

LONDON NEIGHBORS.

How They Manage to Get on Without Quarreling. (London World.)

The dwellers in the great cities are generally disposed to adopt an attitude towards their neighbors which may be described as one of armed neutrality. The occupants of the immediately contiguous houses are regarded as persons who at any moment may be belligerents. Prudence dictates to both parties a punctilious respect for the convenience of social life. Each, if he is discreet, will be on his behavior, and will scrupulously minimize all possibility of collision. The best way of doing this is systematically to eschew any personal acquaintance with those who live on the other side of the partition wall, and in all matters which can possibly affect them to bear oneself as indifferently as may be. Hence, it has become a tradition of our social life, that London neighbors not only should be, but as a matter of fact are, in a happy state of mutual ignorance. To know nothing of those who dwell next door is unquestionably a convenience and safeguard. Anything like intimacy between two families who live in such geographical contiguity is certain to involve embarrassments, and likely to end in open hostility. One of the two households presumes upon the privileges of friendly intercourse, and makes, very likely in pure innocence, some indiscreet proposition—requests the loan of some article that ought not to be asked for; expresses the hope that a bedroom may be granted to a friend of the family who has casually arrived; or displays an inconvenient and inconsiderate propensity to drop into lunch. If these overtures are met in a friendly spirit at the beginning, and are even reciprocated, the relations established between the two houses will be for a while those of personal friendship; but it is friendship that will be a sure harbinger of war. The rupture between the attached neighbors is as certain as the little storms which vex the married life of the turtle doves of the provincial era. Nothing is more certain than that people who are closely connected, either by the ties of family or neighborhood, cannot afford to take liberties with each other. Half the quarrels which estrange and embitter kinsmen arise from the fact that they presume upon their consanguinity. The mere circumstance that they are related by blood ought to make them exhibit towards each other a most scrupulous respect. For this very reason they should beware of requesting little loans at inopportune moments, or of sending telegrams suddenly to say that they are coming up from the country, and will be grateful for a dinner and a bed. The point of honor is said to begin where compulsion ends, and precisely because the usages of society would not allow the kinsman importuned in the manner just described publicly to reprimand his relative, his relative is guilty of an offence against the laws of family honor if he pleads the privilege of relationship. So it is with neighbors. As long as they do not make the mistake of supposing that neighborhood implies familiarity, all will go well. Directly that truth is ignored, the prospect of civil war is assured. The inhabitants of one of the crescents or squares devoted to middle class will exist in a state of mutual peace and good will so long as they keep each other at arm's length; but when once any project which involves community of action is broached—such as the painting of the house-fronts in one color, or reorganization of the garden enclosure—misunderstanding, and family feuds, become inevitable.

RETURNED TO THE WORLD.

A Georgetown Nun Renounces The Cloister for the Vanities of Society.

Washington, D. C., March 6.—The convent situated at Georgetown, adjoining Washington, is agitated over the disappearance of one of its nuns, who was known among her companions as Sister Lorenzo. She was the daughter of a well-to-do citizen of London, Pa., and when she was about 19 years old, being displeased with some fancied slight, she left her home and entered the convent as a cloister nun. Sister Lorenzo speedily became a great favorite among the young lady students, and for the past nineteen years has borne the reputation of being one of the best scholars and quietest members of the institution. A Pennsylvania representative visited her a short time ago in company with some lady acquaintance of Sister Lorenzo, and in the course of conversation the gentleman addressed her by her proper name and asked her if she was not tired of convent life. She blushed violently but made no reply, as she was accompanied by another nun, in conformity with the rules of the establishment. A few days later she received notice that her parents had died and that their estate, worth about \$20,000, was at her disposal. This was too much for Sister Lorenzo; and taking advantage of an opportunity that presented itself she effected an escape from the convent. Her absence was reported to the Superior, who informed the scholars of the affair, but placed the injunction of secrecy upon them. Sister Lorenzo, before being admitted to the convent as a member of the sisterhood, had the reputation of being fond of dress and display, and her nineteen years of confinement seems to have intensified her hobby. The latest advices from Reading are that the former incumbent of the cloister has resumed her family name, donned a blonde wig, purchased in Philadelphia the night succeeding her flight from the convent, and is now a reigning belle and prospective wife. Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to induce her to return to her cloister duties, but she says in a recent letter that she is out in the world again and that she means to stay.

Patti's Peculiarities.

(Washington Herald.)

Patti, the singer, is one of the most superstitious of mortals. She will not sing any contract or begin any new undertaking on Friday. She will not live at a hotel in a room number thirteen or any multiple thereof. She will not sing at night upon the day when an umbrella or parasol is opened in her room. She wears numerous

charms, and believes in every superstition she has ever heard anything about. It is said that when Mr. Mapleson does not care to pay the sum required for her single appearance (4,400) he has some one to open a parasol in Patti's room, and then the business is done.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

Will the New Tariff Cause a Reduction of Wages?—The Danger Apprehended.

Pittsburg, March 5.—The subject of remark on all sides to-day was the unanimity with which iron manufacturers, in published interviews on the new tariff, declared that there will have to be a reduction in the wages of workmen. The latter class did not like the idea by any means, and some of the labor leaders talked as though the feared another general strike would be the result of such a reduction. As the time for arranging a new scale of wages will not arrive before the first of next June, of course neither the workmen nor capitalists can speak with certainty. Some of the manufacturers recognized this when they said that they could hardly tell what the effect of the revised tariff would be on wages, yet they felt pretty certain that lower wages would have to result.

Thomas A. Armstrong, a prominent labor leader, and once a Greenback candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, was inclined to be a trifle bitter, and said: "That's always the way. If the tariff had been advanced instead of reduced, manufacturers would have found a reason to complain that a reduction of wages is necessary. If an attempt is made to reduce wages this will certainly be another year of strikes, unless the workmen can be convinced that a reduction is necessary. They are reasonable, but they are also too shrewd to be duped."

Mr. Joseph D. Weeks, secretary of the Western Iron Association, who has been in Washington for weeks watching the tariff legislation, returned to Pittsburg to-day. He made one charge that will create general surprise. He said: "The responsibility for the tariff law of to-day rests with two pairs of protection—W. D. Kelley in the house, and Justin F. Morrill in the senate. I know this charge will create surprise, but I repeat that William D. Kelley and Justin F. Morrill have crowned their long series of victories for protection with ignominious defeat. If, when the matter was before the conference committee, they had been firm, they could have secured a tariff bill that would have protected American industries, or could have prevented the passage of any bill, which would have left things in infinitely better shape. But just at the time when the greatest firmness was needed Kelley and Morrill wavered, and the result will prove most disastrous, industrially and politically. It will be disastrous industrially because wages and the cost of material will have to be reduced. I don't believe this can be accomplished without a struggle, and the effects of a labor struggle are always unhappy. It will be disastrous politically because the party that has done this will be held strictly responsible."

NOVEL ELOPEMENT.

Chicago, March 6.—A homely romance was aired to-day in the Armory police court when Aaron Hazen and Ollie Luce were brought before Justice Walton. Ollie is a rather fine appearing country girl and Aaron is a young barber. The couple were found secreted in a freight car of the Michigan Central, which was partly filled with merchandise and had just got in from the east. When first brought to the station the couple claimed to be husband and wife, but finally acknowledged that they had run away from South Bend, Indiana, and were intending to be married. Ollie, who gives her age as eighteen years, says she met and fell in love with the tonsorial artist at a hotel in South Bend, where they both worked. Her parents refused their consent to her marriage with Hazen, so they eloped, going first to Elkhart and then to Niles City. Hazen's money gave out and that was why, in pursuing their travels, they found it necessary to stow themselves away in a freight car. Originally they did not intend coming as far as Chicago, but fell asleep in the car and missed connection. A letter was sent to Ollie's parents who live about four miles from South Bend, and her father who is said to be an humble Methodist divine, will probably come to Chicago.

The New Sealskin Sack.

(New London Bay.)

A solemn-looking citizen appeared at police headquarters, and beckoning the superintendent into a private room said:

"You know that \$800 robbery at my house that I reported yesterday morning?"

"Certainly, and I have put two of my best men on the case, and—"

"Well, I—ahem—I have decided not to pursue the matter; you needn't take any further steps. In fact—"

"You don't mean to say you have recovered the money?"

"Oh, no; not all."

"Found a clew, eh?"

"Well, no, not exactly. The fact is that the money was taken out of my trousers pockets at night, and—and—this morning my wife had sent home a new sealskin sack."

"Ah!"

"And so you see I have about concluded to let the matter drop—let the matter drop, and with a deep sigh the bereaved husband drifted out."

A Mad Mule.

(Clinton Advocate.)

Mr. J. A. Baker of LaDue, gave us the particulars of a mule supposed to have been affected by hydrophobia, belonging to Mr. Alex. Neil, living three miles east of LaDue. The mule on last Saturday acted strangely and finally had a fit, falling to the ground and struggling violently. The fits grew more frequent and more violent until finally he fell in one of them and died. During the fits, at different times, he bit six horses, two mules and two cows, and caught a little boy of Mr. Neil's by the back, biting and bruising him considerably but not seriously. It is supposed the mule had been bitten by a dog, belonged to Jo Boyd, that had become rabid and had been killed. There were other dogs, however, in that neighborhood that were supposed to have been mad about the same time.

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