

FELICIANA SENTINEL.

A TERRIBLE LETTER.

[New York Times.]

A great deal of discussion has arisen since Mrs. Stuart committed suicide, as to the nature of four letters left by her and written just before she took poison. The most strenuous efforts have been made by the friends of the deceased to suppress these epistles, and Coroner Woltman has refused to make them public. It has been learned, however, that three of these letters were to relatives, and merely stated that she had determined to live no longer, bade them farewell, and asked their pardon for her determination. The fourth letter was addressed to her husband. It was couched in mild and affectionate language, but was absolutely terrible in its contents. It called the attention of Mr. Stuart to their wedding six months ago. It referred to the homes they had left to go through the world together. It reminded him of the blessings, happiness and prospects they had started out with, and recalled the good reasons the bride had to look forward to the future with the most sanguine expectations. It spoke of their vows—hers to love, honor and obey him, and his—to love, cherish and support her. It said that if ever a woman went honestly and lovingly to a husband, she went so to him, and if ever a woman had been a true and affectionate wife, she had been one. It then, in painful language, showed how the change had come over her dream, and how she had seen the rich web of her fancy gradually drop from her full and glowing ideal until it left the mere skeleton of her hopes, an unbearable, ghastly reminder of what they had been and to what they were reduced. It pictured in the language of youthful despair the gradual sinking of her husband into the power of the vice of drink, until he became absolutely lost to himself and to her, and became cold, selfish, repellent, cruel and finally intolerable. And then, it said, all this being so, absolutely so, unchangeably so, she had no wish to live any longer—her every hope was gone, and she would follow him. She said she could not help it—she asked his pardon for her determination—told him that she still loved him, bade him farewell, and then took her life.

THE LARGEST SNAKE IN AMERICA.

[Shreveport (La.) Times.]

We were yesterday informed by Mr. Smith living on Quapaw Bayou, that while he and his son William, aged about thirteen years, were out in the woods on Monday afternoon last, driving up their cattle, their attention was attracted by the bleating of a calf some distance from them. Thinking probably that the poor animal had bogged, they started to its assistance. They had gone but a short distance down the bayou when they discovered a yearling, in the coils of a huge snake, the body of which was suspended from the limb of a black gum tree about twenty feet from the ground, and which projected from the bank immediately over the water. Mr. Smith and his son were almost terror-stricken at the sight, and stood speechless for several moments, unconscious of watching the movements of the huge reptile as he entwined himself around the already dead body of the yearling, and at every coil of the snake they could hear the bones of the calf break.

After coiling itself around the lifeless form of the yearling and crushing every bone in its body, the serpent let loose its hold from the tree and dropped down alongside its victim, and began licking it all over, preparatory, it is supposed, to swallowing. About this time Mr. Smith recovered his senses, and, after watching the monster snake open its capacious mouth several times, he fired on it with his rifle, striking it near the head, and was quickly followed by his son, who discharged a double-barreled gun loaded with buck-shot. Both reloaded as quick as possible and again fired on his snake-ship. In the meantime the reptile had coiled itself into a huge mass, and was making a hissing sound that could be heard fully one hundred yards, and was protruding his forked tongue several feet. After discharging about a dozen volleys each, Mr. Smith and his son succeeded in dispatching one of the largest snakes ever seen in Louisiana, and, probably, North America. It measured thirty-one feet in length, and the body measured, ten feet from the head, thirty inches in circumference, and about the centre of the body forty-two inches. It has a regular succession of spots black and yellow, alternating, extending from his head to his tail, while either side is a deep purple. Mr. Smith has no idea what kind

of a snake it is, but thinks it must be of the boa constrictor species. No doubt this snake has for many years inhabited that section of country and depredated upon the young calves and animals that came within its reach. The skin of this huge snake has been preserved, and will be sent to Shreveport and put on exhibition.

PLAY TIME.

Don't try to reduce the children to order by scolding them. Let them play—give them a chance to work off some of their superabundant energy. Don't be too much afraid of water. Roll up your little girl's sleeves, pin a thick towel, or better still a square of flannel in front of her dress, and let her wash dolly's clothes. Have a basin which will not upset easily, and teach the children to blow bubbles. Let them sail boats in the bathtub. Teach them not to get wet while doing so, but do not magnify a wetting into a crime. It is not getting wet, but staying so, that does the mischief, and clothes may be changed.

We know one sensible mother whose small boy found in the hydrant, as so many small boys do, a magnet whose attractions to punishment could outweigh. She made him a waterproof suit—bought him rubber boots, and thus protected let him play, only requiring that these clothes should be put on before playing in the water. No colds were taken, and no harm was done thereafter. Constant repression does more harm than good. Hush and stop, may be said all day long, and produce nothing save ill temper. The secret of managing children successfully is to teach them to amuse themselves. A busy child is always happy and seldom naughty.

MORALITIES OF GAMBLING.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The fact is that the proprietary gambler, like Morrissey, is, in the sense of the term, no gambler at all. He simply provides the means for other men to gamble without taking any risk himself, and he receives his profits with precisely the same certainty that the broker has or the merchant who sells on commission. He provides a table and implements. If it is faro, his business is to take and pay bets made between the players, reserving to himself the profits of 'splits' which recur with a certainty that is marked with a fixed percentage. His risk is almost nothing, his certainty of gain fixed.

There are few live men who have not at some time bet money. The practice of gaming in a small way is almost as common in a community as that of eating. All classes, except a few conscientiously strict, play the national game of poker. No disgrace or reproach is implied in it. We do not argue that providing a gambling house, as Morrissey does, is not reprehensible. It is highly so. The law forbids it, and the Hon. John is called a truthful name because he breaks the law, and does it openly. Yet people who thus characterize him should remember that after all it is not Morrissey who breaks the law, but the men who patronize his house, and in obedience to the demands of whom his house is open.

The writer has seen at one time in Morrissey's gambling house three clergymen, interested spectators of the game of faro. They thought they were incognito. One was a professor in a well-known college. Another the principal of a large seminary. A third was and is the pastor of a thriving church. They were not there simply for the purpose of learning the facts of what they would denounce. They remained too long and exhibited too keen an interest in the game and the excitement. Their names shall be kept a sacred secret. But by their presence there, through motives of curiosity, they were partakers with the proprietor in breaking the law.

TO THE RESCUE.

(N. O. City Item.)

Now that the ladies have taken up the New Orleans Pacific Railway question it is bound to become an assured success. The meeting held yesterday, at the St. Charles Hotel, was merely preliminary; another one will be held at the same place on Friday next at 11 a. m., at which ar-

rangements for a soliciting committee will be perfected, and the sensible and solid ladies of the land will set out in earnest on their grand mission of redemption. When by precept and example they show their interest in the enterprise, and place their hands, as it were, upon the mane of the iron horse, his glad shout of triumph will soon be heard in his travels Texas-ward.

COULD NOT TELL A LIE.

Not long ago, on an English steamer, four days out from Liverpool, a small boy was found hid away behind the cargo. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector, among either passengers or crew. Who was he? Where did he come from? Where going? Only nine years old; the poor little stranger, with ragged clothes but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth. Of course he was carried before the first mate.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" asked the mate, sharply.

"My stepfather put me in," answered the boy; "he said he could not afford to keep me or pay my passage to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe the story. He had often been deceived by stowaways. Almost every ship finds, one or two days out at sea, men or boys concealed among the cargo, who try to get a passage across the water without paying for it. And this is often troublesome and expensive. The mate suspected some of the sailors had a hand in the boy's escape, and treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his coming, and it was always the same story—nothing more, nothing less. At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and seizing him by the collar told him unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes he would hang him on the yard arm, a frightful threat indeed.

Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him! Around him were passengers and sailors of the midday watch, and before him the stern officer, with his watch in his hand, counting the tick, tick, tick, of the minutes as they swiftly went. There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, and tears in his eyes; but afraid?—no, not a bit!

Eight minutes were already gone.

"Only two minutes more to live," cried the mate. "Speak the truth and save your life, boy!"

"May I pray?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.

The officer nodded his head, but said nothing. The brave boy knelt down on deck, and with hands clasped and eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's prayer, and prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him home to heaven. He could die; but lie—never! All eyes were turned towards him, and sobs broke from stern hearts.

The mate could hold out no longer. He sprang to the boy told him he believed his story, every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on a ship's deck than this—a poor, unfriended child, willing to face death for truth's sake. He could die; but lie—never! God bless him! And the rest of the voyage, you may well think he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before; everybody was ready to do him a kindness. And everybody who reads this will be strengthened to do right, come what will, by the noble conduct of this dear child.

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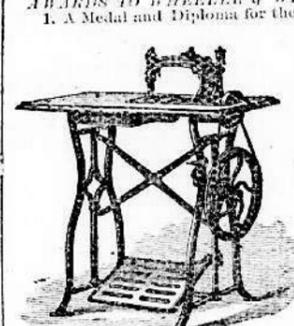
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