The Play.

From the Sunday School Times.

I sit a mute spectator in the pit,
And watch the Tragi-Comedy of Life:
The buffoon's laughter, and the flash of wit,
The love that leavens and the assassin's knife.

And just because an act is yet to come,
(The fifth, that evens all, and dries our tears)
My foolish thoughts are dark and troublesome,
And over-sad the tangled plot appears.

But if I sit il remain, as others do,
Trusting the playwright, sitting with my friends,
Methinks the story will prove sweet and true.
And I shall read its meaning as it ends.

HERITAGE OF DEATH.

A Tragic Incident of European History Recalled by a Recent Suicide in New York.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Conrad Struensee, a German slipper-maker, 45 years old, shot himself to death in a back room in the tenement 145 Lewis street."

That was the brief telegraphic dispatch received at New York police headquarters from the Essex market police station. To the police, the coroner, and the reporters who looked in in the gathering gloom of the twilight the scene was drearily familiar. The little back room piled high with the materials of the dead man's trade, the corpse upon the floor, the slippery pool of blood, the bright new pistol, the crazy woman in the next room—all these were every-day features of life among the 1,000,000 in New York's tenements. The blood-stained purple, the stupendous crime—crime alleged, confessed, and expiated, if never committed—that made the name of Struensee forever notorious in the annals of European history—these were hidden from the sight of those to whom the name bore no message. And the lips of the only one in that house who knew, the dead man's widow, were sealed. She yielded up reluctantly, even to authority, her husband's last letter to her, though it could not betray her secret. It was in German and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR WIFE—This forenoon I purchased the revolver for $3.50 in order to end my existence at a time when the old despair and fearful nervousness have me once more at their mercy. I thank you for being always a good and loving wife to me. A long while I have kept from you all knowledge of my fearful suffering by day and by night, so that you might not suffer too, mayhaps fall ill. But it has come to an end now. I can carry the deception no further. My nervousness increases daily. Burn or bury my body, as you will. Have it done as cheaply as possible. I leave you my love, Adeline, all I have to give. The Lord protect you. Your husband, CONRAD STRUENSEE."

The letter contained the key to the suicide. Struensee was prosperous in business in his small way; his marriage, though childless, was happy. There was nothing but nervousness that was his family heritage to render his life miserable. And it killed him.

Twenty-one years ago he and his wife had come to America, the only one of his name to seek a home beyond the seas. He, a sturdy young farmer, had boldly broken with the tradition of his family and braved its curse; but he did not escape it. Struensee's ancestors for generations had ever since Prussia had an existence held a place in the official life of the state. They were judges, doctors, and lawyers. His father was a high judge in Berlin until his death. One of his brothers is now a physician of destinction, the other a judge in Breslau. Both had studied at Halle, whence the family hailed. Conrad alone had set at defiance the unwritten law of his kin. He became a farmer and emigrated.

In New York he prospered in a small way. He made as much money as he needed to live comfortably and wanted nothing more but health. For eight long years the family lived in the Lewis street tenement with the curse coming slowly nearer and nearer until yesterday when it foreclosed its mortgage upon its victim, who had set it at defiance. Struensee had been unusually light-hearted, even jocose, during the morning hours. He was in the work-room and his wife in their cherry little front parlor when the shot was fired. She found him lying on the floor shot through the ear. He died in her arms.

Did that old woman's thoughts, as she sat rocking herself in tearless sorrow with her dead husband's letter in her hands, go back over the span of 100 years to that other letter, famous for its indefinite pathos in all history, which a stricken queen wrote on her death-bed to her brother, the proud king of England, pleading for his love and her innocence of the fearful crime, for which the Count Struensee, the poor slippermaker's great-grand-uncle, had suffered a disgraceful death and she driven into exile? When asked she whispered, almost as if afraid of the thought: "Yes; he was his great-grand-uncle."

The rise and fall of that other Struensee who emigrated from the land of his fathers is written with letters of blood on the annals of the kingdom of Denmark, which he made his home. It was one of the most sensational epochs of the eighteenth century history. Like this dead man's brother in Breslau, John Frederick Struensee was a physician, a man of great ability and many gifts. In Denmark he became the all-powerful favorite of the imbecile king, Christian VII., whose naturally bright mind had been wasted by frivolity and excesses. The king made him a count and his minister of state. Struensee was aggressive and made enemies among the great and powerful. A party headed by the queen dowager and Count Bernstorff opposed him at court, jealous of his influence. At every step the foreign minister trod their ancient privileges under foot. He raised the peasant and appointed trained judges where the nobility had formerly set their lackeys in judgment over the people. The proud and high-spirited Queen Carolina Matilda, chained to a driveling idiot by the bonds of wedlock, admired the bold German; more, she loved him. History has decreed that that was the extent of her crime. The cabal at court was less merciful. She fell with Struensee, the victim of the foulest of conspiracies. On the night of Jan. 16, 1772, the nobility forced an entrance to the king's bedroom while a great court ball was in progress in the castle of Copenhagen, compelled him to sign an order for the arrest of Struensee, his friend, the Count Brandt, and the queen. They were all arrested at the ball.

The world knows the rest of the sad story. Struensee, threatened with the rack, signed a confession that he had been criminally intimate with the unhappy queen. Bold as had been his course, he was personally a coward. Carolina Matilda was confronted with the confession and told that if she would attest its truth she would save him. She loved and confessed—to a lie. Struensee and Brandt were beheaded in the public square of Copenhagen. Only the interference of the British minister, Lord Keith, saved his sovereign's sister—the queen was the sister of George III.—from sharing their fate. She was banished to Celle, in Germany, whence, three years later, she wrote to her brother on the throne of England the world-famed pitiful letter, asserting her innocence and declaring that she confessed a lie to save the man she loved. The daughter which was held up by the cabal as the living evidence of the shame she had brought upon her crowned husband lived to become duchess of Augustenberg, mother of the race that avenged her queen mother's wrongs by dismembering the state that expelled her from its throne as an adulteress.

COLUMBUS AND ISABELLA.

A Great Woman's Share in the Glory of America's Discovery.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Between Genoa and Nice, in that incomparably lovely curve of olive and palm-crowned land known as the Riveira, that bends with infinite beauty into the blue of the sea, there stands in a dingy, somewhat bedraggled street a stone and stuccoed house, now a shop frequented by the simple peasant folk. The town is Cogoleto, and this house is its one show place or treasure, for, on the mildewed, saffron wall, an inscription states that Christopher Columbus was born there.

It is not of much moment whether he was born in this small town or in the grand city of palaces, then not so grand, however, fifteen miles away. The interest and beauty of Columbus' life are fadeless. Fired with scientific zeal and the adventuresome spirit of the real navigator, one sees him as he was, across the centuries, crowding into the court of a king, waiting with his charts in anterooms for audiences, repelled, cheated, put aside, penniless but patient, rich in the hero stuff, pushing on and certain under his uncertainty that some day the sun would shine for him and his plans.

When we understand a philosophy, thrill to an epic, it is because the same fine qualities that wrought them are in some shape in ourselves. It takes a diamond to cut a diamond. Being cut and exquisitely fashioned, the commonest mind may admire.

A poor, feeble nature cannot have much influence for good. A little nature never inspires us. Many a man and many a woman die dumb and inglorious because there is no diamond-like influence to illuminate his or her own nature, no chiseling force to sculpture out all the possible facts, free the imbedded crystal and give it the divesting power that should show it off in all its many-sided beauty.

Christopher Columbus would not be the pedestaled great man, imperishably great, that he is to-day had it not been for the large-brained comprehension, the sympathy, the intuition and the faith in him of a woman. It took a woman to discover the man who was to discover a new world. There are some who may say that what a woman does not discover is not worth knowing, and woman like that fine, enterprising, brave-natured Isabella of Spain, who was behind the door of the great fame of Columbus, prove this true in so noble a sense that at her name every fez and turban, every stove-pipe hat should be removed in honor of her.

Great men have almost always been backed up in their most notable and adventuresome enterprises by some great woman. Every Columbus has an Isabella. Men might jeer and deride, might suspect and ridicule, but she was rock like in her belief; her intuition marked out unerringly the path his genius would take, her heart and hope shot out ahead of hi n like a star lighting the night of his sky.

THE KENTUCKY BELLE.

Miss Caldwell's Row with Her French Lover—Her Fortune.

Chicago Special to Denver News.

"Prince Muratt did not lose so much as people supposed when he broke off his engagement with Miss Gwendoline Caldwell," said a Louisville gentlemen here to-day, who speaks from information given out by the well spring of society, known as the late James Sheridan Foulds. "The talk about Miss Caldwell's millions is about as loose as other talk of that sort. When I say that she has not more than $350,000 in her own right I am placing her wealth at an extreme outside figure. This is invested in real estate which brings an income of possible $20,000, so when she offered to settle upon Prince Murat an annuity of $10,000 she was really dividing her income, and what the prince called a sea biscuit was a great deal more than that to her.

"Her father was in the grocery business in Louisville years ago, and with Horatio D. Newcomb, afterwards president of the Louisville & Nashville road, he made a fortune. It was before the days of close railroad connections, and old Caldwell and Newcomb, by the superior river facility which they were able to command, could bring large quantities of sugar and molasses to Louisville and hold for a year without fear that the market would be broken in the meantime by fresh importations. Caldwell invested his money in Louisville and eastern real estate and left a fortune of say $1,000,000. This was given between the two sisters, and Miss Gwendoline's share was greatly reduced by the heavy gift to the Catholic university. I have heard it said, I knew not how true, that it is thought that the gift was not a voluntary one on the part of Miss Caldwell, but was made in accordance with the command of her father, who was a staunch Catholic.

"The contemplated marriage to Prince Murat has always been opposed by the relatives of the family, but Miss Caldwell is as headstrong and willful in all things as she has shown herself in her refusal to give the prince a chance at the principal. It is the talk that the match was inspired by some of her church friends who desired to see a strong Catholic family bolstered up with American wealth. In Louisville Miss Caldwell moved in the same set with Miss Lucy Morton, Miss Addie Bargs, Mrs. Adele Schreve and other famous Kentucky beauties, but she did not partake of the exclusiveness that marks Louisville society. She was inclined to be democratic, to receive people who were not strictly in society, to ride and drive a good deal. She was also notable because of the extreme decollet of her dresses. She is not good looking and she isn't homely. She is of medium height with a good figure, and she is a vivacious talker. I think she is nearly 30 years of age."

A Vermont Marriage.

A newly appointed justice of the peace in Fairhaven, Vt., was asked what he would ask to marry a forlorn looking couple that had appeared to him from the back woods. The J. P. thought he could perform the ceremony for 50 cents. The man allowed that he might raise that sum. After the ceremony was performed the justice called for the fee After considerable fumbling in the pockets of his overalls the bridegroom thought he had either lost the 50 cents or left it "to hum." The J. P., having no desire to lose so large a prize as 50 cents, calmly informed the rustic youth that he was "unmarried." A bystander came to the rescue of the young man and loaned him 50 cents, which was handed to his honor. The justice then remarked to the couple that they were again married and that they were at liberty to resume their journey.

A Hard Condition.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mr. Slowboy (delightedly)—Under certain circumstances you say Miss Keemoit, you wouldn't object to marrying me. Thank you so much. Now will you tell me what those circumstances are?

Miss Keemoit (slowly)—Well, you see, Mr. Slowboy, I would be perfectly willing to marry you if-if-if you were the very last of your sex.

WHEN EDISON WAS UNKNOWN.

How the Great Inventor Surprised the Boston Telegraphers.

Thomas Edison had been in several western telegraph offices, where he was looked upon as an expert, and was at length ordered to Boston to fill a vacancy, says the Youth's Companion. The weather was warm and he donned linen clothes and a broad-brimmed hat. Before he reached Boston the weather turned cold and stormy, but just as he was, linen duster and all, he reported at the telegraph office.

He walked into the superintendent's room and said, "Here I am."

The superintendent looked the young fellow over with a critical eye and asked, "Who are you?"

"Tom Edison," was the reply.

"Who's Tom Edison?"

The young operator explained that he had been ordered to report for duty, and the superintendent told him to sit down in the operating room. His advent there created considerable amusement, and the operators guyed him not a little. Edison sat quietly, making no outward sign of disturbance. An hour or more passed, and then a New York sender, noted for his swiftness, signalled the office. There was no one to receive his message, the operators all being otherwise engaged.

"Let the new fellow take him," said the superintendent.

Young Edison sat down at the instrument, and for four hours and a half wrote out messages in a clear, round hand, stuck a date and number on them, and threw them on the floor for the office boy to pick up. The time he took in numbering and dating were the only moments he was not writing out transmitted words.

Faster and faster ticked the instrument, and faster and faster moved Edison's fingers, till the rapidity with which the messages came tumbling out attracted the attention of other operators, who, when their work was done, gathered around to witness the spectacle. At the close of four hours and a half, and of the New York business, there flashed from New York the salutation:

"Hello!"

"Hello yourself!" ticked back Edison.

"Who are you?" sounded the instrument.

"Tom Edison," was ticked back.

"Tom Edison, I'm glad to know you," came over the wires. "You are the only man that could ever take me at my fastest, and the first man that ever sat at the other end of my wire for over two hours and a half. I congratulate the office in getting you there."

The young man in the limp duster and slouch hat had won his first laurels in the Boston office. He was never guyed after that first day.

QUANTRELL'S BAND.

An Ex-Confederate's Account of the Guerrilla Chief and His Followers.

From the Florida Times-Union.

It is said that the guerilla chief Quantrell was originally a mild-mannered and humane gentleman. It is certain that he was a school-teacher and a very good one. His brother was killed by Kansas men and he became a devil. Bill Anderson was a slow-motioned, quiet, modest country boy. His mother was whipped and his sisters ravished by federal soldiers and thereafter he murdered all who fell into his power—25 in one squad were shot by his gang. He literally gloated over the murder of a blue coat. On the first raid of Quantrell's band 30 took part. Quantrell was captain; Haller, Gregg and Todd lieutenants; John Cole and Jim Younger, privates. Bob was a child at the time for he was born in 1854. Cole Younger names November 10, 1861, as the day he killed his first militiaman.

The gang was at its greatest strength when it perpetrated the horrible Lawrence massacre in August, 1853, and many volunteered for that expedition alone. The vote was unanimous to burn the town and kill every man in sight, and it was ridgely carried out. The band carried a small, black, square flag, and in the center of it, embroidered by a woman's hand, was the word "Quantrell." Many of the gang bore cruel scars, and Cole Younger had around his neck a purple mark, the effect of a rope when he was drawn up into an oak tree by some playful Kansas "Red Legs." When a question came up as to sparing a prisoner, if he was a Kansas man Cole pointed silently to that mark and the prisoner's fate was sealed. After the Lawrence tragedy the band fell away rapidly. The border counties of Missouri were depopulated and order was restored in the rest; so the gang dissolved in the far South. Quantrell died in Kentucky, clasping the hand of a Sister of Charity and responding as long as able to her prayers. The story goes that when laid out for the grave fifty scars were found on his body. Of the others, Arthur McCoy was shot dead in Texas while resisting arrest. Tim Read was killed in the same state by a sheriff. Miller, Caldwell and Pitts were killed in the Northfield raid, when the Youngers were captured. Jesse James was assassinated by a pretended friend. Andy McGuire was called out the night of his wedding and killed. And so the original gang went.

Doesn't Believe in Gambling.

From the New York Star.

Russell Sage was the speaker. I had called on him at his Fifth avenue residence a little before midnight, seeking an interview on a matter about which it was soon apparent the old gentleman did not want to talk. He was just preparing for bed when I called and came down-stairs in his shirt-sleeves. He received me cordially, but somehow I could not bring him to the point. He would insist on talking of something foreign to what I sought. Finally he said: "Let me tell you about a deal I happened to be into once in New York and New England. It happened this way: The stock was very low at the time. A pool was formed to boost it. The fellows in the pool somehow or other wanted me to be with them. They came and asked me to take 10,000 shares. I didn't care much about it, but the boys said I couldn't lose anything and it would help them out with the pool; so to help the boys out I consented.

"Well, that stock kept going up and going up. I didn't pay much attention to it. I was only in to help the boys out, you know. Finally, one day I looked at the tape and that blamed stock had advanced 30 points. 'Charlie,' said I, calling one of my boys, 'go over to my broker's and tell him to sell my New England, every share of it. This thing's getting to be too much like gambling for me.'"

"How did the other fellows come out?" I asked.

"Well, you know, I don't believe in gambling, and that is the reason I sold out. The other boys staid in too long and lost, I believe; but then they were gambling."

A Complete Give Away.

From the Texas Siftings.

A: "Who is that old gentleman across the street to whom you took off your hat?"

B: "He is a journalist and one of the most polished gentlemen in New York. He is a shining light in New York journalism." A: "Yes, he has that appearance in that shiny old coat. The elbows are particularly bright."

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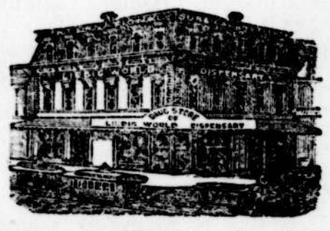

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