THE FATE OF A FAST YOUNG MAN

[The following verses were written by a young man confined in the Illinois state prison, and the same sad story is told by hundreds of young men whose downfall is traceable to the evil practices described below :]

It's curious, isn't it Billy,
The change twelve months may bring;
Last year I was in Saratoga,
As happy and rich as a king;
I was raking in pools on the races,
And feeing the waiters with "Ten,"
And sipping mint juleps by twilight,
And to-day I am here in the "pen."

"What led me to do it?" What always
Leads men to destruction and crime?
The prodigal son, whom you've read of,
Has altered somewhat in his time;
He spends his substance as freely
As the Biblical fellow of old,
But when it is gone, he fancies
The husks will turn into gold.

Champagne, a box at the opera,
High steps while the fortune is flush,
The passionate kisses of women
Whose cheeks have forgotten to blush;
The old, old story, Billy,
Of pleasure that ends in tears,
The froth that foams for an hour,
The dregs that are tasted for years.

Last night as I sat here and pondered
On the end of my evil ways,
There arose like a phantom before me
The vision of boyhood's days;
I thought of my old home, Billy,
The school house that stood on the hill,
The brook that flowed thro' the meadow,
I can e'en hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,
Of the mother who taught me to pray;
Whose love was a precious treasure
That I heedlessly cast away;
I saw again in my visions
The fresh-lipped, careless boy,
To whom the future was boundless,
And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,
Of my ruined and wasted life,
And the pangs of remorse were bitter,
They pierced my heart like a knife;
It takes some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of fate,
When the yearning ambitions of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.

THE. HENRY V. KISS.

Osculation Extraordinary in the Passion's Slave Company.

Miss Carlyon Frees Her Mind on John A. Stevens' Style of Bussing.

Post-Dispatch.

"Do you know why Miss Carlyon left the John A. Stevens company, which has just closed at the People's?" asked a play-actor man of a Post-Dispatch reporter this morning.

"No."

"Well, it was all owing to the way in which Mr. Stevens insisted on kissing her in 'Passion's Slave.' Miss Carlyon's husband, Mr. Melville, is exceedingly jealous, and he insisted that hereafter his wife should be kissed on the ear or behind it, instead of on the lips, and out of this fuss the trouble began, which ended in the division of the company.

Miss Carlyon, whose name off the stage is Mrs. Melville, was found at the Southern hotel. She is a particularly pretty little lady, with the goldest of golden hair, dark eyebrows and a smile that would melt wax. Likewise she observes the Biblical maxim: "If your foot is pretty, show it," and throughout the interview the scribe sometimes found himself enthralled with the curves of a pair of joyous gaiters, and then with the curves of an exhilerating pair of lips. He told his story, and the lady pouted very perceptibly when it came to the statement that her husband wanted her kissed on the ear, but laughingly declared there was nothing in it.

"Of course I have left Mr. Stevens," said she, "but it was because I did not like him or that exceedingly flat melo-drama, "Passion slave.'"

"And then it was not a question of kissing?"

"I must admit that I did not like the way he kissed me. You see Mr. Stevens always used the Henry V. kiss, and it was decidedly unpleasant, as he was neither a husband, a relation or a lover."

"That is a kiss that has not reached us yet?"

"Oh, it is the kiss Rignold uses in Henry V. As he does it it is not so bad, but Mr. Stevens is not the actor that Rignold is, and the consequence is that every time he uses the kiss the whole house titters, and there is a suggestion of indelicacy about it that is very annoying. Now, don't imagine that I am a prude, for I am not. I delight in love scenes on the stage, but there is art and there is awkwardness."

"What is the Henry V. kiss?"

"Well," she blushed and laughed, "what we call the Henry V. kiss in England is this. The gentleman comes behind where the lady is standing and puts both his hands over her shoulders on her cheeks, so that the fingers of both meet just beneath her chin. Then he pulls her head back to his shoulder and kisses her fairly on the lips, keeping his mouth to hers fully two minutes. After he kissed me that way once I always afterwards moved my mouth so that he kissed me on the chin and not on the lips, but it was unpleasant in the extreme. As I say, I am not at all prudish, but I am an artist, and I do not want to use stage business that has descended to the low variety theaters. It is stage etiquette that no gentleman should kiss a lady on the lips. Mr. Stevens has violated this rule over and over again"

"Did your husband tell Stevens that he must kiss you on the ear?"

"On my honor, no. My husband never spoke to him about it, and it would be absurd to ask him to kiss my ear or to kiss me behind the ear. My husband never spoke to Stevens on the matter at all. Of course he didn't like it, and I didn't like it, but I had made up my mind to get away from Mr. Stevens' company as soon as I could, and so we resolved to say nothing about the kiss. It would only put me in a most rediculous attitude. All the other members of the company spoke to me about it, but I made up my mind to let it go and get away as soon as I could."

"And what will you do now?"

"We intend to rest here for a few days, and then I shall put a company of my own on the road—in which, by the way, the Henry V. kiss will not go. I intend to produce English comedy. We have all the funds we need, and I have no doubt we will succeed very well. I don't know what to do about this absurd report about the kiss—of course you must deny it for me The reason I left Mr. Stevens was that his play was very poor—awfully poor—he insisted on nine and ten performances in the week, and there were other reasons That's enough for you to say isn't it?" and the dainty gaiter tapped imploringly on the floor.

"Of course," said she, "I wouldn't mind about the kiss if it didn't put me in such an absurd light. The idea of wanting to be kissed on the ear is positively dreadful. I don't know how people can imagine such things."

THE JERSEY LILY.

Mesdames Langtry and Labouchere Part Company.

The Quarrel that Led to the Separation—Society's Refusal to Recognize the Star Said to be the Principal Reason.

Globe-Democrat.

New York, December 4.—There were rumors of war yesterday, in the neighborhood of the Albemarle hotel, and also at Wallack's theater. No one knew just what was the matter, and yet every one was sure that something was the matter. It finally transpired that a deep and direful quarrel had taken place between Mrs Langtry and Mrs Labouchere. No one knew why there had been a quarrel. If any one did know he did not distribute his knowledge gratuitously. The only facts which could be ascertained, were that Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Labouchere had indulged in some very elevated and tragic language, but had refrained from taking any undue liberties with each other's hair or eyes, and that Mrs. Labouchere had subsequently picked up her possessions in several large trunks and departed suddenly, mysteriously but emphatically from the Albemarle hotel It was also stated very definitely that Mrs. Labouchere would not go to Boston with Mrs. Langtry to-morrow, but would go to Richmond, Va., to visit a friend. Where Mrs. Labouchere went to-day was not even a matter of conjecture; every one gave it up at once, and in Wallack's theater there is a great and

A GLOOMY SILENCE

in regard to all that might, could, would or should have taken place. The members of the management smiled very complacently and looked as if they had never heard of any disturbance in their lives. Two or three young men, with eye-glasses and elevated collars, inquired at the Albemarle hotel as to whether any of Mrs Langtry's hair had been pulled out, as they wanted to secure a few locks, but they went away sadly disappointed in heart and as empty handed as they came. The explanation of the quarrel was given to-night by a gentleman acquainted with both ladies, and it may be the correct one. It seems that Mrs. Langtry has been greatly exercised over the fact that she has not been received in society, and she has attributed that fact to the close association with Mrs. Labouchere. The latter lady, it will be remembered, was, before she assumed Mr. Labouchere's name, an actress in England, and the certificate of her marriage to that gentleman has not been exhibited. In addition to this, Mrs. Langtry, it is said, has been guilty of the indiscretion of accepting invitations to late suppers at Delmonico's and other places, where she and Mrs. Labouchere were the only ladies present. This has raised a storm in society circles, and Mrs. Langtry

FEELS HER POSITION KEENLY.

It is said that a determination to free herself from entanglements, in the hope of being ultimately "received," led to the quarrel with her companion. The engagement of Mrs. Langtry at Wallack's theater having been one of unusual interest, your correspondent called upon Mr Abbey this evening and asked him if he was satisfied with the result.

"I should think I ought to be," said the manager. "Mrs. Langtry has played what I believe to be the largest engagement ever played by a theatrical star in this country. Bernhardt took in more money, the total receipts for her four weeks being $86,453, while Mrs. Langtry's amount to $61,803.13 But Mdlle. Bernhardt played in Booth's theater, which is more than a third larger than Wallack's, and her prices were one third higher. I am thoroughly satisfied with the engagement To have equalled Mrs. Langtry's engagement in actual transaction, Bernhardt should have played to $120,000. The largest night's receipts were those of the first performance, when the seats and boxes were sold at auction, the total being $6,549.75. Next to this came the benefit matinee for the sufferers by the Park theatre fire, when $2,715.38 was received. The lowest receipts for any night were those of last Monday, $1,400. The largest week was the first, when $18,765.25 was taken in"

These figures were furnished by James H. Palser, Mr. Abbey's treasurer, who took the trouble to swear to them before a notary public It was generally understood that the enforcement of the new penal code would not interfere with the transportation of baggage in express wagons on Sundays. Mr. Abbey, however, was obliged to hire a number of hacks to convey the trunks of Mrs. Langtry and her company to the Grand Central depot tomorrow evening.

Opinion of Eminent Dr. E. S. Steuart,

President Maryland Hospital, Baltimore.

"* * * I HAVE used **Colden's Liebig's Liquid Extract of Beef and Tonic Invigorator** for more than a year. It combines the virtues of *food* and *tonic* in a *remarkable* way, and I am satisfied has *saved life* when *no other* medicine could do so." (Remember the name, COLDEN'S—*take no other.*)

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LANGTRY'S LOVER.

"Clean Gone on the Lily" is Mr. Fred Gebhart.

How He Followed Her to Boston—Jay Gould's Son Presents the Beauty With a $4,000 Diamond.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

New York, Dec. 6.—The young man on account of whom Mrs. Langtry quarreled with Mrs. Labouchere is beyond a doubt Fred Gebhart, a well-known society and club man. He is a handsome blonde, twenty-three years of age, and has, it is said, an income of $80,000 a year, left him by his father, who was a prominent New York merchant. His father made a great fortune in real estate in this city One half of his fortune he gave in her own right to his daughter, the beautiful Mrs. Frederick Neilson, of No. 100 Fifth avenue, a great society belle at one time, and, like her husband, a familiar figure in the lobbies of the opera and theaters on first nights. The other half was bestowed on his son, Frederick Gebhart, at the time of his minority but now turned twenty. His father had great faith in his son's ability to take care of the money he left him, and he has not been disappointed, for, notwithstanding

YOUNG GEBHART IS A FREE LIVER,

he is of an economical turn of mind. Mr. Gebhart keeps a stable of racers, owning the Pelham stable, to which belongs the crack colt Eole, said to be the best animal of her years in training in America. He also owns, with Mr. Arthur Hunter, Vampire and other well-known horses. He has frequently figured as a rider of his own horses in races for "gentlemen riders" only. He drives a four-in-hand and a tandem, and is the owner of a variety of coaches, carts and carriages. From the first appearance of "The Lily" in this city, some one of the vehicles, with fast trotters and drivers, has been at her command. His sleigh was the first in which the beauty ever rode, and his trotters were the first of America she had ever sat behind.

At the Hotel Brunswick it was said that Mr. Gebhart had gone to Boston on Sunday afternoon. Late last evening the clerks at the hostelry announced that he had not returned. His absence and his adventures were the talk of the clubs to which he belongs, including the Union Turf and Coney Island Jockey clubs. Mr. Wright Sanford, in alluding to the adventure of his friend, said that Gebhart was a good fellow and he felt sorry that he had made

SUCH A FOOL OF HIMSELF

in following Mrs. Langtry to Boston. Pierre Lorillard was somewhat reticent about the matter. He said that Gebhart had acknowledged to him that he was clean gone on the Lily, but he never supposed that he would have carried things to such an extreme as to follow her to the Hub. At midnight it was reported that Mr. Geo. K. Gould, the son of Jay Gould, made Mrs. Langtry a present of a $4,000 diamond before her departure.

Don't Die in the House.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers. 15c.

"We Sometimes Give Matinees."

Nym Crinkle tells a story of a New York minstrel, who, having a year or so ago taken unto himself a wife, was quite recently called upon to make preparations for an expected domestic event. He had to hire a nurse at a highly respectable price. One day this individual said she was going over to Jersey to see some friends, and would be back in the evening. The distinguished head of the family remonstrated. "See here," he said, "I hired you to be present when a certain event took place; suppose it happens while you are visiting your friends in Jersey?" The female, with the customary authority of wisdom of her class, told him that he knew nothing whatever of events, and especially of this kind, or he would know that they usually take place at night. Whereupon, "the end man," with equal decision of character, remarked: "But I would have you understand, madam, that in this profession we sometimes give matinees."

Valuable Suggestions to Mothers.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Long experience in care of children, and great success in bringing them safely through sickness gives confidence to assure that croup whooping-cough, bronchitis, diphtheria and all throat and chest affections will be speedily relieved and cured by using Dr. Acker's English remedy, which is exceedingly palatable, and may be safely given to the youngest infant. Adults will find it the best and most potent known specific for consumption, asthma, etc., and a single trial will prove this true.

AN OLD NURSE.

To sustain above, trial bottles may be had for ten cents from Bard & Miller Regular sizes, fifty cents and $1.

A Miner With a Big Heart.

San Francisco Call.

"After all, these Virginia City miners have big, generous hearts. The other evening one of them, who was finishing up a week's spree in 'Frisco, stepped out of the Pacific hotel after dinner, and ran against a haggard-looking, shabby-genteel woman, who was weeping on a corner. 'What's the matter, marm?' said the miner. She told him a sad story—poverty, sickness, a large family of children, nothing to do, nothing to wear. 'Is that the best frock you've got?' said the rough fellow gently. She said it was. He felt in his pocket. It contained just one $20 piece, which he had intended to devote to wine and wickedness that evening. 'Stop here a moment, marm,' and he dodged around the corner and into a dry goods store. In a few minutes he returned, and, pressing a small bundle into the poor woman's hand, disappeared with the air of a man who has done a kind action gracefully. The starving female eagerly undid the package. It contained a pair of embroidered silk stockings."

MONROE, MICH., Sept. 25, 1875,

SIRS—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. CARTER.

A Masher Taken Down a Peg.

A modest, pretty looking girl, apparently about eighteen years of age, while riding in a horse-car the other day was greatly annoyed by a well dressed young man who was determined to scrape an acquaintance with her. The masher had taken a seat by her side, although there was room enough for him to have maintained a respectable distance. He tried to engage her in conversation by asking about the residences as they rode along, but the girl, thoroughly annoyed and vexed at his familiarity, would simply give the name of the owner and relapse into silence. But the masher, nothing daunted by the curt answers, kept on with his questions. Finally they neared the fine residence which Mr. W. P. Husband purchased a few months ago on Westfield avenue, and the rude fellow, after remarking on the beauty of the place, asked the girl if she knew the owner. The girl's eyes sparkled with a mischievous twinkle and she blushed prettily as she frankly answered, "Husband owns it." The masher's face, as he tried to paddle his way out of the dilemma gracefully, was a picture to gaze at. The idea that this very young girl could have a husband evidently had never entered his head. The few passengers who had witnessed the scene enjoyed his confusion and laughed outright as he hurriedly slid from the car and started to "hoof it" up town. There is something in a name after all.—Hartford Times.

A Sharp Passage.

Virginia Enterprise.

A certain lawyer of this city, well-known for his power of repartee, had been down to Salina to try a case. Returning to the town the conductor was very impertinent in his manner because the lawyer was rather tardy in producing his ticket when called for to be punched. Somewhat ruffled, the lawyer remarked to a friend next to him: "The Southern Pacific shall never see a cent of my money after this" "Going to foot it up and down, from now on, eh?" sneered the conductor. "Oh, no," replied the lawyer, "instead of buying my ticket at the office I shall pay my fare to you."

Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

Women do not Understand Politics.

"The reason you were not elected, dear, was because you did not look at the moon over your left shoulder," said the superstitious wife of a defeated candidate for alderman to her husband.

"That's all you know about American politics. I might have got down on all-fours and looked backward between my legs at the moon for two solid hours, and it would not have done me any good. I ought to have chartered another saloon, and hired a man to stuff the ballot-box."

—Over 250,000 Howe Scale have been sold, and the demand is increasing continually. Borden, Shelleck & Co, Agts., St. Louis, Mo

Missouri for Prohibition.

Says the St. Louis Chronicle, of yesterday:

"Governor Johnson has just returned from Jefferson City, where, with the secretary of Utah, he examined the records of past legislatures with a view to determining how the vote of the house and the senate will stand on prohibition. The record of the votes heretofore cast, the governor says, proves conclusively that the house will vote in favor of submitting the question to the people; but it is difficult to decide from the present complexion of the senate what that body will do. The fact, however, that the house favors prohibition is proof that the democratic party and the people favor the measure.'

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in Constipation.

DR. J. N. ROBINSON, Medina, O, says: "I have used it in a case of indigestion and constipation with good results. In nervous prostration its results are happy."

Sukie's Husband's First Ride.

Dalton North Georgian.

Returning, fifteen miles below Decatur, Ala., a group of young men came into the already overfilled car—we had only one passenger coach now, the smoking car having broken down during the night. One of them stood near me, and at every motion of the car his eyes were fearful to behold. I asked him if he was accustomed to the train. "No," said he, "I never mounted the thing before, and if anything happens and I live I never will agin. I am only trying the thing now before I start to Missouri. But over thar, he's rid—he got married in the west—married rich and wants the rest of us to go. I am 27 years old, and have got a wife, but I didn't get her in the west, and got no money nuther. I married for love, but ouch!" the train jerked—"if this thing kills me what'll Sukie do?"

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America Send a self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. 10-11deodw&3ly

—The farmers along the river on Wolf island have the larger part of their corn gathered and in pens on the river bank, waiting for a favorable opportunity to sell. An offer of forty-five cents per bushel has been made to them for their crop. The yield is large and the quality fine.

Information Wanted

Of William Caton, formerly of Otterville, Cooper county, Mo. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by N. B. HEDGES, 11-7-w4t* Otterville, Mo.

For Sale.

A complete country printing office for sale cheap. It consists of Washington hand press, Gordon jobber, type, cases, stands, imposing stones, sticks and type in abundance. Address

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MISSOURI MATTERS.

—Bismarck is said to be more than 800 feet above St. Louis.

—The corn crop of New Madrid for the present year is estimated at 2,000,000 bushels.

—An orange tree is growing in Charleston, Mississippi county, and is now full of the fruit.

—Dunmoor Mill Co., St. James, Mo., will require 300,000 bushels of wheat to run them one year.

—The water works at Hannibal have been completed, and are said to have cost about $100 000.

—The Charleston Enterprise says: "A panther has been seen about a mile and a half north of this place several times lately.

—Two years ago there was only one grange in Nodaway county, with twenty-five members, and now there are in the county thirteen granges with a total membership of 600.

—Fifty-six bales of cotton, in transit on the Iron Mountain & Southern railway for St. Louis, were burned at Bismarck on the 25th ult., the result of a spark from the engine.

—Friday night, the 24th ult., the dwelling house of Mrs. Mattie Church, of Aurora Springs, was burned to the ground. The building and contents were insured in the Old Hartford Insurance company for $5,000.

—Two of the largest ice houses on the Mississippi river are in course of construction on the Missouri shore, a short distance above West Quincy. One is owned by A. M. Jarrett, the other by Quincy and St. Louis parties. The three houses in that vicinity now completed and in course of construction will have a capacity of 200,000 tons.

—The project of a railway from Huntsville to Higbee is beginning to assume a tangible shape. A subscription paper has been started, and J. M. Hammett and T. B. Reed have headed the list with $1,000 each. It is believed that $15,000 or $20,000 can be raised at Huntsville, and if Moniteau will raise $10,000 the road will be secured beyond question.

—Wm. J. Munson, residing about three miles west of Silver lake, Perry county, was robbed of $700, Tuesday, the 28th ult A stranger rode up to him and inquired of him if he was out purchasing cattle. An affirmative answer was given. The stranger then assured him he had a large number of cattle he desired to sell, and said he would sell them at $20 a head all round. Mr. Munson concluded to go and look at the cattle. They had not proceeded a great distance when the stranger drew forth a revolver and levelled it at Mr. Munson's head, at the same time demanding him to hold up his hands, which command he quietly obeyed. The robber searched Mr. Munson's pockets, secured the booty, and then compelled him to mount his horse and leave.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Denver Tribune.

To the countless thousands who have never seen the rare and beautiful drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin the following story of the plot will prove instructive: Uncle Tom is a white man blacked up and wearing a very bad wig to represent negro wool. He is bought by a small man with a big voice who is called St. Clair. There is a little girl named Eva, who is alleged to be in delicate health, although her physical appearance is robust; she sings sweet songs about the new Jerusalem, and wears bangs. She is the suppositious daughter of Mr. St. Clair and naturally enough gets mashed on Uncle Tom. Mr. St. Clair's wife has something the matter with her liver, and is consequently a lugubrious sort of a party to have around. There is also a Miss Ophelia, who is Eva's aunt. She has—or rather possesses—a blacked up white girl called Topsy. This Topsy is as full of deviltry as an egg is full of meat, and she also does some bad banjo playing and equally bad singing. Mr. St. Clair tries to take in ten bar-rooms in one night, and is stabbed in the lumbar regions by a bad man in furious side whiskers named Legree. Eva in the meantime has caught cold sitting in a draft and talking about the New Jerusalem, etc., with Uncle Tom. Therefore she takes to her little chestnut crib, sees angels, and to all intents and purposes dies. This makes two dead people in less than forty minutes. There is a saddle colored lady called Eliza who tries to cross a river, accompanied by her son, who happens to be a little girl dressed up in boy's clothes.

The river consists of a paper mache arrangement which is dextrously worked to and fro with a rope, by Mr. Morse, treasurer of the opera house. Eliza, who is a lightning screamer when she lets herself out, is pursued by several men in six bit wigs and two Siberian bloodhounds, imported at a great expense from Youngstown, O., and Yonkers, N. Y. In the trouble which ensues, two of the men in cheap wigs are presumably killed and Eliza and her little girl in boy's clothes get away. This makes a total of four dead people in sixty minutes. When Mr. St. Clair's estate is settled up, his negroes are sold, Uncle Tom among others, to Mr. Legree, the hardened reptile with furious side whiskers. This Mr. Legree takes Uncle Tom off to his farm and in a moment of deplorable anger knocks him down and orders him licked by two husky colored men who rush in and drag Tom across the stage. Uncle Tom concludes to die which he does in good shape. He sees Eva up among the flies of the stage scenery, quotes some scripture and then stiffens out. This makes five corpses behind the curtain. To kind of even up things, Legree is stabbed and a lawyer whose name is Marks is kicked to death by a mule—an occurrence one cannot help regretting did not transpire before the play began. The drama ends with a birds-eye view of Eva and Uncle Tom and the rest of the gang in heaven, Mr. Morse in the mean time burning a red light at the left wing, and Prof. Wolff's orchestra discoursing sad, sad music. The only creatures surviving the whole business are the bloodhounds, Lawyer Mark's mule and the spectators, which is quite a wonderful fact, so far as the spectators are concerned. It behooves every boy and girl in Denver to go to the matinee today and sleep off the effects of their Thanksgiving dinner.

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