THE LEAVENWORTH WEEKLY TIMES.

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LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1873.

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Weekly Times

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1873.

According to the New York *World* the platform of the Opposition is "Free Trade, Specie Payments and Farmers' Rights."

There are about nine thousand more roughs than decent folks in Chicago, or else all the principal papers of the city have lied to us.

Joseph Arch, the English labor reformer, preached in Brooklyn last Sunday night, taking for his subject the story of Darius's daughter.

TEXAS PACIFIC.

The President has appointed Isaac H. Sturgeon, of St Louis, Commissioner to examine the completed sections of the Texas Pacific Railway. The road is finished for about three hundred miles and work has been suspended, to wait for an easier financial market.

The Omaha *Bee* makes a pretty good point when it says: "If Secretary Richardson is to vacate the Secretaryship of the United States Treasury, we would recommend his substitution by Brigham Young. Brigham is the only financier in the country whose banks declare a ten per cent. dividend in the midst of the panic.

COUNTING WITHOUT ITS HOST.

The Kansas City *Times* is just now doing a deal of double-leaded blowing over the result of the recent election in this State. Just what the Missouri journal thinks this Kansas election indicates, is hard to make out, but it seems to regard it as a big thing, anyhow, and indulges in a vociferous huzzah on general principles.

OFFICIAL CANVASS.

The Board of County Commissioners will meet to-day for the purpose of making an official canvass of the vote cast at last Tuesday's election. We learn that an application will be made by some of the gentlemen who were candidates, to have the votes re counted, which we trust will be done, as everybody is interested in having an accurate and honest report.

A RICH MINE.

According to the Colorado papers, a recent discovery in the south-western part of that Territory is likely to prove the richest gold deposit in the world. Some of the specimens taken at random from various parts of the vein, just as they lay on the surface, and which were thought to be of little value, assayed at the mint in Denver as high as $36,000 per ton.

RED HOT.

If Prof. Proctor is right, says the Boston *Transcript*, which declares that it is unable to spare a reporter to visit the spot to verify or refute him, "every foot of the sun's surface is hotter than blazes. The heat thrown out from each square yard of surface per hour is like that evolved from the burning of six tons of coal; but whether soft coal or anthracite is in use there we are not informed."

REPUBLICANS.

A majority of those members elect of the next Legislature who are returned as "Independent," are Republicans, who will vote and act with the party on all general issues. In three-fourths of the districts in the State, all the candidates for the Legislature were Republicans. Instead of showing a Democratic gain, the result only proves that the party, in Kansas, is too "dead" to run a ticket.

THE PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

The unfavorable showing of the public debt statement (an increase of three and a half millions of dollars) issued last Saturday, is accounted for at the Treasury by the announcement that the revenues have been very much diminished by the partial prostration of business growing out of the financial panic. At the same time the demands upon the Treasury have been as large as usual. Every one who held a claim against the Government pressed for its payment, as the Treasury was the only source from which he could obtain relief financially.

John Irish proposes that the newspaper men of the northwest monumentally honor the old fellow in St. Louis who took his paper fifty-two years and paid for it like a man—and would have taken it longer on the same terms if he had not crossed the dark rolling river quite so soon. John further says: "He did not order it stopped because it had 'nothing in it,' and then borrow his neighbor's copy to read when there was something in it, not he. He just took it right along and did not grumble when there were no murders in it, nor grow wroth at a short obituary list, nor lament the paucity of prurient divorce details. He took his murders and divorces, his smut and his scandal, his war, pestilence and famine in such doses as the paper furnished, and patiently paid his subscription. He trusted his editor, and when there was 'nothing in the paper,' had a childlike faith that there was nothing worth putting in."

HARD TIMES.

And now comes the most serious phase of the financial panic in the present and prospective sufferings of the thousands of people thrown out of employment in the manufacturing districts throughout the country. In all probability several months must elapse before the mills now stopped resume work up to their old capacity, and in the meanwhile not only their operatives, but workers in all branches of trades will find themselves without employment and exposed to the rigors of a cold winter.

The occupation of our people in the West being very largely agricultural, the worst phase of the hard times will not be seen here, but when we read that twenty thousand work girls are idle in New York City alone, we can form a faint idea of the wide spread disaster which must have been wrought throughout the densely crowded manufacturing districts and towns, where silent mill wheels need something more than mere bank resumptions to set them again in motion.

A STUNNER.

An interviewer tackled the redoubtable and reconstructed ex-Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, the other day, and was appalled at being informed by the old gentleman, that it would take a book, and a pretty big one at that, to contain his opinion about the present condition of the country. Speaking generally, however, he said he would not touch either of the existing political parties with a pair of tongs, they are so corrupt; that A. H. H. Stuart's proposition to colonize the negroes is barbarous, impracticable, and absurd; that the negroes are the most steady, industrious, and capable laborers the South could get; that Hunter's idea that the general government should pay for the liberated slaves is absurd; that he would like to have the government build the James river and Kanawha canal; and that if Grant would only bring about specie payments at once, he would drop on his knees to him. The old fellow's ideas on some points seem to be about right, but in the main he appears to think the country's "in a dreadful state."

UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

COLUMBIA, BOON COUNTY, MO., November, 1873.

Editor Times:

Twenty years ago I was connected with the geological survey of this State, then ably conducted by Prof. G. C. Swallow. Our headquarters were in the college buildings at this place, and I saw much of the workings of the institution. Then the students numbered some two or three hundred young men, who seemed more devoted to their cigars and trifling amusements than to their scholastic exercises. Now the roll contains four hundred sober, earnest young men and girls, whose every movement denotes business.

Groups of young girls marching to the scientific building with an armful of books, was a novelty to me, and would gladden the heart of every friend of progressive civilization. How different are these from those of the popular boarding-schools. Instead of having their faces bedaubed with lilly-white, expensive dressing and flirtations at every opportunity, you find faces here radiant with laudable ambition, modest dressing and deportment; in fact, their whole make-up forbids impertinence from the opposite sex.

The rolls of the institution contain thirty-five girls, and the number could be quadrupled if suitable boarding could be procured. These pursue different branches, and one of the most spirited competitors for the highest literary honors of the graduating class is a lady student. Such severe training undoubtedly reacts on physical development, and I would not expect that these young girls will mature into full blown doll baby beauties, but their facile linements will show the existence of a soul. Train a generation of mothers in this way, and we will not need grangers, labor associations, and the different combinations, to bring the people back to the honesty and integrity of the fathers. Since their admission into the university four years since, not a single act of impropriety has occurred that required a repremand, and the morale of the institution has improved one hundred per cent.

The agricultural department of the university is in charge of Prof. G. C. Swallow, late State geologist of Kansas, and contains fifty-eight pupils. The Freshmen, numbering forty-nine, including seventeen girls, are trained in horticulture, and the practical part of tree and vine raising, from the seed up through planting, grafting, budding, transplanting, pruning; the nature of their diseases and the depredation of insects, etc. The class planted twenty thousand grape cuttings this spring, and notwithstanding the unfavorable season fifteen thousand have lived and made a good growth. In all these exercises the girls of the class take a lively part.

The vineyard contains about three thousand vines in prime condition. The vintage of 1872 produced twelve hundred gallons of wine that now sells at one dollar per bottle. The experimental nursery has six thousand trees of different species. The practical part of agriculture proper is not so far advanced for the want of funds to stock the farm; when this is accomplished this department will be crowded to its full capacity.

The world moves, old fogyism is receding, and will soon be known only by tradition.

F. HAWN.

LESS MONEY OR MORE.

As we would avoid continued repetitions of the recent panic, we should pray to be delivered from another expansion of the paper money of the country.—*Washington Chronicle.*

The foregoing extract is taken from a lengthy article in the *Chronicle*, in which that journal attempts to prove that the financial salvation of the country depends upon the contraction of the currency. This is the argument of the bond holder and the money changer, but it is not the argument of the merchant, the mechanic, and the laborer. The trade of the country is cramped in every department because there is not money enough in circulation to do the business of the country. If five hundred millions of greenbacks could be issued from the United States Treasury to-day, the nation would be vastly more benefitted than it would be by the announcement that specie payment had been resumed. It is not *specie* that the country wants, but *money*, and a paper dollar, with the credit of the United States behind it, is as good to the man of business as a dollar in gold.

"But," say the advocates of contraction, "you depreciate the value of money when you increase the volume of it." To a certain extent this is true, and you also depreciate the value of coal when you increase the quantity on the market; if the supply should be cut down to half the quantity necessary to meet the demand, the price would be doubled, but we have never heard this fact urged as a reason for closing up the coal mines and leaving the poor to perish with cold. To contract the currency is to make the rich man's money worth more, and the poor man's labor worth less, making the rich richer and the poor poorer. The true policy of the government is to guard the interests of the poor; the rich will take care of themselves.

ABOUT HOTEL CHARGES.

The New York *Times* is of the opinion that there is at least a probability that the prices charged by our first-class hotels will soon be reduced. A change of this kind has long been desirable, and is especially so at present. Hotel bills are a large item of expense to the business community. In times like these, when everybody is carefully counting his spare cash and closely calculating his income, the cost of staying at a hotel will often, when the question of going to a city to make purchases comes up for consideration, serve to turn the scale in favor of a negative decision. There is no good reason, that we know of, why city hotel charges should be as high now as they were eight or ten years ago; everything else has come down fifty or seventy-five per cent., but the "first class" hotel still stands out stoutly for "war prices," and yet the landlord will tell you that he is not making anything, and is barely able to keep ends even. His statement is not false—it is true to the letter, and the reason for it is as simple as anything can be: He charges so much that but few people could afford to patronize him, and if he should raise his figures a trifle higher, he would be out of business altogether, and compelled to close his house. The only way to succeed in anything is to "keep up with the times, and when the tendency of the times is to lower prices, the men that don't "come down" will be left to "go up."

THE PROSPECTS OF BAAL.

The plattoon of deacons who rallied to the polls and saloons of the Third ward, on election day, to work and treat for Legate—prominent among whom were Deacon Brewer, Deacon Ide, Deacon Larimer and Deacon Eddy, under the general direction and leadership of the great and good Deacon Houston—now say they are convinced that if they had not left the gutter during that hour to attend the noon prayer meeting, they could have secured Jim's election. This may be true; perhaps it is—but if so, it only proves that they are more at home in spirituous than spiritual matters, and that while they are able to do effective work as ward bummers, they are evidently not in the class of those whose praying, the Book says, "availeth much." Their *paying*, both in cash and liquors, availed much, but their *praying* was very like unto that of the prophets of Baal. There was no fire except that in the whisky.

—The fools are not all dead yet. Joaquin Miller rode in Hyde Park with Mexican trappings, sporting a white sombrero with cords and tassels of the gayest fashion. He must take his saddle, bridle and spurs from continent to continent in a Saratoga trunk.

CHEAPER FUEL.

From the Pittsburgh papers we learn that the price of anthracite coal has fallen about two cents, with a downward tendency. Coal has heretofore been able to maintain itself against every form of financial fluctuation, but the present stringency is too much for it.

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS."

The New York *Tribune* has found "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown," who does up "the melancholy days" in a manner not excelled by William Cullen, himself. Says the *Tribune:*

The autumnal season has produced the usual amount of newspaper notices, both in prose and verse; but we have seen nothing to compare with the sad refrain of a journal published in Pennsylvania, and appropriately called *The Valley Spirit*, which thus gives vent to its feelings: "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year; its a little too warm for whisky hot, and a little too cold for beer."

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

Well informed parties at Washington think the financial news from all parts of the country is growing more and more cheering, and the *Chronicle* says:

"As there never has been any sound reason for the panic which brought on the present stringency in the money market, business must become active as soon as the masses become fully informed. When they come to understand that there is no real cause for alarm they will stop hoarding. When they stop hoarding business must revive. It is probable, however, that prices for property and services will recede."

Disraeli, the Tory leader of the House of Commons, says of his rival's (Gladstone's) policy:

"For nearly five years the present Ministers have harassed every trade, worried every profession, and assailed or menaced every class, institution, or species of property in the country. Occasionally they have varied this state of civil warfare by perpetrating some job which outraged public opinion, or by stumbling into mistakes, which have been always discreditable and sometimes ruinous. All this they call a policy, and seem quite proud of it; but the country has, I think, made up its mind to close this career of plundering and blundering."

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

The effect of the Northern Pacific collapse is already manifesting itself with extreme severity in the mushroom city of Bismarck. A wholesale exodus in consequence of the almost total suspension of business, is reported, and the Sioux City *Journal* says the railroad company is preparing to abandon the western division of the road, from Fort Seward to Bismarck, a distance of one hundred miles. The doors and windows to all the station houses along the western division have already been removed, and the company is only waiting for a little snow to cork the thing up. Only three trains a week are now run into Bismarck, and a good mule team would be ample accommodation for the amount of travel over the line.

TWO ITEMS OF HISTORY.

One evening, a few days before the late election, we chanced to meet the great and good Deacon Houston on the street. He came up to us looking as serene as a May morning, and with a smile that was child-like and bland, he proceeded to inform us that he was just returning from prayer meeting and was glad to meet us, as he desired to say that he did not intend to make any fight upon us for the Legislature in the First Ward; he was carrying our name at the head of his columns in good faith, and desired to have us understand distinctly that by no word or act would he do us, or attempt to do us, any harm. These promises and assurances, it will be remembered, were unsolicited on our part, and were made by the good Deacon while, as he said himself, he was returning from prayer meeting, and were simply the spontaneous outgushings of the righteous spirit which welled up in his great and good christian bosom. We thanked him for his kindly expressions, and went home, thinking that the prayer meeting had produced a salutary effect upon the good Deacon.

That's one picture; now look on another; when we came down street next morning, in walking around through the ward, we were assured by not less than twenty men that the good Deacon was even then figuring with his blowers and strikers throughout the ward, doing us all the "dirt" he could, and had been among them at a late hour the night before, urging them to use every effort to "beat Anthony," and the same morning his paper contained a low and scurrilous article about us, which was not only as dirty as filth, but absolutely false. He was evidently on the way to his office to write this article when he met us on the street with his hypocritical professions of friendship, and it was probably devised and planned while he was on his bended knees before his Maker, asking God to have mercy on his deceitful soul—a prayer to which the most hard-hearted will say amen.

A story is told by the Boston *Transcript* at the expense of a distinguished theological professor at Andover, Mass., whose usually retentive memory is occasionally a little treacherous on proper names. While visiting a neighboring city some time since, as he stood upon the depot platform, waiting for a train, a gentleman stepped up, accosted the professor, shook hands warmly, and began numerous inquiries in regard to members of his family and the good friends living in A——. The professor was puzzled; the face of his cordial friend was quite familiar, and he was evidently no stranger to himself or family, but to recall his name was beyond any effort of memory. The professor joined in a lively conversation, disliking to make the awkward inquiry, and hoping for some chance word to reveal the name of his friend, but it came not, and as the conversation went on the ignorance became more and more embarrassing. At last a happy thought came to the professor; he would get it without asking. So, with an indifferent air, he asked, "Let me see, I forget how to spell your name." But alas for the expedient! With a curious smile, his friend replied, "Well, usually, I spell it J-o-n-e-s."

A Stupendous Job to Come Before the Next Congress.

One of the largest jobs which will come before the next Congress is the proposition to assume the debts of the Southern States. It is said that Ben Butler will engineer the job, and that the plan is to scale the debt, paying twenty-five cents on the dollar. It is also said that Gilbert C. Walker, the present Governor of Virginia, is largely interested in the job. He has been investing largely in Virginia securities, and hopes to be elected to the United States Senate this winter through the combined influence of Tom Scott's Southern Security Railroad Ring and the lobby that is to work for the assumption by the United States of the Southern State debt.

The *Standard* says: Mr. J. F. Morgan, one of the oldest citizens of Lawrence, died in camp on the line of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad, near Flatonia, Texas, on the 19th instant. Mr. Morgan was one of what was known as the "first party" of New England emigrants, coming to Lawrence in the summer of 1854, and taking his claim where the Fair grounds are now located. His widow resides in Grant township. Mr. Morgan went to Texas as a railroad contractor. He was a most estimable citizen, whose death will be regretted by a large circle of friends. His family will have the deepest sympathy of all who know them in this sad affliction.

D. R. Anthony, of the Leavenworth Times, is elected to the Legislature from the First ward of that city by 250 majority. As he is an Ishmaelite among the prominent politicians of Kansas, he will keep the Representative chamber from lapsing into stagnation this winter.—*Council Bluffs (Iowa) Nonpareil.*

—Jeremy Bentham was the most absent minded of mortals. Once at his table wishing his wife to ring the bell, he said: "Please make ring-tion." The next time he asked the same favor, he said: "Please jangle that tinkle."

THE LEGISLATURE.

The following is a list of the members elect to the Legislature, as far as known up to this time. They are designated as Republicans, Democrats, Farmers and Independents:

DIST.	COUNTY.	REPRESENTATIVE.
1	Doniphan	X. K. Stout, F
2	"	Nathan Springer, F
3	"	Frank Drenning, I
4	Atchison	A. H. Horton, R
5	"	Samuel Stoner, F
6	"	D. G. Wilson, R
7	Brown	J. D. Harvey, F
8	Nemeha	J. E. Taylor, D
9	"	C. S. Cummings, R
10	Marshall	Allen Reed, R
11	Washington	H. C. Night, R
12	Riley	H. F. D.w, R
13	Pottawatomie	O. J. Grover, R
14	"	J. H. Shannon, F
15	Jackson	John Birkett, R
16	Jefferson	M. C. Morrey, F
17	"	V. Brown, F
18	"	F. K. Townsend, F
19	Leavenworth	D. R. Anthony, R
20	"	J. W. Taylor, D
21	"	S. N. Latta, R
22	"	T. P. Fenlon, D
23	"	William Tucker, R
24	"	James Medill, R
25	"	—— Lawrence, F
26	Wyandotte	Sannford Haff, D
27	"	R. B. Taylor, R
28	Johnson	Thomas Hancock, I
29	"	W. W. Mal by, I
30	"	G. H. Rogers, I
31	Miami	J. C. Cusey, F
32	"	M. Tinkham, F
33	Linn	H. Robinson, F.
34	"	J. R. Van Zandt, R.
35	"	Chas. Cambell, F.
36	Bourbon	—— Robley, R
37	"	S. Bird, F
38	"	David Johnson, F
39	Crawford	W. H. McQuire, I
40	"	A. B. Mitchell, I
41	Cherokee	—— Conklin, F
42	"	L. F. Stowell, F
43	Labette	G. C. West, F
44	"	W. H. Mapes, R
45	Neosho	T. P. Leach, D
46	"	James M. Allen, I
47	Allen	D. B. Gilbert, R
48	"	E. H. Funston, R
49	Anderson	J. E. White, R
50	Franklin	C. B. Mason, I
51	"	James Harrison, F
52	Douglas	J. C. Horton, R
53	"	John Watts, F
54	"	L. H. Edson, F
55	"	William Roe, F
56	Shawnee	Ira Johnson, I
57	"	John Martin, I
58	"	J. C. Welchhaus, R
59	Osage	D. B. Burdick, R
60	"	N. A. Ferrill, R.
61	Coffey	F. W. Potter, R
62	Woodson	Frank Butler, I
63	Wilson	A. J. Beam, F
64	Montgomery	John Boyd, D
65	"	A. E. Stewart, F
66	Howard	
67	Greenwood	J. A. Johnson, I.
68	Lyon	M. J. Flery, F
69	"	H. F. McMillan, F
70	Waubaunsee	A. Sellars, R
71	Davis	A. C. Stickney, F
72	Morris	T. E. Hufisker, R
73	Chase	T. S. Jones, R
74	Butler	D. H. Hill, F
75	Cowley	J. C. McDermott, R
76	Sedgewick	E. P. Thompson, R
77	Marion	B. Pinkney, R
78	McPherson	S. C. Simpson, R
79	Dickinson	J. M. Hodge, R.
80	Clay	S. D. Beagle F.
81	Republic	
82	Cloud	R. McEckron, R
83	Ottawa	R. F. Thompson, R.
84	Saline	Jonathan Weaver, R
85	Ellsworth	H. L. Pestana, I
86	Lincoln	M. J. Terry, F.
87	Mitchell	
88	Jewell	C. E. Parker, F
89	Ellis	H. G. McGaffigan, I.
90	Wallace	
91	Reno	C. C. Hutchinson, R
92	Sumner	—— Hackney, R
93	Rice	
94	Osborn	C. Reasoner, R
95	Russell	John Fritz, R.
96	Parton	W. Cummings, R.
97	Pawnee	Henry Booth, F.
98	Harvey	A. G. Richardson, R
99	Smith	L. C. Uhl, F.
100	Ford	Jas. Hanrahan, F
101	Rooks	
102	Norton	C. E. Vance, I.

SENATOR INGALL'S RECEPTION.

An Elegant Assemblage of Atchison's Citizens—The Hospitable Reception They Receive.

[From the Atchison Champion.]

Last evening there gathered at the residence of Senator Ingalls, on South Fourth street, one of the largest and finest assemblages of citizens that were ever entertained in Atchison. It was the occasion of a reception by the Honorable gentleman and his estimable lady, prior to his departure for Washington City, to spend the winter. As we have said, it was one of the largest and most brilliant audiences ever before gathered together in Atchison, and never were guests more royally received or hospitably entertained. During the evening, at least six or seven hundred ladies and gentlemen were present, the large and spacious rooms being continually thronged with the friends and acquaintances of the Senator, coming and going. As carriage after carriage drew up, and their precious loads of silks and satins, diamonds and jewelry; white vests, neckties and gloves, were discharged, the question arose, as to the powers of the Senator and Mrs. Ingalls to receive and entertain them all. Their capacity, however, was equal to the occasion, and we doubt if one present failed to get a hearty grasp of the hand from the host, or to wish him a pleasant, safe and useful winter in Washington. He was everywhere during the evening, and in his customary entertaining style succeeded in leaving an exceedingly pleasant impression upon each of his guests.

Each was kindly welcomed by the Senator or Mrs. Ingalls as they entered the room, and after which, in couples or trios, they rambled through the house, seeking enjoyment in accordance with their tastes, and casting aside the formal restraint that is so odious in sociable gatherings.

The supper was an elegant affair, and was the subject of no little comment among the guests. Chris. Vogler was the principal author, assisted by a full corps of able and attentive assistants. Ushers and attendants were so numerous that a mere beck brought into requisition a polite and attentive waiter to answer your every summons, and you were made to feel that you were born to command and they to obey.

The weather was delightful, and the elements conspired to make it an evening of enjoyment. Had we but the knowledge of a Worth or Demorest to give some adequate idea of the many beautiful and elegant toilets, we would be satisfied; but this, in the many wonderful workings of nature, being denied us, we can say that in appearance and brilliancy it far exceeded any similar occasion that has ever occurred in Atchison.

It could not but have been gratifying to the honorable gentleman to see with what unanimity his constituents in Atchison responded to his invitations to be present at his residence in person, to wish him a God speed in his efforts during the winter, and it must have been fully as gratifying to his admirers to see the genuine hospitable and self-possessed manner in which he entertained so large an audience.

The Labor Market.

The *World*, in a review of the labor market and the progressive shrinkage of values, says: The Typographical Union will use its influence to persuade all employers throughout the city not to discharge their operatives, but rather to reduce the wages of all, or put them on short time. This plan, they think, would prevent much suffering which can in no other way be avoided. The same men will advise all their confreres to assist the employers by working a little longer for the old wages or accept a reduction of pay. This is no time, they think, for employers and employed to be at war. The panic is a calamity to all, the rich as well as the poor, and they contend that all ought to help one another to weather it through. The coopers are the only workingmen on strike at the present time. A large number of that very numerous class have taken exception to the course pursued by the firm of Havemeyer & Elder, and are trying to make them yield to the demands of the workingmen by uniting on a strike. Thus far the firm have stood their ground, keeping their shops in working order by importing coopers from the country. About two hundred parasol makers, girls, are at present idle in consequence of a strike. The employers recently reduced the prices from seven and eleven cents apiece to five and ten cents. At Appleton's book printing and binding establishment in Williamsburg, the largest in the vicinity, the operatives have been put on nine hours' time. In the various job offices, the expenses of running have been cut down to the lowest.

Dumped into the Sea with a Whole Menagerie of Tigers, Elephants, Etc., Etc.

The news of the wreck of the steamer Agra, off Colombo, has already been telegraphed to the press. The details of the disaster are quite exciting. It appears, according to a letter to the London *Times* of the 4th instant, that the captain, to save fuel, sought anchorage outside the port.

"The pilot let go the anchor too near a well-known rock, and the sea, tumbling in as it knows how to tumble off Galle in the south-west monsoon, caused the chain cable to part and the vessel to surge heavily on the rock. The work of destruction was rapid; those on board were startled by the metalic sound of the ripping iron sides of the steamer, as her hull was torn in shreds by the piercing rock. There was no time to be lost. The vessel was fast filling, and to save the passengers' luggage was hopeless. They had barely time to escape into the boats as the seas came tumbling over the sides, sweeping everything before them, carrying away one poor invalid sailor, and bursting open the cages and dens of an expensive menagerie on board, going home for the Zoological Gardens. The escape and striking out amid the waves of a crowd of tigers, elephants, etc., and their roars and screams, added to the terror of the wretched passengers. One elephant managed to swim ashore, as did one of the inhabitants of the adjacent coast who are said to be living in a state of siege, not daring to venture outside of their barricaded doors."

STOKES AT SING SING.

His Removal from the Tombs—Arrest of One of the Jurors

Edward S. Stokes was conveyed from the Tombs on Saturday morning to the State's Prison at Sing Sing, and, contrary to expectation, without any noticeable partiality on the part of the officers who had him in charge. So carefully did the officers keep the news from all except the representatives of the press and Warden Johnson, that on Saturday morning even the Tombs officials were ignorant of what was about to happen. At about 10 o'clock Deputy Sheriff Shields and his assistant, Mr. Cahill, entered the prison and told Stokes to get ready for the journey. When Stokes appeared in the corridor, dressed in the dark checked suit and black felt hat so familiar to those who attended the last trial, he looked pale and anxious, and taking a place near the stove, remarked that it must be chilly in the open air, and drawing a handkerchief from his pocket, tied it around his neck, buttoned his coat up to the throat, lighted a cigar, placed his hands in his coat pockets, and looked complacent while he awaited the end of the preparations in progress by the Deputy Sheriffs. John D. Couse, who was sentenced on Oct. 31st in the Court of General Sessions to an imprisonment of 2½ years, for forgery in the third degree upon Lawrence Bros., bankers, for whom he was cashier, completed his toilet and joined Stokes. Couse was neatly and indeed comfortably dressed, and had anticipated the attentions of the State Prison barber by shaving off his Dundreary whiskers and mustache. So expeditiously was everything done that the convicts, manacled by a single bracelet and attended by the Deputy Sheriffs, left the Tombs a few minutes after ten o'clock. A Fourth avenue car was halted and seats were taken, the prisoners sitting in a corner near the front platform. The prisoners sat so close to each other that the handcuffs could not be seen. While passing from one car to another at the Thirty-second street depot, Stokes was recognized. "Many a dollar I got from him at the Hoffman House," a fresh-looking youth was heard to say. "He looks well too," was a general remark. At 20 minutes past 10 o'clock the convicts were seated in the smoking car of the 10:45 train. Mr. Shields, who is well known to the railroad employes, attracted their notice, and it required no time for them to find out who were the men in custody. Like wildfire the news spread through all the cars of the train, and police officers laid aside their dignity, elderly ladies and gentlemen forgot their anxiety to obtain seats, employes forsook their work, and all joined the newsboys in the rush to see Stokes.

On the way up the river Stokes conversed freely with his companion in irons, and the deputy sheriffs. Whenever he spoke of the trial, he affected to feel that he was badly treated, but a close observer could detect a heartfelt rejoicing that he had escaped even another trial and a much more severer judgment. "I would have died," said he, "if I had been confined another year in the Tombs." On arriving at Sing Sing, Mr. Shields allowed Stokes and Couse to eat lunch before they entered the prison. In the office of the prison the convicts were received by Warden Hubbell, who told them that he would do all that he could legaly to mitigate the misery of their condition. In response to the usual inquiries of the prison clerk, Stokes said he was a native of Pennsylvania, 32 years of age, and was a broker when he committed the offense of which he was convicted. Couse said that he was born in Jersey City, was 33 years of age, by occupation a bank teller, and was convicted on his own confession of forgery. The two were then taken charge of by the prison doctor. When Stokes saw his striped suit he indulged in a little pleasantry, saying that he had worn something similar when playing base ball; he never had a pair of pantaloons fit him so well. He noticed the absence of a pistol pocket. They were then measured; Stokes stood 5 feet 10, and Couse 5 feet 8½; then weighed, Stokes turning the balance at 138 pounds and Couse at 128 pounds. The regulation towel and comb were then given to the convicts, and they were assigned their cells, Stokes' being No. 172, on the second tier. A parting scene followed between the convicts and the deputy sheriffs, and the farewell between Stokes and Deputy Sheriff Shields, who has been his constant custodian during the 22 months of his confinement in the Tombs, and from whose kind attentions Stokes derived much cheer and strength to bear up under the wearying ordeal he has gone through, was somewhat affecting.

Stokes is said to be suffering from a severe cold, and although the service of clerk in the cigar manufactory has been allotted to him, yet it is believed he will be allowed to remain in the hospital for a time in order to gain strength. Couse is to be a clerk in the Chaplain's office.

J. Delos Center, one of the jurors in the Stokes case, was arrested by Captain Byrne, of the Fifteenth Precinct Police, on Saturday night, and will be brought before District Attorney Phelps to-day.—*New York Tribune.*

The Spragues' Paper.

[From the Providence Journal, Nov. 1.]

After what had already been known, and what was plainly prefigured, no surprise was excited yesterday when the paper of A. & W. Sprague went to protest. It had been generally expected and was received as of course. The identification of the New York and Providence houses was so complete that the failure of one was the failure of the other, and was so announced in New York. Everybody understood that the resources of either were at the command of the other, if they could be made available, and the present means of both must be exhausted before either fell. No house has been carried down with them as yet, and we do not learn that any is suspected, but some concerns of little strength may be loaded with their paper. The banks carry moderate lines of it, within the legal ten per cent. limit, except the three Sprague banks, in which more than their aggregate capitals, we suppose, are invested in that paper. Perhaps these three banks and the two Sprague savings banks have $3,500,000 or $4,000,000. It is a low estimate to put the amount in the other banks of this city and State at $2,000,000, and the New York papers estimate the amount in the banks of that city at $2,000,000 to $3,000,000. These figures cover very nearly the total indebtedness which the Spragues report, and leave comparatively little to be accounted for in the hands of individuals.

Captain Jack's Gun.

The gun which Captain Jack fired during the late unpleasantness between him and the government is now in the office occupied by Gen. Davis as his headquarters. It shows the effect of hard service, and apparently often came in contact with hard rocks, for it is scratched in every part, scarcely a spot an eighth of an inch in extent being untouched. It is one of the old muzzle-loading rifles of the pattern of 1863. The lock-plate contains the following inscription: "U. S. Colt's Pt. & F. A. Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn., 1863." It is rather an unwieldy weapon, and is very long—about four and a half feet. The barrel alone is forty inches in length. It has three sights, one being marked for a hundred yards, another for three, and the third for five hundred yards. The sling is made of a piece of leather, which was apparently broken in the centre, for at that point it is kept together by two copper rivets, and it is fastened in the bands by pieces of buckskin. The upper band is made of tin, and is fastened to the stock with four small headless nails. This piece of mechanism is apparently the work of the hero of the lava beds, and it shows that he prided himself on how neatly it was done.—*Portland Bulletin.*

—An American resident in Paris, is always boring his countrymen for the last news from home. The other day he was told that a terrible accident had happened to the Siamese twins, and, on inquiry, heard that on a late tour the Siamese twins were wrecked among the cannibals, who immediately divided them as a philopena.

DEATH OF THE FIRST BORN.

Fold up the richly 'broidered dress,
Lay by the precious, tiny shoe,
The white-plumed cap, the flaxen tress,
And little crimson stockings too;
A mother's heart with grief is thrilled,
For Death the wearer's pulse has stilled.

The sky-blue eyes are curtained in
With lids that seem so strangely dead,
While o'er the breast, so pure from sin,
The dimpled hands are gently spread.
The merry, prattling voice is hushed,
And fondest earthly hopes are crushed.

Away has flown the nestling dove,
And lone, heart-smitten Rachel weeps
The babe, whose fair face shines above,
Though in the tomb its body sleeps;
The rosewood crib is vacant now—
Alas! she must submit—but how?

Her lamp of hope seems dimly lit,
No breath of dewy blossoms fair,
The windows of her heart admit,
No sparkling sunshine enters there,
Life now a broad Sahara seems;
No blessing in the future gleams.

Why thus lament in sadness lone?
Why let those tears of anguish fall?
Why grieve that one so young has flown?
Why back to life the loved one call?
A life, at best, with ill so fraught,
That three-score years are counted nought.

Look up, look up! the jasper walls
Are nearer now than e'er before,
With beckoning hand your loved one calls;
For peace stands waiting there; come o'er
And gain the joy, and song, and rest,
Within the mansions of the blest.

Items.

—Why is a recruiting sergeant like the wind? Because he blows where he 'listeth.

—By annexation Boston has now four "First Churches" that have been established more than two centuries.

—An Iowa town stimulates youthful enterprise with a bounty of two cents on every rat's tail delivered at the Marshal's office.

—Fashionable modistes now divide mourning toilets into first and second degrees, according to the proper amount of grief for the occasion.

—A bar of iron worth $5 is worth, manufactured into horse shoes, $10.50; table knives, $180; buttons and buckles, $4,035; springs of watches, $250,000.

—The Boston *Transcript* announces that a lady in that city has invented a contrivance which completely protects ladies dresses from mud and wet.

—A New England mechanic has invented an apparatus for propelling canal boats by forcing a current of compressed air out against the water at the stern.

—The Bessemer saloon steamer, which, it is expected, will secure passengers from the oscillation which produces sea sickness, is approaching completion in England.

—A Western editor has placed over his marriage heading a cut representing a large trap sprung, with the motto, "The trap down, another ninny caught!"

—The Spaniards are said to have a proverb which reads: "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty to her equal, but at thirty to anybody who will have her."

—One of the most bitter of the secession papers in Memphis pledges the honor of that city that after the pestilence has abated she will raise a shaft of pure white marble to Minnie Stepenson of Indiana, the heroic Northern girl, who, coming to them in their sorest need, herself became a victim.

—In England postal telegraph cards with space enough for twenty words are now issued at the cost of one shilling each. They are intended for inland messages only, and are delivered free within one mile from the terminal station.

—Many married men will be interested to learn that the California courts hold that incompatibility of temper on the part of a wife's relations is sufficient ground for divorce if said relatives visit her husband's home too often.

—A wealty South Carolinian has offered to contribute ten thousand feet of pine lumber for the Centennial building, beneath whose roof he hopes to see the people of the whole country assembled in peace, concord and brotherly love.

A Man with Three Hundred Thousand Dollars a Day Income.

[Washington Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]

The Consul-General of the United States at Cairo, George Butler, is in Washington, and I have derived some fresh and interesting information from him. Said Pasha is described by Mr. Butler as a person of culture, speaking French with ease and English a little; fully educated at the Polytechnic School in Paris, and wearing the dress of Christian people. He is a shrewd and rich merchant, and not a soldier by propensity; and his income and the luxury of his court exceed the tales of Haroun al Raschid's splendor. He has an income of $110,000,000 per annum, or more than half as much as the whole annual expense of the United States Government, inclusive of the cost of the public debt. To keep our 50,000 or 60,000 officeholders, our army, our navy, do the public building, &c., &c., requires $17,000,000 a month. And Said Pasha, who has no more subjects than there are citizens of New York State, has, by Mr. Butler's careful estimate, between $9,000,000 and $10,000,000 a month, or above $300,000 a day. He has twenty-seven palaces, all the corporate property—or that which with us would be controlled by corporations—in the country, and no laws whatever but what he can think of or will from day to day. He has four wives and a vast harem, and, being an unwise husband, does not know all his own children; yet he is temperate and prudent, and still he is not happy. He wants to be a king; but the domination of Turkey sits upon his dreams like the gobbler on the full boy after Christmas dinner. Turkey is put above him by the European treaty which dates back to 1840, and from the treaties of Europe—

Whatever link you strike,
Tenth or tenth thousand breaks the chain alike.

To neutralize Turkey, the Khedive has been for a long time conciliating Europe, and the power he sets most store by is Russia. The Consuls-General at Cairo are men of the first class and the greatest astuteness, being really Foreign Ministers without the name, as the Khedive is only viceroy. Mr. Butler says he could have had absolute power, under this Viceroy, over the life of any American in Egypt. He was on such intimate terms with the Khedive that some of the complainers wrote to Mr. Fish that he was in that rich barbarian's pay. "But all," says Butler, "that he ever did for me was to give me steamers, yachts, a troop of horse, etc., when I wanted to entertain my visiting friends."

As an instance of Said Pasha's wealth, Mr. Butler relates that the Empress of France said to him, in Paris:

"Viceroy, I should like very much to visit your Pyramids, but I cannot ride on a camel, and I suppose I cannot go there by any road."

"Your majesty can go there by either railway or highway, as you like," said the Viceroy.

When she went there, at the opening of the Suez Canal, the Empress found a road made, twelve miles long, across the desert, lighted with gas, shaded all the way with transplanted trees; and half way on was a palace for her repose, with a second palace to entertain her at the Pyramids—all especially made for this one journey. And yet, such is the kinship of the times, that when the Khedive attempted to renovate Cairo by taking stones from the Pyramids, he felt that the rebuke of the press and voice of Europe could not be withstood, and he ceased to disturb these useless conundrums. He is building an iron bridge across the Nile, English works, which will cost $12,000,000. The Suez canal cost him $100,000,000, and is only a partial success, as it fills up as soon as neglected, and the screw fleet to pass through it is yet small. Lesseps, its executor, Mr. Butler believes to be one of the ablest men in the world, and never with less than from half a million to a million of money lying up on deposit. The Viceroy is the owner of a narrow gauge railroad from Cairo to Suez, seventy-six miles, and from Alexandria to Cairo, one hundred and thirty miles. He is now building up the Nile from Cairo two or three hundred miles. He has a navy, but his people are wretched sailors. He and his father have made vast sums of money in the slave trade, and his eunuchs for the harem came from the Blue Nile. Sugar, Indigo, tobacco, and cotton are great staples of Egypt, and the people have no conception of the right of property, liberty, or life.

"How many piasters do you pay the Khedive?" is the remark often addressed to a donkey conductor or mule driver.

"So many."

"Don't you hate to let him have all that part of your wages?"

"Why," says the Egyptian, "he is our master. Why shouldn't he take it if he wants to?"

A STRUGGLE IN THE DARK.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

There had been great want of wisdom, the majority of their acquaintances averred, in the way in which the Faulkners had brought up their children. Mr. Faulkner, a hard-working country surgeon, seemed contented to carry his hard work on long past middle age—to deny himself the luxury of a partner, or even an assistant, and to give in to his only son's deep-rooted aversion to the medical profession in a manner that bordered on the supine.

As for Mrs. Faulkner, bonny, light-hearted matron as she was, people declared her to be "quite culpable" in her treatment of her two daughters. She had slaved and saved, schemed and planned incessantly for them from their babyhood. Whatever privations they themselves endured, these parents seemed resolved to keep their children in an atmosphere of pure sunshine. As babies they were sedulously tended and daintily arrayed. As children they were carefully and thoroughly educated. And now that they were grown up, no shadow of the wearing domestic cares and business difficulties was suffered to fall upon them. The father's mind was often sore perplexed, in the making of ways and means. The mother's broad, kind brow was graven with many a wrinkle caused by the deep consideration she gave to the subject of the distribution of these means. But in their perfect faith in its being both their duty and pleasure to sacrifice themselves, their children's hearts were never saddened by a knowledge of these difficulties.

Edward, the only son, had done well at Oxford, and now he was fairly started in life as a popular tutor. Young as he was, he had gained for himself an enviable notoriety. The pupils he crammed never failed to pass their examinations. But the girls, the two beautiful, brilliant girls, were homebirds still.

They were aged respectively nineteen and twenty at the date at which they were introduced to the reader's notice; and at nineteen and twenty they were two of the lightest-hearted, prettiest and most accomplished girls in the neighborhood.

Beatrice, the eldest girl, was almost un English in the soft splendor of her beauty. Her large, deep eyes, of that indescribable hue commonly termed gray-hazel, were fringed with long black lashes. Her complexion was a rich clear dark one, Italian in its pomegranate-like warmth and coloring. But her hair was bright auburn, many shaded, but with real glittering gold predominating.

She had been such a beauty from her babyhood, such a sweetly imperious, overwhelming, splendid little beauty, that the pet name Queenie given to her by her father had gained ground among their friends, and now that she was grown up they still called her by it more frequently than by her proper name of Beatrice.

Queen of beauty she undoubtedly was, with that rare face of hers, borne aloft by an equally rare figure. From the crown of the goldened-haired head to the small arched feet, Queenie was simply perfect, gifted with the highest order of supple, graceful, intense, soul-fraught loveliness.

She was such a dear girl, too; so sympathetic and earnest at times, and at others so full of bounding spirits that were eminently contagious. Not a young lady of an equable temperment by any means, but bewitching and irresistable in every phase in which it pleased her to display herself.

There was a great difference between the two sisters. Marion's nut-brown curls and eyes of the same tint of her hair, did not differ more widely from Queenie's golden locks and grape-like eyes than did Marion's superb composure and delicate languor from Queenie's eccentric flights from the seventh heaven of delight to the neither-most hell of dullness and dismalness.

A good deal of their characters was told by their pet names. As Beatrice had always been "Queenie," so Marion's familiar designation by her parents had been "my sweet."

And sweet she was, with a sweetness that compensated for her lack of the glorious beauty that was Beatrice's portion.

As the mother kept from the children the knowledge that at times her difficulties in housekeeping arose from the fact that the supply was not equal to the demand, so she kept from them the fact that she did not wear rather dowdy and cheap dresses by preference. She, at one time the most daintily clad lady in Bowford, resigned one after another laces and silks and jewels, and handed these vanities over to the beautiful girls who graced them so well.

And I may add the mother was profoundly happy in making the sacrifice.

"You mustn't utterly neglect yourself for our girls, my dear," the husband would say to her sometimes, when his eye was caught by some mark of time on the raiment of his wife. And then blithe Mrs. Faulkner would shake the little head that was both merry and wise, and answer:

"The young birds must have the richest plumage, dear. Cloth of gold would have no joy for me if they had cloth of frieze."

"I hope they are not selfish," the father said, thoughtfully. "I hope they see that their mother sacrifices her appearance to theirs."

"I hope my darlings see nothing of the kind, and think nothing of the kind, Edward." The mother spoke hotly. "I've told them that I have no taste for dress," she continued, in a half-comical tone of apology.

"And they believe you?"

"Of course they do. They always believe me—as their daughters will believe them in time."

"Ah!" he said, "they'll understand all this very clearly when they have children of their own."

So the struggle in the dark went on, and bright Queenie and sweet Marion knew absolutely nothing save that they had the dearest father and mother in the world.

By-and-by, just after Queenie was twenty, there was excitement in Bowford. Edward, the handsome, prosperous young tutor, came home to stay a few weeks. His absence from home and his presence in the world had taught him how to look for truth. As soon as he saw it as exemplified at home he rewarded them well for all they had sacrificed for him. How amply need not be told here, since it does not concern the story. But it was after such a measure that griping need might have been banished forever from the Faulkner household, if only they had not conspired to save it all for Queenie and sweet Marion.

Meanwhile Queenie and sweet Marion were not to be enlightened by their brother.

"Keep all your discoveries to yourself, dear Ted," his mother said; "don't burden your sisters' hearts with a care about us; we are going to be the happiest old people in the world, and it will mar our happiness if ever a cloud darkens their sunshine."

"They are gems," he answered; "but I think a little cutting would even improve their brilliancy. Mother dear, I love my sisters, and would do anything for them, but wouldn't it be just as well that they should know what you are to them?"

"They couldn't love me more," the happy, proud mother cried; "and, dear Ted, they might feel sorry for me. I can't have that."

Edward Faulkner's star was very much in the ascendant just now. He was employed in widening the mind of a young man who was the hope and pride of an enormously rich house. Moreover, the young fellow (he was not a month younger than his tutor) was one whom it was a pleasure rather than a task to bear-lead. A handsome, gay and debonair young Adonis—one who did not "go for killing," according to the phraseology of young men, but who did a good deal of destructive work unintentionally. For as girls said of him, "He is too handsome to be as nice as he is."

His name was Leopold Warrener, and he was the only son of a vast (no other word can express him) city man whose cook received higher wages than those which represented affluence to Edward Faulkner. Old Mr. Warrener was a millionaire, in fact—a man who could have paid a royal price for his son's attainment of the hand of the fairest daughter of the peerage. But neither his son nor himself had any taste in that direction. They neither of them cared for any rank higher than the one they held. And Mr. Warrener would have welcomed a barefooted beggar maid as his daughter-in-law if Leopold had loved her.

Being so very much what he was, Leopold Warrener was a dangerous element in such a house as the Faulkners'. Edward was accustomed to think of his sisters as mere girls, almost children, still. It was a revelation to him when Leopold Warrener's rapturous admiration of Queenie found vent in some brief words.

It was a revelation to him, but that which was revealed could not be obviated now. "Time was, time is! I must look sharp," he muttered to himself. To give a hint to his fascinating pupil that it would be well for him to leave, would be to imply too much. But his position was an awkward one undoubtedly.

"His people will think I got him down here to fall in love with one of my sisters," he almost groaned. And then he reproached himself fiercely for having been weak enough to give in to Leopold's importunities to accompany him (Edward) home. "But if I had stood out he might have thought I was ashamed of them—that there was something in the best home in the world that I wanted to conceal. Well, I'll get his violet eyes out of Queenie's range as soon as possible. That's all that can be done now."

Leopold Warrener—the young man who had been living en grand seigneur from the day he was enclosed in a hundred-guinea old point-lace christening cloak up to the present moment—was enraptured, he believed, by the manner of life of these people into whose midst he had dropped through a series of fortuitous circumstances that he elected to consider blessed. There was gayety, easy refinement, and abundance of intellect. What mattered the evident want of wealth? It was all new to him, and Leopold Warrener dearly loved novelty.

The curtain shall rise on three short scenes; then it must be dropped for a time, to rise again on widely different ones.

The first scene is the beginning of the story. The commencement of another struggle in the dark is faintly shadowed forth in it.

The time was the ripest, most luscious mid summer day. All the July flowers were in bloom. There are some radiant roses in Mr. Faulkner's garden. One splendid variety almost rivaled the face of the girl who sat on the grassplot close to the spreading branches, with some of the roses, as spoils, in her lap.

"The forces of color and beauty and sweetness can't go any further than they have gone here, can they?" a girl asserted, and then questioned. The girl was Queenie, and the one she addressed—a magnificent masculine of the bright, bold, blonde beauty of the north—answered:

"Yes, they can; looking at you, I can't bring myself to say that those forces can go further than they've gone in the roses."

He spoke his rather senseless words meaningly enough, but she would not understand them, or rather she would not allow herself to understand them."

"I won't stay here to hear my favorite rose disparaged; it is unequaled about here, and you deride its claims to perfection. I shall go and appeal to Edward."

"Please stay here," her companion pleaded. "You look so—so—well, so like that rose on your emerald throne, that you might be contented without Edward for a few minutes longer."

He spoke almost sheepishly, this young King Cophetua, on whom the charms of this queen of beggar maids were just dawning. Through the medium of those sheepish tones the story of her coming sway over him was told to the girl. Still, though she was sufficiently mistress of the position not to be embarrassed by it, she staid even a little longer feeding his enamored gaze with the sight of the gorgeous beauty that the sun glorified so well.

A few days further on and the curtain must rise on a ball-room scene—a mere country town effort at being festive, but still a very dazzling ball of light to the girls who knew of nothing better. And in this dazzling ball no girl circulated with more bounding grace than did Queenie. They stepped so well together, that young pair! Mrs. Faulkner, in a well arranged black velvet dress (the gift of her son), felt her heart palpitate, half with hope and half with fear, as Leopold led Queenie out for the fourth time.

As the strains of the Linden Waltz died away he drew her into a calico alcove all decked with cut-paper flowers, and looked down at the lovely flower-like face and the supple, splendid form with hardly repressed admiration.

"A month ago, when Ted spoke of 'Queenie,' I was bored, and wished he wouldn't waste time by talking of his sisters; and now you're the queen of my soul."

What a happy, happy ball it was! But, happy as it was, Queenie told herself, that to-morrow and all the rest of her life would be happier.

A few days after this, the tutor took his pupil away, for Leopold confessed what he had done to Edward, and Edward was very much on the alert about his sister.

"You must go and speak to your father, Leo, before you speak to mine," he said, with decision.

"I am as certain of my father's consent as I am of Queenie's," said Leopold, with a very natural amount of ardor.

"Ah, well; bring it before Queenie's consent is mentioned, please. We rather prize Queenie." And in those few words a little of the intense pride and love they felt for that glorious girl came out.

"I may tell mamma?" This was Queenie's eager question in a conference with her brother that ensued.

"No, dear, not even mamma—the poor, brave, dear little mother. Why, Queenie, if this didn't go right, after seeing her high hopes for you so nearly realized, it would be too hard for her; and she has borne hardships."

"She has; she has, indeed, Ted; and she thinks we don't see it, when all our desire is to pour back some of her own sunshine on herself. She has gilded our lives indeed. But this will go right; how should it go wrong?"

"Because all sorts of awful impossibilities do happen, dear," he said, lightly. "Then," he added, more impressively, "bear your joy in secret for a bit, my darling. Think of the dear mother's state of beatitude when you can take it to her as a certainty."

Gravely, graciously she listened to her brother's counsel. He must know best. "Ted always knew best about everything," she reminded herself. And so, as the curtain falls for a while, commences her struggle in the dark.

* * * * * * *

Four years have passed since that converse between the discreet brother and his dearly loved sister, when the curtain rises again.

Queenie is Beatrice Faulkner still. Very much to everybody's astonishment! Very much more to her own passionate disappointment! For she did love that lovable young Leo very tenderly; and during these four years he had made no sign.

The girl had lost a shade, perhaps, of her bright beauty, her many splendors, during these years of waiting for the return of one who came not. But it was only a shade, and she had gained so many of the higher attributes of beauty in the time that even envy must have confessed that the law of compensation had been working in her case.

Sometimes the secret had borne hardly upon her—the secret of her love and anxiety. There had been moments when her mother's wistful, tender eyes had almost made her tell the tale. But then she remembered her promise to Ted not to add to that loving mother's current hopes and ultimate cares. "Ted always knew best," and she went on struggling terribly in the dark.

Poor Ted, the most affectionate brother in the world, had his share in the trouble which Queenie was bearing. As has been told, he it was who had induced Leopold Warrener to consult his own father before he consulted his own inclinations and Mr. Faulkner. "I am sure of my father's consent," Leopold had said; and Edward had laconically replied, "Get it first."

Leopold did not in this instance over-estimate his influence with his father. The old gentleman agreed instantly to the proposal that "the loveliest girl in the world" should be his daughter-in-law. But he had the benefit of former experience with regard to his son, to go upon, and so he made the following suggestion:

"You are both very young, Leo. Test her love and your own by not entering into an engagement for one year. At the end of that year, if you are both in the same mind, I promise you my unqualified consent."

After a brief demur Leopold agreed to do this, and told his friend and tutor of it, adding,

"I shall write and tell Queenie at once."

"Look here, old fellow," he said, "it seems to me that you'll break the spirit of your promise to your father, though you may stick to the letter, if you write to Queenie. I'll tell her."

And so it was settled, and Queenie learned through her brother that she stood in that position which is so exquisitely painful to any girl of spirit, namely, that she was "pledged," but not "engaged."

"I shall not worry any of them by mentioning it until it is a certainty," Beatrice said to her brother, and he replied,

"Well, don't bother the dear old father and mother, certainly; but I think I should tell Marion. Then you could speak about it sometimes, which would be better than 'feeding on your silent heart.'"

She tossed her bright head in sure and silent hopes of happiness, and replied:

"Trust me for not doing anything so silly, Ted, dear; but I don't think I shall tell Marion. Oh, how glad I shall be when the year's over, and Leo comes back!"

But when the year was over Leo did not come back. Instead of coming back, he wrote to Edward (from whom he had been separated for the last nine months), telling him that urgent business connected with his father's house was taking him to India. "By the time I get there I may find myself the son of a ruined man," he added. "At any rate I don't feel justified in binding Queenie until I know how far fallen my fortunes are."

This letter had been received by Edward just three years ago, and since then they had none of them heard anything either of Leopold or the house of Warrener.

During these four years there had been great changes in the Faulkners. Marion had, after being wooed by many, been won by one who made her the happiest of wives for two years. But at the end of those two years sweet Marion was left a widow.

In the midst of their great grief on Marion's account, it came like a ray of sunshine to them all to hear that Edward was going to give them another daughter. Throwing herself heart and soul both into Marion's sorrow and Edward's joy, Queenie found that she had no time to lament and bemoan herself. But when the excitement of these two events had passed away, she remembered Leopold with a thrill of love that was as intensely keen as ever, and wished heartily that she could "talk to Marion about him."

The gloriously beautiful Miss Faulkner had such a wealth of the winning grace that men would have been maddened into proposing to her even had another man been leading her to the altar. Therefore it may be believed that as she was supposed to be free, "her chances," as they were called in vernacular, were numerous enough to create bitter pangs of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness from her less successful compeers. But through all these triumphs of conquest she remained faithful to her first love.

She had the rare power of retaining her rejected lovers as friends, this matchless queen of hearts. The young widow, Mrs. Leslie, would often laugh and shake her head in mock reproof when Queenie would refuse to think it anything but "quite natural" that Mr. Barham should still haunt her steps and hang on her words. Mr. Barham was the one of all these lovers that she would not marry whom Queenie liked best. He was the largest land-owner and the representative of the oldest county family. His house was a castle, and his wealth (like his love for Queenie) was unbounded. But, for all these things, Queenie remembered the brief page of the summer romance she had read with Leo.

"Are you waiting for a prince of the blood royal, my dear, or do you intend to retain 'your freedom,' as women's rights women call it, leap upon a platform, and astonish and horrify the world?" Mrs. Leslie would ask her sister sometimes, when the boundless advantages of the Barham alliance would enter like an army into the Faulkner family mind.

"I don't quite know what I am waiting for," Queenie would say. And so things stood until one fair June night.

Queenie had a croquet party, and the young widow was there in those soft pearly hues which young widows of two years' standing may lawfully affect. They were playing on into the moonlight, forgetful of that summons to supper which Mrs. Faulkner had sent them several times, standing about the lawn in pretty floating dresses, making picturesque groups.

The party was a large one, and there were many pretty girls and women present; but the two sisters, as usual, carried off the palm for beauty. Mrs. Leslie, in her gleaming pearl-colored silk, with a black lace mantilla over her head and shoulders, and her elder sister in a less matronly costume of white muslin covered with lace and embroidery.

In the midst of a game a diversion occurred. A carriage—a fly from the station—rolled up to the front door. And presently Leopold Warrener was among them.

How he was made welcome, what heart-greetings he received by all and from all, need not be told here. Three years of hard work had only enabled him to partially retrieve the wrecked fortunes of their house. "Now I have come home, not a rich man, but far from a poor one," he added, after telling a portion of his story to them that night.

He remained as the Faulkner's guest. For Ted's sake they were all so enchanted to see him. And the next morning at breakfast he heard of Marion's marriage and widowhood.

"She has had a woful weight of sorrow," Mrs. Faulkner wound up with.

"It has added to her beauty, I think," he replied; and as he said it, Queenie looked at him.

There had been no word of love between these two young people yet. But when, after breakfast, he asked Queenie to go out with him, her heart began to throb in anticipation of what was coming. As they went out from her father's garden she said, with a half nervous desire of putting off that which she longed for,

"Shall we go and call on my sister?"

"Yes, if she will admit such early visitors," he said, brightly. And then they went down to sweet Marion's exquisitely-ordered little home—a home that looked like a paradise of flowers, she herself being still the fairest flower in it.

Mrs. Leslie was watering some rose trees that were dotted about on an emerald lawn, not, stiff, straight, standard roses, but little low bushes of blooms that displayed themselves freely in gratitude for not being cut and pruned out of all resemblance to nature. Then she led them into a shaded drawing-room—a room that looked so exquisitely home-like to the man who had been without a home so long. And Mrs. Leslie herself, with her soft cloudy nut-brown hair shading her brow, with her sweet languor of movement and gentle matronly composure—how restful it was to look at her, to be sure! She was deficient in the gorgeous tropical beauty that made Queenie so glorious. But he had had a good deal of tropical beauty for three years. The harmoniously arranged rooms, in which all manner of delicate tints were blended, seemed to him the very sanctuary of womanly refinement.

Queenie saw it all, took all the dismal truth home to her heart without delay. But, as has been said, she possessed a wonderful store of self-command. How she blessed the reticence now which had saved her from making her love-hopes public property.

And even while she knew that she was losing and Marion gaining him so unconsciously, she knew at the same time that he was ten times better worth loving than he had been four years ago. In spite of his defalcation from herself, there was so much that she quickly came to esteem and admire in Leopold Warrener.

He staid day after day, falling into all his old intimacy, and never losing an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Leslie; and at last he made up his mind to break the ice.

He remembered perfectly all that he had felt and said to Queenie. But from her cheerful, beautiful, delicious indifference, he thought that she had forgotten it; and as he loved her no longer, he hoped she had forgotten it. So, one day, being in the garden alone with Mrs. Leslie, he said:

"Your sister is a most wonderful beauty, Mrs. Leslie" (these two had grown strangely familiar, and well used to each other, it seemed to them both). "Doesn't it surprise you that she is Miss Faulkner still?"

"Yes, it does, a little," Marion laughed. "I think it is that she has so many men at her feet that love and attention bore."

"You don't think there is any attachment in the way, do you?" he asked, with heightened color. And Marion experienced one tiny pang of disappointment as she thought, "*He* is going to swell her list. Well, I'll aid his suit."

"Old attachment? Oh dear, no. Queenie is quite heart whole, and I do assure you that she has a heart worth winning."

"And so has her sister," he exclaimed, impetuously. And then his conscience being quite free as regarded Queenie, he poured out his new passion into Marion's willing ears.

And what a sisterly greeting they got from Queenie when they told her their news! How rejoiced Leopold felt that he had not made the mistake of supposing that Queenie cared for him still.

Queenie's was a very sound, pure nature. As soon as he became her brother-in-law the wound he had made healed. A year after the marriage of Marion and Leopold, Mr. Barham proposed to Queenie again. And when she had frankly told him that she had loved somebody else, but that she should never tell that somebody's name, she accepted him, and her struggle in the dark came to an end.