MILDRED RUSSELL'S LETTER.

SUMMERING IN SCOTLAND.

[The Scottish Games—An Interesting Castle—The Garden of Friendship—Quaint House with a Family Ghost.

[Special correspondence of the Dispatch.]

FORFARSHIRE, Sept., 1885.

The best part of the grouse-shooting lasts only three or four weeks, and now over, and those sportsmen who come to Scotland for this amusement have are either leaving or are already gone. It has turned out to be a very bad season, in spite of the first few days being wet.

We have been amusing ourselves with expeditions over the moors, an interchange of visits with our neighbors, and with going to see those Highland games that are within our reach. In some form or other these games are held all over Scotland at this time of year, and last week we went to those given in Cortachy Castle grounds. A couple of tents for luncheon and tea for the tenants on the Airlie estates, and benches and chairs for the invited guests were at one end of an enclosure, and a rope and rope barrier completed the circle. Numbers of people crowded down deep around the barrier, having come to see the sports or participate in them. The games were not as exclusively national as those we saw at Glen Isla, but still they were worth seeing. They included a steeple-chase and other horse races; a competition show of cart-horses and Collie dogs; a boxing match, at which an American visitor was asked to be judge, and several foot-races. Lady Strathmore, of Glamis, won a prize for a Collie dog, and Lady Airlie one for a pair of superb cart-horses. She is a notable manager, and has contributed not a little to the improvement of the family estates, both during the lifetime of her husband and that of her son. The Highland dancing was good, but not equal to that at Glen Isla. The tug-of-war was, however, great fun. The Cortachy men set to work with a will. They put their heaviest man at the end, and he sat down and kept there, and he and his team pulled the Glen Isla men over in a trice.

A PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT.

These Cortachy games are a private entertainment given by Lord Airlie to the neighborhood, and are intended as encouragements and rewards to the agricultural class, who highly appreciate the prizes (principally in money) which are given. Among the invited guests were Lords Dalhousie and Kintore, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, Lady Kinnoul, Lady Muriel Hay, and a long string of titled people. The day was rather bleak and cold, so the ladies did not look their best, and most of us came to the conclusion that there were not very many pretty women present, only two being really handsome, one of whom was an American. At Cortachy I discovered the secret of the bagpipes, and am not now much surprised at their being so rejoiced in by the Scotch. There was a band of brass wind instruments playing alternately with the pipes, and their music was heavy and dull compared with the spirited twanging thread of sound of their rivals. It was all the difference between the steady, orderly tramp of middle age and the gay rush of youth. Even the dirges were stirring.

AN INTERESTING PLACE.

Cortachy Castle is one of the places seldom heard of unless one is dropped, as it were, by accident at its gates, and then the discovery is made of an addition to the numerous spots where there is so much that is interesting and worth seeing in an unexciting way. The castle was partially rebuilt and enlarged ten years ago, and whilst rented by the late Earl of Dudley—three years since—was burned down. The family then occupying it had to drive for shelter, in the middle of the night, to Brechin Castle, twenty-two miles off. The rebuilding of it for a second time is now nearly completed. It is a fine house, and stands in extensive grounds, but one of the great peculiarities attached to it is a garden of friendship. Each tree has been planted by a friend and dedicated in memory of some friendly or family episode. Thus each tree has a history of its own that for its incidents and actors may roam far into the remote corners of the earth, or into the spirit-land, close on whose borders we seem to live in Scotland.

A SOLEMN OCCASION.

Our summer home in Forfarshire is unique and full of resources for a quiet sojourn and for country occupations and amusement. At our lodge-gates, a mile from the house, is our little village—its inviting kirk to which the worshippers come from miles around of the scantily-inhabited district. Each Sunday at 12 o'clock the ordinary service begins, and once a year the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered. This solemn occasion, which is followed by a fast-day kept by the Presbyterians throughout Scotland, occurred this year just after our arrival. In our little kirk several rows of pews were covered with cloths, and in these seats the partakers of the sacred elements sat. The pastor of this small congregation is a man of means and learning and a good preacher, and reads the Psalms with a pathos and poetry of expression that lends them a new meaning, despite his strong Scotch accent. Yet his faithful and attached congregation do not fail to done Sunday after Sunday under his excellent words of admonition and comfort. Poor souls! Most of them have worked hard all the week and have walked a long way to church, besides being under the unusual and soothing influence of sitting quiet.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

Still they do not all go to sleep at one time; they take it in turns. Some start out with a fixed determination to keep awake written on their faces, and only succumb to the insidious enemy when their weaker brethren are waking up and looking much refreshed by their temporary oblivion. So, it happens that some are always awake and listening. Do not picture our village as anything more than very little, or imagine that there we purchase our supplies. No, indeed! They come from a town thirteen miles away, and are brought twice a week in a cart that takes four hours to travel the hilly road, a good one though it be. Our doctor lives seventeen miles away—at least, so they tell us, for we have never seen him.

A QUAINT HOUSE.

We have many discussions as to the age of the house, when each part was built, and which is the oldest. It is quaint and irregular, and made up of a central part with three connecting wings so arranged as to catch the utmost possible amount of sunlight, and if there is a ray of sun shining the house seems bathed in it. There are pots of bright flowers outside its windows, and a still brighter border of garden round it, and the entrance being through a conservatory we have no lack of flowers close at hand. This entrance is in the modern wing, and leads to lofty rooms with large plate-glass windows, which scarcely interest us, and we wait till we turn queer corners before we get up any enthusiasm. Then we come on low rooms, with deep windows, showing the massive thickness of the walls, twisting shallow stairs, and odd steps at unexpected spots. The glory of the whole—that is, omitting the family ghost out of the competition—is a long, long room, low and narrow; a huge fireplace at one end, one side covered with bookshelves from top to bottom, and opposite to them a row of dormer-windows, each forming a wide recess. Many of the books belong to the last century. They are a curious mixture, and seem to be the residue of several weedings-out. Looking at them amuses us, but we seldom read them, being addicted to those of a more modern date. From the windows of this library, and, indeed, from most of the rooms, the eye sweeps over a well-cut lawn-tennis court and two or three bridges that cross a trout-stream and lead to the garden of flowers and fruit combined, which, as is generally the case in Scotland, is some distance from the house.

AN OLD GARDEN.

The garden is on the side of a hill of varying degrees of steepness. It lies due south, and is protected east and west by walls and trees. It is a place to wander in at any hour of the day, but it is especially pleasant in the evening. It is like an old-fashioned dame who does not eschew any of the exquisite products of modern taste and art, but adorns herself with them, yet adheres to an antique style of doing so all her own. Broad grass walks edged with masses of pansies of every tint ranging from white to chestnut and deep purple, long borders of lichens raising their bright scarlet tops, bands of blue lobelia, clumps of rare roses, and arbors of honeysuckle. These encircle beds of strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and other fruit ripe in the end of August and in September. The strawberries are very fine, and much appreciated, as they have long since gone out of season further south, and the red raspberries are large, and to be had in quantities, both cultivated and wild, as they are a native berry in Scotland as the blackberry is in some parts of England. The peaches and grapes are grown in glass-houses, as the climate would not mature them in the open air. The garden encloses a pond, on which the young people row whilst the rest sit under the trees and read and work, and end up by drinking tea. Far down the slope, by the edge of a grass plat, a mountain stream gurgles, overshadowed here and there by trees, and spanned by picturesque bridges, and high up in the distance are the hills and bares moors of every tint of purple and green, and making by their contrasting barrenness our garden more than ever a sweet retreat. It does not, perhaps, equal the garden of friendship in concentration of sentiment, but the years it has been forming have impressed on it a stamp of originality and affection. We are told it is one of the most beautiful in Scotland and endeared to a numerous clan, and we, new-comers, have already learned to love it. It is said that the cousins, near and far-removed, of the late proprietor, who was childless, used to come in flocks to pay long summer visits, and we all understand how they must have enjoyed the many pleasures this country-home affords. Fishing and shooting and never-failing expeditions on the ponies across the moors are among the most popular.

THE GHOST.

There is a standing topic of conversation that never flags in the ghost, which, it is asserted on grave authority, has walked through the house for centuries, and, to make it more exciting, is walking still. Poor ghost! how tired she must be. She is not called the ghost, however, but the gray lady. Though she perambulates the old part of the house with much constancy, disdaining even to set foot in the new, that was probably built about 1800, she is more frequently to be met with at the corner where the most unlooked-for and awkward of the odd steps waylays the needless. And if he does not go forward warily he may suddenly stumble into an icy-cold region of air, which always accompanies this ethereal visitant, and end by being clasped by impalpable arms. I think all must own that there is a decided odor of respectability, if not of sanctity, connected with the idea of the icy-cold air. Besides the gray lady there is a mysterious drummer, who plays on an invisible drum at the dead of night. We do not trouble ourselves about him, however, for he is heard only when the head of the clan is in dire extremity, and we have every hope that such a calamity is so far off that, travellers as we are, we shall not be called on to listen to any disturbing *rul-a-plan*.

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

The ghostly lady is different, as she appears at least every Friday night, and makes us reverse the adage, and say familiarity does not breed contempt. I am hoping not to see her myself, and with that negative end in view I keep a horseshoe outside my window, with an eye to the special good luck I want. I inherited my talisman from a predecessor, and intend to keep it, and though another guest has tried to get it from me, I flatly refused to resign it. Ghosts are as much discussed here as systems at Monte Carlo, with the exception that one of our party has entered a protest against hearing them spoken of, and is so cross when they are mentioned that we have to whisper behind his back, whereas no one protested against systems at Monte Carlo. Just now there are weighty, scientific men enough in the neighborhood on their way to the British Association at Aberdeen to lay any ghost that ever dared to rise. And yet at a time when the world is convinced "that nobody believes in nothing," there is almost a regenerating influence in living amongst people who are confident that the great world outside of us is occupied in endeavoring to bridge over the mystic chasm that separates us. We are genuine travellers, open-mouthed and wide-open-eyed, and anxious to be initiated into the customs of the countries we visit, so we are hard at work on the elementary study of ghosts, with the intention of being ready if it should be necessary for us to face one to do so without winking.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

The Dog Shot the Man.

[Milford Dispatch.]

A Mr. Klein, a German living in Slawson's Hollow, some two miles from this borough, saw a chicken-hawk and got out an army musket to shoot it. After he had got a short distance from the house he saw a dog about to enter the door, and, turning back, made a thrust at the animal with a musket—with the breech, we infer from what followed—whereupon the dog seized hold of the stock of the gun with his teeth and bit and continued to bite it until he reached the trigger, on which he left the prints of his teeth, as well as on the wooden stock, and as he hit the trigger the gun, being cocked, went off, the load passing into the fleshy part of one of Klein's legs, making an ugly wound. The sufferer is under the professional care of Dr. G. Emerson, and the prospect is that the injury will not prove fatal.

JOHN SHERMAN

ARREAIGNED BY A BLAINE MAN

To the Hon. John Sherman:

Sir,—I address you this letter not because you have merited the notice of any true American citizen by any act or speech above mediocrity, but because you represent a class of our people vindictive, jealous, narrow-minded, proscriptive, and utterly void of that rate pride inherent in our race and inseparable from self-respect; a class of people who, if they had sway in America, would utterly destroy everything good, everything noble, amalgamate the races, degrade the family of man, and sacrifice the very elementary principles of liberty to a morbid and abhorrent fancy. And my reason for addressing you farther is because of the high position you have reached, partly by chance, mostly by a low demagoguery and diseased state of society now passing away.

It matters not to me how you have become rich. If you went to Congress some years ago possessed of property assessed at $2,500, and have, by your wits, in whatever way, become a millionaire, proud and arrogant, whether by uniting with a whiskey ring formed by your sharpness in anticipation of the law taxing whiskey which you helped to engineer through Congress, or by speculating in an out-of-the-way Washington lot, and then using your high position in inducing the Washington authorities to expend millions in improving it—this is a matter, sir, so common with people of your cast as not to surprise any one. I address you, then, as

JOHN SHERMAN THE MALIGNANT

and cowardly reviler of a brave and noble people when personal responsibility is impossible. I address you as John Sherman, who used your sinister influence to defeat the nomination for a third term of the hero of the age; as John Sherman, who, from malice and low envy, done all in your power, secretly and covertly—and hence more effectually—to defeat the election of Mr. Blaine, the statesman, and secure the election of Mr. Cleveland—can you deny it?; as John Sherman, who now to-day comes between a great people clasping their hands in fellowship over the grave of Grant to defeat their brotherly union that you may profit thereby.

It has been the character of all the world's heroes to treat the conquered, conquered by their own process, with generosity and forbearance, and of all patriots to heal the wounds of those bloody civil strifes common to all the nations. May I cite you to Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Grant, Lincoln, Contrast your history and your conduct with that of Grant and Lincoln and blush at the contrast. Blush do I say? Where and when have the vindictive maligners of the weak or the fallen been known to blush? Sir, I address you as the true and unmistakable representative of those New England fanatics who, governed even more by jealousy and low instincts than by a morbid fanaticism in their efforts to humiliate those whom they did not have the courage to meet on the battle-field, and forgetful of their own race and lineage, are ready to debase and humiliate a people to whom they are indebted for every principle of civil and religious liberty that adorns and ennobles the American name; you, the representative of self-styled philanthropists, who, when they could make profit thereby, were active, quite as active, in the slave trade as they have since been in their noise about the rights of the descendants of the barbarians they stole or purchased with beads and rum and sold to the South, to Cuba, Brazil, wherever they could find a market. If the negro has been civilized and made to understand and practise the Christian virtues, to whatever degree, it has been without the aid of you or those whom you represent. Before the war your native New England made far more profit out of slavery, the whip of the slave-driver, as you term it, than their owners. It was the labor of these slaves that made the North rich and powerful, and your impotent rage now to-day comes out of the fact that you are prevented from enslaving the negro politically as effectually as you had hoped to do; comes out of the fact that you cannot hold him in political slavery for your own sectional purposes. You and the miserable faction of your party the friend of the negro! How do you prove it? You say you set him free? It is false. Events set him free; or, as Mr. Lincoln expressed it, his freedom came from the abrasion of the conflict. You emancipated him because you loved him? It is false. He was emancipated from a military necessity—because it was found, after a three years' war, that the South could not be conquered unless he was emancipated. You undertook the war for his liberty? It is not true, sir. You made war for one sole purpose—the maintenance of the Union. This you know to be true; this the acts of Congress and the proclamation of the President prove true. You made the fourteenth amendment for his benefit? This, too, you done for one sole purpose—to keep the Republican party in power, yourself among them, and thus hold the great majority of your *own race, North and South, under political bondage to the political enslavement of the negro to your whip.* You, sir, planned to use the negro as dumb beasts to do your ploughing. You have found yourself mistaken. Hence your blind rage. None so venomous as the dog that loses the bone. The negroes are dividing politically. Some are tired of voting, as well as multitudes of whites; some vote for their old masters; some vote with the land-owners who employ them. What is more natural? And thus your plans and schemes have failed, and, as you say, have resulted in putting your political opponents in power. You and your faction that is now to-day destroying the Republican party—the friend of the negro, indeed! You had the Government at the close of the war, you have had it for twenty-five years; you controlled the Treasury—thousands of millions of dollars—and cast it around like water; you paid bonds, built railroads, &c., &c., and pensioned your soldiers. This was well. But there were more than a million freed slaves, aged and infirm, women and children, who had never been learned to provide for themselves, without a dollar, helpless and ignorant. You turned them loose to starve and die, and hundreds of thousands did perish. Did you pension them? No. Did you give them even one penny out of these thousands of millions? No. You got rich on their labor before the war. Now was the time to show your humanity. What did ye for these poor suffering, helpless ones? Nothing at all. For a few months you served out rations here and there. What mockery! And I say here, but for the kindness of their old masters, who shared with them their scanty means, these infirm and helpless freed slaves would have perished in multitudes.

But I digress. Suppose it true. Is it any greater wrong to control the negro vote by purse than for you and yours to enslave him by cunning, craft, fraud, lies, to do your bidding? Answer me if you can. Who is it, sir, you are defaming?

A PEOPLE

to whom you owe victory over England in our revolution, who again in 1812 were doing battle with that same England while your fathers of the land of the pilgrim were plotting treason for the sake of profit. You are defaming a people who gave you that civil and religious liberty by which your own people have been rescued from blue laws and other monstrosities; a people that gave the world, in their splendid dominion of one hundred years, every single name that now lives in history and is revered by man; a people that has borne our flag with honor and glory wherever our armies have gone; a people whose principles and teachings have exalted America and given hope to the world; a people who, right or wrong, resisted successfully for four years the greatest armies that ever marched to battle; a people who, under unheard-of difficulties, have astonished the world more by their progress since the war than with their unparalleled heroism during the war; a people whose freed slaves to-day are multiplying more rapidly, better fed and clothed, than any other laborers on earth, and, withal, enjoying practically as much liberty as any; a people whose freed slaves to-day are better furnished with schools than nine tenths of the people of Europe, with every opportunity of religious instruction. These are facts which you may deny. They are facts moreover which no honest man will call in question, and they put the negative on all the foul slander you and yours are pouring out over America like some putrid stream to befoul what it cannot destroy. You say the white man in the South has individually more political power than the white man in the North, because the negro don't vote and he does. This, too, is not true. But if true in one sense the charge would be absolutely false in the substantial sense. How long, sir, has it been since the white laborer in the North, more particularly the land of the Mayflower, has dared to vote against the will of the employer? Is it so to-day? In this way it is often the case now that by and through his bosses one white man in fact often casts

THE VOTE OF A THOUSAND,

who would be turned out to starve if they opposed his will. Are not these greater wrongs than any suffered by the negroes? Had not the elections at the South be better controlled by the white vote than by a multitude of ignorant blacks, marched to the polls under the influence—yea, terror—of the vicious political tramps called carpet-baggers, in alliance with vicious multitudes for their own ends? Would you have Congress filled up with these low politicians and mischievous, cunning mulattoes, ready to betray any trust for a price, and a very small price? Are not the northern people as much interested in having men of intelligence and integrity in the National Council as we? Would you have a Mahone in every southern State arraying the blacks against the whites to the vast injury of the whole country? You think to keep the Republican party in power by giving up the South to negro rule? Why, sir, even the negro has more sense than that. No, sir; the Republican party in the South, and the great West as well, would utterly perish under your lead; and, sir, many of the southern States but for you and such as you would have voted for Mr. Blaine; and, sir, a rapidly-growing sympathy with the economic principles of the Republican party would have developed into a power in many of the southern States but for your crusade against the white race here—his honor, his race pride, his fired purpose to maintain both in their integrity and their grandeur. I for one, a Confederate soldier,

VOTED FOR MR. BLAINE

because he is a grand man and a statesman, while you were his secret foe from low jealousy, and, calling him brother, struck him under the fifth rib. You, the owl that struck this eagle, and with many of your ilk brought him to the earth; you, the loud-mouthed Republican in public, the real Mugwump at heart, and you and yours to-day are making the unwilling South solid against a party with whose economic principles many of our States are in sympathy, and to be boldly declared as soon as your party brands and condemns you, as it ought to do, as unworthy of our high aims and growing fraternity. Sir, you are possessed of a devil and tearing yourself among the tombs. Let me ask you—and if I had the power to cast out your devil you would answer—let me ask you, Can any law be made that will not affect, so far as practical liberty is concerned, white and black alike. This being so, had not the law-maker better be chosen by the intelligent white race than by the ignorant black, easily misled? Suppose, sir, the Chinese, or even the negroes, were numerous in Ohio, and held the balance of power as voters, and the people of Ohio kept many of them from the polls, as they would do, would you take part with the Chinese? You will not answer. I will answer for you. Yes, if by so doing you could keep your place in the Senate. If you answer No, then, sir, you belie yourself; for the Chinese is surely far superior to the negro; he is, in fact, the Yankee of Asia. I know full well, sir, the game is not worth the candle.

While General Grant was expressing those sentiments which have given his name greater glory than all his feats of arms, you were preparing for a crusade of falsehood, misrepresentation, and defamation, which will help to send your name in history to an earlier grave of odium. The grand man and brilliant statesman (Blaine), in his letter of acceptance, heals the wounds of this people and rekindles fraternity and love of country among them. The statesman, the grand man, Grant, in his hour of death speaks of the South and her heroes with honor and respect, and would have them and the northern people unite in brotherly love; and they do unite, bridge the bloody chasm, and that with an intensity unknown to cowardly and malignant Satans such as Sherman. Doubtless the good angels bore the glad tidings to the homes of the blessed. Just then and before the echo of peace and reconciliation dies away, you, John Sherman, instigated by the devil, reach forth from your dark chambers of hate with leprous hand to tear away the bandage and set our wounds bleeding afresh that you may profit thereby. The public opinion of the people should, and will, cast these men out into some herd of swine, that they may go over a precipice into the sea. JOHN S. SWANN.

Charleston, W. Va., Sept. 20, '85.

The Sultan has taken to composing music, in what he considers to be an imitation of Wagner's style.

Lenbach, the Munich artist, is painting a portrait of Prince Bismarck for Lord Rosebery. He has made several portraits of the Prince before this, but has never had a regular "sitting." He visits Varzin as Bismarck's personal friend, talks and walks and dines with him, and then paints him from memory.

A SHREWD EMBEZZLER.

How a Foreman Cheated His Employers Systematically for Four Years.

[Philadelphia Press.]

The inner wicket which leads into the inside tier of cells at the Central station was opened by Turnkey Murphy just before the morning hearing hour yesterday, and a handsomely-dressed woman passed quickly through into the corridor on which the cages open, sobbing convulsively and covering her white face with her gloved hands. "This way, madam," said the turnkey, and the woman stopped before the last cell of the row. A moment after the prisoners sleeping off their over-night potations in the surrounding cells and the reserve policemen swapping stories on the chairs in the squad-room outside, were startled by a hysterical cry: "Charlie, Charlie! How did you come here? Tell me you didn't do it!" More sobs and more shrieks followed, interrupted at times by the expostulating tones of a man's voice, and finally by the words: "Officer, for God's sake, take her away! I can't stand any more of it." The weeping wife was led out to the carriage which had brought her and still awaited her on Fifth street, and the man, a neatly-dressed, clerkly-looking person—seeming about thirty-five years old—was marched up-stairs to the hearing-room, and in the box, surrounded by drunkards, pickpockets, and vagrants, was arraigned before Magistrate Thompson, on the charge of stealing goods, valued at $15,000, from his employers, D. W. J. Hutton & Son, manufacturers of overalls, bathing-suits, flannel shirts, etc., at 9 north Fifth street.

ARRESTED WHILE AT WORK.

The accused clerk's name is Charles Broadwell, and he was held in $2,500 bail for a further hearing to-morrow. Night before last the senior member of the firm, who had been procuring evidence against Broadwell for a month, asked him to stay after hours, as he had some work he wanted done. The latter cheerfully assented on condition that word of the reason of his detention be sent to his young wife at his home, 1441 south Sixteenth street. Mr. Hutton did as desired, and sent another message of the purport of which he did not inform his employe. The latter busied himself at the task set him in the work-room on the third floor. The members of the firm waited in the rooms below. At half-past 8 a tall, burly man, with a black moustache, walked into the office. It was Detective Peter Miller, and, armed with a warrant, he, with the members of the firm, walked upstairs and confronted the accused man. The latter broke down as the array of proof was laid before him, and fragmentarily admitted most of the charges. Then he sent for his counsel, George W. Arundel, commissioned him to inform his wife that he had been called to New York and let her know the truth in the morning. Then he was taken to the Central station, and the result of Lawyer Arundel's commission was the scene there yesterday morning.

A TRUSTED CLERK.

Broadwell was taken into the employ of the Messrs. Hutton some five years ago as a cutter, at a salary of $15 a week. He was clever, and in course of time was promoted to the charge of the work-rooms of the firm, which placed all the material used by the firm under his control while in process of manufacture. He gave out the work which was made up outside the building and kept the books in which the sending out of material and its return in garments was registered. Moreover, whenever Mr. Hutton, Jr., was absent he was intrusted with the key of the store. He appeared to prosper in his new position, patronized swell tailors, hatters, and bootmakers, sported a diamond, and kept up his south Sixteenth-street establishment in elegance.

Meantime a cold, gray doubt began to cloud the minds of Hutton & Son that they were not getting rich as fast as the volume of their business ought to make them.

HOW HE WAS DETECTED.

When their suspicions were fully aroused they ascertained that their profits during last year were $1,000 less than they were the year before, while they should have been $1,000 more. Last summer they were apprised of the fact that the same kind of flannel shirts for which they charged $24 a dozen were on the market for $9, and that unmanufactured goods of the kind they were paying 65c cents a yard for could be had for exactly half as much. It was a month ago when a person whom Hutton & Son knew to have done work outside the store for them came and unfolded a tale as to the trusted foreman's operations. He revealed how the latter, after giving out, for example, five dozen shirts to be made up, would send to the operator and take back two dozen of them, and in other cases give out five dozen to an accomplice and only charge the latter with three dozen. An indication was also given as to where the booty was disposed of. A watch was set and confessions bulldozed out of several accomplice operatives, whose names are withheld by the firm on account of the aid given by them in tracing the thefts. It was also discovered that on the occasions when Broadwell was intrusted with the key he took out of the building the piece goods which were found on the market at half cost value. His charge of the books, on which there was no system of checks, had enabled him to conceal his misdoings. A portion of the goods sold at such low prices were traced to William Golastein, of 624 Alaska street, and yesterday afternoon he also was held in $2,500 bail for a further hearing with Broadwell to-morrow. 'Squire McMullen went his security.

Mosquitoes Killing Young Trout.

[American Angler.]

Mr. Murray, in a letter from Denver to Professor Baird, describes what he saw under the shade of some willows skirting a shallow place in a creek. A small swarm of mosquitoes was circling over the water, where some fresh-hatched mountain trout were readily discernible. Every few minutes the baby trout would rise to the surface of the water and remain there an instant, with the tip of the head exposed. A mosquito would at once alight upon the shining spot and transfix the trout by inserting its proboscis, or bill, into the brain of the fish, which apparently was completely paralyzed and unable to escape. The persecutor would not relax his grip, but holding its victim as in a vise would extract all the vital juices from the trout's body. When this was done the dead trout would turn over on its back and float down the stream. The observer witnessed the murder of twenty trout under the willows in the course of half an hour by these western mosquitoes, each victim being sucked dry in his lifeless shell.

There is not much truth in the stories about the infant son of the Duke of Norfolk—that he was born blind, and crippled, and imbecile. He lost his sight in an attack of scarlet-fever, but in all other respects his body is sound, and his mind is bright and active.

AUCTION SALES—Future Days.

By J. Thompson Brown & Co.,
Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers,
1113 Main street.

A LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE SALE OF FOUR HUNDRED BUILDING LOTS AND SEVEN PLATS FROM TWO TO FOUR ACRES EACH, TO BE SOLD TO HIGHEST BIDDER, WITHOUT LIMIT OR RESERVE. THE BACON TATE PLAN, THAT PORTION OF THE CITY BETWEEN SEVENTEENTH AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREETS, AND BETWEEN VENABLE STREET AND HOWARDS-GROVE PLAN.

We will sell at public auction, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1885, AND WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1885, commencing opposite Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Elevator AT 4 O'CLOCK P. M. and continuing from day to day until the entire PROPERTY is sold. This property is as near the Capitol as Monroe Park, and will pay investors 100 PER CENT. in the immediate future; and being the first sub-division of this land since a farm, makes it a splendid chance for speculation or for home purposes, as these LOTS will sell now for much less than ever again. TERMS: One fourth cash; balance at six, twelve, and eighteen months, interest added and secured by a trust deed. N. B.—Call at our office and get one of the beautiful pamphlet plats of this entire property, a new and desirable mode of plat publication, and for future reference. J. THOMPSON BROWN & CO., se 27 29&d 1 3 4 6 7-21 Auctioneers.

By George E. Crawford,
Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer,
1002 Bank street.

FOR SALE AT AUCTION AN ATTRACTIVE AND DESIRABLE SUBURBAN RESIDENCE TWO MILES NORTH OF THE CITY—DWELLING WITH SIX ROOMS, SURROUNDED BY A GRASSY YARD FILLED WITH SHADE-BEAUTY-TREES AND SHRUBBERY. THERE ARE ONLY FIVE ACRES OFFERED WITH THE HOUSE, THOUGH MORE LAND CAN BE GOTTEN IF DESIRED.—By request of the owner I will offer for sale at auction, on the premises, at 3 P. M., OCTOBER 12, 1885, the above-described property. TERMS: $500 cash and $500 in twelve months; balance in two years, or longer, if desired. GEORGE E. CRAWFORD, se 3 Auctioneer.

By Frank D. Hill & Co.,
Real Estate Agents,
6 north Eleventh street.

TWO MEDIUM-SIZED FRAME DWELLINGS—Nos. 602 AND 604 BEVERLY STREET, BETWEEN SELVIDGE AND PINE STREETS—FOR SALE AT AUCTION—On TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6TH, at 4½ o'clock P. M., on the premises we will sell the TWO DESIRABLE HOUSES mentioned above. Each house contains five rooms and kitchen, good water in the yard, and a lot 30 feet by 150 feet, with a four-foot alley in between the tenements, common to both. These houses are in fair order, having been recently entered with new tin roofs and painted, and are now rented to good tenants at $144 per annum each. TERMS: Very reasonable. FRANK D. HILL & CO., se 30 Auctioneers.

REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

DESIRABLE SUMMER RESORT FOR SALE OR RENT.

Will be offered for sale, on the premises, on TUESDAY, October 13th next, that very desirable summer resort known as the BUCKHORN BATHS, situate about 18 miles from Goshen depot, on the Chesapeake and Ohio railway, and twelve miles from Lexington, the county-seat of Rockbridge, and only three miles from Timber Ridge depot, on the Valley railroad. If not sold on that day the property will be rented. For further information address JOHN T. JORDAN, Executor, Brownsdale Post-office, Amherst county, Va. se 12-Sa&Su3d

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

WATCHES THAT GIVE NO TROUBLE. D. BUCHANAN, Goldsmith, 111 BROAD STREET. Public stock on street giving old and new time. Everything warranted. Ladies take your tired eye of D. Buchanan's Watches! They give no trouble, and have an honest improvements. Warranted. 111 BROAD STREET, NEW GOLDSMITH STORE. se 26

FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES, &c.

WE WOULD ANNOUNCE TO our friends and the public that we are daily receiving our new fall stock, embracing the latest novelties and styles of CHAMBER, PARLOR, and DINING-ROOM SUITS, and are prepared to furnish COMPLETE SUITS in Oak, Walnut and Mahogany. Having made special arrangements, we can offer better inducements in FINE PARLOR and CHAMBER WORK than any house in New York. E. GATHRIGHT & SON, 12 and 14 Governor street.

LARGE AND ELEGANT FALL STOCK FURNITURE. Look through our warerooms. We have goods to suit everybody at very low prices. Terms made to suit all responsible parties. S. W. HARWOOD & SON, se 30-6m Governor street.

1867. FURNITURE AND BEDDING. 1885. Largest Stock—Largest Business. Best Value—Cannot be Undersold.—Before purchasing call and see. Parties wanting goods on the instalment plan will not have to pay a bonus of 20 per cent. for the accommodation. WILLIAM DAFFRON, 1406-1408 Main street, 22 Governor street, 4 West Broad street. Telephone 948. jy 7-6m

H. A. ATKINSON, No. 20 Governor street, the well-known furniture-dealer, is constantly receiving all styles of FURNITURE—PARLOR, CHAMBER, and DINING-ROOM SUITS—which he offers as low as any house in the city. Call and examine his stock before buying elsewhere. or 5-eod1m

UNDERTAKERS.

WILLIAM H. SUTHERLAND & SON, FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS, 724 EAST MAIN STREET, between Seventh and Eighth, have a large assortment of SHROUDS, WOOD and METALLIC CASKETS, CASES, and CLOTH CASKETS at low prices. Country and telegraph orders promptly attended to day or night. ap 1-1 w&sow

L. W. BILLUPS & SON, FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS, 1506 EAST MAIN STREET (under St. Charles Hotel). BURIAL-CASES, SHROUDS, and FUNERAL CONVEYANCES furnished at all hours. Telegraph orders attended to day or night. Telephone No. 446. jy 18

L. T. CHRISTIAN, FURNISHING UNDERTAKER, No. 1218 EAST BROAD STREET, RICHMOND, VA. Telephones: Office, No. 68; Residence, No. 128. Orders promptly executed. Prices moderate. mh 5-eod

FUNERAL FLOWERS.

NEW DESIGNS IN FUNERAL FLOWERS as fast as they are out. Work done promptly, and correct prices. Designs of Immortelles and Natural Flowers. White Doves, Choice Birds. Store and office, No. 6 north Ninth street. Telephone, 812. Greenhouses, 724 and 726 south Laurel street. Telephone, 898. se 29-Tu Th&Su1m

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FOR SALE, A DRUGSTORE IN A THRIVING VILLAGE. Location healthy. Satisfactory reason given for selling. For particulars address DRUGGIST, care Dispatch. se 3-2t*

NEWSPAPER FOR SALE.

AN OLD AND WELL-ESTABLISHED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, with large circulation and advertising patronage, and located in one of the most flourishing towns in Eastern Virginia, will be sold on reasonable terms. Easy communication by steamer with Baltimore and Norfolk, and by rail with Richmond, New York, and Philadelphia. For particulars apply to W. D. CHESTERMAN, Dispatch building, Richmond, Va. se 16-eod1m

TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS.

FALL GOODS. JOHN LABOUCHE, MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 4 TENTH STREET, respectfully solicits a call from all in want of stylish and durable garments at a moderate price. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or no sale. se 9-eod

HOTELS.

McADOO HOUSE, GREENSBORO, N. C. W. D. McADOO, Owner and Proprietor. A. FETTLER, Manager. se 6-eod1m

AUCTION SALES—Future Days.

By Sampson & Adamson,
Real Estate Auctioneers and Insurance Agents,
813 Hull street, Manchester, Va.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF BRICK DWELLING-HOUSE, IN MANCHESTER, VA., AT THE SOUTHWESTERN CORNER OF ELEVENTH AND DECATUR STREETS.—By virtue of a certain deed of trust, dated the 9th day of September, 1884, and duly recorded in the clerk's office of the Corporation Court of Manchester, in D. B. 5, page 554, default having been made in the payment of a portion of the debt thereby secured, and being required so to do by the beneficiary in said deed, I shall sell at public auction, on the premises on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1885, at 4 o'clock P. M., the said PREMISES, according to the direction of the said deed. The HOUSE is well constructed for comfort and convenience, and contains about eight rooms. The lot fronts 38 feet on Decatur street, and has a depth of 165 feet. TERMS: Enough in cash to pay the expenses of this trust and to pay $1,250, due the 9th of September, 1885, with interest until paid; and the balance, if any, as the grantor in said deed may direct, and in case of failure of such direction, then as the trustee may think proper. MANNING C. STAPLES, Trustee. se 2

By Furman Tupper,
Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer,
1016 Main street.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF A NICE TWO-STORY BRICK DWELLING, No. 1411 ROSS STREET, BETWEEN FOURTEENTH AND MAYO STREETS.—By virtue of a certain deed of trust executed by N. Goodman, trustee, Rosa Goodman, and N. Goodman to the undersigned, bearing date on the 7th of September, 1882, and recorded in the clerk's office of the Richmond Chancery Court, Deed-Book 121 B., p. 857, default having been made in the payment of certain notes therein secured, and being required so to do by the noteholder, we shall sell by auction, on the premises, on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1885, at 4½ o'clock P. M., "that LOT OF LAND, with the improvements thereon, lying and being in the city of Richmond, on Ross street between Mayo and Fourteenth streets, fronting on Ross street 12 feet 9 inches and running back between parallel lines 110 feet to an alley 10 feet wide," and more fully described in the deed referred to. The house contains three bedrooms, has lately been painted inside and out, and is in perfect order, and is occupied by a first-class tenant at $18 per month. This property rents well and will pay as a snug little investment or as a comfortable home. TERMS: Whilst the deed calls for cash as to expenses of sale and a note for $1,287.50, with interest from September 7, 1885, also a note for $87.50, with interest from March 7, 1886, more moderate terms may be announced at sale. R. D. STARKE, WILLIAM LOVENSTEIN, Trustees. FURMAN TUPPER, Auctioneer. se 3

WEYANOKE FOR RENT AT PUBLIC AUCTION.—AUCTION SALE OF THE FARMING IMPLEMENTS, MULES, &c.—In pursuance of a decree of the Hustings or Chancery Court of the city of Manchester, Va., entered on the 1st day of October, 1885, in the suit of Davis's executors and als. vs. Robert Alvis and als., the undersigned, as special commissioners thereto appointed, will on MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1885, on the premises, commencing at 11 o'clock A. M., rent out the one year, to the highest bidder, that well-known and exceedingly fertile and valuable farm WEYANOKE, situated in James river, in Chesterfield county, containing 1,000 ACRES, more or less, having thereon a COMFORTABLE DWELLING-HOUSE and all necessary barns and out-buildings. The rent will be payable at the end of the term, and is to be secured by good personal security. ON THE SAME DAY and at the same place, immediately after the farm is offered for rent, we will proceed to sell PERSONAL PROPERTY upon said farm, namely, the crops, consisting in part of 7 EXCELLENT MULES, 1 HORSE, 2 THRESHING-MACHINES, 1 REAPER, 1 WHEAT DRILL, 2 MOWERS, 12 PLOWS, 6 CULTIVATORS, 4 GRAIN-DRIL