PUBLIC LEDGER.

City Official Journal. LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION. Fifteen Cents Per Week

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PUBLIC LEDGER.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER IS PUBLISHED every afternoon (except Sunday) at No. 13 Madison street.

The Public Ledger is served to city subscribers by faithful carriers at FIFTEEN CENTS PER WEEK, payable weekly to the carriers. By mail (in advance): One year, $8; six months, $4; three months, $2; one month, 75 cents.

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E. WHITMORE, Publisher and Proprietor.

A BLONDE MYSTERY.

Strange Conduct of a Beautiful Young Lady—Literature, Grief, Seduction and Shame.

A New York "Brunette Mystery," which has been going the rounds of the press, has stirred up the envy of St. Louis, and that enterprising little city trots out its "Blonde Mystery" as follows. We hope the mystery, to use the language of the Journal, will be "unsolved" immediately:

Not long ago a young lady presented herself to the editor of the Fireside Weekly, and announced her desire to become a contributor to that periodical. She was most prepossessing in her personal appearance, and her conversation evinced a thorough acquaintance with literature and the fine arts. She was a blonde, and the editor of the Weekly could not refrain from remarking that she had beautiful golden hair. Her eyes were sunny blue, and her complexion as fair as the noonday sky. She was apparently about eighteen years of age. The story she told was peculiarly interesting, inasmuch as it was an instance of parental tyranny and oppression, and filial insubordination and rebellion. The girl said she was the daughter of respectable and wealthy parents, who reside on Sixth street, near the Mutual Building. She had received every educational advantage, and was not only proficient in the solid fundamental branches, but had also acquired a good acquaintance with French, Italian, and German. From quite an early age she had evinced a fondness for literature, and had, while a mere child, resolved to become an author. She had accordingly pursued a course of study and reading with a view to following this profession. She has been in the habit of devoting a certain amount of time daily to gratify her literary penchant, and had written many very acceptable articles and sketches, which had been published in various magazines and newspapers. Her parents, it seemed, had taken a strong dislike to her modus operandi. It was their intention to marry their daughter to some plain, practical fellow; and her exalted notions grieved them sore. They at first argued and reasoned with her, but finding this of no avail, they betook themselves to force, and had her locked up for days at a time in her chamber, where she could not have recourse to her pen and books. All of this was very distasteful to the girl. Her mind was made up, and

SHE WOULD FOLLOW THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

So she finally promised to comply with her parents' wishes, and was released from durance vile. Her labors were from that time conducted unbeknown to her pops and mamma.

She would sit up all night and work, and send the results of her midnight toil to New York papers. She now come to the editor of the Weekly for advice. Would he not help her—at least, give her the friendly advice she so much craved? She produced a story she had written, and asked if it could be published in the Weekly. The gentleman told her to call the next day, and he would converse with her. So the girl left the office feeling somewhat encouraged. The story proved to be an excellent one, and was published in a subsequent Weekly.

The young lady did not return at the appointed time, and the editor concluded that she had decided not to come. In the course of a fortnight, however, she made her appearance and said:

SHE WAS IN GREAT TROUBLE.

Her parents had discovered her subterfuge and were very indignant. They had locked her up in her room and she had only that day been released. She had decided to leave the city. She was going to New York, where she opined she could obtain employment from one of the periodicals. She desired to write occasionally for the Weekly, and stated that if the editor wished at any time to communicate with her, he might address a letter to her friend, Miss ——, and it would be forwarded to her. From that day to this the young lady has not been seen nor heard from by her friends. Her parents are in great tribulation and offer a handsome reward for her recovery. These facts are known—she is still in the city, she dresses in black, and has her beautiful auburn hair dyed a somber black. The detectives are trying to ferret out her whereabouts, and will allow no opportunity to slip whereby they can solve the mystery. It has been hinted, and by her parents, too, we believe, that there is a darker mystery, a sadder truth behind this all—seduction. She is supplied with money from an unknown source. It is feared she has yielded to temptation and has hidden herself from the world to cover her shame.

Two hundred and eighty-five employes in the railroad shops at Sacramento have been discharged since the election.

Arrival of M'me Nilsson and Her Company and the Italian Tragedian, Salvini.

The Cunard steamship Cuba brought to our shores on Wednesday morning the queen of the lyric stage, M'me Christine Nilsson, the Swedish nightingale, who a couple of seasons past, restored and rescued from utter oblivion the sinking fortunes of Italian opera. The fair songstress and her husband, M. Rouzaud, have taken up their abode for the present at the Clarendon Hotel, and, notwithstanding the fatigue consequent upon her voyage, M'me Nilsson appears to be in the best of health and spirits, and expresses herself well pleased to meet once more and for the last time her dear friends, the New York public. Shortly before her departure from Europe she paid a visit to Switzerland with some friends. While sailing on Lake Geneva in a yacht belonging to an English lady of distinction, a sudden squall arose, and with the utmost difficulty the vessel was piloted into a safe harbor. The Diva was drenched with the spray and rain, and for sometime she gave up all hope of revisiting America or even reaching the steep banks of the lake. She speaks enthusiastically of the warmth and devotions of the Russians during her last season in St. Petersburg. This is to be her last season and her final farewell to the stage. The steamship Europe, which arrived last evening, brought the following members of the Strakosch Italian Opera Company, selected to support Nilsson during her coming season at the Academy: Mlle. Ostavo Torriani, Mlle. Maresi, and Messrs. Champanini, Capoul, Maurel, Del Puente, and Nannetti. Ville, Bronfratelli, and Fiorini are expected on the next steamer. On the Europe were twenty chorus singers, brought over by Mr. Strakosch from London to join the body of forty vocalists he has engaged here.

By the same vessel arrived the celebrated Italian tragedian, Salvini, and his entire company, numbering forty persons. The great interpreter of Alfieri and Shakspeare was welcomed on his arrival by a delegation of New Yorkers on the steamer William Fletcher, who went down to the Lower Bay to meet him. Cheers, enthusiasm, and a joyful greeting were in order last evening around the huge ship that bore safely across the Atlantic such a precious cargo of art. The voyage was a pleasant one, as the Italians said that the sea was "come un lago."

Confidence a la Mode.

From the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times.]

Two scoundrels "raised" a $20 bill from the breeches pocket of an old and hardworking colored man at the Union Passenger Depot, Saturday night, in this way: Thief No. 1 approaches thief No. 2 and plies him to buy his "stock;" a bargain is struck; but No. 2 has nothing but gold to pay with, and demands a premium on it; No. 1 refuses to deduct the premium. The wrangle grows loud, and attracts the attention of a colored man who was standing near. No. 2 turns to the colored man and says: "Please let me have $20 and keep this as security. I don't want this fellow to cheat me out of this premium."

Colored man—"I might do it, sir, but I'm just starting on this train for Yellow Springs."

No. 2—"Oh, that's all right; you get off at the same station I do. I'll be on the cars, and we'll change. Mind now, keep the gold; I want it back, and will give you greens for it on the train."

With this a villainous piece of brass was passed by No. 2 to the old man, and the former quietly folded the $20 just as his victim boarded the train. Once on board, he looked for his stock buyer, but he was not to be seen. The wretched dupe went through the train with the conductor, bewailing his loss, but no man answering to the description of the thief could be found. And so a poor old negro lost his entire savings from months of hard toil, and goes sick and broken from home. The only description the negro could give of the rascals that fleeced him, was that No. 2 was an old man and his pal a young man. Both were flashily dressed. The old cuss wore a long beard and a flashy chain.

Death of Prince Esterhazy.

From the New York Evening Post.]

Prince Nicolas Paul Charles Esterhazy de Galantha, whose death is to-day reported, was born June 25th, 1817, and is consequently fifty-six years of age.

He succeeded his father May 21, 1866, upon the death of that celebrated and somewhat eccentric collector of diamonds, who, in the manner of a Shah, used to button his coat with the finest rubies in the world, and decorate his orders, which were many, with the most flawless old-mine brilliants.

The family is one of the oldest in Hungary, and traces its origin to the tenth century, though genealogical critics find no evidence of its existence until the thirteenth. The Esterhazys (or Esterhazys) were made Princes of the Empire of Austria in 1622, or thereabouts—that is to say, very soon after becoming Counts of Frakno.

The prince, just dead, may be said to have been the largest landholder in Imperial Austria, his possessions, comprising manors, castles, villages and estates, numbered by hundreds in Hungary, besides two manors in Lower Austria, one in Baden and one in Bavaria. His central establishment in Hungary was at Eisenstadt, where he had one of the finest palaces in Europe, with a park stocked with four hundred orange trees and almost every other species of exotic. On the north of the town were the princely zoological gardens established by the Esterhazy.

A Des Moines county farmer recently bought a new-fangled harvesting machine, thinking he would make quite a saving in the matter of wages during the harvest. On the day following the purchase he sent his eldest son out with the machine to experiment upon the wheat crop. In a few hours afterward the old gent moved upon the scene of conflict, and found his son upon the top of a telegraph pole, over forty rods of stone fence cut, bound and stacked in the most approved manner, while in the distance the horses and infernal machine were seen making for a grove of timber.

The Nathan mansion, which has stood vacant ever since the mysterious murder, will probably be sold at auction, as it seems impossible to obtain a desirable tenant. The owners complain that the constant revival of the tragedy by the arrest of suspected or self-proclaimed assassins has nearly ruined the property.

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