

THE DAILY STAR

A STORY OF INDIA.

CHAPTER I—(CONTINUED.)

As they conversed, the throng of carriages had been gradually thinning, and but few were left as Cissy at last heard the welcome order to return home.

And the turreted stretch they have left behind becomes once more desolate and bare; the last of the stragglers leaves it, the moon rises softly over it, the stars shimmer down into the lake, the light winds ripple the silvery surface of the waters.

Let us follow the two cousins as they retired to the room they were to share together, where their native women already awaited them, and ball-dresses had been spread out on their beds, ready.

"No," said Mrs. Ricart, with answering smile. "We will go into Emily's room a little, and tell her some of Jane's news—only forget the letter. She can see it some other day, you know."

"Yes, you'll do," said her mother, approvingly. "Is not that Cissy's voice in the drawing-room?"

"Yes, and the great Lambert is sure to join her. I suppose I need not go in, eh?"

"No," said Mrs. Ricart, with answering smile. "We will go into Emily's room a little, and tell her some of Jane's news—only forget the letter. She can see it some other day, you know."

"What is it, Mahajunia?" asked Alice. "Does mamma want me?"

"The Maam Sahib sends her salaams to the Mus Baba, and wishes to speak to her," answered the woman, in Hindostanee.

"All right; tell her I'll come," replied Alice, in the same language; and taking the rest of her flowers, etc., in her hand, stepped out by an open window into the verandah, and walking along nearly the whole length of the house, tapped at another window, and entered her mother's room.

"What is it, mamma? Do you want your flowers fixed? These stupid native women can do nothing right," she said.

muttered Mrs. Ricart, running her fingers over several closely written pages. "Jane does write such a lot of twaddle, to be sure! Ah, here it is: 'By the bye, did you meet a young fellow—Burton—on board. Mrs. Somerville has a lady from the country visiting her, who knows a lad by that name who went out to a situation in Calcutta by your steamer. He has just come in for a fine estate, and no end of money, from the grumpy old grand-uncle who sent him out, and with whom, it seems, he was a favorite, though he never guessed it. I don't suppose you would dream of cultivating his acquaintance on board; but we were just thinking what a good chance it might have been for Alice and Cissy, and that you might encourage any opportunity of meeting him again. You can give my news this mail to Emily, etc.'"

"Mrs. Ricart had been lying luxuriously back in a low chair as she read; she folded her letter in silence. Alice's face had become more and more surprised; at the end she elevated her eyebrows, and whistled softly.

"Alice, I wish you would not do that; it is so unladylike," said the mother, reproachfully.

"Ah, bosh! But Burton will be a fine catch."

"Yes; much better than Lambert."

"Then I am to give up all idea of the one, and try the other, eh? Is that the little game?"

"Don't speak so vulgarly, Alice. You understand that your aunt wishes Cissy to encourage Captain Lambert, and that Mr. Burton would be an excellent party. You have your own way to make in the world, as your aunt and I had; and you know what a stupid choice I made (not but what your father seemed well enough off at one time); and, on the contrary, you see what an excellent position your aunt enjoys, with plenty of money and as the wife of a judge. I should advise you to make yourself agreeable to Mr. Burton, and leave Cissy to the man her mother wishes her to marry."

"And which she doesn't," said Alice, bluntly.

"Absurdity! She's very insipid, and won't care."

"Silly waters run deep, you know."

"Fiddlesticks! Don't be sentimental. Do you mean to let the chance slip?"

"No, not I. I dare say you'll help me."

"Of course, with pleasure; I am glad to see you so sensible. In the first place, you must make yourself look nice. You do look rather well to-night; but you want something brighter in your hair."

"I should not object to your opal aigrette," said Alice, coolly.

"Well, then, you must take care of it; and to Alice's astonishment the jewel was willingly produced and fastened in her hair, where the weird lights shimmered beautifully.

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AFTER THE WALKING-MATCH.

A Decided Sell on a Large Audience. (New York World.)

A good deal of an audience at 50 cents a head gathered at the Madison Square Garden last night to hear and see a "grand complimentary concert and presentation reception to Charles Rowell and his late gallant competitors." The "concert" was all "Tommy Dodd" and "Lullaby" by the same band that made the walk horrible. The "presentation" did not come off because the belt lay in the hands of the Sheriff under an attachment procured by one of Weston's creditors.

It may be added that Ennis' share of the gate-money came within an ace of an attachment. Atkinson met Ennis outside of the hotel and paid him his check, and when he had got inside found a Sheriff's officer there.

The programme of the evening promised that Hart would walk a mile, Ennis a mile, Merritt a mile and Guyon a mile, and that Hazael and Taylor would have a race. Then when Rowell had received his belt he was to go about the track with the belt on. Nobody as yet ever put the belt on. When two thousand people had gathered and had waited a half-hour or more Hazael came in with his trainer, Sullivan, and said that he had not known of the arrangements and was in no condition to run.

Mr. Kuntz said he had nothing to do with the alleged show, having sublet the Garden to Scannell and Davies, the managers for Merritt and Guyon.

Mr. Al. Smith, of the October management, said the whole thing was a "bilk," calculated to injure October business. McDonald, who is the factotum about the Garden of Kuntz Bros., attempted to make Mr. Smith believe otherwise and was knocked down in the bar-room by Mr. Smith. Captain Williams sent for a few extra men, and the audience was informed that Norman Taylor would run five miles. "Where's Hazael?" shouted back two thousand voices, and Hazael was dragged from a box and shown to the audience with the remark, "His foot being so bad, he will not run." Taylor ran his five miles in 33m. 44s. A telegram "from Boston" was next received, saying that Hart was sick in that city. It had been sent from an office in Broadway, New York.

Merritt and Guyon walked around the track twice side by side, and looked like bull-pickers. Dutchman two miles, and John Ennis ran a mile. Peter Crossland and John Doble walked two miles, and then Rowell came out in his tights and spun over a mile in 5m. 27s. It was said to be a mile, but others there besides the referee who declared that it was a Bridgeport mile of 7 laps. When the mile was over Leonard Grover is said to have made a speech about Rowell. Then the crowd shouted, "Where's the belt?" It was proposed to deceive the public by a presentation of the American belt held by Guyon, but Guyon said this trophy had been hypotheated. Rowell slipped into the dressing-room while the audience slipped out of the garden.

The Princess Louise.

(Detroit News.)

A Detroit gentleman who was present at Ottawa last week at the presentation of prizes by the Princess Louise to the competitors at the meeting of the Canadian Rifle Association thus describes that estimable lady:

"The Princess Louise wore a short walking dress, tight fitting en suite, I think she folks call it, she being, as the sailors say, rigged from her keelson to her truck all the same. Her height is about five feet five inches, and she is as perfect in figure as is possible for a lady to be. Although not what I should call pretty, she has a very pleasing, well formed face, very intelligent eyes, carries herself exceedingly well, and is without any flattery a noble looking lady. A more quietly dressed, unassuming lady could not possibly be conceived than this princess. There was no display of jewelry or finery, but everything in excellent taste, with ease and grace to set them off.

"I wish I were able to give a better description and enter into details, but some day the citizens of Detroit may be able to judge for themselves; and when they do I think they will hold with me that Queen Victoria has sent a daughter to this continent a true and perfect specimen of a woman and a lady, a model worthy of example, reflecting credit on the noble Queen, her mother, and an ornament to her sex."

A Mean Piracy.

(New York Star.)

Some of the aristocratic young bucks who graduate from West Point, after being fed and educated at public expense, are incurably given to aping the silliest vanities of aristocratic army officers in Europe, and one of their dominant propensities is to underrate the efficiency of our State militia forces as compared with "Uncle Sam's regulars." It is only fair to say that a more just appreciation of the merits of both systems is formed by experienced and patriotic Generals who know what service was rendered in the war by our National Guard and volunteers. The arrogance and assumption of superiority are to be found only among verdant upstarts and bureaucrats who have a weakness for attitudinizing as the salt of the earth and the saviors of the nation.

Owing to the improvements in rifled firearms, the efficiency of modern infantry is rated by the precision of its shooting. The most perfect weapon is of little practical value unless the man who carries it can use it skillfully when

occasion requires. The art of accurate shooting with military rifles was first systematically cultivated on this side of the Atlantic among the militia regiments of New York State, and the gratifying results obtained were due in no small measure to the labors of General Wingate, our State Inspector of Rifle Practice, whose "Manual" has been for years the standard work of instruction, not only here, but in every other State where the art has been developed or encouraged.

Inspired, and we may fairly say impelled by the example of the State militia organizations, the sapient rulers of our Federal Army at length concentrated their powerful minds on the subject of rifle practice. At a time when tax-payers were loudly complaining of the exorbitant expense of the "regular" establishment and proclaiming its inefficiency, self-preservation suggested the need of promoting marksmanship. Here, however, a grave obstacle was met. Wingate's Manual was practically exhaustive; but could West Point graduates submit to be instructed by a General of the militia? Never! The indignity could not be thought of.

To find a way out of the dilemma, the Federal Chief of Ordnance "detailed" Col. T. S. Laidley of the Ordnance Department to prepare a "complete system of target practice." The gallant warrior promptly turned his sword into a scissor and compiled a new manual by means of wholesale appropriations from Gen. Wingate's work, without a solitary line or syllable of credit Passages are rewritten and transposed, but in essence the two volumes are identical. The story carries its own moral.

A bridegroom and his best man met with a very unexpected and extraordinary adventure near Baltimore, one night last week, while going in a carriage to the home of the bride that was to be, but was not. They were dressed for the wedding, and, after getting the bride, intending to return to Baltimore, where the marriage service was to take place. There had been some opposition to the proposed match, chiefly by the girl's brother-in-law, and an elopement had been planned to circumvent him. When the carriage had gone some distance along a road outside of the city, it was suddenly stopped by a party of men armed with guns and revolvers, which had been carefully left unloaded to prevent any accident. Going to the door of the carriage weapons were pointed by the men at the would-be bridegroom, who was ordered to get out and walk away with them. Placed in another carriage he was driven off with his best man left remaining in the first carriage. The girl, disappointed at the failure of her lover to arrive, and fearing that something had happened to him, seized the same night an opportunity to go to Baltimore. There she probably learned of the kidnapping, and thinking it of no good to return home proceeded at once by rail to Martinsburg, W. Va., where the bridegroom's parents live. In the morning the young man, after having been in custody through the night, was released. He soon learned where the girl was, and tells his friends that the marriage will yet come off and prove a happy one. It has since leaked out that the chief of the party which kidnaped him was the girl's brother-in-law, who had heard in some way of the intended elopement.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

John as a Shooter.

(San Francisco Bulletin.)

It is a growing custom on the part of the Chinese to go on the roofs of the houses which they occupy and fire off their pistols. Recently they have on several occasions been discovered in that pleasant pastime. Firearms are new things to most of these people. They have no idea of what becomes of the ball when it is discharged. Probably, as they do not see it, they think it penetrates the vault of heaven itself. But the missiles describes some parables and goes through some window, lodges on some roof or wounds or kills some individual. This dangerous practice is the explanation of the stray bullets which from time to time have been flying about town. Already one man has been slain outright by them. Several persons have also been more or less seriously wounded. Balls have come whistling through panes of glass. They have injured persons on platforms of street cars. For a time it was supposed they were fired by mischievous boys with air guns, because the report could not be heard. But when the frequent reference to it in the press brought no relief, it was evident enough that the shooting was being done by parties whom journalism does not reach. The Chinese being the only class in that condition, suspicion for a long time pointed toward them. Now, in several cases the facts have been brought home to them. Whenever they are in a warlike fervor they blaze away from the roofs where they dwell. The balls travel a long distance, especially if fired from an elevation, and no explosion is therefore heard where they strike.

A Texas Gentleman.

(St. Louis Hotel.)

A Texas gentleman who stopped at a St. Louis hotel before morning made himself the most interesting guest in the establishment. The waiter asked him if he knew how to turn off the gas, and he said he guessed he knew what he was about. A couple of hours later the odor of gas pervaded the entire house, and was traced to his room. A call was made, but he told the waiter to go away or there would be trouble. It became apparent the guest had blown out his gas light, and frequent and more vigorous calls were made. The guest held the fort, however, and despite the warnings that he would be smothered to death and would blow up the house, declined to open the door, and told all the applicants to retire. Finally he began shooting at the door, and for about ten minutes kept up a fusillade, firing fourteen bullets in all, many of which passed through the door and others lodged in the walls. A squad of police finally forced an entrance, and at imminent risk captured him. It was then ascertained he had \$50 in his possession, and couldn't smell. As he got no odor of the gas he imagined the waiters were all burglars trying to get in and rob him, and hence his conduct.—[N. Y. World.]

A Prodigy.

(Chambers Journal.)

There are many persons who, if we are to place full credence in their biographers, must have been extraordinary marvels of precocity and cleverness. Anne Maria Schurman, for example, who was the boast of Germany, was one of this description. At the age of six, and without instruction, she cut in paper the most delicate figures; at eight she learned in a few days to paint flowers, which, it should be added, were highly esteemed; and two years later it cost her only five hours' application to learn the art of embroidering with elegance.

Her talents for higher attainments, we are told, did not develop themselves till she was twelve years of age, when they were discovered in the following manner: Her brothers were studying in the apartment where she sat, and it was noticed that whenever their memories failed in the recital of their lessons, the little girl prompted them without any previous knowledge of their tasks except what she had gained from hearing the boys con them over. In her education she made extraordinary progress, and is said to have perfectly understood the German, Low Dutch, French, English, Latin, Greek, Italian, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic, and Ethiopian languages. Her knowledge of science and her skill in music, painting, and sculpture were also extraordinary, and her talent for modeling was shown by the wax portrait she contrived to make of herself with the aid of a mirror. When it is added that her letters were not only valuable for the elegance of their style but for the beauty of the written characters, which caused the said epistles to be preserved as cabinet curiosities, we may judge what a prodigy of cleverness was foreshadowed by the talents she displayed as a child.

A Telling School-bell.

Mrs. Clara B. Helms, a teacher in a public school at Deadwood, D. T., died on the 6th ultimo, aged thirty-four years. A local paper tells the following story in connection with her death:

"A number of the residents in the neighborhood of the school-house were startled last night about midnight by hearing the school-house bell break the stillness of the air by a loud and distinct toll, many at first thinking it was an alarm of fire. What caused the bell to strike will probably forever remain a mystery, as the school-house windows were securely fastened and the doors locked the evening previous.

"At the instant when the bell struck, some ladies were conversing at the bedside of Mrs. Clara B. Helms, in the Overland Hotel, a former teacher in the school, who, in her delirium said: 'Ring the school-bell,' when all present were horrified to distinctly hear its sound. The fact of Mrs. Helms dying a few hours later throws a cloud of mystery around the affair which will be the subject of discussion for some days to come."

The Mystery of His Life.

For twenty years John Christian lived in Troy, N. Y., an honest and industrious, but silent man. He had no friend, no acquaintance beyond those of a business character. He lived alone and died a stranger in a town where he had lived for twenty years. After his death, search among his effects discovered not one scrap of paper, one registry or letter to indicate that there was any human being in whom he had an affectionate interest; and yet he was an intelligent, gentle, kindly-disposed man. Hidden away in a trunk was a silver cup containing a silver watch and a dollar in money, and wrapped up carefully in a package by itself, a lady's slipper. In another place in a box was a lady's embroidered work-bag, but no letter, no name, nothing to indicate who it was in whom he had an interest sufficient to make him keep these things. No one knew where he was born or where he had lived, what his age, what relatives he had.

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