TWISTLETON'S TYPE-WRITER.

[Cornhill.]

Several strange things have happened to me in my life that my friends could never account for. They could never understand how I got an introduction to Twistleton, Q. C., nor why that learned gentleman, after allowing me to devil his work for him for ten years without putting anything in my way, suddenly used every effort and influence he was capable of to put an important and valuable junior practice in my hands.

Twistleton, Q. C., was a hard, selfish man. In person he was like a badly-dried moth, whose long, old-fashioned whiskers resembled the remains of wings. It was of him that it was originally said that he was the living representative of a tenant in tail after possibility of issue extinct; and there was consequently great surprise when Twistleton married Lucy Travers, who, as you will remember, was the belle of her season. But the Traverses were not so well off as they pretended to be, and Twistleton, as we all know, made his fifteen thousand a year, and had, if anything, an ever-increasing practice in the Chancery division.

Twistleton was undoubtedly a great lawyer and a man of great common sense, but he had two fads. He was a believer in ghosts and he wrote everything in his chambers upon a type-writer.

Twistleton and his wife were staying one June in Norfolk at Lady Barndore's. Twistleton was due in town to argue the great patent case concerning sewing-machines of Buncombe and another against Badger in the Court of Appeal on Wednesday morning. I expected him back in chambers on the Monday evening, understanding that he intended rejoining his wife at the end of the week; for this case would last at least three days, and Twistleton was in several other cases on the list.

About 8 o'clock on Monday evening I had dined early at my club, and was engaged noting up Twistleton's papers, when he came in with his Gladstone bag and rug, looking, as I thought, tired and out of spirits. When Twistleton was in town by himself he always slept at his own chamber, as in the old days before he was married, and his breakfast (a chop and two eggs) was sent from the "Cock."

Twistleton, having heard what Foss, his clerk, had to say on the subject of detainers, dismissed him. Then he slammed down the windows, which I had opened to let in what fresh air there was in Old Square, carefully closed the door, let himself into the hard chair in front of his writing-table, and idly leaned over the papers which were before him. At length the outer door was heard to close. Foss had departed, and Twistleton broke silence.

"Penrose, my dear fellow, I'm uncomfortable."

Twistleton, I may here remark, was always on the best of terms with me, and treated me as a friend, for I believe I was useful to him. I had made great way in his affections by solemnly advising him to marry Miss Travers when I saw he was bent on doing so; but, since his marriage, I am not sure that this course of conduct of mine had been altogether to my advantage. I looked to him for a further explanation, which I saw was coming.

"Penrose, my dear fellow, who do you think is at Lady Barndore's?"

I shook my head, being entirely in ignorance.

"Charley Colston," replied Twistleton, trying to carve his whiskers with the paper-knife. "Charley Colston."

Poor Charley Colston! It was well known that he had paid his addresses to pretty Mrs. Twistleton in former days, and report said she had encouraged them. No wonder Twistleton was excited. I knew him to be of an extremely jealous nature.

"Now mark me, Penrose," said Twistleton, shaking his forefinger at me, as he would at Lord Usher in the Appeal Court, "what took place yesterday when I was playing tennis? The whole time, sir, he and she were talking and chatting together, and laughing—yes, laughing! Perhaps at my play, for I played abominably; I know it. I could not bear to see them."

Twistleton's tennis was never first-rate. He had begun to play too late in life. He was an annoying partner, as he always insisted on leading, taking all the difficult strokes, and failing at them. He was a still more objectionable opponent, as he was always taking technical objections on points of practice. Still, however badly one plays, it is not pleasant to be laughed at, even by one's wife. I tried to soothe Twistleton, but he interrupted me.

"Now, there is another point I desire to urge." Twistleton always spoke as though he was addressing the Court of Appeal. "When I asked my wife to come back to-day she point-blank refused. What do you think of that?"

"Nothing whatever," I answered. "She had arranged to stay, and you are going down on Saturday again. I think you are making mountains out of molehills."

"I hope I am, Penrose; I hope I am," replied Twistleton mournfully; "but you didn't see them—I did"; and Twistleton sighed deeply.

Then the subject dropped and we got to work on a small case. Soon Twistleton, with a self-complacent smile on his countenance, was playing an opinion on his type-writer. It was to him, I believe, as though each note he struck produced a deep, mellow tone, and not a capital or small Roman. I can remember when Twistleton first had his type-writer. In those days he used to sit at it for hours, practicing; hitting first one note and then the other, at intervals varying between ten seconds and two or three minutes, every now and then using the most horrible language, as he put a capital for a small Roman or missed a space. Then his efforts looked as though they were the productions of six drunken printers who had each taken an absent comrade's work for the day; and they were always copied before they went to clients. Now the machine went click, click, click, evenly and merrily. Twistleton was a perfect master of it. I had seen him write with it with his eyes shut. I have no doubt that if he could have stood on his head, and if it had been consonant with the dignity of a Queen's counsel to do so, he could have played his instrument in that posture.

The opinion finished, Twistleton, who was a very methodical man, put a fresh sheet of paper in readiness to commence again, folded and signed what he had written, and bade me good-night. His last words to me were:

"I hope you are right about Charley Colston."

"I am sure of it," I said.

"I wish I were."

To-morrow we were to have a long day at Buncombe *vs.* Badger. When I arrived in the morning Twistleton was at breakfast. I no sooner entered than he set down his egg-spoon, and, rushing at me with a piece of paper, thrust it into my hands.

"Read that," he cried, excitedly—"read that."

I noticed that Twistleton seemed unwell. There was a wild look in his eyes. His chop was untouched—a reversal of Twistleton's procedure at breakfast, which was more extraordinary to me than his strange appearance. The egg he was eating was, to any one with a sense of smell, manifestly a bad one; a most portentous fact to me, who remember bearing Twistleton—who never knew any criminal law—seriously tell the boy from the "Cock" that he believed a bill of attainder would lie against him for bringing him a bad egg. What did it all mean? I looked at the paper in my hand; on it were two words, neatly printed—"Charley Colston."

I stared blankly at Twistleton. What did it mean? Twistleton was shaking visibly.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" he asked anxiously.

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Ah" sighed Twistleton, and added sententiously: "'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'" This was the only quotation I ever heard him utter that did not come from the law reports. I believe he fancied it was a phrase he had invented in his early youth when he first began to believe in ghosts.

"If you don't believe in ghosts, who wrote that message on my type-writer?"

Twistleton's manner was very impressive. I felt like a witness committing perjury.

"I tell you I found it this morning when I went to write a letter just before breakfast. Who wrote it?" he shouted. "Who wrote it? I will know."

"Perhaps Foss," I suggested.

"He has not been here and cannot use the type-writer."

I had heard him say so, but did not believe it. Foss was afraid of overworking himself, and so did not choose to learn it, but any fool could use it if he liked to learn. My opinion was that Foss could use it. He was like the monkeys, who, as the negro said, "could talk if they would, but knew if they did they would be made to work."

"How about the laundress?" I suggested.

"Ah! the laundress," repeated Twistleton, thoughtfully; "the laundress."

So Mrs. Buttick, the laundresss, was sent for when Foss came in; but she denied all knowledge of the type-writer or the writing, making a new suggestion, which did not, to our thinking, much advance the solution of the mystery, and that was that the culprit was the cat.

"It is a message," said Twistleton mysteriously; "a message."

"Nonsense!" I said. "Some fellow has strolled in and written the name for fun."

"Fun!" cried Twistleton indignantly. "Fun!" And then more quietly: "No, I am sure of it; it is a message."

Very little of Buncombe *versus* Badger could I get into Twistleton's head that day. Plans and specifications he seemed not to understand; the seductive literary style of the affidavit had no charm for him. He could only gaze at the paper in his hand, and murmur ever and anon, "A message!"

I saw it was best to humor him, and at my suggestion the type-writer was locked up that night, and he took the key with him into his bedroom. We had had a rattling good dinner together, and when I left Twistleton he was in much better spirits.

"If the ghost comes to-night he won't be able to get at the type-writer, anyhow," I said, laughing.

"Hush! I don't know," replied Twistleton, solemnly. "it is no jesting subject."

I went my way, wondering how a man with Twistleton's practice could believe in ghosts, and who the deuce had written Charley Colston's name on the type-writer.

The next morning I walked down to Twistleton's directly after breakfast. I found him to be in the wildest imaginable condition. He had taken every precaution, locking up the type-writer, placing the key under his pillow; and yet, here was the message, as he called it, printed in clear, faultless style: "Charley Colston. He is with your wife. Charley Colston."

"I must go. I must go. Oh! Penrose, what shall I do?" he cried in agony as I entered the room.

"Go?" I said; "and who is to lead in Buncombe *versus* Badger?"

He was silent, and buried all of his face, except his whiskers, in his hands. Even his hands, large and uncouth as they were, could not contain his whiskers.

"Think of Writson and Clame. What will they say?" I urged, seeing the effect that my words had on him. "They rely on you in this case."

The name of this eminent firm seemed to calm Twistleton to some extent.

"My dear Penrose," he said in a trembling voice, "This is a message; I am sure of it. But I will do my duty; I will stay by my clients."

"Twistleton, you speak like a Queen's counsel and a man of honor," I said, seizing him by the hand, proud to shake it. "If it is a message," I added, to humor him, "it will come again to-night. I will tell you what we will do. We will watch the type-writer all night."

Twistleton wrung my hand with gratitude at this suggestion of mine and calmed himself. I made him eat some of his cold chop and sent for some brandy and water for him, instead of the tea, which had already stood in the teapot for more than an hour. Then I endeavored to coach him in Buncombe *versus* Badger, but with small success. Then we went over to the Appeal Court, in which I took my seat; for, though I was not briefed in the case, I had nothing else to do, and was interested in seeing how Twistleton got on with it. He was very able at picking up a case as he went along, and the Court of Appeal stood greatly in awe of him. I had never seen him as nervous as he was to-day—not even on his wedding-day—and I was quite frightened for him.

Lord Usher, M. R., supported by Smugg, L. J., and Summerbosh, L. J., formed the court. Twistleton came in late; he had been at a consultation. As he entered I heard two solicitors' clerks say to each other:

"Who is that with the whiskers?"

"Twistleton, Q. C.; he has the biggest practice at the bar."

"He looks like a boiled owl," suggested his companion.

"Drinks, I believe," was the reply.

This was horrible, for Twisleton was a follower of Prebendary Falutin, the great teetotaler.

But certainly Twistleton had a dissipated look this morning. His eyes were red, and the lines under his eyes were very dark and hollow; his cheeks were pale and yellow. Something of this kind, I fancy, the Master of the Rolls remarked to Lord Justice Smugg, who nodded assent.

Twistleton rose to open the case, which was a very intricate one, and Lord Usher, according to his constant practice, interrupted him with the regularity of a piece of clockwork every two and a half minutes, and then wondered why he did not understand the case and shook himself impatiently. Much to Lord Usher's astonishment, Twistleton did not deliver any of those stinging retorts by which he was wont to keep the Court of Appeal in order and frighten their lordships into deciding in his favor. On noticing this Lord Usher began to chaff and rally Twistleton in a manner that was the admiration of the junior Bar, the two Lords Justices, and, not least of all, of the Master of the Rolls himself. At length Twistleton, in expatiating on the merits of Buncombe's sewing-machine, alluded to it as a type-writer. Whereupon Lord Usher said, with a humorous leer, that if it had been a question of type-writers, no doubt Mr. Twistleton would have been called as a specialist to give evidence, and would not have been arguing the case before them. At which those in the court who knew of Twistleton's fad tittered; and his Lordship's namesakes who stand about the court put their hands before their faces and shook visibly for a moment or two, and then called out "Hush!" and looked angry. But Twistleton lost his temper over this, and asked his Lordship if his Lordship meant to hint that the Court did not want to hear him, and intimated his intention, if such was the case, of sitting down. And then the whole court was really quite silent for a minute or two, in anticipation of a row; and every one ceased to fidget and paid close attention to Lord Usher; to hear him with his blandest and most urbane of smiles, explaining how it was the great privilege of that court to listen to Mr. Twistleton, and what a high value they set upon that privilege, and how it was quite inconceivable to him (Lord Usher) that he (Mr. Twistleton) could imagine for a moment that this court or any other court should wish him to sit down. Whereupon Twistleton murmured that his Lordship was very good, meaning thereby that he should like to be with his Lordship in a small room where he could give him a bit of his mind. Then the case proceeded quite regularly until Twistleton handed Lord Usher a lot of papers to explain his case; and Lord Usher coming to one, said, with a knowing side glance at Smugg, L. J., that, from the handwriting, it must be a note of Mr. Twistleton's in another case, as he did not know that any one of the name of Charles Colston was a party to this case. And what would have happened then I don't know; only the court rose for lunch.

I heard two or three people say that day that "Twistleton, poor fellow, was doing more work than he ought to"; that "Twistleton was a clever fellow, but he could not afford to burn the candle at both ends." Indeed, Twistleton's strange conduct in Buncombe *versus* Badger was the general topic of conversation in the robing-room.

When Twistleton came out of court I had the greatest difficulty to help him from rushing down to Norfolk by the night train. He was sure it was true; he believed in the message. I calmed him down, and he had dinner together at my club. He had to continue his speech in the morning. I tried to coach him in Buncombe *versus* Badger, but it was of no avail. I do not think he even knew for which side he was appearing.

We agreed that we would sit up in watches and so keep our eyes on the type-writer all night. There was a sofa in the recess of the window, and Twistleton sent me to bed and placed himself on this. I bade him good-night, and took his bed for the first half of the night. About two o'clock in the morning I awoke and went to Twistleton. He was wide awake, reading some papers, on the sofa.

"Have you seen anything?" I asked.

"Nothing whatever," he replied.

"Nor heard anything?"

"Not a sound."

We took the lamp to the type-writer and opened it. There was the sheet of paper as he always left it, untouched. Twistleton locked it up again and took the key.

"Put it under your pillow."

"I will," he replied; "it's very good of you to sit up like this."

"It's nothing at all, I assure you," I answered.

"Keep strict watch, won't you?"

"I promise you," I said.

Twistleton shook me by the hand, with emotion, and went out; he looked very ill and wretched, I thought, and was sorry for him. Was it a ghost's message or what that was making his life a burden to him? Should I solve the mystery to-night?

I waited about an hour and a half. The dawn came peeping through the painted shutters and made the lamp look dim. I was almost dozing—in fact I had shut my eyes and lost consciousness for perhaps a minute, perhaps more. A sharp, clicking sound awoke me. It was the type-writer. There, seated on a chair in front of it, playing nimbly on the queer instrument, was a white, misty figure. It had finished. It closed the cover down and turned the key. It wheeled round to the door, and I saw the face and whiskers I knew so well; it was Twistleton himself.

My first impulse was to wake him, but I had heard that it was dangerous to wake persons walking in their sleep. He wanted all the sleep he could get, so I decided to let him alone, to walk down to my own chambers, and get some more rest myself. When I got out into Old Square I could not help roaring with laughter. It was too funny. The idea of old Twistleton writing messages to himself on the type-writer, and being frightened out of his wits by them. What a story to tell against him! No one would believe it—it was too good to be true.

I awoke a little late next morning, but went straight down to Old Square before breakfast. Alas! I was too late. There was Foss in misery over a hasty scrawl of Twistleton's. He had gone to Barndore by the early train; Foss was to make any excuse he thought fit to Writson and Clame. There was the type-writer shattered into a thousand pieces, its intricate machinery a shapeless chaos. I shuddered to think what would happen if there was anything between Charley Colston and Mrs. Twistleton.

In town every one was asking what had become of Twistleton. The rumor went round the law courts that he was insane. I maintained a discreet silence. Mr. Clame was almost crying as Slokoach, murmuring something about "bad news and his learned leader," rose to continue Twistleton's opening. Lord Usher, unrestrained by the presence of Twistleton, made the Court of Appeal a place of fiery torment to that eminent elderly junior, Mr. Slokoach. Bustle, Q. C., for Badger, was not even called upon to reply; Buncombe and Another were dismissed, with costs.

The early train stopped, as I knew, at every station, forty in number. I could imagine poor Twistleton's state of mind as he pottered along in a slow train to Barndore. He arrived at the house about breakfast-time—I have the story from Grimbleton, who was there—he came into the breakfast-room, and his appearance elicited a shout of surprise.

"What has become of Buncombe *versus* Badger?" cried Lord Barndore.

"Settled, eh?"

"Not that I know of," muttered Twistleton, sulkily, and then, looking around fiercely, asked, "Where's my wife?"

"Not down yet," replied Lord Barndore.

Twistleton looked hastily round, as though in search of some one else, and then tore up stairs to his wife's room. The whole company looked at each other in silence.

There was some explanation about "bad news," but the Twistletons never went into mourning, and Mrs. Twistleton seemed very merry all that day. It is true Twistleton was moody and shut himself up a good deal. Grimbleton told me that he never understood the whole business in the least; in fact, in Twistleton's circle it was a nine days' wonder. By the bye, I almost forgot to mention that Charley Colston left Barndore to be married in Scotland the day after Twistleton came to town.

When Twistleton returned to Old Square he was a sadder and wiser man. He gave up believing in ghosts and did not buy another type-writer. I told Twistleton that I would not let the matter go any further, and I mentioned at the time that he might get me the junior brief in Buncombe *vs.* Badger, which went to the House of Lords, where, through Twistleton's clear arguments, Lord Usher and Lords Justices Smugg and Summerbosh were overruled.

That year, mostly through Twistleton's influence, my fee-book credited me with £2,000.

I have kept my secret well, but since Twistleton succeeded Lord Usher as Master of the Rolls Lady Twistleton has not called on Mrs. Penrose, and, although my wife assures me that she is rather glad of it, she is always telling me now that she does not think so good a story should be lost to the world as that of "Twistleton's Typewriter."

THE FOREIGN MAIL.

A Few of the Items Found in "Truth" and the "World."

Surely, it is full time that we should reduce our army expenses per man to that of continental nations (allowance being made for the difference between conscription and volunteering), and that we should follow the example of the United States in giving up the luxury of a huge army, which is not needed for defensive purposes. As regards the navy, most people admit that we ought to have an efficient one, and they would not grudge money for this purpose. What they complain of is that money voted for the navy is not properly expended.

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I understand that Cardinal Manning strongly urged General Butler to come forward as a witness in the recent divorce case. The General admitted fully that he was entirely guiltless of the charge made against him, but declined to come forward on the ground that he might be examined upon other matters not affecting the issue. If this be so, his conduct most assuredly merits the declaration of the jury that it was unworthy of a soldier and of a gentleman, nor do I understand how those who are bound to see that the conduct of an officer in her Majesty's service is that of a gentleman can fail to take the matter up.

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I hear from a friend at Berlin that a report has reached the Imperial Court from Darmstadt that the Queen is desirous that Prince Alexander, of Battenberg, should take up his residence in England, and that her Majesty has hinted that she would be pleased to see him married to the Duchess of Albany. The prospect of settling down to a life of monastic seclusion at Claremont on £8,000 a year will scarcely attract Prince Alexander, who likes to enjoy himself, and his position at the English Court would be even more unpleasant and equivocal than is that of his younger brother, Prince Henry, who is generally known as "the stalled ox."

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Sir Charles Tupper endorses in substance what has been said in these columns on the subject of Imperial Federation. He thinks the tie formed between England and Canada by a common language, a common origin and family tradition, a common literature, and the same crown, a very strong one, and believes that something might be done in the way of tariffs to bring the colonies closer to England and to each other, as well as by a few political arrangements of a very flexible kind, which would not affect the existing legislative machines of either the mother or the daughter countries. Sir Charles says that there is not the slightest danger of closer union with the colonies rendering them snobocratic. England, it strikes him, is going with a rush into democracy. That British love for a lord which Thackeray used to make such fun of is becoming antiquated. In a short time a nobleman's position in a democratic community will be as false a one as that of the Marquis of Lorne in the royal family.

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[From the World.]

A story reaches me which I think is worth the telling, especially in these later days when people seem more prone to jump on one another than to help even a lame dog over a stile. An official in Billingsgate market is "in trouble" and under remand at the Guildhall Police Court. His poor wife and little children naturally find themselves in equal trouble at home, the more so that a society, with whom his fidelity had been assured, acting no doubt—at least I hope so—on the conditions of the assurance policy put the brokers in, as the saying is, within a couple of days or so of Christmas-day; and here is where my story begins, or at any rate the point of it comes in. It quickly got about among the salesmen that the poor souls were about to lose their "sticks." In about as much time as it takes me to write it a deputation was organized and duly authorized. Inquiries made brought the reply that a hundred pounds or so would redeem the goods and avoid the sale, and, in the twinkling of an oyster-shell, Billingsgate produced the money. That is the story as I have it, and not a bad one either.

AN ANCIENT BISHOP.

Men Look Once More on Conrad de Sternberg.

The London *Times*, in a recent issue says: An interesting account is given in some German papers of the discovery a little time ago, in the Cathedral of Worms, of the body of a mediæval bishop, who has been identified as Conrad de Sternberg, who died in 1154, being a cotemporary of our Henry II., and of the great German Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa. During the progress of some restorations which are being carried out in the Cathedral, a stone coffin was found deep under the floor of the choir. It was closely cemented, and on its being opened in the presence of a special commission the body was found in perfect preservation and arrayed in vestments denoting episcopal rank. On the head is a low miter, the lower border of which is formed by a band of thick gold embroidery of a lozenge-shaped pattern; the fillets of the miter are composed of the same sort of work, with deep, heavy gold fringes. The peaks of the miter have their edges adorned by similar embroidery.

The alb and amice are made of thin linen, very openly woven. The chasuble, of the old bell shape, is made of very thick twilled silk, and falls in long folds around the body, forming a sort of pad round the neck. In the usual way, a richly embroidered band runs perpendicularly down the front; it has no special design. The edges of the chasuble are simply hemmed. The tunics under the chasuble are also of silk. The upper one is of lighter texture; it shows a pattern consisting of lozenges connected by rays. The under tunic shows a very fine interlacing pattern of geometrical design. The stole is worn crossed on the breast, the lower portions being broader than the upper. Its ornamentation is a pattern of scale-like design, which shows alternately figures of lions and birds set in a pattern of fine-traced leaves. The girdle is of silk, but only long, untwisted strands remain. The feet and legs up to the knees are covered with silk stockings, which seem to be of fine net-work texture. Three broad parallel bands and as many smaller ones are wound round in spiral fashion and fasten them.

The shoes, which come up above the ankle, and have two deep slits, are made of gold brocade; they are ornamented by circular embroideries sewed on. The soles of the shoes are of leather. The pastoral staff lies in the arms, from the right shoulder to the left foot. It is of soft wood, ending with a ferule and spike; at the top there is a spherical ball of hammered bronze, out of which issues a crook of soft wood, which ends in a bronze lily set in a square socket. At the feet stands the chalice, also of soft wood, very finely turned; the cap is a hemisphere, and on it rests the patina.

Posthumous Lines by Victor Hugo.

[From the Paris Charivari.]

"Do you know English?" the poet was once asked. "I not only know it," was the reply; "I write verses in English." Then smiling, Victor added:

Pour chasser le spleen
J'entrai dans une inn,
Ou je bus du gin.
God save the Queen.

JONAS GILMAN CLARK.

Who Appropriates a Million Dollars to Found a University.

The work of erecting buildings for Clark University, Worcester, Mass., which its founder intends shall include provision for the study of every branch of knowledge, will be begun soon. A site has been selected and plans are being considered. The University buildings will be situated at the south end of the city, about a mile and a quarter from the City Hall. Eight acres of

land, forming a square, will be occupied by the various buildings and grounds.

To Mr. Jonas Gilman Clark, of Worcester, is due the credit of originating the magnificent and philanthropic project described.

Mr. Clark is a native of Worcester county, Mass. He was born at Hubbardstown on February 1, 1815. His father was a farmer, and his first industrial employment was in agriculture at home. After that he made carriages, an occupation which he changed for the manufacture of tinware. He had been a dealer in hardware some time, when, in 1849, he made up his mind to try his luck in California. There he became wealthy, as the result of selling hardware, paints and oils, furniture, and miners' outfits.

In 1861, at the outbreak of the war, Mr. Clark was living in California, a rich man and possessing very considerable local influence. He was a leader in the organization of the Union League, by means of which California was saved to the Union. Subsequently he was grand treasurer of the League in his State. Having the utmost confidence in the strength of the Union cause, he bought largely of Government bonds at low prices. Investments in real estate in and about San Francisco also added to his present and prospective gains. Mr. Clark went East in 1864, where he turned his gold into greenbacks, and made investments in New York and Boston. His business ventures have proved to be enormously profitable. He has much real estate property in the Empire City to-day.

Narrow Escape From a Shark.

A Boston (Mass.) special says: The schooner Farragut arrived here this afternoon from the fishing-grounds in Richard's bay. While fishing yesterday in the bay one of the crew named Herbert had a most exciting adventure. The men were in a dory, and while hauling in the trawl Herbert fell overboard. Just as another of the men was leaning over to rescue him he was startled by the cry of one of his companions:

"Save yourself, Tom; there's a man-eater!"

The next moment the glossy back and glassy eyes of a huge shark could be seen just below the surface.

Herbert uttered a fearful cry of alarm as he beheld the man-eater turning on its back as it darted through the water. Luckily for him the loosened trawl drifted in the shark's way, and he turned his attention to it, greedily devouring the cods which were on it. When the trawl was recovered some of the cods, weighing twenty pounds, were found to be bitten in half, some having only the heads remaining. Before the shark extricated himself the man was pulled into the dory, and a rifle-ball from the Farragut, which lay close by, put an end to the sea monster.

Miss Maloney Overboard.

A Queenstown special to the *Herald* says: As the Guion mail steamer Wisconsin, from New York, was entering the inner harbor here this evening, and when the passengers were gathered on deck awaiting the arrival of the tender, a steerage passenger—a young woman named Maloney—attempted to commit suicide by plunging into the sea. The greatest excitement prevailed aboard, and one of the steamer's boats was being very slowly lowered to save the drowning woman, when fortunately a pilot's boat came on the scene and succeeded in rescuing her. In her exhausted condition she could not be interviewed. No one knew the cause of her attempted suicide. She proceeded to Liverpool.

Passengers who landed told the *Herald* correspondent that the fire broke out in the bunkers of the ship the day before yesterday and threatened serious consequences, but such were the excellent arrangements and discipline on board the ship that it was promptly extinguished by the firemen.

He Lied and She Blushed.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Ah, madam," he said, as he extended a hand to help her up, "I never saw a more graceful fall. You threw up your arms like a born actress, your little feet indulged in a shuffle, and down you settled with a swan-like movement which was superb."

"Really, sir?"

"Honest Injun, madam."

And as he picked up a No. 7 rubber which had been flung from her left foot, turned his back to a dent in the snow which looked as if a cottage had been upset there, and raising his hat and making a profound bow, he took his leave, while she got aboard a street-car and continued to blush and smile for sixteen blocks.

ROYAL
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING-POWDER COMPANY, 106 Wall street, New York. no 28-d&w1y

AUCTION SALES—Future Days.

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

COMMISSIONERS' SALE OF VALUABLE DETACHED BRICK DWELLING AT THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF MAIN AND JEFFERSON STREETS, (No. 117 WEST MAIN.)—By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Goochland county, entered June 23, 1886, in the case of A. H. Ransom and Lillie D., his wife, *vs.* James Moore, trustee, and Woodward, &c., we will sell at public auction, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1887,

at 5 o'clock P. M., the PROPERTY mentioned in said suit—viz., the BRICK DWELLING AND LOT OF GROUND No. 117 west Main street (southeast corner Main and Jefferson). The house is three stories, detached, and contains nine rooms besides closets, storerooms, etc., and is well built of stock brick, with granite sills and window caps; brick stable, culvert, gas, water, etc. Lot 28x155 to an alley twenty feet wide.

The property is worth the attention of investors in real estate either as a home or for investment.

TERMS: One-third cash; balance in six, twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four months, the purchaser to give bonds for deferred payments with good security, bearing interest from day of sale, and title retained until all the purchase money is paid.

R. D. JAMES,
A. K. LEAKE,
Special Commissioners.

RANSOM AND WIFE AGAINST JAMES; MOORE, TRUSTEE, AND WOODWARD, &c.—IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF GOOCHLAND COUNTY, JUNE 22, 1886.

I, P. G. Miller, deputy clerk of said court, do certify that the bond required of the special commissioners by decree entered in the above-styled cause June 22, 1886, has been duly given. Given under my hand this 1st day of July, 1886.

P. G. MILLER, Deputy Clerk.

By George W. Mayo, Auctioneer, (Jno. E. Laughton, Jr., Salesman,) No. 26 Ninth street.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A LARGE, VALUABLE, WELL-SELECTED, AND ATTRACTIVE STOCK OF GOODS, CONSISTING OF WOOLLEN CLOTHS OR PIECE GOODS, READY-MADE GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING, TAILORS' TRIMMINGS, GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, SHIRTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, JEWELRY, &c., AS WELL AS SOME STORE-FIXTURES.—By virtue of a deed of trust executed by N. Greenwald & Son to the undersigned trustee, dated December 23, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the Richmond Chancery Court, and in pursuance of an order of the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Virginia, in the suit of Hohenstein *et al. vs.* Wadgill, trustee, *et als.*, entered January 22, 1887, I shall proceed to sell the above-described STOCK OF GOODS at public auction, on the premises—to wit, in the store No. 1125 east Main street, in the city of Richmond, Va.—at 10 o'clock in the forenoon

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1887.

The entire stock of goods must be sold, and terms of sale will be made known at the commencement of the same.

EDMUND WADDILL, Jr.,
Trustee for N. Greenwald & Son.

By N. W. Bowe, Real Estate Auctioneer.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE OF ALL THE PROPERTY, FRANCHISES, RIGHTS, &c., OF THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

By virtue of the following decrees entered in the causes of "William Mahone, &c., *vs.* The Southern Telegraph Company and others" and "The Farmers Loan and Trust Company *vs.* Same"—viz.:

1. Decree entered in said causes in the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Virginia on the 21st day of December, 1885;
2. Decree entered in said causes in the United States Circuit Court for the Western district of North Carolina on the 4th day of February, 1886;
3. Decree entered in said causes in the United States Circuit Court for the district of South Carolina on the 4th day of February, 1886;
4. Decree entered in said causes in the United States Circuit Court for the Middle district of Alabama on the 5th day of February, 1886;
5. Decree entered in said causes in the United States Circuit Court for the Northern district of Georgia on the 10th day of February, 1886—

the undersigned, special commissioners appointed thereby, will sell at public auction, in front of the office of the auctioneer, No. 4 north Eleventh street, in the city of Richmond, Va.,

FEBRUARY 1, '87,

at 12 o'clock M., ALL THE RIGHT, TITLE, AND INTEREST OF EVERY KIND AND NATURE OF THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY in and to the line of telegraph to, from, and between the city of Washington and the city of Selma, Ala., and the various branches thereof (about 1,800 miles of poles and about 5,000 miles of wire), together with all the Lands, Properties, Franchises, Telegraph-Lines, Cables, Poles, Wires, Instruments, Tools, Apparatuses, Offices, Fixtures, Patents, Patent-Rights, Contracts, Leases, Securities, Rights, Claims, Interest, and Demands of every kind, nature and description whatsoever, wherever the same may be or however situated, now held, owned, or possessed by the said company.

The said telegraph line is in good condition, and is now doing a good business.

The line will be sold subject to a traffic arrangement now existing between it and the Mutual Union Telegraph Company, which will expire at the option of the purchaser upon sixty days' notice.

TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. of purchase-money in cash and a sufficient sum in addition to cover such payment as will amount to $50,000; the balance within thirty days after sale.

Any further information desired will be given by A. L. BOULWARE, receiver, at Richmond, Va.

A. L. BOULWARE,
H. B. TURNER,
Commissioners.

N. W. BOWE, Auctioneer. de 23

By N. W. Bowe, Real Estate Auctioneer.

EXCEEDINGLY VALUABLE AND ATTRACTIVE PROPERTY ON SEVENTH STREET NEAR THE UNION DEPOT, SUITABLE FOR MANUFACTURING OR FOR HOTEL PURPOSES, AT AUCTION.

The CENTRAL and WELL-LOCATED FACTORY and OFFICES on Seventh street near Canal, within a stone's throw of the Union depot, and on the main avenue leading thereto, formerly used in connection with Tanner & Delaney's foundry, and now by P. H. Mayo & Brother, tobacconists, will be sold by public auction, on the premises, on

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1887,

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.

This property fronts 110 6-12 feet on Seventh street and runs back as to 52 6-12 feet (the northern portion) a depth of 139 feet, and as to the rest a depth of 63 6-12 feet. The main building is three stories high, is well built, and can be easily adapted to any manufacturing purposes, for which the location is admirably suited, its situation right at the Union depot giving it a prominence that would be an equivalent for thousands of dollars spent in advertising; or this property could doubtless be profitably utilized as a hotel for the better class of railroad employees and that quite numerous class of travellers who will be seeking accommodations near the Union depot, which will be beyond a doubt, in the near future, adopted by all the railroads entering the city.

No such opportunity to invest in good, solid property with so grand a future as this has is likely to offer itself soon, and it is confidently expected that a discriminating public will not slight the chance here presented. The owners are determined to sell.

TERMS: At sale.

ja 23,25,27,&3d N. W. BOWE, Auctioneer.

EXTRAORDINARY AUCTION SALE OF SUPERB AND COSTLY HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.—E. B. Cook, Auctioneer, will sell on

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1887,

at No. 15 west Clay street, the ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS of Mr. Henry H. Meyer, comprising Magnificent Inlaid Parlor Suit, in Silk Plush, costing $300; Carved Ebony Cabinet, Ebony Easel, very large and elegant French-Plate Mantel Mirror; Magnificent Solid Brass Statuary Lamp, cost originally $200; Barbotine, Bisque, Sevres, China, Marble, and Bronze Vases and Figures; Brass Fire-Set and Tables, Brass Bevelled Mirrors, Embossed Leather Library Chairs, Massive Buffalo Horn Chair, Bric-a-Brac, Mirror, Mahogany Book-Case, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Hammered Copper Lambrequin and Cornice-Poles, Paintings, Engravings; Magnificent Carved Walnut Buffet, cost $200; Leather Dining-Room Chairs and Lounge, Walnut Extension-Table; elegant Tapestry Chairs and Lounge, Pompadour style; Walnut Chamber Suits, very fine Walnut Chiffonier, Hair-Mattresses, Springs, Rider-Down Quilts and other Bed-Clothing, Solid Brass Infant's Crib, Cut-glass and Chinaware, Kitchen Utensils, Moquette and Tapestry Carpets, and many other articles.

Special attention is called to this sale as being one rarely equalled in this city, as the articles offered are nearly new, of the very best quality, and in first-class order.

TERMS: Cash on delivery.

Sale commences at 10 A. M.

The house will be open for inspection on TUESDAY, February 1st, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. ja 25-Tu,Th,Sa,Su,Tu,W

RICHMOND BAZAAR.—AT AUCTION.—On WEDNESDAY, February 2d, at 11 o'clock, we will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, for account of the estate of J. S. Winston, deceased, 1 SORREL MARE, five years old; 1 PHAETON and HARNESS, as good as new (city made). Can be seen until day of sale at Baker's Stable, Fifth street.

E. B. COOK, Auctioneer.

ja 28

PHOTO. DRY PLATES, PHOTO. DRY PLATES, ARTISTS' AND PAINTERS' SUPPLIES. BINSWANGER'S, 210 east Broad street. ja 23-1m

RAILROAD LINES.

NORFOLK AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JANUARY 12, 1887.

TWO DAILY TRAINS TO NORFOLK.

TWO DAILY TRAINS TO LYNCHBURG.

LEAVE RICHMOND

11:25 A. M. Daily, *via* Richmond and Petersburg railroad. Arrive at Petersburg 12:15 P. M.; leave Petersburg 12:30 P. M. daily; arrive at Norfolk 3:10 P. M.

11:25 A. M. Daily, *via* Richmond and Petersburg railroad. Arrive at Petersburg 12:15 P. M. No. 1 leaves Petersburg 12:40 P. M. for Farmville, Lynchburg, Roanoke, Bristol, Knoxville, and all points south and west.

6:30 P. M. Daily, except Sunday, *via* Richmond and Petersburg railroad. Arrive Petersburg 7:15 P. M.; leaves Petersburg 7:20 P. M. daily, arriving Norfolk 10 P. M. Through car Richmond to Norfolk.

6:30 P. M. Daily, except Sunday, *via* Richmond and Petersburg railroad. Arrive at Petersburg 7:15 P. M.; connecting with Train No. 1 leaving Petersburg at 8:25 P. M. for Farmville, Lynchburg, Roanoke, Bristol, Knoxville, Chattanooga, and all points south