SWEET STRAINS OF POESY.

Night.

I hear the cries that follow birth and death;
I hear huge pestilence draw his vaporous breath;
"Beware, prepare, or else ye die!" he saith.

I hear a haggard student turn and sigh;
I hear men begging heaven to let them die;
And, drowning all, a wild-eyed woman's cry.

So night takes toll of wisdom as of sin,
The student's and the drunkard's cheek is thin;
But flesh is not the prize we strive to win.

Now airy swarms of fluttering dreams descend
On souls, like birds on trees, and have no end.
O God! from vulture dreams my soul defend.
Let fall on her a rose-leaf rain of dreams,
All passionate sweet, as are the loving beams,
Of starlight on the glimmering woods and streams.
—*Sidney Lanier.*

"Ough."

The ploughboy whistled behind his plough,
For his lungs were sound and he had no cough;
He guided his team with a pliant bough
And watered it well at a wayside trough.

The toil was hard for the land was rough—
It lay on the shores of a Scottish lough—
But his well-fed team was stout and tough,
And he plied his bough to flank and hough.

He ploughed all day, and the crow and chough
Flew around his head, though he oft cried shough,
But his plough at last struck a hidden sough
With a force that sent the share clear through.

Then the team took fright and ran off with the plough
With the speed of the wind from the ploughboy, though
He shouted "Whoa!" and into a slough
It ploughed where the mud was soft as dough,

The ploughboy wept, for the wreck was thorough;
He fled that night from the farm to the borough.

THE PROPOSAL.

There was a great dinner party at Brandon Hall, which was to be followed by a ball the next night. Numerous guests had arrived to share in these festivities, and among these was a very pretty young girl named Florence Molyneux. She found herself consigned to the care of a very good-looking young man, whom Lady Brandon had introduced to her as Capt. Chichester. When they had taken their places at the dinner table, which glittered with crystal and was tastefully decorated with wreaths of flowers, she ventured a remark.

"How pretty all this is! I never saw anything like it before. The flowers are laid in wreaths upon the table-cloth, and I see some of my old country friends, wild flowers and ferns. I am afraid they must feel very awkward."

"Oh, no," said Capt. Chichester, smiling, "it is very pleasant to be admired and thought pretty. Do you not find it so? I believe this is your first dinner party, is it not?"

"How do you know?" inquired Florence, anxiously. "Am I very awkward? Have I done anything wrong?"

"Not at all," laughed Capt. Chichester, "Lady Brandon told me, so I thought you would know how the flowers felt."

"But that is quite different. Flowers can't do wrong, and besides they will be all dead to-morrow; they will pay for their pleasure."

"I am afraid you will find pleasure and pain go hand in hand," said Capt. Chichester, looking at her pretty, blushing face.

"What pain shall I have to bear?" she asked, "everything is delightful; and the ball to-morrow! I have never been at a ball." At this moment her next neighbor awkwardly upset a glass of champagne into her lap. Florence uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"I feel quite guilty," said Capt. Chichester; "I am a prophet of ill. Here is trouble come already; let me help you. Is your dress quite spoilt?"

"Oh, thank you!" cried Florence; "it is no matter. Yes it does matter though, for this was the dress I was to wear to-morrow night."

"But what will you do?"

"Well, I have an old black dress, not nearly as nice as this, but it must do."

"But could you not put in a piece?" said Capt. Chichester. "What is the stuff called—calico?"

"Oh, no—tarlatan," said Florence, laughing.

"But if you spoke to Lady Brandon, she would get you some."

"Oh, no!" bessought Florence. "Pray say nothing about it."

"I must say you bear your pain heroically," said Capt. Chichester, "and now I have the pain of telling you Lady Brandon is bowing to you, and you must go."

Florence ran upstairs and changed her dress, making as little as she could of her misfortune; but as soon as she had left the room she became the subject of discussion among the other ladies, Miss Jane Morris, a sour-faced, plain, and not very young lady leading the attack.

"So that is Miss Molyneux," she said, addressing Miss Brandon. "My dear Ada, I thought you said she was pretty? Why, she is not good looking, and she is such a flirt, and so very forward—is not she, Jane? If you only heard the way she went on with Capt. Chichester! she never let him say a word to me. Once he tried, but she instantly upset a glass of wine into her lap, and such a fuss as she made about it! I heard her telling him she had no other dress to wear at the ball."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Ada. "I must go and see what I can do for her."

"You need not trouble yourself. Depend upon it, that young lady can take care of herself. She probably has a piece of muslin in her box."

"Oh, nonsense, Jane! You are too hard," said Ada; "and I think she is very pretty; she has such a lovely complexion, and such pencilled eye-brows."

"Pencilled indeed," said Miss Morris, black lead pencils! I wonder does she know Captain Chichester is engaged to Lady Ida Leigh. If not, somebody ought to tell her there is no use in her setting her cap at him.

Next day, on going to her room, Florence to her surprise found Ada's maid busily engaged in repairing her damaged dress. On being asked where she had got the muslin, she said the footman had found it on the hall table, and as it was addressed to Molyneux, he sent it up stairs.

Florence flew to thank Lady Brandon, but neither she nor Ada knew anything about it.

She tried to pursue her inquiries, but the gentleman turned off the conversation, Capt. Chichester having apparently forgotten the accident.

Mary and Jane Morris exchanged glances and smiles, and whispered:

"I told you so. Just as if he cared about her dress! You will see he will not go near her to-night; I prophecy that."

Miss Morris's prophecy was not fulfilled, however; for capt. Chichester danced so often with Florence, and paid so much attention to her that Miss Morris thought it her duty to tell her next day that he was engaged to Lady Ida Leigh, and that there was no use wasting time trying to catch him.

"And, oh! if you had seen her face, my dear Ada! she was red as a turkey cock, and almost told me I was impertinent!"

Meanwhile the days flew by agreeably to Florence. Capt. Chichester was always by her side, ever charming and tender. She did not dare to analyze her feelings. She was drifting down a rapid current, leading she knew not where, but there was no escape. No one spoke of Lady Ida now; Every day Capt. Chihestester's looks and words seemed to give fresh proofs of his affection, and she lived in a dream of joy and love. The awakening came, when one morning at breakfast she heard Sir Charles Brandon say: Chichester, here is an invitation for you from Lord Wellwood. I am going to shoot with him to-morrow, and he hopes I will bring you with me; the shooting is very good, you had better come." Capt. Chichester hesitated. He had promised his father to return at the end of the week.

The day passed by heavily. The gentlemen were out shooting, the ladies took a drive. At dinner Jane Morris seated herself between Capt. Chichester and Florence. In the evening Sir Charles asked him to play ecarte, and it was only when budding good-night that Capt. Chichester made his adieux.

"I suppose I must say good-by, now" he said to Florence. "We start so early in the morning."—

Florence could not command her voice, but gave him her hand.

"We shall meet again, I hope? We must meet again. Do you ever come to town?"

"Oh, do move on Miss Molyneux," said Jane Morris, "you are keeping us all standing."

Florence disengaged her hand and went up stairs. Her happiness was at an end. They would never meet again, and he had said nothing to her. Nay, it almost seemed as if he had avoided speaking to her. What a fool she had been to think he cared for her! An unopen letter lay on the top of the pincushion. Who could be writing to her? She took it up. There were initials upon the envelope and a motto. The initials were "L. C.," the motto "True till death." The words danced before her eyes. It was his motto. It was not a dream, it was a letter from Capt. Chichester. She pressed it to her lips, then tore it open, and read the contents as quickly as her agitation would permit. It began:

I have in vain tried to speak to you alone; but I cannot leave you without learning my fate. You must have seen that I love you devotedly. Can you give me any hope? I leave early to-morrow, but my future movements depend upon your answer. If you love me let me have a few lines from you to-night, and I will return from Wellwood with Sir Charles on Friday. My room is the last in the gallery. May I ask you to let me have a few lines there from you to-night? On your reply my happiness depends.

Ever yours devotedly.

L. CHICHESTER.

Florence let the letter fall into her lap; the revulsion of feeling was almost too great. The bitter tears of sorrow and disappointment were still upon her cheeks, but some subtle chemistry had changed them to a rainbow of hope and joy. Hel oved her! he had written to say so. And now she had the delightful task of replying. What should she say? She could consult no one.

Florence wrote from an overflowing heart, without stopping to choose the words, a joyful and happy acceptance of Capt. Chichester's love. She went to bed at last, not, indeed to sleep, but to indulge in blissful thoughts. She put Capt. Chichester's letter under her pillow, and felt it from time to time to assure herself it was not a dream.

At length, towards morning, she fell into a peaceful slumber, from which she was awakened by the maid bringing her a cup of tea.

Florence started up as her new-found happiness flashed upon her. A letter on the tray. She snatched it up, scarcely waiting for the maid to leave the room ere she tore it open. Yes, it was from him; she saw the well-known ciphor and motto. The sound of wheels grating on the gravel roused her. She ran to the window, and peeping from behind the curtain saw Captain Chichester drive away. He was gone, but he had left a letter, and she sat down to read it. But the happy tender smile with which she opened it was suddenly succeeded by a look of amazement, then suddenly then by almost incredulous horror and despair. She pushed back her hair from her face and turned the letter over wildly, as if in hope of discovering something to give her comfort. But no! The words were not to be mistaken.

MY DEAR MISS MOLYNEUX: I scarcely know how to write to you. There has been some great mistake, or some one has cruelly contrived a plan to give us both great pain. Believe me I feel it most deeply when I tell you that I never wrote the letter to which you allude, nor any letter to you. It must be a forgery. For your kind expressions towards me, which it has drawn forth, I can only offer my sincerest thanks, for believe me I value your good opinion most highly. You are not mistaken in supposing that I admire and esteem you beyond almost any woman I haver met. I would say more, but I am not free. I am, in honor, bound to another. I thought this was understood by Lady Brandon, but I fear I have been to blame, and that I have caused you pain. If you have got the forged letter, will you be so kind as to forward it to me at Wellwood? I have no doubt I shall discover its author, and he or she shall not escape punishment, I have but one more word to add. My dear Miss Molyneux, I know you are sensible and brave, let no one know what has occurred. This vile trick must be the work of some one at Brandon hall. Do not let any one know it has succeeded, and we shall yet baffle and disarm our enemy. I could say much more, but it is better not. Believe me, with the sincerest regard and esteem, yours faithfully,

L. CHICHESTER.

Florence's mind was in such a tumult of confused thoughts that she could scarcely comprehend what had happened. She flew to compare the hand-writing. No! they were not the same, though there was some resemblance. The envelope bore bore the same initials and motto. Who could have done so cruel an act? Jane Morris. It flashed upon her like a conviction, but could it be possible? Could one girl act so basely by another? She inclosed the fatal letter to Capt. Chichester, and then wrote to her mother, begging her to summon her home on any pretense.

So some months passed away, and Florence heard nothing of her friends; she felt forgotten, forsaken, but one morning she was awakened by a letter from Ada Brandon, announcing her approaching marriage with Lord Stoneleigh, and affectionately inviting her to be her bridesmaid. At first Florence shrank from the thought, but when she read the postscript "I suppose you have seen Lady Ida's marriage in the paper," she resolved to go to Brandon Hall.

"It is all over," she said; "he is married. I will go and enjoy the happiness of others." But it was with a sad heart that Florence found herself driving up to the well-known entrance of Brandon Hall. Ah! how different it all was now, she thought, as memory carried her back to her former visit. There was no one waiting to receive or welcome her, and with a blank feeling she followed the servant into the drawing-room, which was deserted.

As the door closed behind her she heard the sound of a quick footstep on the grass without, a man's figure darkened the light as he stepped in through the open window. Florence's heart gave a great leap, and the blood flew to her face. She turned to fly—but her limbs were trembling so she could not move, and then some one caught her hands, and spoke her name, and looking up, she met the gaze of Capt. Chichester's blue eyes.

"Florence," he cried, "forgive me! have I frightened you? I have come here to see you, to speak to you, to tell you I love you."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Florence, drawing back. "Let me go! You—you are married! Ada told me."

"No, no!" cried Capt. Chichester laughing "I am not married to Lady Ida. I am free. I never loved her nor she me. It was only a family arrangement. She is married to Lord Layton. I have never cared for any one but you."

"But— but the letter," cried Florence. "It is because I said"——

"No, No!" he said, quite gravely now. "When Miss Morris stole my note-paper and forged my handwriting she only told you half what I felt. Florence, Florence my darling! don't cry: you love me, do you not?" Florence made no answer, but as she hid her face upon his shoulder she forgot all her doubts and sorrows in the rapturous knowledge of his love.—Home Chimes.

Gentle Spring in Paris.

Edmund Yates in London World.

There has been but a poor show in the Bois, for the bitter east wind has relegated most of the beauties to their closed carriages, and even then they are few and far between. There are plenty of men, but the sight of two bearded pillars of the Bourse, smoking in a brougham with both windows closed, is not refreshing. But there is a far better show of carriages and horses than we can boast of in the Park; some of the horses are magnificent animals, on the way to being spoiled though bad driving. Mossoo always was a desperate bad whip, and now he is worse than ever, having taken up that worst of all possible "forms" the hustling his horses into a mad, rattling run, which is no "pace" whatever. That splendid sight, a horse "going well within himself" is rarely seen in Paris; the dogue-car, the village cart, even the breack and coupe are rattled along at fire-engine speed and with equal noise. The drivers have seldom any control over their animals, and I have seen three bad accidents within the last ten days. The hero of the Bois is old Papa Lesseps, who rides solemnly about, attended by half a dozen of his children on ponies and wearing sumpuguarees to the delight of the populace.

If you would be wealthy, get upon a mule: you will soon find that you are better off.

HENRY CLAY'S DAUGHTER.

THE SAD ROMANCE THAT HAD ITS BIRTH BESIDE A GRAVE,

That Contains the Almost Forgotten Remains of the Great Kentuckian's Beloved Child.

Chillicothe Leader.

Just to the right of the entrance to a small illy-kept, almost unused graveyard at Lebanon, O.—a little city famed the state over as being the home for years of the most gifted orator of his time, Thomas Corwin—is a stained and moldy stone sacrophagus less than three feet in height and six feet in feet in length, inclosed by a rude fence of barbed wire, stretched upon clumsy, unhewn posts. The yard bears every evidence of neglect. The ground around it is sunken, and the grass and briers clamber up the dingy stone tomb's side, and show a disposition to cover it from view. The poor, neglected grave is a stranger to the attention of love guided hands. A cluster of sweet violets now lift their bright faces from the grass near the head of the tomb, but they came there by chance. A little later on, the grave will be showered by the blackerry's pretty white blossoms, but the brakes upon which they burst to bloom were planted there by kindly nature.

And yet beneath these rough slabs of stone lie the remains of a noble young girl, upon whom in life was bestowed the extravagant love of one of America's grandest minded men; a young girl whose untimely death saddened the life of one of the country's broadest and widest statesmen. That neglected grave contains the remains of a youthful woman, over whose resting place a fitting monument should be erected by the people whom her father's brilliant talent so ably served. But it is neglected, uncared for and slmost unknown save to a few outside of Lebanon's limits.

It is unpleasant to think that the offspring of such noble parentage is thus permitted to suffer long years of almost utter neglect among a people who knew the story of her birth and of her distinguished father's merits, but true it is that in that humble grave lie the remains of a daughter of Henry Clay—the man whom Kentucky honors above all men' the man who labored so grandly in the interest of the nation, and was within a step of the Presidential chair. Around this little grave clusters a mournful, romantic history. It was related to a Leader reporter, a few days ago, by one of the old citizens of Lebanon, while standing beside the stone sacrophagus, within the rusty barbed wire enclosure. Said the Leader's friend:

"Henry Clay, you know, was one of the four prominent Presidential candidates in 1824, striving for election against three other candidates—John Quincy Adams, Jackson and Crawford. He received thirty-seven electoral votes for the position.

"The Electoral college failed to make a choice, and when the work of electing a president devolved upon the House of Representatives, Clay, seeing that he could not win himself, carried his strength over to Adams and secured the latter's election. In March of the following year, when Adams organized his cabinet, he tendered Clay the Premier's portfolio. Clay went on to Washington, and after he had familiarized himself with the duties of secretary of state, he returned on a visit to his home in Kentucky, to see his family, among whom was a beautiful and intellectual daughter, Eliza, whom he particularly loved. Eliza, at that time, had just turned her twelfth year, but she was wise and womanly for her years, and it was one of the principal objects of Clay's long and tedious journey to Kentucky to bring Eliza to Washington with him on his return. Travel in those days was not the easy luxurious affair that it is now. The cumbrous stage-coach was the only public conveyance that traversed the pikes, and the trip from Kentucky to Washington City was both long and wearying. Henry Clay and his daughter started for the capital from Lexington, Ky., early in August. Miss Clay was rather delicate, physically, and found traveling by coach a very distressing affair. The hotel fare on the route did not agree with her, and the various changes and discomforts she experienced brought on a malady—inflammation of the bowels, I believe—that became so alarming when Lebanon was reached, that a stop was made here and medical aid summoned to attend the young lady at her hotel. She grew worse instead of better and one night after a delirious flight followed by a brief period of consciousness she died in her father's arms.

"It was impossible for Mr. Clay to return home with the remains of his dead child, so it was determined to bury her here temporarily. The intention was to remove her remains to Kentucky, and place them in the family burial place.

"Mr. Clay, sad-hearted and weighted down by grief, completed his journey to Washington. His busy and not untroubled life at the capital, as Premier of Adams' Cabinet, is a matter of public history. The grass over his daughter's grave, and the snows of two winters covered its meanly appearance with spotless mantles of white, and yet no move was transferred made to have the remains to Kentucky. In the third summer, I think this rough sarcophagus was erected by Mr. Clay, who seemed to have determined not to disturb his daughter's rest. The inscription upon the upper tablet tells the sad story briefly."

The reporter leaned over, and after taking up with a kerchief the water that filled up the depressed portions of the lettering made out the following:

In memory of

ELIZA M. CLAY,

Daughter of

HENRY AND LUCRETIA CLAY,

Who Died on the

11TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1825.

Cut down in the bloom of a promising youth, while traveling through Ohio, hence from Lexington, Ky., to Washington city.

Her parents, who have erected this monument to her memory, console themselves with the hope that she now abides in heaven

"This graveyard is a combination affair," said the reporter's companion, "belonging to the Methodist and Baptist churches. It has been but little used for a long time. During Mr. Clay's life, the grave was kept clean by the sexton, but when he died, no one seemed to take an interest in it, and the leaves and briers were allowed to clamber over it without hindrance. The whole graveyard was allowed to develop a rank growth of grass and underbrush, and rubbish rapidly accumulated. Miss Clay's grave was almost forgotten save by a few of the older citizens.

"When the Norman School was established here, geology was given a prominent place in its course of study. The students were required, and are still, to procure specimens of the various rocks and fossils to be found in this territory. Clinton limestone is one of the rocks that students are required to obtain specimens of, and as there is very little of it around here, the task is not an easy one. Miss Clay's sarcophagus is made entirely of Clinton stone, and the students, with shocking recklessness and disregard for the sacredness of a human grave, got into the habit of coming here and chipping their specimens from these slabs. See how shamefully they are hacked up. Several ineffectual attempts were made to stop this infamous practice.

"Something over a year ago an eccentric old beachelor named Clayton Drake suddenly took a profound interest in Miss Clay's grave and in the whole cemetery, in fact. He had some means, and employed men to nicely clean up the grave yard, and particularly Miss Clay's tomb. The mold and lichen were removed from the inclosing stones, and the lettering cleared of the debris that had settled there. Four heavy fence posts were placed, one at either corner of the small burial lot, and yards of barbed wire were stretched around the corner pieces, so arranged as to make it exceedingly difficult for any one to get within the inclosure.

"The lonely sad-minded man, seemed at last to have found congenial companionship in the young girl's silent tomb. He developed a passion for the unfortunate so early stricken by death, and he visited her quiet home daily, often sitting for hours at a time, beside her grave. This was particularly the case on pleasant Sundays. He was frequently overheard holding conversation with an imaginary Miss Clay, and during these talks the true tenderness of his nature found expression.

"Poor Drake's eccentricities increased, and it is said that a knowledge of his hopeless love led him into using liquor excessively. At any rate, he grew exceedingly melancholy, and one Sunday morning ended his life and his mental anguish by sending a pistol ball through his heart."

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

MODERN ASTROLOGY.—Mons. Montigny, of Brussels, has noticed in the scintillation of the stars a great preponderance of blue, the color of water or ice in great thickness, when the atmosphere is heavily charged with watery vapor and rain is imminent. In June, 1883, he announced that for two months the twinkling of the stars had shown less of the blue than in the corresponding months of previous years, while green, a fair weather color, had been much more frequently seen. These observations led him to predict that the succeeding part of the year would be unusually dry. It is now stated this prediction was so accurately fulfilled that 1883 in Brussels was the driest year since 1879. A study of the atmospheric conditions with the rainband spectroscope has enabled observers to determine the character of immediately approaching weather, but it is believed that no spectroscopic indications have made it possible to forecast, ever so roughly, many consecutive months' weather.

FRENCH INSANITY.—According to Mons. Legoyt, the number of insane admitted to the public asylums of France increased fifty-five per cent. between the years 1871 and 1880, although the population of the country gained but four per cent. The cures numbered only one in thirteen among the male patients and one in sixteen of the female patients, while the deaths were one in six of the males and one in nine of the females. Of every thousand cases of insanity, Mons. Legoyt finds 607 to be due to physical causes, such as old age, want, alcoholic excesses, epilepsy, complaints peculiar to women, and other nervous affections, while he ascribes the remaining 393 to "moral causes," such as loss of fortune, domestic trouble, disappointment in love, jealousy, disappointed ambition, and highly-strung religious sentiments. Suicide, it is interesting to note, may be traced to the same causes as insanity.

A GIGANTIC INSECT.—The discovery of fossil remains of a remarkable insect in the carboniferous deposits of Commentry, France, has been announced to the Paris Academy of Sciences by Mons. Charles Brongniart. The creature must have been at least twenty inches long, with an expanse of wings of nearly twenty-eight inches. To science this insect of a long-past age will be known as *Dictyonewra monyi.*

A GREAT MUMMY FIND—An immense necropolis hitherto undiscovered and unplundered, has been found by Prof. Maspero at Ekhmeem, Upper Egypt. It is roughly estimated to contain not less than 5,000 or 6,000 embalmed dead of which perhaps twenty percent may prove to be of archaeological or historical value. Part of the remains date from the Ptolemaic period, but it is probable that some of them is more ancient.

The annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, will open at Montreal, August 26th and will close September 3d. The week's session of the American Association begins September 3d, at Philadelphia. The fact that the British Association is visiting America for the first time will give unusual interest to these gatherings of English-speaking scientists.

Prof. J. Wiessner has pointed out that the moistening of a plant increases the transpiration of its leaves and accelerates the flow of its sap. This effect is beneficial if the soil is sufficiently moist to supply the increased demand of the roots, and injurious if the ground is very dry. The foliage of plants, therefore, should only be watered when the roots are quite well supplied with moisture.

Remarkable differences of climate within short distances were experienced last winter in Norway. For instance, while at Christiania the ice was from twelve inches thick in January, vegetation continued to grow at Stavanger, where where the thermometer fell to freezing-point only once during the entire month.

A French anatomist, Mons. Luys, has found that when a person lies down or stands upon his head the brain changes its position in the skull in obedience to the law of gravitation. The movements take place slowly, five or six minutes being required for the brain to adjust itself to a new attitude of the body.

Dr. A. Ernst, of Caracas, Venezuela, cites two severe earthquakes of that vicinity as instances of the remarkable influence of the soil on the destruction of buildings by such shocks. In each case the houses built on rocks were ruined, while those standing on a thick stratum of loose material were scarcely injured.

It is now known to medical science that diseases of the eyes and ears are frequently induced by decaying teeth. A serious case of this kind, which a partial loss of sight from cataract was traced to a diseased condition of the teeth, has just been reported to the Harvelan Society, of London.

A French writer regards the familiar yet mysterious phenomenon known as the zodiacal light as simply a reflection of light from the illuminated part of the earth upon an upper stratum of the atmosphere.

Pasteur has affirmed that the smallest quantity of the virus of rabies which produces effect upon any animal has the longest period of incubation and gives the most furious type of the disease.

According to Grant Allen, almost all very early or primeval types of animals or plants yet existing belong to one or other of three peculiar habitats Islands, fresh water streams or lakes, and caves.

An attempt is being made to introduce the turtle into the seas of Provence, Algeria and Corsica, places being arranged where the eggs may be deposited in safety.

THE YOUNG GRANTS.

How They Look and How They Live—Pictures of the Grant Trio.

Frederick Grant is a young man of stout build and florid complexion, about thirty-five years old and bears a striking likeness to his father, Ex-President Grant. He was educated at West Point and served in the regular army, chiefly out west, for some years, reaching the rank of Colonel. Soon after his marriage to Miss Honore, of Chicago, a sister-in-law of Potter Palmer, some five years ago, he resigned his commission and taking up his residence in New York, went into business. He and his wife have lived very luxuriously and have entertained considerable, giving many handsome dinner parties.

Ulysses Grant, Jr., is the second son of the ex-President, and is about thirty-two years old. He studied law and was for some years connected with the firm of work, Davies, McNamee & Hilton. He left soon after his marriage with a wealthy western girl some three years ago. It has always been supposed that his marriage brought him sufficient increase of fortune to enable him to abandon the law and become a partner in the firm of Grant & Ward. He is rather short in build, of florid complexion like his brother and wears a becoming brown mustache. Before his marriage he was very fond of society, and since then has lived rather quietly, although he and his wife have given several handsome dinners and entertainments.

Jesse Grant is about twenty-seven years old and has always been considered General Grant's and his wife's favorite son. He resembles his brothers in general appearance, but is slighter and much younger looking. General Grant was very desirous of having him enter the suspended firm, but his other sons objected, not thinking that Jesse had sufficient business experience. He resides with his parents, at No. 3 East Sixty-sixth treet, and is a member of the Lotos Club.

Deaf Mute Beggar Sensation.

London Cable Telegram.

The famous deaf and dumb ninck-nack peddler, who, during the past fourteen years, attracted so much attention on London Bridge, is dead, and the subject of the latest sensation. He died in the Southwark Workhouse, near the south end of the bridge. Despite his infirmities he managed to support himself by his small sales, and securing official and police favor by the gentleness of his demeanor and the intelligence of his conduct, he was allowed to occupy the same post on the great thoroughfare from year to year. Before his death the peddler beckoned to a hospital attendant and terrified him by speaking to him. When the attendant recovered from his astonishment, the beggar confessed that his deafness and dumbness had been feigned. He said he was a Swiss gentleman of fortune, and belonged to one of the best families in the Republic. When a young man he was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished lady. He was possessed of a most violent temper, and, in a lover's quarrel over a trifle, one day, he so wounded the girl by the bitterness of his invective that she fell ill. The reproaches of his friends for his cruel conduct stung him so that he became melancholy from remorse and left home.

He then resolved to punish himself. He vowed to become a voluntary exile for twenty years, to earn his own living, leave his fortune untouched, keep his relatives and friends ignorant of his whereabouts, and go bareheaded and barefooted in all weather during the entire time, and to listen to no one and speak to no human being during the ten last years of his exile.

If he lived to complete his vow he meant to return home, and to use his fortune and the remainder of his days in making his betrothed happy, provided she were alive and unmarried. He had rigidly kept his vow. "But," he cried before he expired, "my time is not quite up, and I must die before it is. I have been punished as I deserved." Investigation, so far as it has gone, has proven that the peddler's story is entirely true, and his family in Switzerland have been made acquainted with his death.

A Blaine Organ Growl.

Philadelphia Press.

So the evening branch of the New York *Herald* has come out flat footed for Arthur. Let us see —didn't the main office come out for Grant in 1880? Things are looking bluer for Arthur every day.

REMEDIES Cuticura THE GREAT SKIN CURES

A Positive Cure for Every Form of Skin and Blood Disease, from Pimples to Scrofula.

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS in our possession repeat this story: I have been a terrible sufferer for years with Blood and Skin Humors; have been obliged to shun public places by reason of my disfiguring humors; have had the best physicians; have spent hundreds of dollars and got no real relief until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA, and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures and Skin Beautifiers, externally, which have cured me and left my skin and blood as pure as a child's.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

James E. Richardson, Custom House, New Orleans, on oath, says,—In 1870 Scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my body until I was a mass of corruption. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. I became a mere wreck. At times could not lift my hands to my head, could not turn in bed; was in constant pain, and looked upon life as a curse. No relief or cure in ten years. In 1880 I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, used them and was perfectly cured.

Sworn to before U. S. Com. J. D. Crawford.

STILL MORE SO.

Will McDonald, 2542 Dearborn street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Eczema, or Salt Rheum, on head, neck, face, arms, and legs for seventeen years; not able to move, except on hands and knees, for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless, permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

MORE WONDERFUL YET.

H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by CUTICURA REMEDIES. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die. Cure sworn to before a justice of the peace and Henderson's most prominent citizens.

DON'T WAIT.

Write to us for these testimonials in full or send direct to the parties. All are absolutely true and given without our knowledge or solicitation. Don't wait. Now is the time to cure every species of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous, Inherited, Contagious, and Copper-colored Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp with Loss of Hair.

Sold by all druggists. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cts.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25 cts. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

BEAUTY For Rough, Chapped and Oily Skin, Blackheads, and Skin Blemishes, use CUTICURA SOAP.

LEGAL.

Notice to Creditors.

State of Minnesota, County of Ramsey—ss. In Probate Court, Special Term, May 14, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Kalmon Lion, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the Judge of Probate, of the county of Ramsey, will upon the first Monday of the months of July, August, September, October, and November, 1884, at ten o'clock a.m., receive, hear, examine and adjust, all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased; and that six months from and after the date hereof have been allowed and limited for creditors to present their claims against said estate, at the expiration of which time all claims not presented or not proven to its satisfaction, shall be forever barred, unless for good cause shown further time be allowed.

By the Court.

[L. S] WM. B. MCGRORTY,

may17-5w-sat Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY —ss. In probate Court, special term, April 30, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Andrew Peterson, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of John Bodin of said county, representing among other things, that Andrew Peterson, late of said county, on the 28th day of March, A. D. 1884, at Saint Paul, in said county, died intestate, and being an inhabitant of this county at the time of his death, (and a native of the Kingdom of Sweden) leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is a creditor of the estate of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to him or some other suitable person granted;

It is ordered, that said petition be heard before the Judge of this Court, on Monday, the 26th day of May, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate office, in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and publihted at Saint Paul, in said county, and that a copy of this order be served on the consul or representative of the Kingdom of Sweden, residing in the state of Minnesota, by depositing a copy thereof in the postoffice at Saint Paul, postage paid, addressed to said consul or representative.

By the Court,

[L.S.] WM. B. MCGRORTY,

Judge of Probate.

Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk. may3-4w-sat

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY —ss. In Probate Court, special term, May 1, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Ole E. Randall, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Henry E. Randall, of said county, representing, among other things, that Ole E. Randall, late of said county, on the 4th day of July, A. D. 1883, at Saint Paul, in said county died intestate, and being an inhabitent of this county at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is the brother of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to him granted;

It is ordered, that said petition be heard before the Judge of this court, on Monday, the 26th day of May, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate office in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at Saint Paul in said county.

By the Court,

WM. B. MCGRORTY,

[L.S.] Judge of Probate.

Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk. may3-4w-sat

Notice to Creditors.

State of Minnesota, County of Ramsey—ss. In Probate court, special term, May 2, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of John Smith, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the Judge of Probate of the county of Ramsey, will upon the first Monday of the months of June, July, August, September and October, 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., receive, hear, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased; and that six months from and after the date hereof have been allowed and limited for creditors to present their claims against said estate, at the expiration of which time all claims not presented or not proven to its satisfaction, shall be forever barred. unless for good cause shown further time be allowed.

By the Court,

[L.S.] WM. B. MCGRORTY,

may3-5w-sat Judge of Probate.

Notice to Creditors.

State of Minnesota, County of Ramsey, ss. In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of John Casey, deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims and demands against the estate of John Casey, late of the county of Ramsey in said state, deceased, that the Judge of Probate of said county will hear, examine and adjust claims and demands against said estate, at his office in Saint Paul, in said county, on the first Monday of the month of July, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m.; and that six months from the 25th day of April, 1884, have been limited and allowed by said Probate court for creditors to present their claims.

Dated this 25th day of April, A. D. 1884.

JAMES CASEY,

Administrator of the estate of John Casey, deceased

apr26-5w-sat

LEGAL.

DISTRICT COURT, SECOND DISTRICT, RAMSEY County, Minnesota.

Martin Delaney against Robert A. Smith and others,

It appearing that there is now in the hands of the Receiver appointed by this court in the above entitled action, certain moneys in the distribution whereof the creditors of E. R. George, as surviving partner of the firm of Gilbert Dutcher, and of the firm of E. R. George, and of E. R. George, have some claim or interest;

It is hereby ordered, that all of such creditors except the parties to this action and the estate of George Culver, deceased, file their claims as such creditors with the clerk of this court, on or before June 15th, 1884, or be forever barred of any claim or demand on such fund, or on any fund to be recovered by the plaintiff in this action.

It is further ordered, that notice of this order be given by publishing the same daily, in the St. Paul GLOBE, a newspaper published in said county, until the said fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1884, commencing on the 12th day of May, A. D. 1884.

Special Term, May 10, 1884.

ORLANDO SIMONS,

132-168 District Judge.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY ss. In Probate Court, special term, April 25, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Gilbert Pottgieser, deceased.

Whereas, an instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Gilbert Pottgieser, deceased, late of said county, has been delivered to this court;

And whereas, Nicholas Pottgieser has filed therewith his petition, representing among other things that said Gilbert Pottgieser died in said county, on the 16th day of April, 1884, testate, and that said petitioner is the sole executor named in said last will and testament, and praying that the said instrument may be admitted to probate, and that letters tdstamentary be to him issued thereon;

It is ordered, that the proofs of said instrument, and the said petition, be heard before this court, at the Probate office in said county, on the 20th day of May, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, when all concerned may appear and contest the probate of said instrument;

And it is further ordered, that public notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested, by publication of these orders for three weeks successively previous to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at Saint Paul in said county.

By the Court, WM. B. MCGRORTY,

[L.S.] Judge of Probate.

Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk. ap26-4w-sat

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY, —ss. In Probate Court, special term April 25, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Michael Skelly, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Sarah Skelly, of said county, representing, among other things, that Michael Skelly, late of said county, on the 8th day of April, A. D, 1884, at Saint Paul in said county, died intestate, and being an inhabitant of this county at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is the widow of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to Henry B. Farwell granted;

It is ordered that said petition be heard before the Judge of this court on Wednesday, the 21st day of May, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate office in said county.

Ordered further, That notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Daily Globe, a newspaper printed and published at Saint Paul, in said county.

By the Court.

[L. S.] WM. B. MCGRORTY,

Judge of Probate.

Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk.

BRISBIN & FARWELL, Attorneys for Petitioner.

apr26-4w-sat

Notice to Creditors.

State of Minnesota, County of Ramsey, ss. In Probate Court