

WOMAN'S VOICE.

Not in the sways of the summer trees, When evening breezes sing the vesper hymn— Not the minstrel's melody, or the organ's tone...

AN ATLANTA ROMANCE.

Why Mr. Porte Ran Away With Another Man's Wife and Children.

A sensational and romantic case has just been brought to light, says the New York Times, on the issuing of a warrant by Gov. Stephens on the requisition of the government of South Carolina for the arrest of H. G. Porte...

An Accident to Miss Lynch.

Chicago Inter Occident. Officer Rudolph Saunders, aspiring to desk sergeant honors, submits the following report of an accident, which, as a specimen of what the night reporter is often afflicted with, is published verbatim: "Miss Lizzie Lynch, teacher in the Wells school on Ashland avenue, almost met with a serious accident while at supper one evening...

Two Hundred Words a Minute Telegraphed.

Washington Post. Walter F. Phillips, whose system of steno-telegraphy has just been adopted by the Mutual Union Telegraph company, is rapidly perfecting an automatic system by which, in a test made Saturday over 500 miles of wire, most marvelous results were achieved...

is then run through a clock-work arrangement at any desired rate of speed, the result being taken at any station with the same inking apparatus used in steno-telegraphing.

TOBE MITCHELL'S STORY.

The Bearer of Gebhardt's Challenge Expresses Himself.

K. C. Star. Mr. Tobias Mitchell, of Central City, Col., arrived in Kansas City from the east yesterday. Mr. Mitchell formerly lived in St. Louis, where he was connected with the Globe-Democrat for many years, but has been residing in Colorado for the last year or two...

A HOT HEADED MANNER.

In fact Cunningham did not look upon the matter as serious until the following morning, when he learned that the papers had made a solemn affair of it, and he had been put in the attitude of a man who would not fight.

"COLONEL" OR "MAJOR."

and he had never claimed any record as a soldier except as a boy at the tail end of the war. These sensational accounts had been gotten up by a lot of bear-eyed and string-pulling reporters who didn't have courage enough themselves to stand up and fight a blind-folded nigger.

Beecher on Butler.

Chicago Dispatch to the Enquirer. "What do you think of Ben Butler's chances for the presidency in the contest of 1884?" was asked Henry Ward Beecher today at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER

is what you need for Consumption, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Ward & Miller.

ELLA ZOARA.

One of the Greatest Hoaxes of the World.

How a Long Faired Young Man Passed for Years as a Beauty.

Post-Dispatch.

"If you care anything for dramatic reminiscences," said a friend yesterday to a firm of the Post-Dispatch, "I can take you to a man who probably has more curious relics and old-time information than any one in these parts."

Under the word of command the march was taken up and ended in a little pigeon-hole of a place on Fourth street, near Locust, where the Antonio Brothers dispense the restaurant necessities of life.

It took some time to thaw the professor out, but that art accomplished he produced two large books, containing a lot of old and highly valuable show bills, reaching back to the commencement of the present century, and a great lot of once-conventional certificates of character and accomplishments that managers were supposed to furnish to the stars they engaged.

"My father," said the son of Diavolo, "was a native of Turin, Italy, and began his wonderful career when quite young. He died here in this city only a few years ago at the age of seventy-three, but I can tell you that in his prime, and I'll prove it to you, he enjoyed the patronage of the various crowned heads of Europe, and was on terms of personal friendship with such men as Charles Kemble and Sheridan Knowles."

The reporter found that it announced the appearance of Signor Antonio "by command of His Royal Highness, the Duke of York" at the Royal Theater in London. The Signor is styled the wonder of the world, then comes an outline of his performances on the slack rope. These were followed by a melodrama entitled, "The Miller and His Men," gymnastic exercises by a Venetian, and the performance closing with the then popular Haymarket comedy of "The Landlady's Gown."

"Here is another old programme," said the Signor, "bearing date of 1827, Theater Royal at Dublin. The performance opened with the opera of Freischutz, was followed by the Antonio specialties and closed with 'The Spectre Bridgroom.' But look at this for a bill. Only the old-timers will appreciate the talent here, but I can assure you it was immense. You see it bears date of May 9, 1828, at the Covent Garden in London. The play was 'As You Like It,' and the entertainment was for the benefit of Mr. Young. Of course he took the role of Jacques, Charles Kemble was Orlando, Barclay was Adam, and the great Miss Vestries was Rosalind. I don't know whether she is dead or alive, but I heard recently that she is now teaching dancing lessons in London. It may be so, but she must be considerably over seventy. Here's another bit of interest connected with this bill. You see they interlarded a lot of specialty business. The comedy was followed by the old farce of 'The Devil to Pay,' and the evening closed with an olio of songs and dances. Paroloe is now famous in this country as an exponent of the Chinese character. Here you have his father executing a Chinese Dance according to this programme, over half a century ago. You don't often find these peculiar instincts hereditary on the stage, but here is an interesting illustration. E. J. Parsloe was the old gentleman's name—quite a feature in his day."

Turning over the assortment of old play bills, the Signor suddenly paused with a reverential air and said, as he held up an old paper programme, "Look at this for a castle!" It was a bill of the Chestnut Street, Philadelphia Theater, date of January 15, 1843, as near forty years ago as can be computed. The play was "The Hunchback." Its author, and the greatest playwright since the days of Sheridan, James Sheridan Knowles, appeared as Master Walter; James E. Murdock, then in his prime and a member of the Chestnut Street Stock Company, took the role of Sir Thomas Clifford; Emma Wheatley, was Julia, Mrs. Robotham was Helen, and her husband was Master Mordus. "Talk of your Langtrys and your stage beauties," fervently exclaimed Antonio, "I don't believe that modern drama ever produced a more perfectly lovely woman than Mrs. Robotham. Notice another peculiarity about this bill. The 'Hunchback' is a long drama in itself, but you see by this bill that it was followed by a performance by Younger than the 'Keyed Serpent,' whatever that may be, then by

the Antonio specialties, and concluded with the farce of "My Uncle John," or "The Cashmere Shawl." Here is another. It is Drury Lane, March 4, 1826. It gives the drama of "Faustus," in three acts, the olio of the 'Antonios' and concludes with the entire opera of 'Freischutz.' You see that the theater-going public got the worth of its money in those old days. I can remember well when the gallery gods at the Bowery would have torn down the building if the performance didn't run till midnight, and to accommodate their prejudice the management resorted to all sorts of farces and interludes. In those days there were no street cars, and a visit to the theater was looked upon as nearly an all-night job. But all this has been changed, and possibly for the best. 'The Hunchback' or 'As You Like It' is certainly enough for a person to digest in the course of an evening and yet have a Christian time."

"What do you find from a look at those old bills?" continued the Signor. "Why, you find that the stage has woefully degenerated. Glance at that 'Hunchback' cast at the Chestnut—all trained artists, capable of almost anything in the dramatic line at a moment's notice. None of this scrub business you see to-day. Because a fellow could sing a song or dance a dance or recite a few lines of Shakespeare acceptably, he didn't regard himself as a star. Now you have as many stars on earth as there are in heaven, and most of them look about as well to the observer. All a mistake, sir, all a mistake. I don't suppose the old stock company system could be applied to the whole United States to-day under the changed condition of dramatic business; but it should be kept alive in the large cities. The esprit du corps is gone, it seems to me. Tastes have become maxwisk and depraved. Under the old regime, when the great Fannie Elsler came, prejudice compelled her to appear and dance in dresses reaching to her ankles and even then the ladies would put their handkerchiefs to their faces to hide their blushes. Nowadays the handkerchief is dropped altogether, and the ladies growl if the premier danseuse is encumbered with more than a short skirt. Everything caters to the spectacular, and the purity of stage art is gone." Here the Signor heaved a sigh from the sole of his boots. The book containing the certificates was then produced. It contains over a hundred famous autographic letters from the secretaries of royalty, the Lord Mayors of London, and various dignitaries of Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

"Here," said the Signor, "are two of special interest. They certainly were. One was an effusive letter of commendation, in the clear running hand of Sheridan Knowles, and another, a brief, but emphatic testimonial to Il Diavolo in the cramped and irregular cigraphy of Charles Kemble. Another of value was a hearty endorsement of the performance of 'Antonio,' written by Wm Wood. At the time it was penned, he was, in a confidential capacity, acting for Queen Caroline, and served later as counsel for the Queen when that brutal old hog, George IV., had her tried for an alleged fall from domestic grace. 'Of course she was acquitted,' remarked the Signor, "because no first-class gentleman would compromise a queen in his testimony, and farther, because the action brought was generally thought to be heartless and groundless. It was a speech of this man Wood that settled the question. He was a great attorney in his day."

"Before you go," said the Signor, "let me show you a curiosity." He went to an old drawer and fished up a shop worn photograph. The outlines were visible enough, but the features were very indistinct. It was a woman, with dark eyes and long curls, and supportably regular features.

"Any special points about this?" queried the reporter.

"Well, rather. That is a picture of the famous Ella Zoara, who created as much excitement in this country and Europe in her day as Patti is creating now, and the beauty of it was that the entire fabric of her fortune was built on the most gigantic foundation of fraud. Remember S. Q. Stokes, the circus man? He used to run the Stokes Amphitheater on Olive street between Third and Fourth. One day when he was in New Orleans he ran across a remarkably handsome Creole boy with hair half way down his back. His name was Omar and his age about eight years. Somehow Stokes saw a future and a fortune in the boy. He made terms with him and brought him to St. Louis and put him in training for a bareback rider and acrobat. He was beautifully proportioned and concluded to make a woman of him. Nobody knew the secret. The natural long hair was a chief feature of the deception. I found out the hoax by the merest accident, while training the youngster, but Stokes put me under bonds to keep my mouth shut, and I did. It was not long before Ella Zoara became famous. Her performance on horse-

back were marvelous. She electrified St. Louis and Stokes then took her East. It was—let me see—in the spring of 1852 when she appeared here. Her triumphs in the East were even more pronounced, and her salary grew to be prodigious. Finally Stokes decided on a European tour with his bonanza.

He visited London, Paris, St. Petersburg, in fact all the great capitals of Europe, paid Zoara \$500 a night and coined money for himself. On all her travels she was accompanied by her waiting maids, and observed the most womanly propriety in all her actions. I knew it to be a fact that even her waiting-women knew nothing of the hoax till years afterwards. Stokes kept his card abroad for over eight years, and the greatest turore reigned all through the social circles of the capital. Talk of masquerades! Why, when Zoara came back he showed me a huge box filled with pearls, diamond crosses, necklaces, rings and trophies of every description in the jewelry line which had been lavished upon her by the nobility. One Russian count had it especially bad. He followed Zoara from one point to another, just as Freddie is following the Lilly, and showered upon her the most costly gifts. If I remember correctly the secret first got out in Paris while Zoara was playing a return engagement, and by the time Stokes brought him back to Niblo's the gender of his big card had become a widespread joke on Europe. Not long after that he married a sister of Bob Stickney's, the circus man, and he died about a year ago somewhere in South America. All things considered, I suppose this was the most lucrative and the best prolonged hoax on record.

A PAIR OF GARTERS

The Experience of a Young Man Who Did a Woman's Shopping--Rescued by a Stroke Genius.

Boston Globe.

A sad-eyed, intellectual young man walked into the proof reader's den and respectfully removed his hat, evidently under the impression that he had found the editorial room. The mistake was quite natural, as the proof reader himself is frequently unable to distinguish the difference.

"Did you ever go shopping for women?" inquired the young man.

The inhabitant of the den assumed a severe look, and replied that in early life he went courting for a woman successfully; but if the young man wanted information in any other line he'd better tackle the gilded youth who reported sermons and ran to fires. That was how the sad-eyed young man came to be sitting on the window sill and telling his story to the office boy, who is the only gentleman of elegant leisure about the place, when the staff returned from lunch. "You see, my landlady takes a motherly interest in me, and talks to me just as she would to her own son. You may think this is very flattering to me, but I assure you it has its disadvantages. The other morning my landlady told me she lost one of her garters coming home from a concert the evening before, and asked me to get her a pair on my way down town. I thoughtlessly consented. As I came down the street I thought I would go into White's, but somehow or other the store had a forbidding aspect when I reached it, and I passed it by and began to whistle to keep up my courage. When I got along by Jordan & Marsh's I was for making a bold break through the door, but the place was full of people who just seemed to be waiting for me to come in and ask for garters so they could laugh at me. I weakened and kept on down town. Finally I sneaked around a corner, and when nobody was looking I furtively slid into the door of a small shop that seemed to present possibilities of garters, judging from the decorations of the windows.

Of course I bolted for the counter nearest the door, and told the young lady that I wanted a pair of garters. "We don't keep gent's furnishing's," she replied. I said I wanted them for a lady, and she rejoined in her best "cash, here, tone of voice, "next to the last counter on the other side," while she gazed abstractedly out of the window. I was the only customer in store, and all the clerks were young ladies; but I braced up and set out on what seemed to me my interminable journey to the other end of the apartment. "Did you ever see a railroad track on a prairie?"

The word "prairie" aroused the office boy from his apathy, and he listened to the remainder of the sad young man's tale with deep interest, expecting to hear something about "Rattlesnake Dick, or the Pawnee's last Scalp." He allowed that he was intimate with prairie life in general, but regarded railroads as effete institutions and utterly out of place on a prairie, except as offering certain opportunities for outlaws to distinguish themselves as train robbers.

"Well, that store looked like the

prospective of a prairie railroad," resumed the sad young man. "I thought I never would reach the vanishing point with all those girls looking at me. My footfalls sounded like the tramp of a horse, and when I tried to glide along easily I scuffled frightfully, and attracted attention by catching a splinter in the sole of my boot and ripping up enough of the floor to justify the suspicion that I was stealing kindling. I tried to get my bearings by the lithographs on the walls, picturing all sorts of feminine harness in active service. As the lithographs began to grow more interesting, I concluded that I was about in the latitude of garters, and halted at a counter presided over by a young woman with a mischievous eye. That's where I got into trouble. I felt my face getting red, but I firmly asked for a pair of garters, expecting her to hand them out forthwith. 'What kind, please?' said she, in the most insinuating manner.

"Oh something pretty good," I replied, painfully conscious that my ears were blazing red.

"But what style do you want?" she rejoined, evidently glazing over my misery. Then it flashed upon me that there might be a hundred styles, and how was I to know what kind my landlady wore? My first impulse was to escape, but the door was too far away, and, besides, my errand seemed to have been telegraphed to every one of the girls, all of whom were eyeing me. One of them suddenly discovered that the counter needed dusting, and there she was right where she could hear everything I said. I asked what styles were generally called for, and the young lady began describing them with a minuteness that only increased my embarrassment. There was the circular kind, she said, and the suspender garter attached to a waist belt, and another kind that fastened to the side of the corset, and then she took down a lithograph showing the manner of wearing that kind of harness. I was in a worse fix than ever, and I mentally swore I'd do no more errands for a woman. Here she was explaining all this toggery and being aying tackle, and expecting me to know what kind of standing rigging my landlady was fitted out with. I looked at her in an appealing way, but she wouldn't help me out, and then an inspiration of genius came to me. "What kind would you be most likely to lose off in the street?" I asked in my most innocent tone. That girl with the duster must have thought of something funny just then, for she began laughing immoderately, and when I went out with a pair of circular elastics in my pocket I felt that every girl in the store was making fun of me, but I didn't dare to look around. The next time I go shopping for a woman I will do it by telephone."

The Steady Diet of a Boston Man.

Boston Herald. A waiter was asked if he ever knew any one to perform a similar feat to Walcott's? "Not exactly; but there is a man who has been eating beefsteak and griddled sweet potatoes right along for nearly three months."

A Boston Fire Escape.

Capt. Knight, of Hose 8, is at work upon a novel fire escape, intended for use on hook and ladder trucks. The following is a brief description of the apparatus: From each corner of the top of the truck used is placed a five-inch round pole nine and a half feet long; stretched across is stout canvas, which, when the poles are set, will be about eight feet above the top of the truck. Above the canvas is placed a very stout netting, which, when any one jumps in, will give, letting the body down easily on the canvas. At each of the four corners will be placed a chute, through which anybody may slide to the ground. This escape when set will reach to the second story of many buildings. When not in use it may be rolled up on the hat bridge and the corner poles placed on the side of the truck.—Boston Globe.

Wrapping Paper!

A Grades and Sizes

Printed Plain,

Eastern Prices,

With Freight Added.

209 OHIO ST.,

SEDALLA, MO.