

TELEGRAMS

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National Railroad Convention.

Chicago, November 23.—A St. Louis special says: About a thousand delegates have arrived to attend the Railroad Convention to be held here to-day. The Temple building has been decorated especially for the occasion. The front of the gallery is covered with flags bearing striking and characteristic mottoes expressive of the great railroad movement. The back of the stage has displayed a large map on canvass, representing all the States of the Union and Mexico, with the trans-continental roads. The U. P. and the Southern Pacific routes are so marked as to be plainly seen and traced by the most distant spectator in the hall. The Northern Pacific road is seen penetrating the snowy crags and savage chasms of the Rocky Mountains, with a snow-bound train struggling against the obstruction, while a train at full speed is seen crossing the pampas of the Southern Pacific in a semi-tropical clime, in which the aspect is truly Elysian. The southern delegation to the convention held a caucus last night, at which the 32d parallel route was discussed and action of the Memphis Convention partly endorsed. Resolutions were adopted pledging the caucus to stand by a regular organization of the convention, with properly accredited delegates.

St. Louis, November 23.—The National Railroad Convention was called to order by James O. Broadhead, Chairman of the Executive Committee. Dr. W. G. Elliott offered a prayer, after which Col. Broadhead read the call under which the convention assembled, and then stated somewhat in detail the object of the convention. He said that delegates were here from 27 States and Territories, and were composed of men of science, engineers, farmers, mechanics and merchants—men of intelligence and enterprise, and thoroughly representative of the various interests of their respective communities. He referred in glowing terms to the fact that men were here from every section of the country, in the interests of peace and to promote the welfare of the whole Union. He then read the bill granting a charter by Congress to the Texas & Pacific R. R. Co., gave some statistics of the working of that part of the road now finished, described the country through which the proposed line is to run, and drew a comparison between that and the Northern route quite favorable to the former. He drew comparisons between the route of the U. P. and C. P. and that of the Texas & Pacific, and the value of each as a trans-continental line, considering their general topography, climate adaptation to settlement, etc., and quoted from the Government survey to prove his statements, and he drew attention to the great belt of agricultural country throughout, or adjacent to, the route, and showed the great advantage this line would be to the whole country, from a commercial point of view. He showed the great saving the road would be to the Government in the transportation of army supplies and troops to its various military posts in the southern Territories and along the frontier of the country; the security it will give against Indian depredations; laid much stress on the advantage of having a competing road to the Pacific, and in proof of this, stated, on the authority of the California papers, that after the defeat of the bill to aid this road in Congress last winter the U. P. and C. P. roads advanced their freights about one hundred per cent. After concluding, Col. Broadhead nominated Gen. Anderson, of Richmond, as Temporary Chairman, and D. H. Macadam and L. T. Walbridge, of St. Louis, as secretaries, and they were elected. Col. J. H. Britian, Mayor of the city, then welcomed the delegates to St. Louis, and extended to them the hospitalities of the city in a brief and graceful speech.

Committee on Credentials and Permanent Organization were appointed. One delegate from each State Convention adjourned to visit the Merchants Exchange in the new Chamber of Commerce. During the business of the convention General Sherman entered the hall and was invited to take a seat on the platform, which he accepted amidst enthusiastic cheers. Shortly after General J. E. Johnston was invited to the platform, and was greeted with great applause, and after he and Gen. Sherman met and shook hands, the gentlemen rose from their seats, waved their hats and cheered in a most vociferous manner. Mr. Trimble, of Kentucky, then moved that Jeff Davis also be invited to a seat on the platform, and made quite a speech in support of his motion. He wanted all political and sectional feeling put aside. Mr. Davis had labored for the improvement of the South and West, and was entitled to recognition. The motion was carried, but there were quite a number of negative votes. Whereupon, Mr. Davis arose and said that as chairman of the Mississippi delegation, his place was on the floor of the convention, but for the benefit of those who voted no on the question, he would say that he would have declined the invitation if it had been unanimously offered.

At the afternoon session, upon the re-assembling of the convention, the Committee on Credentials reported delegates present from twenty States and Territories. The report was adopted. The Committee on Permanent Organization reported the following officers: President, Judge Stanley Mathews, Cincinnati;

Vice President, Gen. Wm. Preston, Kentucky; Secretary, John M. Howell, Arkansas; Official Reporter, L. L. Walbridge, St. Louis; Sergeant-at-Arms, Maj. J. E. D. Cowling, St. Louis. A supplemental report was made naming one from the five gentlemen from each State as Vice Presidents, and one as Assistant Secretary. Both reports were adopted. Both Judge Mathews and Gen. Preston, upon taking their respective seats, made strong and eloquent speeches in favor of the object of the convention and the proposed construction of a Southern trans-continental road, which were received with hearty applause.

A committee of two from each State was appointed on Order of Business and Resolutions, and on motion it was agreed that all resolutions offered should be referred to that committee without debate. Resolutions were introduced from California, Tennessee, Kansas and South Carolina delegations, which were referred under the rule, and the convention adjourned till to-morrow.

A Destructive Fire.

New York, November 23.—To-night the extensive brewery and malt house of David Jones, on Sixth street, near Avenue C, was entirely destroyed by fire. The building was heavily stocked with grain, malt and hops, besides immense vaults filled with beer in process of manufacture, and great quantities of barreled ale and beer. The loss is estimated at \$350,000; insurance, \$30,000. The adjoining buildings were damaged by falling walls to the amount of \$20,000. The fire originated from an explosion of gas, which escaped from a leaking pipe, and was ignited by one of the workmen striking a match.

Champion Game of Billiards.

New York, November 23.—A game of billiards, 600 points, French caroms, for the championship of America and \$1,000, was played to-night between Cyrille Dion and Maurice Daley, and resulted in the defeat of the latter by a score of 600 to 557. The winner's average was 12.

New York Produce Exchange.

New York, November 23.—At a meeting of the Produce Exchange to-day the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That a seller of property has the right to demand payment for that property on delivery of title to buyer.

Children's Aid Society.

New York, November 23.—At the annual meeting of the Children's Aid Society to-day, the Treasurer reported that the receipts for the past year were \$229,447, and the expenses \$228,832. The Secretary reported that all the lodging houses in the city were in a flourishing condition, and were daily receiving numbers of outcast children.

Habeas Corpus Denied.

New York, November 23.—Judge Davis dismissed the habeas corpus case in behalf of Robert Wishart, charged with negotiating forged bonds of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad in Philadelphia, and the accused was sent to that city.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, November 23.—A special from Berlin says intelligence has been received from Herzegovina that the Turkish forts at Gornsko and Mcksu must shortly capitulate to the insurgents, unless provisioned in time. A telegram from Constantinople states that the Porte has urged the Russian and Austrian ambassadors to remonstrate with the Prince of Montenegro, because so many of his subjects are joining the insurgents. A dispatch from Cetting reports that the Servian envoy has returned to Belgrade bearing suggestions which will serve as a basis of a treaty between Servia and Montenegro.

LONDON, November 24.—The Morning Post gives prominence to the announcement that E. Ward Hunt, First Lord of the Admiralty, will probably be succeeded by Lord Henry Lennox.

ITALY.

ROME, November 24.—Cardinal Semoni has informed the Vatican that the Spanish Minister of Justice has been appointed to negotiate with him on the subject of the Concordat. An ambassador to the Vatican will be appointed by Spain when the negotiations are concluded. Cardinal Antonelli has sent final instructions to Monsignor Simoni. It appears Spain wishes to have a new Concordat, while the Vatican is merely willing to modify some portion of the present instrument.

FRANCE.

PARIS, November 23.—Paul de Cassagnac addressed a Bonapartist meeting in Belleville to-day. Three thousand people were present and loudly cheered the speaker, who advocated the Plebiscite, and promised in the name of the suppression of the octroi, and the establishment of an income tax. Alexander Colin, the painter, is dead.

The first month's sales of Joaquin Miller's new poem—"The Ship in the Desert"—netted him \$1,500, as his share of the profits.

The recent suspension of the Burlington (Vt.) Sentinel, Democrat, leaves the State of Vermont without a single Democratic journal.

To the victors belong the spoils. This is the way the Democratic members of Congress from the South begin to talk. They will have a majority in the Democratic caucus.

A TEXAS TRAGEDY.

A Girl's Fickleness and a Lover's Desperation—Two Bloody Deaths. And all for Love.

(From the Atlanta (Georgia) Constitution.) Dr. Spalding, of Kimball, Texas, writing to his brother, Rev. Dr. Spalding, of this city, says:

I wish to write you this morning a truthful account of a tragedy which transpired here a few days ago.

There is a wealthy farmer living three miles below Kimball, on the west side of the Brazos river, near Powell Dale Church. His name is G. D. Greer. He has several brothers living here—wealthy, influential, good citizens. They came originally from Georgia. He had two daughters, just grown—Miss Willie, eighteen years old, and Miss Nannie, sixteen—both handsome, intelligent, amiable, and beloved by all who knew them. The oldest was an unusually sweet girl. She always reminded me of Miss Julia B., daughter of Judge T. J. B., of Madison, Georgia. She joined the Baptist Church last summer. She was, in fact, everything that any man could wish in a daughter.

About twelve months ago a distant relative of Captain Greer's first wife (the girls were children of a second marriage,) Robert Simms, a young man, a stock-raiser, passed through here on his way to Colorado, to which place he was driving his herds. Stopping among his relatives he became enamored with Miss Greer. Whether they were engaged or not is not certainly known. She probably loved him, as perhaps any sweet girl eighteen years of age would love a handsome, fearless, rich young man who might court her love. And yet she feared him, for he had killed a man in a difficulty, so it is said, in the southwest part of the State. He went away, however, wearing her ring and she wearing his. He kept up a correspondence with one of her uncles, to whom he seemed to be very much attached.

Eighteen months ago, a young, good looking, tall, egotistic, self-reliant, Baltimore chap, secured board at Esquire Lane's (seven miles below the home of Captain Greer)—the father of Miss Greer, and commenced the practice of physic. He met Miss Greer, courted her in that (to the ladies) irresistible manner for which he was just fitted. They became engaged, and were to be married on the 11th of November, 1875. Saturday morning, October 23d, Miss Greer came to town to make some minor purchases for the occasion. Her father had gone with his cotton crop to Dallas, and was to return that evening. He was bringing her bridal outfit. On the Thursday before, Bob Simms returned, having received a letter from his uncle stating that Miss Greer was soon to be married. He called on Miss Greer, found out the state of her feelings, chided her, told her they were made for each other, and that no other man should ever claim her as his wife.

Saturday morning he gave to a friend with whom he was staying, a letter from his sister, saying, "Answer this letter to-morrow if I do not return. I am going up to Captain Greer's, and if I never return wind up my business."

He went over; called for Miss Willie, who was with her mother and Dr. Frazer, her betrothed, in the sitting room. When asked for, Miss Willie said: "Doctor, have you your pistol; I am afraid of Bob; he said he would kill me; shall I go in?" The doctor said, "I am not armed; go in if you like." All three then went in. Simms asked Miss Willie to walk with him in the garden; she declined. He then asked her to walk out on the back porch, as he wished to have a goodbye chat with her. She went out on the back gallery; he followed, pulling the door to after him. The mother heard them conversing, and heard him say: "And you are the cause of it," heard her sob; heard her say, "O, don't do that, Bob." Then, bang! bang! went his six-shooter; then a pause, then bang again. The mother threw open the door. There lay her beautiful daughter dead on the gallery. One shot entered near the heart (the first I think); one entered the left eye, and came out at the back of her head; the other entered the center of the forehead, and came out also at the back of the head. He must have supported her with his left hand while shooting her. Near her lay Robert Simms. The fourth shot he had fired through his own head, from back to front. The doctor ran out, turned the murderer's horse loose, and ran to the next house for a gun. A runner was sent to meet her father, who was a few miles off on the Dallas road, coming home. His agony, I hope, neither you nor I may ever have.

Next day, Sunday, they brought her body here to Kimball and buried it. His body they carried to a grave-yard near Dowell's Dale, where it was buried. We are all sad, for we all loved her.

Waste of Timber.

General Brisbane has written another forcible letter remonstrating against the wanton destruction of American forests and of timber. The rapidly with which the forests are being swept away by commercial greed and short-sighted economic policy is indeed startling. The great Wisconsin forests are in process of rapid destruction. No less than 1,000,000,000 feet of lumber were cut in a single year. From 1860 to 1870 over twelve millions acres of forest in different States were cleared for the purpose of cultivation, the timber logged, or burned on the ground, and the land farmed, and the annual decrease of forest by logging and burning is still over a million acres, or twice as much as the entire forest land of California, while the annual demolition for all purposes reaches the enormous figures of eight millions acres a year. Over against this, tree planting covers but one million acres yearly; and at this rate, General Brisbane estimates that the forests of the three great lumber States of the Northwest—Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota—will be exhausted in twenty years. It is time to protect, by efficient legislation, our magnificent forests against the depredations of vandals. We have timber enough and of the finest quality to supply the demand for all time to come if only it be not wantonly wasted. Meanwhile, we neglect the propriety of economizing the planting of trees in our wide extended plains. The benefit that would accrue in the increased productiveness of the soil would be immediate, while the prospective value of such plantings for timber cannot be estimated.

A fashionable young lady, fresh from boarding school came to her father's breakfast table; instead of speaking English and saying "Good morning," she spoke French, and said, "Bon jour." "Of course the bone's yours, if you say so," responded the old gentleman, as he handed her the ossified portion of a beef-steak.

AN ECCENTRIC NOBLEMAN.

The Duke of Portland—Some Curious Personal Traits—Singular Mania for Building.

Few even of his nearest neighbors have the slightest idea how he spends his time. He is never seen at court, and fashionable aristocratic circles know him not. So far as society is concerned he is dead to the world, and even the few visitors to Welbeck Abbey seldom set eyes on their host. He surrounded himself with an atmosphere of the closest mystery, and no one, peer or commoner, is permitted to penetrate into the secrets of his life. Even his own solitators, the firm to whom is entrusted the legal management of his enormous estates, are never allowed an interview with him, and in aristocratic circles it is habitually—but, as will be seen hereafter, erroneously—asserted that the only person who is permitted to see him is his confidential valet.

His hat is of an unusual height; a long, old-fashioned wig reached down to his neck; wet or fine, he never stirs out without an umbrella, hot or cold, a loose coat is always slung over his arm; and whether the ground be dry or muddy, his trousers are invariably tied up below the knee with a piece of common string, in exactly the same fashion as is adopted by a navvy at his work. His mind is active and his intellect as acute as those of any of his brothers in the peerage. He is now just 75 years of age, having been born on September 17, 1800. He is, of course, enormously wealthy. Four or five years ago his annual income was upward of £500,000, and since that time it has very considerably increased. He is a very large owner of land round about Welbeck Abbey, where he usually resides, and he has besides enormously valuable property in London, chiefly in the district of Marylebone, besides very large estates in Northumberland, in Derbyshire, in Caithness, and Ayrshire.

His grace has never been married, nor, to the best of living belief, has not at any time been smitten by a woman's charms. His ruling passion is an inveterate love of building. At Welbeck Abbey alone, for many years, there have been employed upward of 500 masons, and a like number of smiths and joiners, besides the staff necessary for the ordinary work of the estate. His grace is his own architect, and all his plans are laid out in the most methodical manner. Before he will allow a new building to be commenced he makes the designs, and causes to be constructed, often at a cost of some hundreds of pounds, a large model of the work to be put in hand. If the model does not please him he destroys it, draws new plans, and has a fresh model made. During the progress of the work he superintends it in person. His grace is, by experience, very clever in building matters. He can detect the most minute fault, even such trifling defects as would escape the eye of the practiced and experienced workman. If a fault cannot be remedied by alteration, he causes the building to be, without ceremony, razed to the ground, and the work commenced afresh, until it is done to his satisfaction.

He has a deeply rooted dislike to the observation of the outside world. He has even sought, by various clever expedients, to hide the old abbey of Welbeck, where he constantly resides, from casual passers-by, while the approaches to the abbey are entirely subterranean. There are upward of 15 miles of tunneling around Welbeck abbey, and no one can approach the house without traversing some of them. This most extraordinary arrangement has taken many years to accomplish, but it is now complete. Some of these subterranean passages are constructed upon the most admirable principles. They are all well ventilated from above, and are lighted by natural or artistic means by day and night. In order to take away the monotonous effect of these underground passages, his grace has built, in some cases parallel with the passages, other open corridors covered with glass, while at distances of every few yards are to be found statues and other works of art, placed in the niches in the wall. He possesses an extensive stable. He has upwards of fifty hunters bred from the best stock in the land, but he has not for many years followed the hounds himself. A gallery made of iron and glass, a quarter of a mile in length, has been constructed in order that the horses may be exercised in damp weather. His riding-school is a magnificent affair, with a lofty glass dome; and he has, besides, carriage horses, hunting stables and carriages of every description.

His kitchen and culinary offices are constructed on an extensive scale, although there is only his grace to cook for, as, when he (occasionally) gives dinner parties, the food is sent from elsewhere. Yet the duke is not simple in his diet. He takes regularly two meals a day, and at each he has a half a chicken, one being killed and prepared for him each morning. He never eats animal meat, and yet he enjoys perfect health. He passes much of his time among the workmen, but will seldom go near a stranger. Many people write to him, but he seldom or never gives a reply. He is a member of four London clubs—Boodle's, Brooks', The Travelers' and Whites—but he never goes near them. He gives large hunting and shooting parties to different members of the English aristocracy, but never sees or converses with them.

The Duration of Life.

In ancient Rome, during the period between 200 and 300 A. D., the average duration of life among the upper classes was thirty years. In the present century among the same classes it amounts to fifty years. In the sixteenth century the mean duration of life in Geneva was 21.21 years, between 1833 and 1841 it was 40.68 years, and at the present time as many people live to seventy years of age as three years ago lived to the age of forty-three. In the year 1693 the British Government borrowed money, the amount borrowed to be paid in annuities, on the basis of the mean duration of life at that time. The State Treasury made thereby a good bargain, and all parties to the bargain were satisfied. Ninety-seven years later Pitt established another annuity or annuity company, based on the presumption that the mortality would remain the same as a hundred years before. But in this instance it transpired that the Government had made a bad bargain, since, in the first annuity 10,000 persons of each sex died under the age of twenty-eight, a hundred years later only 5,772 males and 6,416 females died under this age. From this fact it appears that life, under certain favorable influences, has gained in many, and probably all its forms and manifestations, both in vigor and duration.

Conversation between Cincinnati young ladies—"She's the most disagreeable girl I ever saw." "Yes, and the proudest, though her father packed only a hundred hogs last year."

MOTHER-IN-LAW AND WIFE.

A Phase of Every-Day Life—Who Shall Sit at the Head of the Table.

(From the Buffalo Express.)

"The prisoner is your son's wife, is she?" inquired the King of the sorrowful old woman standing beside him. "Yes, sir; Harriet, there." "And you had her arrested for striking you?" "Yes, sir."

There was a painful pause. The sad-eyed, age-stricken woman hastily wiped away a tear that had come unbidden to her poor old eyes, and the daughter sat staring straight into vacancy, with a hard, defiant look upon her face which was belied by the nervous fingers that were winding and unwinding the fringe of a gaudy shawl drawn about her shoulders. "Well, my dear madam what is it? Tell us all about it," and gaining courage from the looks sympathizingly bent on her from every side, in a low voice she told the sad, oft-repeated tale of domestic troubles.

"My son William, that's him, sir, standing by the stove. We used to live together peaceably and old fashioned. He brought his earnings home every Saturday night, and gave 'em to me to use in buying things, and a happier and more contented mother and son I don't believe you could find in the whole country through. But, bime-by I noticed a change. He was out evenings, took an awful amount of pains with his hair and necktie, and at last it came out as I expected. 'Mother,' he says, 'I want to get married. She's—' but there ain't no use telling what he said or what he did. It was just the same as when we were young, your honor; and one bright August morning he brought her home with him' and says, proud as ever you see, 'Mother, this is my wife; you must try to love her a little for your son's sake.' And I did try, sir, honestly try, but her ways wasn't my ways. First, she wanted to change the pictures on the wall, and hung 'em awful unbecoming, and then my tomato plants in the window. She said they littered the room, and one morning afore I got up she had 'em all out in the yard. Next she said as 'eming how she was William's wife she had better sit at the end of the table and pour the tea, and though he didn't say anything, I saw that my son agreed with her, so I left the seat where I had sat for thirty-odd years, and had to see it occupied by another. I was snubbed as a domineering old woman, and at last she said she wished I wouldn't come into the parlor when there was company; looked so old-fashioned and said such queer things. That was too much, sir, right in my own and my son's house, and I just rose right up and we had it, and both said a great many bitter things that we didn't mean, and at last, white with rage, she raised her hand and struck me, sir, her husband's mother, and afore I knew what I was doing I had her arrested and brought here, but I never meant it, sir; and if you will let her go now I will stay in my own room in the house, and will try to live in peace until the end. Won't you, sir?"

As the old lady ceased speaking the daughter's face, which had gradually softened under the new and blessed light of love was buried in her shawl and her low, convulsive sobs were audible throughout the hushed court room.

"This is all," said the king solemnly; this is the lesson you both needed, and let it serve you for all time. Bear each other's infirmities; be to each other in reality mother and daughter, and believe me you can make a home for William and yourself pleasanter than you have ever known. The prisoner is discharged."

Not a word was said, but the two women, with clasped hands, passed out of the room together, the son and husband joining them at the door with happy, beaming face at the unlooked for reconciliation between his mother and his wife.

Sherman's Disgust.

When the Wyndham Combination Troupe were in this country, an incident occurred on a railroad travel which is worthy to be transmitted to future generations as an instance of a great man making himself ridiculous. The ladies of the troupe were new English importation, and as usual with people from the "old country," knew nothing of America, save that it was a good place to make money. They had, of course, heard of the great civil war, or rebellion, but were unacquainted with the personal or even public histories of the leaders on either side. Manager Wyndham was introduced to General W. T. Sherman, who was a passenger on the train, and occupied the same sleeper with the troupe. In due time the manager introduced the troupe to the General. He chatted a long time with the actresses and made himself generally agreeable. Wyndham had not informed the fair beings under his charge that his and their companion was one of the most distinguished of Federal officers, and, therefore, they were not aware that they had the honor of talking to a son of the god of war, a veritable American thunderbolt. Sherman did not relish this indifference and when the time came for him to separate from them as a fellow-passenger, he bowed to the group of actresses, and said: "Ladies, when you are longer in this country you will learn who General Sherman is." The fair creatures were amazed. They looked at each other and then at the retreating General, and were not satisfied until Wyndham was called in and information duly given that they had been in the company of the hero of the "March to the Sea."

Removal of Glass Stoppers.

It may not have occurred to every one—at all events it is not noticed in any of our treatises on practical pharmacy—that the easiest way to take out a stopper which has become fixed in the neck of a bottle is to reverse the motion given to it when putting it in, that is to knock the stopper from right to left. In most instances when the stopper is fixed, without the intervention of adhesive substance, it is by turning it as one would drive a screw. The direction is almost invariably from left to right, and thus a thread is formed which is easiest to follow backward than forward. The trouble with which the removal of stoppers is usually attended must form my apology for introducing the suggestion of so little apparent importance.—Canada Medical Record.

An ocean hovering bird of great spirit and intelligence has been found in Iceland, which flies at the rate of 150 miles an hour, and is able to find its home over sea and land. It is hoped by next year, if the training of these birds continues successfully, an ocean mail can be established between America and Europe, the trip to be made between sunrise in one hemisphere and sunset in the other.