

A WOMAN'S AGE

How old am I? Oh, how can I say? How long I was, you tell me, pray? The day I was born I forgot, you see, It seemed not so important to me.

I may be old, oh, so terribly old. If I count by the sorrows my life has told; Or very young, by the joys that I have known, The sound of your footsteps awakens in me.

Will you measure time by the sorrows endured, Or the exquisite bliss your love has assured? I mind not the years, be they many or few, I only care what I am to you.

Am I old or young, will you tell me, dear? Not counting by day, or month, or year, It matters not what others may deem, I am just as old to you as I seem.

Anita A. Durand.

SHE SHOT HER LOVER.

And Sent a Fatal Bullet Crashing Through Her Own Unhappy Brain—Love at First Sight, Engagement Ending in a Tragedy.

Miss Jennie Almy, a beautiful woman 22 years of age, shot and mortally wounded Victor C. Andre, 21 years old, yesterday morning on the down town station of the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad at Fifty-ninth street, and immediately afterwards sent a bullet through her own brain. The girl died before the smoke from her revolver had cleared away, and her victim is slowly bleeding to death in the Presbyterian hospital. The story of the events which add to the tragedy as gathered from different sources is briefly as follows: Last September Mrs. Prescott, a boarding-house keeper of No. 26 East Twenty-second street, received into her house as a boarder, Mr. Andre, from Berlin. He showed letters of introduction to Rufus Hatch, Jesse Seligman, Carl Schurz and other well-known gentlemen. Mr. Andre was a professor in Greek, Latin and mathematics at the school of Gustave Vontaub, at No. 10 Gramercy Park. He had graduated from Berlin University with the highest honors, and added to a most perfect appearance the charm of a brilliant conversationalist.

Miss Almy had a room at the residence of Mrs. Strong at 49 East Twenty-second street, but took her meals at Mrs. Prescott's house. She was as well educated as Andre, and earned an excellent living giving private lessons to children in the neighborhood of Gramercy Park. A friendship sprang up between the two, and they spent much of their time discussing the literary ability of the various authors, the beauties of nature, and making collections of minerals and flowers. Mr. Andre became at last very attentive to the girl, and it was generally understood that they were engaged.

Mr. Andre made frequent visits to the girl at Mrs. Strong's house. Miss Almy left her rooms and went to live at the residence of Mrs. W. Boardman, No. 11 East Twenty-fifth street. About the same time Miss Almy changed her abode Andre was engaged by Mr. Joseph J. Beckel of No. 374 Lexington avenue to give lessons to his little boy George, who was in November, and regularly every day from that time until three weeks ago, Andre it is said, visited her at Mrs. Boardman's visits were in the afternoon when both were free from the labors of the class-room, and during these visits their marriage was talked of and the wedding day planned. Every day Andre took flowers or presents until Miss Almy's pretensions looked like a jewelry shop in a florist's window. In the middle of January his visits suddenly ceased. Miss Almy wrote to Andre but received no reply. She went to the school in Gramercy Park and could not see him. She called at Mr. Beckel's house and inquired for Andre, and she had a companion in a very estimable young lady, Miss Long, who lived in the same house with her, and she told her that Andre must marry her or her life would be ruined and her name disgraced. Every day she wrote him and sent a letter addressed to Mr. Andre. Five minutes later the butler handed her letter back to her with the following inscription across the face: "Mr. Andre is in, but he is at dinner and does not desire to see you." The girl went home and a reply was written. In her appearance was noticed, Andre every morning at 8 o'clock left the residence of Mr. Beckel and as she neared the school in Gramercy Park. Miss Almy was aware of this and went to the station two or three times to meet him and beg to keep her promise to him. Andre never noticed her, but passed her by every morning at 8 o'clock, and she was retiring to her room she left orders to be called early. She was aroused a little before 7 o'clock, and, unperceived by any of the inmates of the house, walked into the street. As a general thing Miss Almy was careful in her dress, and every morning she was not so carefully attended to. She wore a plain black dress, plaited at the bottom, a black waist trimmed with broad black silk ribbons and kid gloves. A Paisley shawl was thrown across her shoulders, and her plash petticoats were seen beneath a broad silk stroller fitted in beneath her chin. Between 8:30 and 8:35 a. m., Andre dropped his ticket in the box of the down-town station at Fifty-ninth street, and passed on the platform. He carried the little boy by his right hand and held in his left hand a book. He was looking at a minute after Andre entered the platform. Miss Almy bought her ticket at the station. She held the ticket in her left hand, and as she neared the school in Gramercy Park.

She raised her black veil from her face, and she was buried in the folds of her shawl. She walked about two feet away from the box towards where Andre, with his back towards her, was listening to the prattling of the child. Not more than ten out of the 100 persons on the platform saw the girl as she stepped from the folds of her shawl. She was looking at the fixed eyes levelled a bright Smith & Wesson revolver at her lover. There was not a tremor in her frame as she sharp and sudden report rang out and Andre tottered forward with a bullet lodged in the left side of his head and blood streaming from the wound. Women screamed, and the child releasing the hand of his tutor, turned with a shriek just in time to see a stern-faced woman place the bright barrel of the revolver to her temple a second sharp crack sounded in the air, and the girl fell, her blood pouring from a wound in her right temple. Not a sound escaped her, but as she lay upon the platform her large hazel eyes opened for a second. They met the gaze of Andre concentrated upon her. The man turned away, and the girl, along the platform, clasping the railing for support. The girl clasped her arms, upon her bosom, clutched the revolver a little closer to her breast and died. Not a man would touch her, but all stood speechless, looking first at the gentleman leaning against the railing, and then at his cost-giving second reader with the woman at the body on the platform. The girl's hat lay within two feet of her, and her masses of dark brown hair changed in color as the blood poured from her wound. All this happened in a few seconds. A train came rushing to the station, the cries of the train rattling along the platform and every one, except the wounded and the dead, hurried into the cars as though the next instant the shots would be heard again. Roundsman Beckel of the Fifty-ninth street station house asked Andre if he could help. "Yes," he answered, "why not?" His face bore a determined look, as, with clenched teeth he deflected the officers. The policemen bore their burden in through the station house doors and deposited the body. The little square counter between the station house and the prison adjoining it. A black silk scarf was placed under the jaws to hold them in position, and a paper box was made the pillow for the head.

FRONTIER PASTIME.

In a mining camp at American Fork, Utah, some fifteen miners have formed themselves into a debating society called "The Congress of the United States." Their capital is a cabin with twelve feet of snow on the roof, and they are at present waiting for the admission of Utah into the Union. A "member from New York" has been a sack of flour against three plugs of horseshoe tobacco that no newspaper in the territory would print the proceedings. The "member from Kansas," who won his bet, a bitter anti-Mormon speaker is to be followed by an orator "who has been engaged by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints."

WHAT SHOULD A BODY DO?

What should a body do, I trow— Sit a young man 's name Sandy, He looks as well as I can 's fine, He looks as well as I can 's fine, What should a body do? You kirk is cauld, the sermon lang, But a' my thoughts for Sandy, Waa waits for me w' heart see true— He's no' his not his like the wide waurd there— What should a body do? "My ain dear Mary, gang we'll be For a'we," said Sandy, "I'll be true, Yea, yea, my love, an' we'll be true, Tho' our coat be sma' an' our flocks be few— What should a body do?"

A REMARKABLE ADVENTURER.

The Tailor's Daughter who Married Prince Bismarck's Cousin.

(Paris Cor. N. Y. Sun.)

One of the recent events of celebrity was the death of Marquise de Paiva. She will take her place in the gallery of illustrious women of the category of Ninon de L'Enclos, Mme. de Maintenon, Mme. Du Defant, and Mme. Geoffrin. Madame la Marquise was simply an adventurer, a woman who never needed to be emancipated from any prejudice of morality or sentiment, a painted girl, like her, but a woman for all that, and a woman of the kind that fascinates contemporaries and excites the curiosity of posterity. Her maiden name was Theresa Pauline Lachman. Her father was a tailor at Moscow, and her first husband was Francis de Villonig, the cutter of the paternal establishment. One morning Theresa left her husband and started out to conquer the world, having for arms her beauty and her wit and a wonderful talent for music. She came to Paris, and her first conquest was the pianist Henri Hertz, whom she accompanied in his professional tours as his wife. Her restless ambition led her even to induce Hertz to take her to court, but some inquisitive people looked into her past and it was discovered that the Hertz household was imperfect, inasmuch as Francis Villonig was still living; indeed, he continued to live until 1849, so, when Mme. Hertz made her triumphant entry in the Salle des Marchaux at the Tuilleries, an oversight led her to be mistaken for a prostitute. The adventurist comprehended the situation, turned on her heel and abandoned Hertz, whose flag could no longer cover her. During her liaison with Henri Hertz the beautiful Russian had great success in Paris. She had suppers at her house after the opera. Theophile Gautier wrote sonnets in her honor. She was received almost everywhere. Thanks to her passport as a foreigner and thanks to the protection of her pseudo-husband. At this time about 1845, the Parisian women had scarcely rediscovered powder; Mme. Hertz already, in spite of her radiant beauty, used to paint her face and neck all over with the true Circassian craze for maquillage. She used to say that she never felt dressed unless.

THE TAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

Having broken with Hertz, Theresa went to London, and there, after a struggle and a disappointment, she succeeded in getting half a dozen fortunes at her feet, including that of Lord Dudley. Thanks to this champion, she was enabled, on her return to Paris, her tailor husband having died in the mean time, to allow herself the luxury of a third husband, a rich banker, the Marquis Arago de Paiva. The marriage was celebrated in June, 1851. The Marquis, however, was only a grande of Portugal, and his estates beyond the Pyrenees were only castles in Spain. Theresa took his title and gave him the name of her first husband, and the sacrifice he made in renouncing her company. So it was that the Marquis disappeared and Mme. de Paiva established herself in a fine mansion in the Champs Elysees, where she reigned for years over one of the most brilliant salons of the century, as far as intellect is concerned. The habitués were Eugene Delacroix, the painter, Amber, the composer, Theophile Gautier, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, Emile Augier, Ponsard of the academy, Paul Baudry, the painter, Canaletto, Pradier, Emile de Girardin, Rodolphe de Sommer, Paul de Saint-Victor, Arsene Houssaye, Gerome, Hebert, Gustave Flaubert, Motke, the Chevalier Nigra, diplomats, artists, poets, men of letters.

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STORY OF A STEAM PUMP.

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A BUTTERFLY ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A butterfly hawked on a baby's grave. Where a lady had chained to grow. "Why art thou here with thy gaudy eye When she of the blue and sparkling eye Must sleep in the churchyard low?" Then it lightly so'd 'tho' the sunny air, And spoke from his shining track: "I was a worm till you my wings, And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sing; Wouldst thou call the blest one back?" —Mrs. SPOONER.

GLOBULETS.

A factory at Bay City, Michigan turns out daily 2,400 washboards. Bloodhounds are still used in Texas for capturing escaped criminals. The Virginia legislature has rearranged the congressional districts of the state. Three houses were struck by lightning during a terrible storm at Dallas, Texas. The Cincinnati chamber of commerce has \$500,000 on hand to build a new chamber. The pressure in England for a more direct interference in the affairs of Egypt increases. The Toledo city council has voted \$5,000 per annum for a manual training school. Henry Colbroth was killed and several others injured, while coasting at Biddford, Me. The Chicago office of the Louisiana lottery has been forced to discontinue the sale of tickets. Madame Kovaleffski, a Russian lady of high rank, has taken a doctor's degree at Gottingen. The gas well rioters at Marysville Pa. have been indicted for murder and felonious assault. Joseph Reilly attempted suicide in New York by jumping from a fifth story window but may recover. Over 3,000 persons with 1,300 nets, are engaged in salmon fishing on the Sacramento River, California. Cremation is to be tried in France, permission having been given to burn the remains of hospital sufferers. The Queen of Italy is about to undertake the study of political economy, under the instruction of Baron Minghetti. Barun says he has given up lecturing in this world. But as a good old man he still has a great show for the next. Oscar Wild is training his affianced for the stage. He always finds a way to combine the lucrative with the beautiful. The Pope has summoned the French bishops to Rome to confer upon measures to revive the Catholic spirit in France. A joint caucus of Democratic members of congress is to be held on the 21st inst., to select a congressional campaign committee. An unknown woman shot Victor Andre, and committed suicide the other day at the Third avenue railway station in New York. One very suggestive fact about the prospective candidacy of Roswell P. Flower to the presidency is that the Republican papers do not like it. The mother of Edwin Booth has met with a serious accident in breaking her ankle, at the age of 80, and her case is viewed with concern and sympathy. Emily Faithfull is lecturing for the advancement of women, in California. For her work, she may fitly be addressed, Well done, good and Faithfull. A Texan who raises goats for their flesh, says that kid steaks are more delicate than venison. Show bills and scrap iron, we suppose, are very digestible, after all. The duke of Albany has had a pint of beer thrown at him by a laborer. Thus the reigning aristocracy are engaged in "depriving a poor man of his beer," a movement that means revolution. Madame De Bille, the wife of the Donin Minister, who visited the Zuni last summer and was much interested in them under Mr. Cushing's direction, received a remarkable Christmas card of Zuni's manufacture. Texas is a land of marvelous stories. It is reported that at Greenville, that state, a few nights since, a bright star was seen to sink slowly from the zenith to the nadir, occasionally emitting brilliant jets of flame. A New York correspondent states that Castle Garden is almost deserted by young women in search of lovers who have promised to become husbands, who in many cases are oblivious to their contracts. Pere Hyacinthe, while speaking of New Orleans events said that by thecession of Louisiana to the United States and England, the death warrant of a great French Empire in America was signed. He would almost call it a crime. Tom Ochiltree's latest is his alleged announcement that he is to marry Bonanza Mackay's daughter. Ochiltree should take a large stitch in his tongue. Mr. Mackay is a big man, with a fist like a pile driver, and a very quick temper. A doctor obligingly himself to cure a man's wife, but failed. "You said you would cure her," exclaimed the indignant husband. "Yes, I said so. "Well, why don't you?" "Well, my dear sir, because she died. If she hadn't died the chances are she would have lived." The season is so cold in Florida that overcoats and sealskins are prominent, and airy white draperies still nestle in Saratoga trunks at the popular resorts. The oldest inhabitant, however, is equal to the emergency, and declares that "there never before was a season like this." Undoubtedly the most complete game of poker on record was recently played by Willis Kiesel and Jack Kellogg at Gunnison, Colorado. Each held three of a kind, each reached for the stakes, each promptly pulled out a pistol because the other reached, both fired and both fell dead. A work called "Industrial Surgery" will soon be undertaken in France. It is said that wounds made by many of the new tools and machines used in the arts in France are often of a nature to require a special treatment, the principles of which are not laid down in the current books. The death is announced from Scotland of George Easton, whose career as a temperance reformer has been marked. He was an agent of the Scottish Temperance League for thirty years, and it is computed that during that period he travelled 200,000 miles and delivered 7,800 addresses. So many complaints have been made of mistakes in distributing the postage in Springfield, Mass., that hereafter each distributing clerk is to put his number in red on every letter he puts into the boxes in order that the responsibility for mistakes may be placed easily and certainly. "W. D. Howells, the author, locks the door when he is writing a novel,"—runs a paragraph that is going the rounds. If he thinks of writing another novel like "A Woman's Reason," he could hardly do better than to lock himself up in a burglar-proof vault and forget to leave out the combination. The Medical Record estimates that among 1,000 doctors the annual death rate ranges between fifteen and twenty-five, making a yearly loss of 1,800 physicians out of our 90,000. But the supply is such as to remove all cause of apprehension, for the number of our medical graduates in 1882 was 3,979 more than double the estimated number of deaths. The Cincinnati Enquirer thinks that no incident in the life of Wendell Phillips better illustrates the earnestness with which he fought slavery than his habitual reply when he was asked his terms for a lecture: "I will come and lecture on a Heresy subject for one hundred dollars a night and my expenses; on slavery for nothing and pay my own expenses." "Pa," said the daughter of the house to the man of the house the other evening, "What are we going to have for breakfast?" "I have ordered Lyonsaise tripe, my child," was the

INSURANCE STATEMENTS.

Net assets, January 1, 1883..... \$50,173,971 91 Received in 1883— For premiums..... \$4,329,098 07 For interest..... 1,782,312 25 Profit and loss..... 347,312 35 7,858,722 87 \$58,042,694 78 DISBURSED IN 1883. To policy-holders: For claims..... 19,800 00 Lapsed annuities..... \$5,812,977 32 Surrendered policies..... 19,800 00 Returned to policy-holders..... 1,139,096 54 Surrendered annuities..... 779,177 93 Total to policy-holders \$5,741,851 79 Expenses: Commissions to agents..... 465,384 41 Premiums on stock policies in force..... 19,800 00 Cost of real estate owned by the company..... 12,101,213 38 Cost of United States register bonds..... 90,125 00 Cost of office stock..... 128,701 00 Cost of office furniture..... 29,000 00 Cash in bank..... 96,748 34 Balance due from agents..... 2,586 63 \$51,215,581 32

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon real estate, first lien..... \$24,049,620 50 Loans upon stock and bonds..... 465,384 41 Premiums on stock policies in force..... 19,800 00 Cost of real estate owned by the company..... 12,101,213 38 Cost of United States register bonds..... 90,125 00 Cost of office stock..... 128,701 00 Cost of office furniture..... 29,000 00 Cash in bank..... 96,748 34 Balance due from agents..... 2,586 63 \$51,215,581 32

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.

LITTLE FALLS WATER POWER COMPANY OF MINNESOTA.

The undersigned do hereby associate themselves and organize as a body corporate under and pursuant to the provisions of chapter 34 of the general statutes of Minnesota, and to that end they do adopt and sign the following articles of association:

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.

OF THE LITTLE FALLS WATER POWER COMPANY OF MINNESOTA.

The name of this corporation shall be: THE LITTLE FALLS WATER POWER COMPANY OF MINNESOTA. The principal office of this corporation shall be in the County of Ramsey, State of Minnesota. The objects of this corporation shall be to acquire, improve, and use of the water-power in the Mississippi river at Little Falls in this state, by constructing, operating and maintaining dams, canals, locks, ponds, sluices, breakwaters, piers, shuttles, booms, mills and mill-races, and the leasing, operating and using of said improvements, and the conducting and carrying on of manufacturing in all or any of its branches by means of said water and other power, and to acquire, lease, mortgage and convey, or in any way deal in real property, rights, hereditaments and tenements and mixed and several estate and property in connection with or in the vicinity of said water-power.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.

OF THE LITTLE FALLS WATER POWER COMPANY OF MINNESOTA.

The undersigned do hereby associate themselves and organize as a body corporate under and pursuant to the provisions of chapter 34 of the general statutes of Minnesota, and to that end they do adopt and sign the following articles of association:

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