and Representing Varied and Conflicting Views of Men and Things.

The Capital Commission.

CANTON, Dak., Special Telegram, May 1.—During two days the capitol commissioners have all arrived, including Secretary Wheelock of Mitchell. The town is filled with people, and the lobbying on the passage of the removal bill is not to be compared with that now going on in behalf of the candidates for honors. While it is charged that there is both a capitol commission and a capital commission, there are no evidences here of the latter. Among the on-lookers are:

From Huron—E. T. Cressey, J. W. Shannon and Representative Sterling.

From Mitchell—S. F. Goodykoontz, banker; S. D. Cook, A. M. Bowdle, real estate; W. H. Rowley, railroad land agent; George A. Johnson, real estate; Elijah Butterneld, banker; J. D. Newcomber, real estate, and D. A. Wisener, lawyer.

From Pierre—B. F. Templeton and representatives of the Northwestern Land association.

From Scotland—Councilman Ziebach.

From Vermillion—Councilman Burdick and Representative Inman.

From Sioux Falls—William Van Epps.

More are expected to arrive to-morrow.

At 8:30 p. m. all interested parties adjourned from the hotels to Bedford hall, where a meeting of the commission was called to order by President Hughes, who announced that this was an adjourned meeting for the reception of proposals, and the transaction of general business. Alex McKenzie, on behalf of the executive committee, announced that he would submit a written report at the next meeting. Bids were then called for, to be delivered to Secretary Wheelock.

One sealed bid, not indicating where it was from, but postmarked Canton, was handed up and ordered placed on file, to be opened with the others yet to be received. L. G. Johnson stated that he was present to submit a bid for the town of Ordway, and wished to know how long bids were to be received, and by what rules. It was announced in reply that that point had not yet been fully determined, but that all localities and parties would be fairly and honorably treated. Mr. Johnson said that Ordway had broken her back in raising a certain sum and he did not wish the amount known, and then let other towns come in and raise their bids. He did not think it would be fair.

President Hughes state that he believed all bids to be received were present except two which had been delayed, and that bids would be received to-night, but not opened until some future time, when it was thought all had been received.

Mr. Johnson replied:

That is satisfactory to Brown county, and I herewith hand in a sealed bid on behalf of Ordway.

George Sterling then handed in a bid on behalf of Huron and Alex. McKenzie one on behalf of Steele, Kidder county.

An informal recess of five minutes was then taken, during which it was announced that the delayed bids referred to would be from Redfield, Spink county, and Frankford, on the Northwestern railroad, six miles east of there. During the recess S. F. Goodykoontz handed in a sealed bid for Mitchell. After the recess the proposals received were announced, and President Hughes stated that when the bids were opened interested parties would be allowed to speak on behalf of the several localities, and that the commission would then visit and inspect the sites. Representative Sterling of Huron wanted to know when and where the bids would be opened, and President Hughes replied:

At Canton, before adjournment; probably to-morrow, and possibly not until the next day.

Treasurer Scott moved that the commission now adjourn until morning at 10 a. m. Carried. About 150 people were present in the hall, and there is an universal expression of confidence in the commission and the outcome of their deliberations. There is a growing sentiment that when the division comes it will be on the Missouri river rather than on the forty-sixth parallel. East of the river is an agricultural community, and west, grazing and mining; and congress will insist on the river division.

It is believed that the bids are as follows:

Huron, $100,000; Mitchell, $200,000; Steele, $100,000; Ordway, $125,000.

SIOUX FALLS, Dak., Special Telegram, May 2.—The capital removal commission convened at Canton to-day at 3 p. m. Commissioner De Long was absent. A communication signed by fifteen leading citizens of Canton was received, setting forth the advantages of the town, and announcing that a proposition would be submitted previous to the 15th.

Commissioner Belding moved that the commission meet at Canton on the 15th to open bids, and that meanwhile it proceed to inspect the several localities bidding and examine the land offered. Carried.

The executive committee reported that it had published advertisements for bids; had prepared blank forms, etc. The report was accepted and the committee discharged from further service. Secretary Wheelock then announced the reception of a sealed but informal proposition from the city of Pierre; also one from Frankfort, minus bonds, which parties had gone to Vermillion to have approved.

Commissioner McKenzie then read a telegraphic invitation from A. W. Edwards on behalf of the chamber of commerce of Fargo extending an invitation for the committee to hold the next meeting in that city, where rooms lighted by electricity would be furnished free.

Secretary Wheelock then read a seven-page legal cap advertisement of the city of Aberdeen, wherein a committee of citizens, without making any bid, called attention to the surpassing advantages of Aberdeen as a capital site, and invited the commissioners to call upon them.

A committee selected by a mass meeting of citizens of Pierre next presented a written communication extending a cordial invitation to visit and personally inspect the advantages possessed by Pierre over every other city of Dakota as a site for the capital of the great State that is soon to be.

Cressey then made a verbal invitation for the commission to visit Huron at its convenience and become guests of the city—also to hold its next meeting there and personally inspect the conceded magnificent advantages that the city has. Mr. L. G. Johnson extended a similar verbal invitation on behalf of Ordway, stating that the invitation was backed with a sealed proposition complying with the law and the rules of the commission.

A. W. Hager extended an invitation for Mitchell, saying the commission would find her citizens hospitable, enterprising and generous. B. F. Templeton, on behalf of Pierre, said that city had aspirations, but wanted further time to put in a formal bid. He announced the money all paid in, and beside other inducements, the city would tender a certified bank check for the full amount donated, instead of $20,000 cash and $80,000 in improved bonds.

A special train being in waiting, it was moved that the commission proceed at once to Mitchell, and meet again at the call of the president. Carried. Adjourned.

MITCHELL, Dak., May 3.—The commissioners, newspaper correspondents and invited guests were tendered Superintendent Sanborn's private car and another coach at Canton yesterday, leaving there about 4:30 p. m., and arriving at Mitchell at 7 p. m., sixty-nine miles distant. The commissioners were met at the depot by citizens with carriages and taken to the Alex Mitchell house, where on an hour's notice an elegant supper was served, including pineapples, strawberries, tomatoes, oranges, bananas and all the luxuries imaginable. In the afternoon the party was driven to inspect the land to be donated for a capital site, which consists of 160 acres, one-half mile from the depot, on the south side of the railroad. The commissioners are non-committal, but to express admiration of the proposed site and to speak favorably of the advantages of Mitchell for the capital. While the amount of money offered in the sealed bid is not known, it is believed it is not less than $150,000 cash, and this entirely from citizens, Alexander Mitchell, of the Milwaukee road, after whom the town is named, not having contributed, as was first reported. He has, however, been officially seen and may make his influence felt at a later day. The party will leave at midnight for Mason City, and will thence proceed to Minneapolis, and visit in succession Aberdeen, Ordway, Huron and other bidders for capitol honors, returning to Canton on the 15th.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press May 5

The Dakota Capital commission, accompanied by its secretary, Mr. R. W. Wheelock, and by a number of gentlemen having more than a general interest in the question of the location of the capital of the Territory, arrived in St. Paul from Mitchell, Dak., last evening at 7 o'clock over the Milwaukee, Chicago and St. Paul road, and the entire party is now housed at the Merchants'. Every member of the commission came on the trip. They started at 12:30 in the morning and traveled in a special car. The parties accompanying them, S. F. Goodykoutz, president of the First National bank of Mitchell; Messrs. Brown and F. A. Gale of Canton, bankers; O. T. Cressey of Huron, one of the clerks of the Dakota legislature and editor of the Dakota Daily Leader; N. C. Nash of Canton, editor of the Sioux Valley News; L. G. Johnson of Ordway; William Van Epps of Sioux Falls, and J. G. P. Hildebrand, of the Daily Journal of Sioux City, Iowa. Alexander Hughes, the chairman of the commission, has with him his wife and child. The newspaper men are traveling as correspondents for their respective papers, and the members of the commission say that the other gentlemen, gentlemen themselves are, however, apparently very intent upon finding out all they can respecting the future plans of the commission. The commission is on its tour of inspection of the towns which have presented proposals. They will remain here until Sunday, then proceed to Aberdeen, and after looking over the ground there, will visit Ordway, Redfield, Huron and Pierre, in turn, returning to Canton in time to open the proposals there on May 15. In all ten towns have sent in proposals, including besides those named, Canton, Kidder, Steele, on the Northern Pacific, and one that is unknown, the proposals having come sealed. The object in coming by way of St. Paul is to save stage coach traveling.

CAPT. HUGHES INTERVIEWED.

Several of the gentlemen were interviewed last evening, including Capt. Hughes. He said:

We found, when we met at Canton, that several towns intending to submit proposals were not ready to submit them, and our object in adjourning was to give them an opportunity to send them in. We thought we could occupy the intervening time in no more profitable way than in visiting some of the places that have been heard from. I do not think that there will be any further extension granted. With regard to this hue and cry that has been raised against the commission by the Yankton ring and Pettigrew and his followers, it may be said to rise from two causes: First, Pettigrew's hostility to Gov. Ordway; and, second, a desire to make political capital, which Pettigrew saw an opportunity to do, by taking advantage of the prejudice, that was at first created against the commission and the measure. So far as there having been any syndicate mixed up in the matter, or any prearrangement respecting the location to be selected, I have to say that I have no knowledge of anything of the kind. The commission intends to do its work honestly and squarely, and to take such action as it believes to be for the best interests of the Territory. I don't think that any member has any place in view, where he would like to see the capital located, and so far as I am concerned personally I have no more idea where the capital will be located than a child unborn. There has been very little discussion upon the question as yet. Perhaps

THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION

to be considered by us is as to whether the site should be located with respect to the boundary lines of the territory as it exists, or with a view of the future division upon the line of the forty-sixth parallel. I think the views of the commissioners are very nearly, if not entirely, unanimous in the view that the site should be selected with reference to the question of division. Then when the Territory is divided the southern section will have its capital all fixed, when the new State is created there is no question that the sentiment of the people of the Territory is in favor of division—The places we have heard from, with the exception of Steele and all below the 46th parallel, I am not aware that any member of the commission owns or deals in property in any of the towns from which the bids have been received—that is, with the exception of Mr. Myers, who, I understand owns a farm in the vicinity of one of the places, Gov. Ordway, I understand, owns a small tract of land near Pierre. He is not making the slightest attempt to guide or influence the commission in any way, and we have received no communications from him, verbal or written, expressing any wish of his in the matter.

NOT AN AUCTION.

We do not understand that there is to be an auction, and the capital site is to be knocked down to the highest bidder. In selecting the sites, various questions will be taken into consideration, such as eligibility, centrality, accessibility to railroad lines, etc. Of course the amount named in a proposal will have its influence, but neither the amount of money, nor of land offered will alone decide the question. I have perfect integrity in the ability and character of my associates; I do not think any of them will allow themselves to be influenced. There is no doubt that there was a prejudice created against the commission at first; but I see people constantly from various parts of the territory, and had had large opportunities for observation, and I am convinced that public sentiment is now very strongly in favor of the commission and of the removal of the capital to some more central point. In fact I believe that nine-tenths of the people of the Territory want the capital removed. As to just how the thing ought to be done, there may be some difference of opinion. As to the relations of the members with the governor, I can assure you that they all have a great respect for him, and the statements recently made by Mr. Pettigrew to a reporter of the PIONEER PRESS to the contrary are without foundation. There is no such feeling in the Territory against Gov. Ordway as Mr. Pettigrew is trying to make out.

THE YANKTON GRAND JURY.

"What have you to say concerning the proceedings before the grand jury at Yankton?"

"I believe the grand jury was packed in the interests of the Yankton ring. This grand jury is a part of the scheme of Pettigrew and that ring to get Gov. Ordway removed from office. They would like to get him indicted, and they would also be very glad to secure the indictment of some of the commissioners and members of the legislature. The jury has now been in session two weeks, and so far as I know, they haven't found any testimony against any one except one of the persons who is fighting the governor and commission, who has admitted that he attempted to bribe the legislature to vote against the removal scheme. As far as the commissioners are concerned, they are willing that their acts should be investigated by anyone. The reason I believe the grand jury was packed, is because it is filled with some of the most bitter enemies of the commission and the executive—men who have publicly expressed the most bitter sentiments against them, and have been very prominent in their opposition. The question of indictment is simply the question whether the Yankton ring will be able to control and dictate to that jury. I think, however, that some of the members are gentlemen, and will try, at least, to act conscientiously in the matter."

Capt. Hughes stated, in conclusion, that the spirit that had been manifested against the commission and the executive at Yankton since the passage of the bill had been contemptible in the extreme. They have attempted to ostracise the governor and others friendly to the movement, and altogether had shown a spirit that it seems to me is in full keeping with Louisiana bulldozing.

"I care nothing for their views, but intend to perform my duty without regard to what they say or think."

MR. M'KENZIE'S UTTERANCES.

Hon. Alexander McKenzie of Bismarck, the chairman of the executive committee of the commission, was next interviewed. He said:

We are making headway as fast as we can. So far as the articles that have been published in the papers, in regard to crookedness in the action of the commission, are concerned, I can say to you that they are lies made out of whole cloth, and are gotten up by the old Yankton ring, which has been robbing the Territory for years, and a more corrupt gang never cursed any Territory or State.

We do not anticipate any delay on account of the proceedings in court. We shall go forward and select a location by the 1st of July, and then proceed to the erection of the buildings, etc., in accordance with the terms of the act, and report our doings to the next legislature. All Northern Dakota and at least three to one in Southern Dakota, favor the capitol scheme. Yankton has had the capital for the past ten years, and has not had enterprise enough to even furnish seats for the accommodation of the Legislature. The sentiment is that it is high time to make a change, and the change will be made—a statement upon which you can rely, notwithstanding the howlings of the Yankton ring.

THE TREASURER SPEAKS.

Hon. Miles W. Scott, treasurer of the commission, remarked to the reporter: At present you know as much about it as I do or either member of the commission. We have had no formal discussion on the matter, and will not have until after the 15th instant.

Mr. Scott, like the other gentlemen, declared that the commission intended to do its duties fairly and squarely. He said the relations between the members was of the pleasantest character.

MR. CRESSY'S OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. Cressy was interviewed because he was not a member of the commission:

I was one of the clerks of the house during the last session he said, and have been with the commission most of the time since its appointment, and I have not yet seen one single thing that looked like or squinted at, or had one shade of a shadow of crookedness. Huron, my town, is an aspirant for the capital site, but if some other place gets it, I shall be satisfied that the commission did what it considered right in the matter. The commissioners are perfectly straightforward men and will not be bribed. The hue and cry against them were all started by the Press and Dakotian of Yankton; but that paper has never been able to prove one simple charge that it has made. On the other hand Dr. Burdick, of Yankton, was called before the grand jury and it was brought out in his evidence that a Yankton lawyer, John R. Campbell, offered him $10,000 to vote against the commission bill in the legislature. I get this from Dr. Burdick himself. Those who know Gov. Ordway best in the Territory are satisfied that he is doing his best for the interest of the Territory, and if Pettigrew says the people desire his removal he states an untruth. The grand jury has been unable to find anything against him, or against his appointees on the commission.

Several members of the commission were interviewed, as well as others in the party accompanying them, and it was noticed that there was great unanimity in their expressions with regard to the good intentions of the commission.

A Move Toward Statehood.

CHICAGO, Special Telegram, April 30.—The Times to-day publishes the following, dated Deadwood, Dak.: Somebody has called a convention to be held at Huron in June, and at the same time has named it a constitutional convention, but exactly why so designated is not clear. The convention will consist of 411 delegates, representing counties south of the forty-sixth parallel. It is authorized by no enabling act, proceeding of congress, or legislative bill. On the contrary, a bill providing for some such meeting was killed by Gov. Ordway last session. It is noticeable that a certain faction is working un-

[illegible] Jefferson, Madison and Monroe
Enjoyed two terms each, although
John Quincy Adams had but one.
"Old Hickory" twice the honor won.
Van Buren was the next enrolled.

One term the office he controlled
Harrison died and left years four
For Tyler, Polk next the burden bore.
Zach. Taylor died in years scarce two,
And Fillmore filled the balance due.
The next for a full term was Pierce,
Buchanan has equal terms to verse.
Abr'am Lincoln, first republican,
Was shot as his second term began;
And Johnson ruled until came Grant,
Who had two terms, Hayes one, and scant
Four months had Garfield, who was killed,
And Arthur the vacant office filled

MISS GAIR.

BY FREDERICK HOWE MARION.

Egalite did not think Miss Gair handsome; but her face had beautiful expressions. He had come to Balsam Hill prepared to see a beauty. Everywhere he had heard of Miss Gair as perfection. He expected to find a woman of brilliant personal appearance and suave deportment. She was the half-sister of his friend, Fay Somers, and the hieress of Balsam hill.

He found her a quiet, fair, and gentle woman, with a breadth of white brow, an inexpressibly soft and brilliant smile, a musical voice, and a serious manner.

He looked at her as she gave him half an hour's tete-a-tete before dinner, and could not imagine her either flirting or receiving compliments. And yet Miss Gair had the reputation of breaking hearts by the score.

At dinner, she gave him a seat at her side. There were a half dozen other guests. There was a fountain jet at one end of the long marble dining-hall, and the scent of roses came in at the open French windows. There was a water lily in Miss Gair's dark hair, links of gold on her white wrists. How softly and musically she chatted with them all.

After dinner they went to the billiard hall. Miss Gair did not play, but she selected a cue for Egalie, wished him success, and then went away to a sofa, where a group of gentlemen instantly gathered around her. The sound of her occasional laugh distracted Egalite's attention. He played badly and lost the game willingly, so that it left him at liberty to seek her side again. He told himself that he was curious to see wherein her power lay. How was she prettier or sweeter than a hundred other fair women he had known?

He could swear that she was not, and yet he sat beside her more contented than he had been in five years.

Purity. He thought, for a moment, that that was the charm which held him. When he had heard her laugh, he thought it was the sweetness of her merriment. The next instant, as her glance wandered across the lawns and rested on the distant hills, he believed it to be a faint tinge of sadness which rested on her.

Whatever it was, it held him at her side for three weeks. He had not meant to stay so long. To be sure, the shooting was good, but it was little he had had of it.

The morning of his departure came, and as he stood upon the long vine shaded piazza, she came out for a few friendly words of parting. He retained her hand. Figuratively he threw himself at her feet and begged for hope.

She looked startled for a moment; then her face looked pale and constrained.

"I have made a mistake."

"You have."

Her voice was hard, strained, and unnatural.

"I beg your pardon."

They stood apart. A servant appeared at the half door.

"The carriage is waiting for Mr. Egalite."

The man departed. Egalite did not venture to touch Miss Gair's hand again. She had never looked so lovely or inaccessible. He raised his hat.

"Good-by, Miss Gair."

"Good-by, Mr. Egalite."

How frigid that was! How hard and cold she had been, he thought, when he was in the carriage. After all, had she no heart?

The next year he spent in Europe. He saw the Alps, St. Peters, the Seine, the Louvre. He ate Naples grapes and sent home wine from Bercy. He watched Parisian coquets and sketched Florence beauties, but he never saw one Miss Gair.

He came home at last. To be sure home seemed a little dull since there was no one to welcome him but an acid maiden sister, and Turk, his horse, but one must work to live.

There was news from Balsam Hill. Fay Summers had been killed by being from thrown a carriage. Miss Gair had lost her property and gone to live with an aunt in Vermont.

He was vexed to feel his cheek grow pale. Why should he shrink as if a lash had been laid across his heart? Was he still so weak as to love a woman who had scorned him?

All night his eyes were set wide open in the darkness. Now that he thought of her, poor, sad,—no longer merry and artistically beautiful, in silk and costly laces—he dared to call her "Madge," as he had heard others who loved her call her; and, as he pronounced the name, his heart melted over it. If he might see her once more he would try again.

And, thinking this, it came about that one September night found him among the green hills of Vermont. He was at an incommodious little inn, but near Madge Gair. His landlord said:

"Miss Melitable Mathews lives in that brown house, with honeysuckles over it, that ye like the looks of so well. Charming young lady came there from Boston last spring—old lady's niece. Miss Gair. Know anybody of that name? Thought perhaps ye might, hailing from Boston."

The purple twilight was growing over the crimson maples as he drew rein at the brown, vine-clad, hill-side cottage. The old-fashioned garden sloped to the sun. Clumps of flox glimmered like snow in the shadows of the old yew trees which guarded the door way. A few late roses dropped their crimson clusters around the gate as he opened it.

There was a little stir among the lilacs and syringas. A graceful figure clad in gray, vines in the hands and surprise in the lovely eyes, faced him.

"Mr. Egalite, this is very kind. You have not forgotten me."

"Never for a moment. And have you not relented?"

"Relented?" she faltered.

He poured out his heart once more. She stopped him.

"Do you not know—have you not heard that I am poor——a beggar?"

"I have been told—yes. But that has nothing to do with my loving you."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Then," sparkling beautifully with joy, "I will let myself love you."

"Madge!" he cried. He clasped her in his arms, bewildered by his sudden happiness. She laughed softly, then her eyes filled with tears as she gently stroked his face.

[illegible] one, but you."

"And I have no one but you," she said, earnestly. "Dearest, listen to me. Did you ever think of the snares that beset the path of an heiress? A woman who has wealth is courted for her money. Many men have courted me for my riches, but, my love, no one ever sought me out in my poverty but you—you whom I loved from the first, but dared not trust, more than others. My reputed poverty, I should have said, for," smiling again. "I am not so poor, after all. The speculation which involved part of my wealth was not so great a success as was expected, neither was it so great a failure. I lost a few thousand from my hundred thousand; that was all. But report made me penniless, and my visit to my good aunt, in this old-fashioned neighborhood, confirmed the impression that I had lost all. But, my friend, when we are married I shall be proud of the master of Balsam Hill."

The problem of "whom Miss Gair would marry," which the fashionable world had speculated upon for several years, was solved a few weeks later.

MRS. LANGTRY'S INTERVIEW.

Her Impression of a Six Month's Tour, and What She Thinks of Journalists.

Washington Special.

Mrs. Langtry recently closed a successful engagement in this city of three nights and one matinee. A lady who was accorded an interview with her gives, in the Baltimore Sun the following as the result of her observations:

She was dressed in a short walking costume of dark-blue serge; vest of basque covered with rows of narrow gilt braid. Her waist was encircled by a girdle of satin ribbon looped in a bunchy bow in front. Her hat was a toque, matching the dress in color, and a short mask veil of beaded net held the fluffy bangs down close to her face. Her back hair was arranged in a loose knot, low down on her neck. Fine features, an exceedingly arch expression, but a very large mouth, make up her claim to beauty. There are many more beautiful women in this vicinity, but very few as stylish. Her hands are exceedingly pretty, and fairly glittering with diamonds and emeralds.

Presuming that the initial point of attack would be her impressions of America, she had the question almost answered before it was put. With a laughing nod she said: "I am in love with America. It is a country which grows on you. Oh! you would laugh if you could look back, as I can, to my terror of coming here at all. When the subject was first broached, and my tour here of six months spoken of, it seemed an eternity. I could not bear to think of it. Spending six months in a foreign land was out of the question. I consented, in tears, to think it over, and left England weeping torrents. It seems very ludicrous now, but I was entirely in earnest then. Now that six months are nearly gone, I scarcely know how time has flown, and my days and nights have been busily occupied. I am working hard, rehearsing new parts and improving on my old ones."

"You must have had some curious experiences?"

"Indeed, I have. Now, when I said I had not met many people, I did not mean to ignore newspaper folks. I certainly I have met them everywhere, and by all accounts they have seen me do a great many things that never entered into my brain at all. They have terribly misrepresented my actions, and do you know, I have grown quite pink with vexation trying to have a fact truthfully reported? They draw so terribly on their imagination that I am afraid of them."

And here Mrs. Langtry fell to moralizing. "I wonder why men are so mean. They say such cruel things, and I believe just to show their wives or sweethearts what superior beings they are any way; and if a woman chooses to put herself on a pinnacle, she must submit to be a target."

"Don't you think critics in this country give you their opinion with a refreshing freedom?"

"Indeed, they do; but I can't complain of my treatment. I have been criticised, though I long for the day when every personality will be forgotten, and worth as an artist alone judged. I find Americans must have truthful, artistic renditions. They think more here of talent than they do in England. There the principal qualification seems freshness, prettiness, and a certain amount of aptitude, too; but here your actresses, many of them have grown what would be considered quite passe in England; and yet that is forgotten in their glorious talent."

"Do you read criticisms in the daily papers now?"

"No; very rarely. I read a story this morning about my going to a New York hotel to beg Miss Langtry's pardon, and how I looked weary and haggard, with fearful eyes and dilapidated appearance generally, and I have laughed a good deal over it. I cannot remember any of the above sensations, only that I was sorry to part with the dear girl, and I might have cried over that."

"Do you propose remaining on the stage?"

"Yes; I hope to, for ten years, at least. I like the profession, and I want to succeed."

The Jersey Lily regretted that President Arthur was not in town.

"I am told he is very handsome, and I would so like to have met with him. Now, is he really so handsome?"

The answer is not given, but it is to be presumed that the lady was candid enough to admit that he is.

The Illegitimates of France.

In France widows are not allowed to remarry within 10 months after the death of the husband, and divorces are almost unknown. Indeed, the difficulties of a marriage in France are sufficient to deter one from many attempts in that direction, and besides the church frowns on divorces. Yet the number of illegitimate children born there is over fifty per cent. of the whole number born; Paris ranking next to Vienna in this respect, where the proportions is 57 per cent. These unfortunate infants are left to the tender mercies of the "baby farms" about Paris, where great numbers die for want of proper care and nourishment. So terrible a thing has this become, so great a slaughter of innocence occurs each year, that a bill is now before the assembly in regard to measures which the state shall adopt for the protection of its defenseless bairns.

A tidal wave of extraordinary character broke over the steamer Aquila on a recent passage from Weymouth across the English Channel. When about an hour out mountainous seas suddenly and with scarcely a hint of their coming smote the vessel, threw her on her beam-ends, swept her decks from stern to stern, flooded the cabins and engine-room, broke the bulwarks in several places, twisted off the iron rail of the bridge, rendered the pumps useless, smashed one paddle-box and every skylight and then immediately subsided, leaving the sea perfectly calm. Not more than five minutes elapsed from the first sign to the last vestige of the tumult.

[illegible] we were a minister's children, [illegible] 12, slight, straight as an arrow, with the peculiar golden light in the gray eyes that betokens hot temper and brilliant intellect, and masses of fine, black hair, pushed back from a high, white forehead. Bright, handsome Jamie, how I loved him, with an unquestioned devotion that had taught me early to yield my wishes and desires to his imperious will, and to shield him in all things, right, or wrong, from the severe judgments of our father. I look back now with a feeling of admiration for the homely little Dot, only 7, with her long, tawny braids and great eager eyes, so true to her boy hero.

Of course the familiar expression that ministers' children are worse than any other had oft been repeated before us, and as people expected us to be little heathens we tried hard not to disappoint any one. Lessons on the total depravity of ministers' children in general, and we two in particular, were as daily food to us. We knew that we were very bad, but we managed to be quite comfortable for such terrible sinners.

Among father's few worldly goods was a beautiful horse, fleet as the wind, and the pride of his heart. Jamie had often taken me with him to the pasture to to lead "Flighty" backward and forward. And on rare occasions, when we had gained permission to drive short distances for father, we had grown bold and lengthened our drive, always receiving punishment for our boldness, but counting it well worth a whipping to hold the reins and feel the air rush against our faces as Flighty sped down the street. One summer morning that shown out clear as crystal father spoke of the day as well fitted for shopping in Cleveland, a few miles distant, and as he spoke of train time to mother announced his intention of going by rail. Oh! the winks, and nods, and sly motions that told the story so plainly to me, and how helpful we grew; of their comfort how solicitous. At last, with terrible warning of wrath to be visited upon us if we ventured to disobey any of father's commands, we watched them aboard the train, and saw it sweep off down the track, with the fluttering pennons of smoke beckoning gayly to us. Racing back through the grassy lanes, tossing books and slates into a fence corner, with my pink sunbonnet on top of the pile, Jamie crowned my tawny braids with his sailor hat, and, calling me a jolly tar, helped me to pack our lunch. Before kind sister H.. who would come and get dinner, and mount guard over the parsonage, could reach there, we had packed our baskets, harnessed our beautiful Flighty to the carriage, and were off for a day in the woods. Oh! the dinner in the Old Maid's Kitchen, a cave to be found on the banks of the Cuyahoga river, famous now as the Switzerland of America. The long drive down the road that stretched away in the distance like a silver wire. The depths of cool living green, that lay like a shadow in a barren land. The moss, the violets, the new sounds we heard, the new visions we saw. The delicious coolness of the spring we discovered. The dreams we dreamed of the future. Oh! that summer day. As it waned we collected our treasures, and, unfastening Flighty from the tree where she had been made safe, we led her to the carriage, and depositing our burdens we drove gaily homeward. Runaways we were, but philosophers as well, for we put the fact of our awaiting punishment as far from our thought as possible. We expected to be whipped, but did not intend to suffer the sting twice, once in dreading and talking about it, and again in actual pain. As we sped along through the summer evening we decided that life was worth the living—"the game well worth the candle."

Did we feel a presentiment that our placid enjoyment of this delightful wickedness was soon to end, that we finished our otherwise quiet sort of disobedience by racing through the village streets, huzzaing like young Indians, and passing every team with a challenge to follow if they could. Flighty was a thoroughbred and perfectly trained. She kept her head beautifully, or my story might have another ending. As we drove up to the gate with a grand flourish the whistle of the train in the distance warned us that our hour of reckoning was close at hand. After tea I was invited to the study and questioned as to the day's wickedness. I answered respectfully, and after being reprimanded, was banished to my room. Soon after I heard father's heavy step in the hall and Jamie's light footfalls following. Leaning far out of my gable window, I watched them enter the barn. It was a glorious star-lit night, and the silvery whiteness of the moonlight wrapped the world in its spell. Once I thought I heard the pleading voice of my brother. I could hear no more, and slipping out into the hall, stole down-stairs and out to the barn. The lantern was hardly needed, for, both front and rear doors being open, the moonlight lay in great bars, white and translucent, giving wierd brilliance to the space of floor, and leaving the corners in shadow. Creeping through the rear door I stood motionless, watching with wondering eyes the scene painted on my memory as clearly as if years had not dimmed the fire of those luminous eyes, or bowed with weight of care the proud uplifted head. Father was standing where the light of the lantern, suspended from the beam above, fell full on the hair just tinged with gray and brought into relief the massive forehead and stern blue eye. His mouth was quivering strangely, and the hand that held the carriage-whip seemed shaking with irresolution. For the first time in my remembrance father hesitated to do what he considered his duty, and met the fearless glance of his only son with such yearning tenderness on his strong old face as I had never seen there.

"James, my son, do you remember my commands this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"You remember the penalty of your disobedience?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know that you must suffer it, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take off your jacket and your vest."

Jamie obeyed, hung them on a peg, and came back to his position with a hard, sullen expression on his face that showed a spirit to be won, never compelled by blows. Perhaps father saw this, for his hand failed to fall in punishment and his great strong arm stole around the boy's shoulders and folded him closely to father's side.

"Jamie! Jamie! my lad, why do you grieve your old father so?"

If an angel had spoken we could not have been more awe-stricken. Father, who so seldom caressed, who was so severe, so stern—father crying! Jamie was crushed by his sort of thing and stammered his excuses, and when he felt the tears on his upturned face his heart melted. "O! pa, I didn't know you could feel so bad. Don't!"

"Boy, do you think I love to whip you? Don't you know every blow on your tender flesh makes a deeper, sorer mark on your father's heart? My son! my only son!"

His voice faltered and broke. I shall never forget the tenderness that thrilled every word as he talked.

you, and it seems to have had no lasting effect. I cannot whip you to-night; and I dare not break my word. Take this whip, sir!"

Jamie took the whip, and father quickly laid aside his worn black coat, then his vest, hanging them beside Jamie's; and turning his broad shoulders to the wondering lad, his voice rang like a clarion.

"James, some one must suffer. I can't whip you must whip me. Strike, sir!"

The boy stood as if turned to stone.

"Do you hear me, Jamie? Strike!"

White as death grew Jamie's face; his mouthed twitched nervously. The whip fell to the floor, and with a cry that came right from his heart, Jamie went down on his knees.

"O, pa! you may kill me, but I never can strike you!"

How he begged for forgiveness, passionately pleading, "I can't, pa! Anything but that!"

What promises of future obedience. But father's will was iron. He would not break his word. He had said so many lashes, and they must be paid. Puzzled and stirred to the depths, what could he do?

What little white-gowned figure is this that creeps out of the shadows and throws itself at his feet, while a child's shrill voice pipes:

"O, papa! I have been so wicked; I coaxed Jamie; truly, truly, I did! Whip me, papa, and let Jamie go."

Now if you think this was not an act of heroism, I am sorry for you; and then, perhaps your father was not a minister.

He lifted his forlorn little daughter from the floor, and, as no way out of the dilemma seemed to present itself, Jamie stood by in shame and humiliation, while father's hand fell in punishment on his little sister. Father carried me to my room in his arms, and when I felt his tears splash on my hair a new feeling of love that understands was born in my heart.

If Jamie had been writing this record of our long ago he would have closed with the announcement that never from that day did we venture to run away with Flighty, and as our eyes grew accustomed to see the love written in every line of father's face we grew to watch for the smile of approval, and weep over his displeasure.

But alas, I must add one more testimony to the weakness of my sex, and just whisper how early the next morning standing on the veranda, where the lilacs swung their fragrant clusters against the study window, I ventured to say, "Jamie, don't you almost wish, when pa's back was almost in front of you so, that you had just given him a couple of good cuts, he has given you so many?"

Jamie had no chance to reply, for the lilacs were held aside fram the window, and father's voice called, "Daughter." Trembling little wretch, I need not have feared. Father was one of those rare men who have learned to "let well enough alone," and only kissed me with usual tenderness as he led me out to breakfast.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr. George Grosvenor Tarbell, formerly a member of the Boston firm of Tarbell, Dana & Co., has given $50,000 for the founding of a public library in the town of Lincoln, Mass., of which he is a native.

President Lincoln's monument at Springfield, Ill., is taking its final shape slowly. The cavalry group was placed in position the other day. This group consists of two human figures and a horse, and represents a battle scene. The horse, from whose back the rider has just fallen, is represented as frantically uproaring.

Mr. Bayden, of Washington, is the inventor of an apparatus for burning petroleum as fuel, which is claimed to be the only one in the world that will perform the work for which it constructed. Some years ago a woman, Miss Amanda Jones, invented an apparatus for burning petroleum under steam boilers which has been continuously and successfully used in the oil regions.

A Philadelphia merchant was suspected of poisoning his wife, and though the coroner's jury acquitted him, the women of the neighborhood did not, They attended the funeral, and, as the widower, Rankin by name, came out to take a carriage, hissed him with great unanimity and vigor. Some suggested stoning him, but no violence was done. But for further punishment, it is proposed to boycot his store.

Henry Ward Beecher talked with a reporter yesterday concerning the invitation that he has received to rejoin the Congregational Association. "I suppose they thought I was a nice, clever fellow, and missed me," said Mr. Beecher, adding, "I have been an Evolutionist for the past twenty-five years. Therefore it can be seen that I did not leave the Congregational Association—which, by the way, is merely a ministerial club—because of any change of views My reasons were personal, and I am as much a Congregationalist as ever."

Mrs. Gresham, who, as the wife of the postmaster general, will enter Washington society next winter, is visiting in Louisville, Ky. The Commercial of that city, thus describes her: "Mrs. Gresham is low in stature, slender and well-proportioned. She has beautiful blonde hair, and peachy complexion, large hazel eyes, over-shadowed with long silken lashes. She wore a beautiful wine-colored silk dress, and a long string of pearls encircled her neck. She is about thirty-two years of age, and is what might be termed a model of feminine beauty."

The late George Dawson, of Albany, himself one of the most expert amateur fishermen of his time, wrote, just before his death: "General Arthur, now president of the United States, is also a well-known 'brother of the angle.' His love of the art is the outgrowth of his esthetic susceptibilities. Than General Arthur no man can pitch a tent more quickly, adorn a camp more tastefully, cast a fly more deftly, fight a salmon more artistically, or bring him to gaff more gracefully."

Lillie Darst, who has just died in Ohio, was a remarkable character. As a child she was one of the most promising of the high-school pupils in Circleville. After leaving school it was her lot to work for her living. She did not wish to teach. Her mind ran to writing and newspaper work. The position of editor and publisher of the Circleville Herald became vacant by the death of the proprietor. She took full charge of the journal, and made it one of the liveliest papers in the state. Pickaway County, of which Circleville is the county seat, is largely democratic; yet this energetic girl not only made her Republican paper profitable, but edited it so ably as to attract general attention through the state. Her party services were well appreciated, and after the election of the last legislature she was tendered the position of engrossing clerk of the senate.

Lord Palmerston being asked when a man was in the "prime of life," immediately answered "79."