want to comfort you. I want to show Hubert that he has not broken your heart, my little dove. Why not be married at once?"

His pleadings prevailed, as at a sanier moment they would not have done. The next week's papers carried the news far and wide that Violet Rivers was Ernest Daryl's wife. And one woman read it with triumphant eyes; one man with whitened face.

It was the day of Hubert's wedding when he first met his brother's wife.

"Let me congratulate you," said Violet, firmly.

"You! You of all all women congratulate me, when you must know how you have ruined my happiness and wrecked my faith!"

"I?"

"Yes, you. Do not affect to misunderstand me! You knew—you could not help knowing—that I loved you! that Maud Bellairs would have remained Maud Bellairs for ever, as far as I was concerned, if—"

"Your brother had not loved Miss Rivers and won her!" whispered the bride over the balustrade. "Come, Hubert, I am ready. Pray spare Mrs. Daryl any further scene."

And there was no further scene. Violet saw Hubert married, and was calm. And two couples were—less happy than they might have been if Ernest Daryl had not sworn to marry Violet Rivers and kept his oath.

BRIGHTON.

The "biggest thing" in English watering-places is Brighton, which is sometimes called London-by-the-Sea, and which in size and solidity corresponds with the great metropolis, and is a worthy and appropriate "annex" to it. It is practically no farther from Belgravia than Coney Island is from Madison Square. The fast trains whirl down to it in a little more than an hour, at a cost to the passengers of from eight shillings, second class, to twelve shillings, first class. A business man may leave his office in the City at a late hour in the afternoon, and have time for dinner and a walk on the pier or a drive along the King's Road before dark. It is London repeated on a small scale, without the smoke and the slums, and with a purer atmosphere, though with scarcely less of a crowd. The shops are London shops, the actors at the theatre belong to London companies, the faces and dresses have become familiar in the Strand or Piccadilly, and the Cockney dialect, with its soft drawl and misused aspirates, is heard oftener than any other. Like London, too, its social life is sustained by many classes circulating in a general current, but never affiliating; and while in one quarter coronets are no rarity, and a prince leads society, in another the excursionist of a day, or the tradesman spending a two-weeks' holiday, smokes his brier or cutty and eats his shrimps without feeling the disparity, and without realizing that Brighton was not made especially for the delectation of his own class.

But, though practically incorporated with it, Brighton is fifty miles away from the City, and lying between the two are undulating English landscapes, with many shady lanes and ancient villages, through which the train flies when it is once beyond the spacious limits of London. Under the Box Hill Tunnel, which is the scene of a story by Charles Reade, and has often done service in fiction; over the lofty spans of the Seven Bridges, through deep and friable cuttings of chalk and lime stone—this is the way to London-by-the-Sea; and as we come nearer to it the land is hillier, the foliage less abundant, and flocks of sheep are seen fattening on the nutritious grasses of the breezy South Downs. * * *

It is to be remembered that, with the exception of the crescents and squares and intersecting streets, there is no break in the three miles of buildings which abut on the sea; the houses, shops, baths, and hotels are set together without any unoccupied lots between them. But to fully comprehend the extent of Brighton, one should go out on the pier, and then the place may be seen in its complex and substantial entirety. Compared to it, the most crowded American watering-place—Coney Island, Atlantic City, or Long Branch—is nothing more than a camp. It is veritably, and not in any fanciefulness of nomenclature, a city by the sea—a city modelled on London, and having the structural permanency of the metropolis. It is not built on the banks of a river, nor at the head of a gulf, nor in the shelter of a bay. It is immediately on the coast; the chalk cliffs, with their grassy summits, are at either side of it, and the water is never more than a few yards from the esplanade. The solidity and compactness of the frontage of buildings, and the heights covered with houses, are things which must excite the wonder of any one who sees them for the first time.

Brighton is not busy for a few summer months only, and then left to the gales, the fishermen, and the coastguard. Though the fashionable season does not begin until late in September or early in October, the excursionists crowd it from the early summer until late in the year. From August to December the climate is most salubrious—warm, elastic and bracing. An east wind keeps visitors away in the first months of the year, and the place is then deserted except by a mere handful of people—about one hundred and four thousand—who constitute the resident population.—*W. H. Rideing, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

WILL THE POPE LEAVE ROME?

St. James Gazette.

A public meeting was held at Rome yesterday to protest against the laws which guarantee his palaces to the Pope. It was presided over by a man who had spent sixteen years in the papal prisons. When the meeting approached the resolution, agents of the government appeared and prevented its being read. The chairman said the people knew its purport, and, putting it to the meeting, it was carried by the unanimous vote of 5,000 persons.

Serious proposals have been made lately that the Pope should transfer the seat of the holy see to America, where an independent position would be assured him. In the vatican councils it is considered almost impossible that the Pope should leave Europe; but the proposal has been noted, and will be taken into consideration with others if the Pope should eventually decide to leave Rome. Most of the powers are understood to have expressed the opinion that the pope should not leave Rome.

(Wilmington, Del., Daily Republican.)

Mrs. Adam Grubb, 231 Walnut St., has been a great sufferer for a number of years from extreme pain in the feet, something like rheumatism. She was also very much troubled with corns and bunions. It was with great difficulty that she could walk, and sometimes when she would visit her husbands's shoe store or any of her children, she could not get home again without assistance, and often when she was walking along the streets she would be seized with such acute pain that she was compelled to stop in at the neighbors on the way until she got better. Some two weeks ago she heard of the wonderful cures St. Jacobs Oil was effecting and she at once commenced to use it, and experienced great relief immediately. The pains have left her feet and ankles and the inflamation has left the corns and bunions. She is now tripping up to her husband's shoe store and out to see her children without experiencing any pain.