THE DOCTOR'S BOY.

BY EDMUND LYONS.

Years flew over both our heads before I called him by any other name than the Doctor's Boy. The village knew that he was a foundling, because he had been left at the door of old Dr. Hart's house one cold Christmas eve, but it was divided in opinion as to whether he was a bad boy or a good one. Some thought he was the latter, some the former. I was perfectly satisfied that he was a wretchedly iniquitous youth, and I told him so. He burst into tears, and said I would change my opinion of him some day.

But at first he certainly gave no reason to do so. He compounded for me a dose once to cure a headache, for Dr. Hart was not above keeping drugs and making up his own prescriptions, that brought me to death's door, and the old doctor was put to his wits' end to cure me. But the Boy went to my mother and told her that it was his fixed intention to become a great doctor and chemist, and I had given him his first opportunity to test his knowledge of medicine. He had given me the wrong drug, he acknowledged; but he said it was all in the interests of science, and he promised never to do so any more. So my mother forgave; and persuaded Dr. Hart to retain him in his service.

It certainly was not on account of the Boy's good looks that his first mis adventure resulted harmlessly to him. He was an angular Boy. He was a red-haired Boy. He was a freckled Boy. But he was a frank Boy, at least my mother said so, and for two years more he was allowed to go about the village distributing the doctor's nostrums, and making himself, as I thought, very objectionable.

Dr. Hart had no particular liking for the Boy. He said the Boy was a Christmas gift, and like all such presents, called for something in return. Thus he had been obliged to board and clothe the lad for seventeen years, and he always protested that he was not worth the outlay. Still, those who knew the doctor best were well assured of the fact that if the Boy had not earned his board, clothing, and lodging, he would not have received them. He was called, in later years, Ebenezer Dorking, though what right he had to that name nobody in the village knew.

At last the Doctor's Boy disappeared. He stole quietly away in the night-time, leaving not a line of writing behind him to say where he had gone; so Mrs. Hart suggested that he had robbed the till in the drug-store. A search was at once made, and the fact was developed that not only had no money been taken from the drawer, but a new crisp five-dollar bill had been added to its contents! There seemed to be no doubt that the Doctor's Boy had placed it there, and the matter was a nine days' wonder for the village Then the doctor hired another boy, who interested nobody, and was soon discharged.

I suppose it was due to the subject-matter of conversation furnished by the Boy's departure and I found myself more frequently than before in the doctor's sitting-room. Agnes Hart was a beautiful girl, about sixteen years of age, and she laughed so merrily at my tales of the eccentricities of the Boy that I am afraid I gradually grew to exaggerate them a little; but by degrees the recollection of the fugitive seemed to pass out of our lives, and when, four years later, a torrent of war swept over the country, I was thinking of the Doctor's Boy when I took Agnes Hart's hand to say good-bye before going to the front; but I was thinking very tenderly of Agnes herself, and I believed she was thinking in much the same strain of me. A hundred times during the past two years I had been on the verge of asking her the momentous question, but had decided to wait until my position in the world was better assured. And now that the country in her extremity was calling for the best services of her sons, would it have been fair to ask a simple girl to bind herself, even by an engagement, to one who might never return to claim her pledge? I thought not; but as I watched her face when we were parting, and imagined I saw what I longed for written there, I determined to ask her to be my wife when the war was over.

Oh, the wretched years of strife that followed! I thought they would never end. But at last the closing scenes had come, and the good fortune that had followed me through a score of engagements, bearing me unharmed while others went down by thousands, forsook me in a measure at last. I was hit by a spent ball in the knee, and a moment afterward ridden over by the charging cavalry.

"Your case is not a very serious one," said the doctor, as he bent over me while I lay that night on a blanket on the field, where the hospital tents had not yet been erected. "There are others here more in need of my services—this boy beside you, for instance; I must attend to him. He seems to be badly hurt. Let me examine you, my lad."

"Oh, there is not much the matter with me, sir," said the lad. "I was hit in the side at the last fire; but it is only a trifling wound. You see, I was a doctor's boy before I joined the army, and I know something about such things."

"Indeed!" said the doctor, smiling. "Well, we ought to be good friends. I was a doctor's boy myself before I became a doctor. But let me look at your wound. Phew! this is no trifle. The sooner we get you under cover the better. You are in for a siege of a couple of months of it at least, my lad."

The boy was very much disheartened at this intelligence; and the next morning, when we were all under canvas, the doctor, having finished his immediate duties, sat by his bedside, and I heard him tell his patient how when he was a doctor's boy he had not learned much of medicines and how in making an experiment he had nearly dosed to death a boy a little older than himself. When he was about to leave the tent I said: "Doctor, I am the boy whom you nearly dosed to death. What have you been doing through all these years?"

I had recognized him on the preceding night, but he had not known me, and he was astounded when I accosted him. He had certainly improved both in appearance and manners, and I found afterwards that he was a great favorite with the command to which he was attached. We soon became very good friends—far better, indeed, than we had ever in the old days when I so candidly expressed my opinion of him. His success was due simply to common-sense and industry. On leaving Dr. Hart's service he had hired himself to another doctor, who gave him fairer play than his former principal, and he was enabled to study medicine, attend the necessary lectures, and finally to obtain his diploma.

At last I asked him why he had left the five-dollar bill in the drawer when he was leaving. He laughed.

"It was the only money," he said, "that Dr. Hart ever gave me. He handed it to me grudgingly enough about a year before I left and I never changed it. You will think it, perhaps, a strange sentiment for a doctor's boy; but when I was running away without giving him notice, I thought I had forfeited all claim to compensation for my services, so I returned his money. By-the-way, how is the old doctor now?"

I had heard of Dr. Hart since I left the village, and I was able to give Dr. Dorking (for so he was called) a good deal of information about him, and, with the rest, I told him that he was anxious to sell his practice.

"Oh, indeed," said Dorking, quietly. "Then I think I will go and buy it." And then, in answer to my look of surprise, he added, "I have saved some money, and I don't see how I can employ it better than in settling down in the old village."

As the weeks went past, my wound did not improve, and Dorking was often with me. The final scenes of the war closed without our presence. In the conversations we had I suppose I told him enough to give him some inkling of my old affection for Agnes Hart, for I noticed that as I spoke of her he grew very thought-ful, and looked furtively at me. My love, perhaps, was not very deep but it was my first love, and did not easily die. As I lay on my couch, tossing at times from side to side, and muttering in a low fever, I saw always that sweet young face before me, and in the days of my convalescence I resolved, as soon as I could travel, to start for the village and ask her to be my wife.

At last Dr. Dorking left me, going back, he said, to try to secure Dr. Hart's practice, and I passed three very weary weeks alone. All sorts of misgivings troubled me. Oh, why had I not cast sentiment to the winds, and asked Agnes for the promise of her hand before I joined the army?

It did not take me long to reach the village after I had once started, and my heart was beating very fast as I stood before the old doctor's house. The honeysuckles still twined around the posts at each side of the door, and the four years that had passed since I was there last did not seem to have made much change in the quiet old homestead. The plate on the door bearing the words "Doctor Hart," was perhaps a little rustier than formerly, but that was all.

The servant who admitted me ushered me into the front parlor with a, "Hem! Captain Douglas!" and I saw that there were two persons in the room. Now I am not particularly quick of apprehension, but I knew precisely the situation between those two the moment I entered. Agnes rose, while her companion, who was seated very close to her remained in his chair, and the blushes that flew to the fair face of my old sweetheart were clearly not for me.

"You see," Douglas, said Dorking half an hour later," Agness had promised to be my wife long before I left the doctor's house. I could never have offered her a home had I remained here, and that was the reason I ran away. She has known all my movements, for we have corresponded regularly ever since."

So it was just as well that I had not proposed for Agness before the fighting began. Even then the Doctor's boy had won the doctor's daughter.

WINONA REGALED.

Senator Sabin and his Ring.

Correspondence of the Winona Republican.

ST. PAUL, March 28, 1884.

Whether there is a Sabin or State Prison ring, I really don't know. One thing is certain, Sabin is a power. Old politicians may well ask, "On what meat hath this our Cæsar fed that he hath grown so great?" The fact is, there has been gradually brought about a change in the style of our public men. In politics now, "gold is worth twenty orators.',

Gold, not to buy men with, but to give the possessor means and influence, in a legitimate way, as the world goes, to organize and combine. The old school of statesmen, without bank accounts, is obselete. Jefferson, on his old, mortgage consumed Monticello estate; Henry Clay, brilliant, eloquent, captivating, but without capacity to save money; Webster, the most accomplised civil and polical lawyer of his age, on either continent, but in purse a pauper; men of this kind have paled their ineffectual lights in the eclipsing presence of persons who occupy public places. Milo White, William Washburn and Senator Sabin, from this state, are samples of this modern school. The idea has gained currency that men who fail to manage their own affairs successfully, are not likely to prove safe managers of public affairs. Young men aspiring to public places are cautioned to take the advice of Iago: "Put money in thy purse." But money alone will not pass. Brains, well balanced, and well cultivated, was never in more active demand. Frequent imposition has made the public discriminating. First credit is given to the possessor of the college diploma, but the searching inquiry is made: Has the possessor in his years of college life lost sight of the great, throbbing, living, business world outside of the college walls? Has he failed to learn that this outside world is a business college, and that his beloved Alma Mater is but a preparatory school in which he is to be fitted for admission into this greatest of universities? If in his college life he has had this in view, and governed himself accordingly, his time has not been misspent. Sabin's college was this business world. Nature endowed him with capacity to be a leader in almost any field. He early became a leader in business. He became a success. But he valued friends. He did not seek to make himself rich, regardless of the city of his adoption. Stillwater was the object of his solicitude, and when he wanted backing in his contest for the senatorship, he found at Stillwater a unanimous voice urging on his cause. It was this powerful home support that won for him the prize. The lack of it proved Windom's failure. Windom had a following of flatterers and place hunters, and doubtless Sabin had and will have a similar following, but he had in addition a recognized home. There no poison arrow armed enemies lurked. At home Sabin had only personal friends wno wanted nothing for themselves and wanted the best of all that could be had for him. Windom was pursued with unrelenting rancor and discreditable envy by the delegation from his Minnesota home. The home of Sabin was represented by Democrats, but Democrats as they were, they were Stillwater men, and Stillwater had no representatives who either dared or wanted to withhold their votes and voices from Sabin. The man was felt to be worthy of their support and right gladly it was given.

Much, if not all, of the membership of what is called the State prison ring consists of persons who have found in him an able, liberal and true friend and helper when they needed such a person. Sabin belongs to the new family of plain, matter of fact business men who set the saw in motion and transform the pine log into pails and tubs, and who gather from the four corners of the earth, the best artisans in wood and iron, and by the aid of their handiwork transform their home city into a busy, bustling manufacturing metropolis. I almost feel like giving the new order of public men my endorsement, Having but a meager bank account of my own, it would be unnatural for me to abandon the old school of public men who didn't seem to care about making or keeping money. But fashions will change and growl and grumble as we may, we must succumb to the inevitable.

Senator Sabin is yet a young man, and it is hard telling what he may do. Be sure of one thing, the grass will not grow under his feet. He is an apt learner, is not the abject follower of any party nor the slave of caucus. The national government, its needs and abuses, will become familiar to him, his shrewd business mind will be in requisition to refrom, improve and develop. At least let us hope so.

It is my habit to criticise rather than to praise. Mr. Sabin is not above criticism. He is as yet in his swaddling clothes as a national public man. To be capable of doing himself justice as a national legislator, he has yet a great deal to learn. Fortunately he has not the more difficult task of unlearning the erroneous lessons of the older politicians who had their chief political schooling in the controversy on slavery, war and reconstruction, and to whom the important questions of to-day are almost unknown. The sun of Sabin's political morning rises auspiciously, but let him not forget that it is a time of cyclones, and that safety requires him to look well to the basement of his political structure. OCCASIONAL.

A DEACON IN A DILEMMA.

Verdict for a Young Lady, Whom He had Kissed Against Her Will.

Rome N. Y. Special.

An exciting case was concluded in the supreme court here to-day, Anna R. Fitcher, a very comely young lady, aged twenty-three, sued Henry Johnson, widower, aged seventy, for $10,000 damages, for kissing her. Miss Fitcher is a neighbor of Johnson in this city. She alleged that Johnson kissed her on three occasions at least twelve times. Johnson had an invalid wife, and Miss Fitcher attended her often in the fall of 1882 and ministered to her wants. The first time Johnson kissed her she was washing Mrs. Johnson's dishes and had a kettle in her hand. She says she did not drop the kettle, but don't know why she did not, as she was much excited. Next time he saw her home one evening, and kissed her at the gate. The third time was on Christmas, 1882, when he brought her a Christmas present from his wife, and kissed her in her own house. She says she remonstrated with him. On the second occasion she told her mother that nasty old man had been kissing her again.

Defendant swore he kissed her on two occasions because she looked so pleasant, but thought it no more harm than the kissing of a ten-year-old child. The jury went out at 10 o'clock and came in at 12, reporting that they could not agree. Judge Vann sent them back and they came in this afternoon with a verdict of $75 for plaintiff. Much interest has been manifested in the case. The court-house was crowded. Both parties are very respectable. The defendant has been a deacon in the Baptist church for forty years.

Judge Drummond of Chicago has issued an order turning the O. L. M.. railroad over to the stockholders.

MRS. BLAINE.

A Statesman's Wife Who is Not at all Popular with Women.

[Washington Letter to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A new congressman's wife—and they hear more gossip in their first year than in all the rest of the time they stay here—was telling me of the discussions she had heard during a week of afternoon calls. At every other place Mrs. Blaine was the topic of talk, and except for the sectional and lukewarm defenses by the New England people, there were no champions for the cause of Mrs. Blaine. The majority decided that they never wanted to see her in the White House and would prevent it if they could. The most of these women are really afraid of Mrs. Blaine, that she has a frigidity of demeanor that impresses some men with a nervous desire to get away from her. While her husband occupied public positions here and her house was open to callers on the customary afternoon of each week, many who went there to pay their respects owned up to a regular stage fright as they entered the parlor. They all stood in awe of Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton) who is a cousin of Mrs. Blaine's and spends the winters with her, and when they learned that Miss Dodge had small opinion of the average woman's mind, reasoning and conversational powers, they felt more uncomfortably still. Mrs. Blaine is a magnificient looking woman; tall and of majestic carriage, with a prominent aquiline nose, strong features and a crown of gray hair. She is an ideal duchess of the old regime when arrayed in evening dress, with her diamonds sparkling about; and once this winter when she wore a black lace dress, relieved with knots of orange velvet ribbons, and the low ball corsage revealing her plump shoulders and arms, she was a picture to be remembered. Her sons are fine looking men, but neither of her daughters equal their mother in appearance. All six of her children have the strongly-marked features of both father and mother, and their eyes and noses would decide their parentage anywhere without further knowledge. Going through the city market one morning with a sight-seeing friend, we spied Mrs. Blaine at a butcher's stall buying mutton chops. All the swell housekeepers here go to market in person, and from the time that Daniel Webster used to stroll off to Market at 6 o'clock in the morning, with his servants and baskets, there has never been a question as to its being the most natural. People who come here from some other cities think it wonderfully strange to meet in the market the same women who astonished them with the lustre of their high position and the richness of their dressing at a reception the night before. When my western friend, therefore, became convinced that the matron standing so near us in the market was really Mrs. Blaine and the wife of a possible president, she watched her intently for a few moments. Everything about Mrs. Blaine is strongly individual and characteristic, and she has the same majestic austere manner in the market house as in the parlor. She stood with stately and unconscious pose before the man of chops and cuts and her calm, direct gaze, and the way in which she dropped the change into her purse and snapped it shut, was as characteristic as any studied move in the drawing room. When she had walked away my friend drew a long breath and said: "Well, I'd like to see the butcher, the politician, the man, woman or child who would try to cheat or deceive her. She could freeze me soild with one such look."

A Heroine of the War.

Inter-Ocean.

I saw by the Philadelphia papers the other day that the Grand Army posts had given a reception to Mrs. R. M, Bonsal, and happening to walk down street with Gen. Sheridan, I asked him if he knew her. "Do I know her?" he replied, with a surprised look on his face: "I should say I did. That woman was worth a whole brigade of soldiers and several batteries of artillery down in the Winchester campaign, and she was one of the genuine heroines of the war."

"Tell me about her."

"Well, you see, I always believed in fighting on information. People said I was reckless and daring, and all that, and when I happened to win a fight they said it was Sheridan's luck. But I tell you there wasn't any luck about it. I never went it blind. I always knew what I was going to hit before I made a strike, and generally tried to strike at the right time.

"And down there in '64, continued the General "when I lay before Winchester, I wanted information of what was going on in the enemy's lines and I wanted it awful bad. I must have it don't you see; but how I was going to get it I didn't know. Crook was pretty well acquainted in all that country, and one day I asked him if he didn't know some one in Winchester we could depend on. He said there was a little Quaker girl in the town that he thought was all right and I concluded to try her.

"There was an old darky who had a garden patch about fifteen miles from my headquarters, and he had a pass to go into Winchester three or four times a week with vegetables for the confederate office and town people. I had him brought into my headquarters one night and asked him if he knew the school ma'am. He said he did, and then I sked him if he could get a note to her without giving her away. He said he could; and then I wrote her a letter on tissue paper appealing to her loyalty, and requesting her to give some information of what was going on in the rebel camp.

"I wrapped the note up in tin foil in a little wad, don't you know, and made the old darkey carry it in his mouth. The next day he went into town with a load of vegetables and gave it to her."

"What was her name?"

"Rebecca Wright was her name then, but she is married now, and her husband's name is Bonsal."

"Did you get an answer?"

"Yes, the darkey brought me back a reply, in which she gave me some very important information, and provided to send me more from time to time. We kept up a correspondence after that, and I knew everything old Early was doing. After a few weeks she sent me word that Kershaw's division of 8,000 or 10,000 men had been detached and was going to join Lee's army. As soon as I learned that he was gone and was far enough off to prevent his getting back, I made an attack and captured Winchester."

"Did you find the girl when you got into town?"

"Indeed I did, and my report of the battle was written in her school room."

"Was she ever rewarded?"

"Well, I got her a place in the Treasury Department, and it was there she got acquainted with her husband; but, damn it, I think she is entitled to a pension!"

The President Turned the Tables.

A good story on Senators Allison and Cameron has leaked out. Last year these two were as thick as three in a bed, and in the natural course of events got to running around together pretty late at night. One night they were out till an unusually late hour, and as they wended their way homeward Allison ruefully suggested that it might be a discreet idea for them to agree upon a story to tell their wives explanatory of their tardy arrival at the domestic hearthstone. "Oh, pshaw," cried Cameron, "that is easily enough arranged: we'll tell 'em we've been visiting the president; everybody knows you know, that the president is one of the all night boys:" So it was agreed to spring this fib on the ladies. Mrs. Allison and Mrs. Cameron accepted the story so amiably that their husbands gave themselves no uneasiness whatever, and even neglected to advise the president of the part he would be expected to play in the deception in case there was any inquiry made about it, Lo and behold! the very next Friday evening, while attending a reception at the White house with her husband, Mrs. Cameron remarked very naively and very sweetly to Gen. Arthur: "Mr. President, I feel as if I ought to reproach you for having kept my husband out so late the other evening." "Out so late? The other evening?" cried the astonished president.

"Really madam, I do not understand you." "I refer to last Wednesday night," replied Mrs. Cameron; "the senator and Senator Allison were here, you remember till nearly 3 o'clock in the morning." President Arthur was about to enter a general denial, when he observed Cameron standing beside his wife engaged in the wildest kind of dumb show, which indicated that the senator wanted the president to take a tumble and help him out in this particular racket. It being a cold day when President Arthur isn't up to every variety of snuff, he immediately recognized the hawk from the hand-saw, and, smiling, said, to Mrs. Cameron: Ah, madam, I think the less said about last Wednesday night the better." This was non-committal enough, but it satisfied Mrs. Cameron, and as for her husband, why, he felt the weight of years had been lifted from his soul. But the more the president thought of the matter the more it bothered him. He did not like the idea of being talked about as an all-night man and he rebelled against the growing custom of having the sins of erratic senators charged up to his account. He meditated and executed a terrible revenge. At the very next state, dinner, at a moment when he commanded the attention of all present, he told the truth about the Allison Cameron matter, and depicted the deception in its most hideous light. In vain were Cameron's blushful expostutations and hysterical coughs—the truth came out and there were great laughter while the ladies who had been imposed upon roundly upbraided their derelict spouses.

ABOUT BARBER SIGNS.

The Old Sugar Stick Holds Its Own in Spite of Gaudy Innovations.

N. Y. Sun.

Barbers, from time immemorial, have signalized their business by poles streaked red and white. When the blue stripe was added the old style was called the sugar stick pole, to distinguish it. Among the more recent innovations in the styles of barbers' poles is one with gold and black circling stripes, and a white ball, studded with stars at the top.

"The sugar stick," said an old Chatham street barber," will always be the most popular. They are cheap too, and, though you may be inclined to doubt it barbers are not as a rule, rich. We can get such a sugar stick for $5 or $6. One with blue on it, in addition, would cost $10 or $12.

"A good sugar stick will last about as long as the barber himself, and when the paint fades any sign painter can renew it. He has only to go carefully over the old stripes. A barber who desires to keep his pole neat will have this done once a year."

"A new pole!" said a barber in a Bowery basement whose sign had almost lost its colors. "Not if I know it. When I want another pole I'll put this boy outside. Look at his blazin' red hair. Look at his white face. Them's the colors. And if you want any of this new gingerbread work I hear they're gettin' up why the freckles 'ill do for stars, won't they? And he ain't a blamed bit of use in here.

A Very Sick Stranger.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Down in the town of Alabama I found a native with his chair tipped back under an awning in front of a saloon, hat down on his ears, eyes half closed and his toes showing through his boots. Out at the hitching post was a faded old mule, head down and eyes closed, and the mud of last fall had not been cleaned off his skeleton frame. I was looking down from man to mule to see if I could establish a chain of evidence, when the native straightened up and said:

"Stranger, ye aint goin' to settle in this kentry?"

"No."

"Powerful glad to hear it. Let's drink."

I declined, and he took fifteen cents' worth and came back and said:

"Stranger, this is a powerful bad kentry—powerful bad."

"What's the matter?"

"No chance for a poor man—not a shake of a chance. Let's drink."

I declined, and he took his usual dose with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Look at me!" he said as he returned to his chair. "I am a livin' evidence of the fact that this is the wust kentry on earth fur a white man who honestly desires to break his back in agricultural pursuits. I've bin goin' down hill as steady as clockwurk fur the last twenty y'ar. Stranger wet your whistle?"

I replied that my whistle required a dry atmosphere, and he went in and took it straight again.

"Yes, sir," he said, as he got his chin dried off, "the durned southern nabob grinds me on one side and the infernal nigger on the other and I'm bound to be pulverized."

"Do you farm?"

"What's the use? Nuthin' that I planted ever growed. It's allus too much or too little rain, and if I hire niggers they don't stay."

"Then you speculate?"

"Mebbe I do. Mebbe if I trade a mule wuth a hundred dollars for one wuth sixty you kin call it speculation. Say, let's licker."

I declined, and he never shed a tear as his corn-juice went down.

"I tell you a poor man hain't got no rights 'round yere, and he's bein' ground into the dust," he observed as he enlarged the hole in the top of his hat so that a tuft of hair could stick up through it.

"It seems to be a fine country?"

"That's a deception."

"But you have a nice climate and can raise most everything."

"Then what ails me? Why hain't I a Southern nabob? Why don't I ride a hoss an' wear good clothes and hold office?"

"Because," I answered, determined to lie to him, "your wife is probably a very careless manager, while you have never carefully studied the foundation principles of economy."

"Stranger," he said, as he rose up and shook both hands at once, "you've hit it plumb centre, and you're the only man that ever has. All the rest of 'em say it's 'cause I kin do more loafin' and drinkin' than any man in the State of Alabama. Stranger, wrlt them words down fur me. I'll git the hang of 'em in about an hour, and then I'll go home an' gin my fam'ly to understand that they've got to buckle right down to economy or hunt fur other diggin's! let's destroy about three fingers of the juice!"

George Washington's Relations.

Washington Letter to Cincinnati Enquirer.

Last week I made a visit to a tomb in the cemetery at Washington City, where lies Edwin M. Stanton, and, I think, Chief Justice Chase. It has a tall marble shaft with several little shields on its side containing the names of the Peters family, connections of Gen. and Mrs. Washington. Two of those little shields. which are hardly a foot square, contain the names of Peters and Williams, two young men. The shields being side by side, like a pair of hearts, attract attention because of the fact that the two men died on the same day of the same year. I had found this tomb with some difficulty, and I said to a retired member of congress who accompanied me; "Do you notice that those two men died the some day?" "Yes," said he, "that is a little queer," and he added, "they died, I suppose, of cholera?" "No," said I, "they were both hanged. They were hanged by Gen. Rosecrans, who is now in congress, and prosecuted by Gen. Garfield, who was shot twenty years later in this city. They came as spies into the federal lines, having been headstrong rebels, and they brought forged papers and were tracked up and arrested, and their guilt admitted of no shadow.

Their bodies were brought here among their kin and buried among these names you see." I then called the attention of my acquaintance to the fact that after each man's name was put C. S. A., otherwise confederate states of America. Thus inflexible and impartial are the punishments of war. The poor New York policeman who at the suggestion of his police captain became the federal spy at Richmond was hanged there ignominiously without a friend, and despicable means were used to convict him. His associates who was dying, was visited by a dog in the dress of a priest to receive his confession, and he admitted that this poor policeman was his fellow-spy, whereupon they hanged the policeman. Nearly at that time these descendants of Mrs. George Washington were being strung up on the gallows in Tennessee. The last house George Washington visited in the District of Columbia was that of Mr. Peters. The house is still standing near the mouth of Rock Creek. This Mr. Peters was intimate with the grandchildren of Mrs. Washington and the two young men who were executed were of that descent.

An unknown lady, aged 50 who registered at the Laclide Hotel, St. Thomas, as Mrs. Radcliff Kansas City, suicided yesterday by taking arsenic. There were no marks on her clothes, or other means by which she could be identified.

The elections in the towns throughout Illinois yesterday were chiefly on local questions, temperance being the principal.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

SYMBIOSIS.—In the animal and vegetable kingdoms are found two distinct forms of fellowship in which dissimilar organisms live constantly together. In one form—that of parasitism—one of the associated organisms lives at the expense of the other as, for instance, the mistletoe on the apple tree. In the other form, the advantage of the companionship is mutual, as in the case of the well known hermit crab, one species of which picks up an empty shell for an abode and shares this and its food with a sea anemone, which in return protects its host by means of long threads charged with a stinging acid which it shoots out on the slightest alarm. By experiment at Naples it has been proven that the contact between these two partners is so close that one is indispensable to the other. A still more remarkable illustration is drawn from the candle-nut tree of South America, which forms an alliance with a species of small black ant, to their mutual benefit. To this curious partnership, which appears to exist among many animal and vegetable species, but which naturalists are only just beginning to study, the name of symbiosis has been applied. At the last meeting of German naturalists, Prof. Hertwig pointed out that such inter-dependence of organisms may have played an important part in the development of species.

OUR POSSIBLE SEVENTH SENSE.—To the universally recognized five senses—sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch—Sir Wm. Thomson following out a suggestion by Dr. Thomas Reid, adds a sixth by dividing touch into the sense of roughness or of smoothness and the sense of heat. It has been suggested that we should also have a sense which can perceive the remarkable force which is is exerted by magnets, Every schoolboy knows how iron and steel are attracted, and Faraday discovered that if a piece of copper or silver is dropped between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet it falls slowly as if sinking through mud. To determine how this magnetic force is felt by the human system, Lord Lyndsay and Mr. C. F. Varley made an electro-magnet so large that any person might place his head between the poles, in the centre of the powerful influence which resisted the fall of copper like mud. Sir. Wm. Thompson declares that the result was marvellous, the wonderful thing being that not the slightest effect was perceived by the human body- He is unwilling to accept this experiment as conclusive, and thinks that it may yet be shown that we have a magnetic or electric sense—which, however, has nothing to do with what he terms "that wretched superstition of animal magnetism, and table-turning, and spiritualism, and clairvoyance, and spirit-rapping."

THE AIR'S PLANT FOOD.—Besides nitrogen and oxygen, the air contains in smaller proportion carbonic acid; ammonia and certain nitrous conpounds—substances which are very important to vegetation. Late researches at the French observatory on the Pic du Midi, about 9,500 feet above sea-level, show that the proportion of carbonic acid in the air does not vary perceptibly with the the altitude, as has hitherto been thought and that ammonia is as completely diffused in the atmosphere as carbonic acid. By discharging or absorbing these two gaseous substances, the sea is believed to act as a great regulator, of their supply, keeping their proportions in the air remarkably constant and uniform throughout the world although the quantities withdrawn and added on the land must be incessantly changing. It has been supposed that the nitrous compounds are produced by electric discharges which cause the chemical union of the airs oxygen, and nitrogen, and this view is confirmed by the fact that no traces of these compounds have been found on the Pic du Midi above the heights reached by thunderstorms.

"VACCINATION" FOR RABIES.—Mons. Pasteur has been continuing his researches on their rabies, or hydrophobia, and believes that he has now succeeded in rendering a number of dogs secure from future liability to the disease by the plan of inoculating them with a modified virus. If immunity from rabies were in this way secured in the whole species,, the human race would have nothing further to fear from the disorder, since mankind is never affected except from virus proceeding directly or indirectly from mad dogs.

A Frenchman, Mons. de Fonville, has offered English railway companies a novel suggestion for detecting the presence of infernal machines. All baggage received should be laid flat on the wooden tables supported by iron feet but not nailed to them, when the slightest noise made by clockwork in any parcels would become audible if a microscope were placed on each table.

Animal life is very abundant in some parts of the world at great depths in the sea. This is illustrated by the fact that during last summer's explorations by the French steamer *Talisman* one haul of its net brought up, from a depth of 300 fathoms, 1,000 fishes and nearly 2,000 crustaceans of different kinds. This capture was made in the Atlantic, near the Cape Verd Islands.

According to Archibald Geikie, F. R. S, a large part of the east coast of England is being rapidly worn away. In Holverness a strip of land more than a mile broad has been carried away in eight centuries, and in some places as much as five yards is yearly given up to the sea.

Corrosive sublimate is said to be gaining favor among surgeons as an efficient antiseptic.

Platinum has recently been drawn into a wire so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye.

Morals in Roumania.

[Pall Mall Budget.]

Roumania is famous for the facility of its divorce and laxity of its morals. It is, however, not so generally known that the usage of the laxest society in Europe imposes the severest restraint upon the innocent social intercourse between the young of both sexes. A lady writing to us from Bucharest sends us the following dismal account of the way in which the Roumanian Mrs. Grundy tyrannizes over the unmarried women: "Girls have very little liberty here. If a gentleman is seen dancing more than twice during the same evening with a young lady he is as much compromised as the unhappy maiden herself, and immediately pounced upon by a score of relatives demanding his intentions. No conversation can take place between the young couples, as, directly after the dance, the gentleman must trot his partner back to the maternal wing A young girl is allowed to have little or no intercourse with men, and a harmless 'flirtation' would be ruinous to her reputation in Bucharest. How can a girl's mind develop under these and the accompanying circumstances? No wonder she accepts the first offer of marriage as a means of emancipating herself, neither is it astonishing that men never trouble themselves to talk for any length of time to an unmarried lady." As might be expected, this system of restriction is very far indeed from tending to morality.

Famous Elephants.

London Letter.

Among the elephants which have died at the Zoological Gardens was Tuney, who was sold for cat's meat, and a large Indian elephant, which was lodged in a thatched barn within a wooden inclosure that he used to attack vigorously. Chunee, smaller than Jumbo, was bought in 1810 for 900 guineas. He had been an actor at Covent Garden Theatre prior to his joining the menagerie at Exeter Change—a collection of old houses in the Strand, with a passage underneath. In 1826 it was realized that he had outgrown his den and it was feared that in his anger he would smash up his cage and bring the whole concern to grief. So the fiat went forth that he was to be shot. The guard of Somerset horse aided in the murder and Mr. Herring, of the menagerie in the New Road, led the firing party. One hundred and fifty bullets were required to do for Chunee what it is feared a draught might do for "Old Tongue," as the white elephant is called.

Sleeping Together.

Sombody has said that more quarrels occur between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices in machanics' shops, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes which their nervous systems undergo by lodging together night after night under the same bed clothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing says the Scientific American, that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force than to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night; while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding, and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose.

NEW YORK BELLES.

The Beauties of the Metropolis Gathered at the New Opera House.

New York Letter to Boston Herald.

All the belles of New York society were in full force on the occasion of the gala performance of "Les Huguenots" at the Metropolitan opera house. The eye of the multitude turned instinctively from Nillson, Sembrich and Scalchi to where Miss Langdon, Miss Bulkley and Miss Parsons sat enthroned in the splendor of their beauty, and there were many admiring glances towards such youthful matrons as Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Henry Clews and Mrs. Fred Neilson. Other ladies pleased by the elegance of their apparel, such as Mrs. Bradley Martin, who was in a white and mauve damasse silk, decollete, and Mrs. James Waterbury, who, in a black dress, with the low corsage ornamented with a bunch of Parma violets and fairly studded with diamond ornaments, might well have represented the traditional character of the Queen of Night at a fancy ball. Miss Beckwith held her own in a robe of sky-blue tulle, and Miss Caroline Astor, who was in white, attracted attention by appearing with a mammoth bouquet of pink roses, bordered with snowy blossoms—a "nosegay" which must have been of a goodly weight. The foreigners present, including Sir Henry Mesey Thompson, the English baronet, who is understood to be an aspirant to the hand of the reigning beauty, and Mr. Sinclair, an athletic blond Canadian, who is regarded as an Apollo by the ladies—were in ecstacies over the appearance of the house. Miss Marion Langdon's lovely face—it is snow white, and framed in dusky hair, coiled simply and without ornament, "the tip-tilted nose" and arched mouth disclosing pearly teeth, strongly revealing the countenance of "the most beautiful woman in England." Lady Dudley appeared above bouquets of crimson roses and purple violets that heaped the ledge of the box in which she sat, that next to the one occupied by Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, who was very simply dressed in black grenadine and satin. Miss Langdon wore black tulle, the snowy arms and neck quite bare, and a bunch of corn-colored flowers placed coquetishly at the left on the corsage, which was further ornamented with a bouquet of crimson roses. She looked piquant and adorable, although not so brilliantly beautiful as on some occasions, thanks to the subdued lighting of the box which held her party. Miss Kate Bulkley, her most formidable rival, was more fortunate in this respect; placed directly beneath a chandelier in a group matronized by Mrs. Kernochan, she was simply dazzling in her girlish loveliness.

In a white dress with a low corsage, ornamented with the snowy gardenias and their dark green leaves and with the same flowers in her brown hair, she radiated health and beauty. Near her was Miss Turnure, who has been somewhat indiscreetly termed the "American Langtry," and on the other side, Miss Annie Parsons, who is seen to better advantage in a discollete dress, which accentuates the poise of her head, than in the high corsage of white muslin and Valenciennes lace, which she wore on this occasion. Miss Buckley was decidediy the star of this group of Three Graces; although she has been a reigning beauty for three seasons, she retains her sweet simplicity and is entirely unaffected and unspoiled. In the long list of whom she has refused is—alas!—included the name of redoubtable "Freddie" Gebhard. The sister of the now notorious young gentleman, Miss Freddie Neilson, was much admired the other evening in a dull red robe, decollete, becoming to her brunette complexion, and near her in the same box as Miss George Rivers, was Miss Henry Clews, looking extremely well in a white dress, that resembled Miss Buckley's—the corsage decolletet the waist pointed and a mass of white roses for ornament. Miss Merritt (formerly Miss Augusta Schack) was also in white silk, decollete, and with her exquisite parure of diamonds. Her sister, the lovely Miss Constance Schack, accompanied Mrs. Bradley Martin: she wore a pale blue d'arnasse silk that became her rose-leaf complexion.

Anecdote of Mrs. Carlyle.

When Jane Welsh, who married Thomas Carlyle, was a girl, she was so full of life and energy as to be a match for the boys in running and leaping. One of the feats which made her famous in her native village was the ease with which she could surmount a wall seven feet high around the cemetry. Years afterwards, when she had become an old lady, she revisited the village, but walked the streets without being recognized by any of the companions of her youth, A single action, however, betrayed her. She had made an arrangement with the sexton to be at the cemetry at early morn to unlock the gate. She was present earlier than the appointed hour, and after waiting some time grew impatient, for she was eager to look on the graves of her revered parents. In her vexation at the long delay and remembered the feat of her girlhood, and though the suppleness of youth had gone she managed to repeat the feat with tolerable ease. One of the old residents saw it, and soon after, meeting her, ventured to ask: "Is not this Jennie Welsh? I thought it must be you, for there was never anoteer girl in town who could get over the wall in that fashion."

Children's Easter Parties.

Apropos of Easter I read the other day of a charming idea for a children's party, given in England by a lady, and called "An Easter party." The drawing-room and conservatory adjoining were ornamented with bushes and little trees containing a number of birds' nests. Other birds' nests hung from brackets and gas fixtures, or were tucked in the angles of screens and hidden about in any convenient spot not too difficult to secure. Every nest had a card tied to it with the name of the little child for whom its contents were intended, and it was contrived that most of the children should find their own nests. They were told at a certain time in the late afternoon—for this was a sensible children's party and commenced at 5 o'clock—they were to go bird-nesting; and it was delightful to watch them and to hear their exclamations of pleasure at the discovery of the nest which bore the lookod-for name. It occurred to me this would be an exceedingly attractive idea for a party for