Iowa County Democrat

MINERAL POINT, WIS.

IN HER BATHING SUIT.

JAMES B. TOWNSEND, IN LIFE.

She wears the daintiest of clothes,
The most bewitching style of hat,
She always has a troop of beaus
Who ne'er can find out what's she at;
She's always bright and fond of fun,
And you should hear her play the flute;
But oh, ye gods, what have I done?—
I've seen her in her bathing suit!

I scarce had met this charmer fair
When I, a captive at her feet,
Determined to do all and dare
To win this maid of all most sweet.
I waited on her morn and noon,
I brought her offerings, flowers, fruit;
But, oh, ye gods, what have I done?—
I've seen her in her bathing suit!

I thought her something half divine,
Too fair, too sweet for this cold sphere;
In dreams I dared to call her mine.
Then waked to shed a hopeless tear,
Now paled my star, eclipsed my sun,
Faded my love, romance to boot.
For, oh, ye gods, what have I done?—
I've seen her in her bathing suit!

L'ENVOI.

My earnest suit was scarce begun,
Cupid had hardly aimed to shoot,
When, oh, ye gods, what could be done?—
I saw her in her bathing suit!

Oh, read this letter as ye run,
Ye youth's whom Cupid e'er does shoot;
If ever a maiden would be won,
Don't view her in her bathing suit.

THE TWO COUNTS.

Scene—a watering place on Grapnel Beach. The lights from the great "Governor House" stream down even into the water that comes swelling up, swelling up with a short, musical rythm. All back of the white-capped waves that are rolling in, is one dark gleam; but the moon lifts her silver horn—a white line streaks the water—the brilliant galaxy of stars—but hold! I should speak of other stars—the living beauties at the "Governor House" on Grapnel Beach.

The hotel was illuminated from top to base. Inside all was festivity and joyful hum. Nursery maids in platoons were marching up the stairs with babies' faces laying over their shoulders. Babies and maids were almost tired out. Musical instruments were being tuned furiously. Now a natural G would hop out, anon a guttural flat somewhere down in the vicinity of a trombone's deepest bass, and then would some squeaking a row of fine fiddle tones, the whole being suggestive of spirited hops and small flirtations.

The "dear, delightful" men stood about in groups, come pursuing the dignified employment of sucking their cane-tops, others admiring the respective neckties of their neighbors and their own, all of them looking with eager eyes over to the place where their beauties were expected to meet them.

The dancing had fairly begun—all was fun and frolic. The young baboons—I beg pardon, I meant men—slipped out between the dances to imbibe their brandies and flavor their precious breaths with odoriferous tobacco, and the young nimshies—pardon again, I mean ladies—flirted with the sentimental Augustuses and the moonstruck Toms, to their heart's content.

Out upon the balcony, with their arms lovingly about each other's waists, stood two young girls, or rather two clouds of muslin gauze and laces, with wax-like faces and flax-like hair on top.

"Where is John, Lettie?" asked one of them, playing with the long ringlets of her friend.

"Don't know, dear; haven't seen him for an hour or more. O Minnie! do you think there is really a live count coming to Grapnel? Do you think so?"

"They say it is true," replied the other; "all the girls are dying to see him. You know that plain little thing?"

"Certainly, dear."

"Well! don't you think she affected to care nothing about the rumor; positive 'she shouldn't care for all the counts' she said—'would think no more of a count than a good Yankee farmer, unless he behaved as well.' Did you ever hear of such nonsense, dear?"

"Never; I'm sure I should die contented if I could promenade with a real count, and as to waltzing with him, O Lettie dear! wouldn't it be heavenly?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lettie. "For my part I am determined he shall notice me. I do hope that forlorn John Gordon won't follow me about everywhere."

"John Gordon is rich, remember, dear, and everybody is jealous of his attention to you. Besides, he's handsome, and I do believe he loves you."

"Oh, yes! there's no doubt but what he loves me—but mercy! what is John by the side of a count? O Minnie! I have such feelings sometimes. I do believe I was born to be a great personage, somewhere. I don't like this dull American life, where one has to notice everybody. How delightful it would be now to say on every side 'my lord.' Oh isn't it noble? isn't it grand?"

"Yes, dear, but isn't the dew falling? Hadn't we better go in?"

So they went in. And the trombones groaned, the fiddles squeaked, the flutes made charming music, and there was a sound as if the great hotel was keeping in a periodical shake, and even the ocean was dancing.

"Well, Hallet, wasn't that talk delightful now?"

"Wasn't it rich, 'By George! the little swells. Is there a count coming?'"

"Coming! there's one here, been here these two days, but the girls don't know it. He's a gentleman, too, and no mistake—that plain, grave man in a black suit—looks like an American citizen more than anything else. He's incog; wants to study manners here at our feeding places."

"Ah! so that is a count! Well, I must say he's a fine looking fellow. He's paid considerable attention to that Miss Jennie Phillips, whom Lettie Grovellen called that plain little thing. I presume she meant by that plain dressing, as she has one of the sweetest faces I ever saw."

"Hallet, did you see those two foreign fellows seated on the bench by one of the lower doors, this evening?" asked John Gordon.

"Yes; they are organ grinders. They are going to stay here to-night, so one of them told me—quite an intelligent fellow."

"Will it pay, think you, to have some sport with them?" asked John Gordon.

"I think I take," cried Hallet, with a heavy laugh. "I'll put an X in, and a V on that, for the sake of that fun."

"Come on, then; we shall find them somewhere."

The organ grinders were in company. They were Italians, brothers, men with fine eyes and full beards, long noses and ragged clothes. They could talk just a little English, and understood more. When found they were closing a bargain with one of the servants to play for them in the great kitchen, but when John Gordon called them aside and made them a tempting offer, they, with many grimaces and shrugs, pleaded an engagement to the people below stairs.

"If you manage it well, we'll give you fifteen dollars apiece, and you shall have our tickets for the grand supper to-night."

"Ya'as!" said the delighted foreigners, their eyes sparkling.

Hallet laid down the programme. John Gordon went down to secure the organs in case they should take a rover's fancy in their new broadcloth, and to prepare their wardrobes.

The fellows dressed quickly. They looked like gentlemen. As to the use of lorgnettes, finger-rings and perfumed handkerchiefs, they needed no instruction. An intuitive grace made them very conspicuous. John Gordon walked toward Hallet with an air that said, "They beat us at our own game; they are really handsome fellows!"

"Let the lions loose," said Hallet, "they have their cue," and accordingly the lions walked down stairs with an exceedingly great swell. John Gordon and Hallet watched them and said to each other "it was capitally done."

Their incoming caused a sensation. Decidedly they were the finest and most distinguished looking men in the room.

Here and there, carelessly, Gordon and Hallet let drop a hint. It made a ripple—the ripple spread and broke into a thousand lines. A whisper surged from one end of the room to the other—two counts! Two counts! live ones, handsome, with an air of *distingue*. Some of the ladies did all but faint. Some of them smiled quietly, quietly elevated their glasses, and—wished the counts would only smile on them. The counts did smile—first here and then there. Presently John Gordon and Hallet appeared. Ah, they were immensely delighted! What shaking of hands!

"They know them," whispered Lettie Grovellen, with a smile of ecstacy. "Now we shall be introduced."

So they were; so were others. But the two friends, Lettie and Minnie evidently made an impreision. Actually they were promenading around the hall—each leaning on the arm of a count! How modest and quiet each tried to appear! How their hearts beat, and the blood surged to their silly brains with triumph! The poor little muslin clouds with waxen faces atop.

"Will you walk on ze balcone, miss?" asked the elder, in worse English than we can write.

"Oh, with pleasure! with delight!" exclaimed Lettie.

She would have given exactly the same answer if he had asked her to go to Kamschatka. They walked out there to the extreme envy of every lady but a very few who had happened to be born with common sense, an endowment more rare than genius.

"I like you very much," said Lettie's count. "I so rich in my own countrie! Tese diamongs come from my eztate; zey's very bootful diamongs. I have so large houses and so large gold! all so large as you never ze in zis countrie."

Lettie's heart beat almost to suffocation—the little fool!

"Efe I could only get one wife, so handsoome as you, I should be perfectly zublime!"

Lettie hung heavily upon his arm. Meanwhile the other count was going through the same farce in a perfect agony of mutilated Saxon.

"Zspose I did azk you to be my one leetle wife—you zay no?"

"I think I should not," replied Lettie, in a voice as soft as a zephyr: "if papa is willing, and I know he would be."

"Ah! I now be charming, zublime!"

"How delicate," thought Lettie. "He does not even attempt to kiss me though he might as well as not."

Didn't her eyes shine brighter than the count's diamonds when they reentered the hall? Wasn't the bloom of her face most brilliant? Couldn't everybody see that she was as good as married to the count? The same remarks will apply to Miss Minnie.

They leaned so closely against the coat sleeves of their foreign attaches! They looked up into their faces with such a bewitching confidence.

"Isn't it most time?" asked John Gordon, with an appalling wink.

"I should think so," replied Hallet, as he felt for his watch—but the count had it.

John Gordon and Hallet disappeared with elongated faces that shortened as they found themselves alone. Presently they entered the hall again, followed by two stout servants, each bearing a hand-organ. Up they marched, to the consternation of the company, directly toward the two counts.

Confusion!

"Here's a shilling for you," said John Gordon, roughly, to Lettie's escort; "give us 'Still so gently.' Do your best, now."

With a bow and a grin, the count loosened a white arm from his own, and doffing the green baize, he took the shilling, buckled on the hand organ, and set up a squeak.

For a moment, as the two fellows ground away, bobbing and grinning, there was a strange silence. The company "took," and such a yell (not fashionable, by any means), went up as was never heard from such a polite assembly before.

Lettie stood a moment, red, mortified, confounded! So did Minnie. But presently one muslin cloud fainted away, and the other made her exit by some more desirable means.

The real count enjoyed the lesson as well as the rest. But let it be remarked, en passant, that Lettie and Minnie were types of more than two-thirds of the fashionable belles at Grapnel, and that the pretended counts were perhaps more honest, and certainly more industrious, than the fops who laughed at them.

GOLD BY THE TON.

The Precious Metal in Lumps as Heavy as a Strong Man Can Lift.

From the Amador Dispatch.

One of the richest strikes known in the mining history of California was made three miles south of this place last Saturday. A pocket of quartz of almost unparalelled richness was found less than one hundred feet from the surface, in which was contained from $75,000 to $100,000, and about two tons in quantity. Much of this might be termed chuncks of gold instead of gold-bearing quartz. Some of these pieces of solid gold were about as heavy as a man could lift from the ground. The largest piece was an oval, sixteen by twenty-two inches, and six or seven inches thick. This gold is almost black and of the same character as the former rich strikes found in the same mine. We have no doubt that this is the richest find of gold ever known in the United States at one time.

During Friday a ton of this gold freighted metal was taken out. It is not so rich as the gold streak taken out some time ago, but there is vastly more of it. The value of this bonanza is estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000. The ledge is five feet wide, and the whole face of it was held together, as it were, by spikes of solid gold. Although 3,000 pounds have been taken from this bunch of ore, and the end is not yet. The very rich streak from which this mass of tree gold has been taken ranges from an inch or so up to twenty inches in width. The previous seam varied from the thickness of a knife blade to three inches.

An Early Marriage.

Notes and Queries.

Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of William, first Earl Cadogan, was married at the age of 13 to Charles, second Duke of Richmond, aged 18. It is said that this marriage was a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between their parents, Lady Sarah being a coheiress. The young Lord March was brought from college and the little lady from her nursery for the ceremony, which took place at The Hague. The bride was amazed and silent, but the husband exclaimed: "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy!" Married, however, he was, and his tutor then took him off to the continent and the bride went back to her mother. Three years after Lord March returned from his travels, but, having such a disagreeable recollection of his wife, was in no hurry to join her and went the first evening to the theatre. There he saw a lady so beautiful that he asked who she was. "The reigning toast—Lady March," was the answer he got. He hastened to claim her, and their life-long affection for each other is much commented upon by contemporaneous writers—indeed, it was said that the duchess, who only survived a year, died of grief.

ROBBERS NABBED.

Capture of the Men Who Robbed Secretary Teller's Daughter.

A St. Paul dispatch gives the following account of a clever capture:

To-day David Staples and Michael Lanahan were locked up in the city hall by Detective Walsh, charged with stealing the trunks belonging to a daughter of Secretary of the Interior Teller, while the latter was on an excursion trip over the Northern Pacific road, September 8. At that time great excitement was caused by the loss of the property, which was valued at $3,000, including $600 in cash. The trunks were in the rear end of a sleeper on the excursion train, and between Bismarck and Livingston they were taken off. The officers at Livingston, Sheriff Alex. McKenzie, of Bismarck, and the officers of the Northern Pacific have since been working up the case. Capt. Breset and Detective Walsh have been in communication with these gentlemen for some weeks past. The officers along the line of the Northern Pacific found the trunks and a portion of their contents, and also discovered evidence implicating Staples and Lanahan in the robbery. Friday last they telegraphed to St. Paul, and Messrs. Breset and Walsh started out to hunt the men up. As it was known they had been in the city at a saloon on Seventh street, the proprietor was warned that one of them was going to shoot him as he has cause for fear. He told the police that the men had gone to Stillwater. A warrant was sworn out in the municipal court on this and the papers were received from Bismarck. On Monday night Sergeant Walsh went to Stillwater to find the men and after a long search found one in a gambling house and one in front of a hotel. Staples is of a good family in Stillwater, and the detective feared that he could not get the men away from that town if he waited until morning, as he was urged to do. He accordingly hired a team and drove in the rain with them from Stillwater to St. Paul. The men, when first told what they were charged with, said they would go to Bismarck without requisition papers, but after declined to go for some reason. To-day was sworn out an additional warrant in the municipal court by the attorney of the road.

The first clue to the parties was obtained from a variety actress in Montana, who displayed a fine fan and handkerchief which had Miss Teller's name on it.

Deserted Farms in Vermont.

Rutland Herald.

Vermont fairs show better butter and cheese, better cattle and sheep than they did forty years ago, but the farmers' teams do not stand for as good horse-stock as they did then; there are fewer farms we suspect in Vermont: there are as many deserted farms and decayed towns in Southern Vermont to-day as there ever were in our history; at least that is the testimony given us by a very intelligent farm-bred lawyer who has recently personally visited the towns that touch either side of the Green Mountains from the Massachusetts line to Addison county. In Stratton, where Webster in 1840 addressed the great Whig mass-meeting, the farm house where Webster spent the night is a ruin and the farm deserted. In the woodland you meet the ruins of old four-foot stonewalls; in Somerset you find in the forest stone-walls and the remains of an old highway; the decaying abutments of a former bridge across the stream are all that remain of the civilization that was once represented by a church, a grist-mill and a country store. The woodland has so encroached upon these deserted farms that our friends is confident there is more woodland to-day in the mountain towns of Vermont than there has been at any time during the last forty years. In the old counties of Bennington, Windham, Windsor and Rutland our informant found, he assures us, plenty of evidence of deserted farms and decaying towns along either side of the mountain range, and these deserted farms are not being re-occupied by any returning wanderer, although most of these towns are places of much natural beauty and atractiveness. Among those towns are Readsboro, Somerset, Searsburgh, Sunderland, Wardsboro, Peru, Jamaica, Landgrove, Weston, Plymouth, Shaftsbury, Winall and several mountain towns in Rutland county. Our friend thinks that towns touching the mountains on either side have been permanently deserted. The future of Vermont, if she is to increase henceforth largely in wealth and population, lies in manufactures, not enlarged agriculture, and this is true, not only of Vermont, but of all New England.

A BRAVE BRUTE.

A Man's Life Saved by a Big Newfoundland Dog.

Wheeling Intelligencer.

Yesterday, shortly before noon, a man was crossing the Seventeenth street bridge over Wheeling creek, and noticing some object in the water he leaned over the balustrade. Reaching out too far, he lost his balance and tumbled over, falling into a deep hole in the creek. He either could not swim or was rendered powerless by fright or the effect of his concussion head first with the water, and floundered about helplessly. A few spectators were in sight, and all rushed to the bank fully expecting to see the man drown. He sank twice, and was about going down the third time never to rise alive, when a huge, shaggy, Newfoundland dog dashed down the bank, leaped into the creek, swam to the man, and grasping him by the coat, held him and pulled him toward the shore until the man's feet were on the solid ground, not letting go his hold until both were clear out of the water. Then the shaggy brute shook his coat dry and walked off wagging his tail, amid the plaudits of a hundred odd men and boys who had been attracted by the shouts of the few people who had witnessed the man's tumble. The man, as much dead as alive, waited until he had recovered his senses entirely and drained somewhat, and then walked off. Neither the man nor the dog was known to any of the eyewitnesses, one of whom, Will Brunswick, the intelligent colored messenger at the state house, narrated the story to the reporter as given above.

The Subscription Rage in New York.

A New York paper recently gathered some of the statistics of New York benefactions. Many of these have been started under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, which has raised fully $2,000,000 during the past twenty years for public objects. In 1862 New York subscribed $15,000 for sufferers by fire at Troy; in the same year $150,000 was raised for the sufferers at Lancashire, England. In 1865 there was $20,000 subscribed for destitute in East Tennesee, and $35,000 for destitute in Savannah, and $25,000 for testimonials for the crew of the sloop-of-war Kearsargo. During the war of course, immense sums were raised by subscriptions and fairs, for the support of the war and the amelioration of the soldiers. In 1866 there was $100,000 raised for the sufferers by fire at Portland, Maine. In 1870 $15,000 was contributed for the sufferers by the falling of the Capitol at Richmond, Va. In 1871 New York raised $143,000 for the French sufferers by the Franco-Prussian war. In the same year the immense sum of $1,044,751 was raised by the Chamber of Commerce alone for the sufferers by the Chicago fire. In the list were ten subscriptions of $10,000 each, two of which were from Henry Clews and Jay Cooke, both of whom were swamped by the panic of the following year, though they have since recovered themselves. In 1876 $20,000 was raised for the sufferers by yellow fever in Savannah, and in 1878 $172,000 for the yellow fever sufferers in the South-west. In 1879 about $20,000 was raised for Memphis. Since then several large subscriptions have been raised for various purposes. Over $100,000 was sent to relieve the distress in Ireland. In 1881 $360,345 was raised, chiefly in New York for Mrs. Garfield, and the same year a large sum was raised to relieve the suffering in the Northwest. Early this year about 25,000 was obtained for the Ohio flood sufferers. The Grant pension of $250,000 was also raised chiefly in New York. The largest individual subscription made in recent years was $50,000 by the late A. T. Stewart for the Chicago fire sufferers. Recently $33,000 has been raised for the Washingtoh monument for the Sub-Treasury steps, and lately $25,000 for the Dodge statue, and over $100,000 has been raised toward the Bartholdi statue pedestal.

Letters from Stanley.

A letter from Henry M. Stanley dated July 14, at Stanley Pool, on the Congo River, has been received by a personal friend in Boston, with regard to his sudden departure from Europe. He explains the cause as being the sensational and exaggerated telegram printed in English papers to the effect that one of the stations had been attacked and the Chief of the expedition badly wounded. The Chief, who was heartily disliked, was shot in the arm, but no station was attacked. The station was partially broken up by the personal ambition of the younger men of the party, each of whom desired to succeed the Chief. Stanley thinks the station can be supplied by native help. The number of steamers and boats has been increased, and altogether he considers everything more encouraging. At Leopoldville there are two missions, the Baptist and the Livingstone Congo mission, and already they look quite imposing in their buildings. Stanley says: "Since I arrived on the Congo last December I have been up as far as the equator, and have established two more stations, and besides discovering another lake, Mantaniba, have explored for 100 miles or thereabouts a river known on my map as the Weleber, but which is really the Walundo. It is not as large as stated in my book, but about the size of the Arkansas, deep, broad and very variable. The big stream which, we expect, must drain the largest part of the South Congo basin must be somewhere higher up. Having become better acquainted with the country, I am really struck with the dense population of the equatorial part of the basin, which, if it were uniform throughout, would give 49,000,000. The number of products and the character of the people likewise are remarkable. Gums, rubber, ivory, camphor, wood and a host of other things would repay transportation, even by the very expensive mode at present in use. The people are born traders, and are, for Africans, very enterprising and industrious." Stanley tells of his meditation with the tribes who were at war and who when peace was brought about by his efforts, elected him "father and mother" of their country.

Slain for Fashion's Sake.

From the Santa Barbara Press.

During the last two or three years, or since fashion has decreed that birds as well as feathers should be used in ornament the heads of feminine society, a new source of revenue has been opened to the native of southern California. Santa Barbara, being "the land of flowers," is necessarily the home of the delicate little humming bird, which lives upon the distilled pollen or bee food of our gaudiest flora. In a glass case upon the counter within the drug stores of A. M. Ruiz were discovered two rows of dead humming birds. "The trade is a recently developed one," said Mr. Ruiz. "It is less that three years old, but is steadily growing. We do not propose to engage very largely in it, as it is not exactly in our line, which is drugs and perfumery, but we find a profitable market for all we can obtain."

"How do you obtain these humming birds?" queried the reporter.

"The little boys bring them in. There are four or five little Californians who live in or near town who are experts with sling shots. Small pebbles or a teaspoonful of small bird shot is used, and, when propelled by our little humming bird hunters, usually brings down the bird. These little hunters bring in on an average about five birds a day. I pay from ten to fifteen cents each for the birds, and then I dress and stuff them and ship them to San Francisco. Then I am paid at the rate of fifty cents each for the female common bird, and seventy-five cents each for those male birds of the brilliant plumage. Last year we sent off less than a thousand birds; we could have found a market for at least three times the number exported. San Francisco obtained a large proportion of these birds. The best and prettiest are selected and shipped direct to Paris and London, where they command a higher price.

AN OCTOBER CYCLONE.

Terrible Wind and Rain Storm in Arcadia, Trempealeau County, Wis.

Dispatches from LaCrosse Wis. of the 9 inst. give the following:

The following dispatch was received from Arcadia, Trempealeau County: A terrific cyclone struck this place from the southwest at midnight last night, lasting about three minutes. People were driven from their beds to their cellars to avoid the destructive wind. Barns, chimneys and outbuildings were torn to fragments and scattered promisquously over the country. The large belfry of the graded school building was taken off and twisted into a shapeless mass of kindling wood. Lightning struck the south end of a building and tore down a brick wall twenty-five feet high by thirty feet long. The M. E. church spire, on the southwest corner of the building was twisted off and hurled to the ground. A large barn belonging to John Bingham was struck by lightning and four valuable horses killed. The damage is upwards of $3,500. Robertson's barn is a total wreck, as are also a number of smaller barns east of the town. Broken boards, trees, brick and stones were flying through the air in every possible direction, pelting through the houses and in some instances injuring inhabitants. Stacks of hay and grain were taken up and no traces of them can be found. Many people are maimed and fearfully crippled by houses falling upon them while they were quietly sleeping. Reports of destruction are coming in rapidly, but the damage to property cannot as yet be estimated. Part of the cyclone was narrow and extended from southwest to northeast. In three minutes from the time it struck the town all was calm and the stars shone brightly.

A Disconsolate Cat.

One day last week a cat at Fort Trumbull committed suicide. For some time she had moped about, refused to eat, passed her nearest and dearest without recognition, and manifested a strange persistence in getting into the sink, pails and bathtub, from which she would not be driven, even when the water was turned on. Evidently things were at a low ebb with puzzy, and the climax soon came. One day she was observed to stalk solemnly down to the wharf, and when arrived to gaze long and earnestly into the water. The soldiers watched her closely, but were not prepared for the result. After awhile the kitten returned to her accustomed haunts, moped around, mewed nothing to nobody, and kept about until the next day, when she again walked down to the wharf, deliberately leaped overboard and committed suicide before the eyes of the astonished garrison.

The title of Emily Faithful's lecture this winter will be "Modern Shams."

AN AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Miss Jennie Chamberlin's Family and Its Connections.

New York Times.

Mr. William S. Chamberlin, the father of the young American lady, whose beauty has won such publicity for her in London social circles, is a member of the well-known Chamberlin family of Cleveland, and a nephew of the millionaire Selah Chamberlin, who so long held $1,000,000 worth of valueless Minnesota bonds, and finally had them redeemed by the state at about half their face value. But it was not from the Chamberlin side that the money came upon which the present social distinction in England is maintained. Mrs. Chamberlin is the only daughter of the late Judge Hiram V. Willson, and was his heiress. Willson was one of the ablest and most solid of Cleveland's solid men of twenty years ago, being made by President Buchanan, the first judge of the United States Circuit and District Court for the District of Northern Ohio, and holding his position until death released him in the first term of President Lincon. His successor was Judge Charles Sherman, a brother of the Senator.

Judge Willson owned a very extensive tract of land lying along what is now Willson avenue, one of the main thoroughfares of the eastern section of the city. When the purchase was made the price was very low, but lately sections of it have been sold for over $10,000 an acre It was from this piece of land that Kennard, the Englishman who made so great a display during the early days of the old Atlantic & Great Western Railway, purchased a tract where the High School Building now stands with the purpose of building a magnificent residence; but after one load of stone had been hauled for the foundation and before earth could be broken some of his many difficulties came upon him, and the land passed into other hands.

In 1861 or 1862 Mr. Chamberlin, who was a lawyer, and afterward a Quartermaster under Gen. Hazen, in the Forty-first Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, was married to Mary, the only daughter of Judge Willson. Two children were born to them, one of whom is married to George Wick, of Youngstown, and the other, Jennie, is the young lady who has won such marked attention from the Prince of Wales, and consequently from all the fashionable persons of England and their resident American imitators. The young lady has been away from home for so large a portion of her life that she is little known to the great mass of Clevelanders, although there are a few who knew her intimately and have kept up their acquaintance since her departure.

One of her schoolmates, in speaking of the young lady, said: "Of course, it would be foolish for me to declare that in her early girlhood any one marked her as the foundation for even so much of a distinguished career as that of a fashionable beauty, but I can remember that she was noted even in those days for her beauty. She was a very delicate blonde, not suamed with any prominent intellectual marks, but possessing winning features. She was a great deal prettier than the average. She was always seen with her mother, and they all lived quitely and apparently very happily in the old homestead on Willson avenue. The young lady was never an attendant of the public schools, but received her education in Paris."

JOHNSONS JOG.

He Maket the Wonderful Time of 2:10 at the Chicago Driving Park.

A Chicago dispatch of the 9th inst says:

The couple of thousand people who took the chance of rain and muddy track and repaired to the Driving Park to-day were richly rewarded. They witnessed the fastest mile ever paced, and saw for the first time the figures 2:10 hung out from the judges' stand without any fractional adjunct. P. V. Johnson's pacer Johnson was advertised to pase for a purse of $1000 to pace his own record of 2:11¾, but few people had any idea he would lower his record, and the pools sold at $20 on Johnson to $25 on time. The slight rain of the morning had softened the track just enough to make it springing, and it was fast. Very little wind was stirring, and everything was favorable when Pete Johnson jogged down the track. Immediately after the first heat in the stallion race he was given the word for the first trial. This was little more than a warming up, and he finished in 2:22¼. After a rest of about half an hour he again appeared for the second trial. The horse looked in the best of trim, and his stride was clean and even. Coming down to the wire at a lively clip the word was given and the crowd knew that the real trial was begun. A dozen men stood about with stop watches, and as he passed the quarter pole in 32¾, there was a faint hum among the watchers. Without a skip the bay gelding swung around into the back stretch. Then he lengthened out, traveling like the wind.. He passed the half pole in 1:03¼.

AGAIN THERE WAS A HUM

among the crowd, only louder this time. "He's going to knock the record down a peg." "Oh! why didn't I buy pools on him." "See him come." "He ain't pacing—he's flying," and other kindred exclamations could be heard on all sides. All this while the horse was moving like clockwork. He passed the three-quarter pole in 1:36 and round on to the home stretch with his clear, far-reaching stride, moving as regular as when he first left the wire. When within 200 feet of the wire Johnson raised the whip and the audience held their breath, fearful of how the gamey horse would receive the sting on his flanks, but when it struck they saw that their apprehensions were groundless, for the horse just threw his head a trifle and his regular gait never changed, although he seemed to lengthen out just a little. The next instant he swept under the wire, and at the same time two watches in the judge's stand marked 2:10, while the third pointed at 2:09¾. Everybody who held a stop-watch outside of the judge's stand, and there were many old turfmen present, made the time 2:02¾. The crowd cheered, but rather faintly, owing to the lack of numbers, when the judges hung out the time—2:10. They both returned to the judge's stand and looked as coed as though nothing had happened, although it was evident that the two-legged Johnson was a dissembler.

The Engagement-Ring.

Puck.

About the happiest day in the life of a young lady is the day upon which she receives her engagement-ring. She will hold her hand up and look at the ring from all points and admire it, and assures Adolphus that he is just too awful nice for giving it to her. And she always wears it that day, no matter what happens. If the ring is too large for her she rams bits of wood under it, just as the boy puts branches of trees and other things under his skate-straps to keep his skates on. And after she gets it fixed to suit her she starts out to call on her friends. They all know before she arrives that she has received a ring, and are on the qui vive. They either tell her that is is very pretty or else they pretend not to notice it at all, in either of which cases the recipient of the ring is delighted beyond description. Because if they compliment her she thinks that they are affecting an indifference to her good luck that they do not feel, and that they will tear her to pieces after her departure. And if they don't say a word or notice the ring, the young lady knows that they are wild with envy, and would give their ears to be in her place. And she is glad to think that she has destroyed their happiness. And she calls on every one she knows, and removes her gloves at every house even if she remains therein but two minutes.

Opium in Blocks of Wood.

From the San Francisco Call.

Over $1,300 worth of opium was seized on the steamer Oceanic yesterday. Custom House Officer John H. Breeze was in charge of the vessel, and his attention several times was attracted to two blocks of wood lying in close proximity to the coal shute. These pieces were each three feet long one foot deep, and seven inches thick, and were nearly exact counterparts of chock-blocks, used to support the gangblank, etc. They are very common about the vessel and wharf, and an ordinary observer would hardtake notice of them. Breeze at first did not seriously consider them objects of suspicion, but finally the head of a screw in one of the sticks caused an investigation, and enough was discovered to determine the officer in further inspection. Being called away for a few minutes to attend to some duty, he returned to find that the two pieces had been spirited away. They were found lying on the wharf, and without more ado were subjected to a process that disclosed the fact that they had within them 101 pounds of opium, one containing forty-five pounds of crude opium and the other fifty-six pounds of prepaired opium. Each of the pieces had been hollowed out, leaving a square compartment within, in which the stuff was stowed away. The work was ingeniously done, the various pieces being joined together so that no cracks were visible, even on a close inspection, and the grain of the wood and knots were joined almost to perfection. The lid slid in on grooves, and the nails and screws had been well hidden by being covered with putty. Both pieces, after having been painted, were rolled around in the coal, so as to give them the appearence of having been used. The timber, in becoming seasoned, shrank so as to loosen the putty and expose the head of a screw, or in all probability the smugglers would have been successful in getting their booty ashore.

Professor Swing on Race-Horses.

From his Article on "Expositions," in the Weekly Magazine.

The progress of the race-horse is great, but it lobors under the disadvantage of being of no value. Of all forms of advance, that of the trotters and pacers is of least importance. A fast horse, in racetrack sense of the word, may be a matter of amusement, but not of value. The advance in the quality of jack-nives is of more worth than the triumph over the old 2:40 time. An improved clothes-horse is better than an improved race-horse except for betting purposes. More money can be won or lost over a St. Julien or a Dexter than can be won or lost over a clothes-horse or a sawhorse, but otherwise there is nothing in favor of the animal that can be forced a mile in 2:11.

And yet there is a form of going that is desireable. If a man must take a trip in a buggy it is a great gain and a great pleasure if he has a Morgan trotter that can make the ten miles an hour as easily as the old farm horse could make half that distance. This progress of horseflesh is as much to be prized as is the railway or the steamship. Time is saved and comfort is doubled.

Decaying Dudism.

New York Correspondence Boston Traveller: It is said that a reaction has taken place among the young bloods of Fifth avenue, and that the dude make-up is rapidly being relegated to swells of the second class. The dude costume is now chiefly worn by young gentlemen in the ribbon department of some dry-goods emporiums, who, having invested heavily in the broad, curled brim hat, tight pantaloons, stuffed frock coat, and toothpick shoes, cannot afford to get other clothes at present. The upper swells have, for the nonce, become conservative, are wearing wide trousers, boots more resembling their feet, and less conspicuous coats, collars, and hats. They retain the silver-headed stick, however, which is reasonable enough, and which cannot be carried by the cheaper swells except Sundays and semi-occasional visits to the theatre. In the meanwhile the dudes, or female swells, are imitating their male associates, as usual.

The Slave Trade in Egypt.

Cairo Correspondence London Standard: Some time ago I announced that one of the first actions of the government would be a vigorous effort to stamp out the slave trade; and now the work seems to have commenced in earnest. Quite recently the gendarmery succeeded in capturing near Assiout a large caravan consisting of about 250 slaves, and now they have arrested Ali Saidi, the chief slave-dealer in Cairo. He will be tried by court-martial in a few days. Among the slaves found in his possession were six females—three Circassians and three negresses. Five of them received their freedom, but the sixth—a beautiful Circassian girl—absolutely refused to accept the proffered liberty, her ambition being no doubt, to become the slave of some wealthy Egyptian Pasha. It is not known whether the future of the five liberated girls has been properly assured; in fact, the whole affair is half enveloped in mystery, which is by no means satisfactory.

Too Sweet for Anything.

Boston Gazette.

A tiny—very tiny—pig was served at a fashionable dinner the other evening; and when he was placed on the table a howl went up from the assembled rank and fashion surrounding him. The little beast stood on his own hoofs in the midst of a bed of Marshal Neil roses; in his rosy snout was the customery lemon, and twisted in his small tail was a blue pond lily. He was pronounced to sweet for anything, was duly cut up and tasted, and the health of the Chinese cook was duly drunk in champagne.

He Washed His Hands.

Texas Siftings.

"How are you and the Widow Flapjack coming on?' inquired Gus De Smith of Gilhooly.

"I've quit that boarding-house, and am camping out for the present."

"Why, what's the matter now."

"I had a fuss with one of the nigger waiters and knocked him down a couple or three times."

"What was that for?"

"All on account of a glass of milk."

"Was the milk sour?"

"Oh, no, the milk was all sweet and cool enough, but when I had about half finished my glass I found a big cockroach in the milk. I called the nigger's attention to it, and he said: 'Cockroach in de milk, sah! Can't be dat dar's any roaches in dat milk. Why, I scooped out for big ones afore I brung it to yer.' Did you put your fingers in my milk?' I inquired, and the nigger said: "Yis, sah. I did, but I washes my hands every mornin'.' When I rebuked him with a chair Mrs. Flapjack put in her mouth, and, packing up my extra celluloid collar, I withdrew from the establishment, without even finishing the glass of milk."

"I suppose the time will come," said General Sherman in Cincinnatti the other day," when we decrepit old men will be hauled around in carriages and shown as relics. It's the way of the world." After his retirement in November he will live near St. Louis, in a house that he says has been very handsomely fixed up by Mrs. Sherman. He looks forward to the time with pleasure.

Mrs. Boniface, a well-known actress, died at North Scituate, Mass., last Saturday.

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

His Successful Undertaking and Escape from an Impending Fate.

Buffalo, N. Y., News.

One morning several years ago, just as the dull gray light was beginning to show itself in the east, a small band of men might have been seen deployed about a house on Ferry street, in Buffalo. There was nothing special either in the dress or appearance of the men to indicate their intention, but it was plain that they had business of importance on hand. Suddenly a man appeared at one of the windows, took in the situation at a glance, and swinging himself outward with wonderful quickness, scaled the roof of the house. The man was Tom Ballard, the notorious counterfeiner; and armed to the teeth and fully realizing his situation, he defied justice and the officials below him. Some of the officers, knowing the desperate character of the man, proposed to shoot him until he was killed, but one of the number promptly protested, and declared that if his brother officers would assist him to ascend he would capture the man alive. Accordingly he began the difficult and dangerous task, and succeeded in bringing his prisoner to the ground in safety.

The man who accomplished this task was Mr. Thomas Curtin, the present superintendent of city police of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Curtin is a man who is known by every prominent detective and policeman in America, and he stands pre-eminently in the front rank of his profession. Quiet and gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he possesses a courage, combined with marked physical powers, that made him the terror of evil-doers and the pride of law-abiding citizens. Few people can realize, however, the trials, exposures, and even privations, to which the members of every municipal police and fire department are exposed. Compelled to be on duty at uncertain hours, subjected to the most inclement weather, and often necessitated by the nature of their duties to protracted undertakings, they endure a nervous and physical strain that is terrible. Such was the experience of Mr. Curtin in former days; and it is not surprising that he found himself suffering from a mysterious physical trouble. In relating his experience to a representative of this paper he said;

"At times when I was on duty I would feel an unaccountable weariness and lack of energy. My appetite was also uncertain and my head seemed dull and heavy. I did not fully understand these troubles, but supposed, as most people suppose, that I was suffering from malaria. I tried to throw off the feeling, but it would not go. I thought I might overcome it, but found I was mistaken, and I finally became so badly off that it was almost impossible to attend to my duties. I have known any number of men in the police and fire departments of this country who have been afflicted as I was, and I doubt not there are to-day hundreds similarly troubled who, like myself, did not know the cause, or really what ailed them."

"Your present appearance, Mr. Curtin, does not indicate much physical debility," said the interviewer, as he looked at the 220 pounds of bone and muscle standing nearly five feet eleven inches in height before him.

"O, no; that is altogether a thing of the past, and I am happy to say that for more than a year I have enjoyed almost perfect health, although I now realize that I was on the road to certain death by Bright's disease of the kidneys and traveling at a very rapid pace."

"How did you come to recover so completely?"

"That is just what I want to tell you, for I believe it may be of great service to many others in my profession, who may possibly hear of it. I began the use of a popular remedy at the earnest solicitation of a number of friends in this city, and found to my great gratification that I began feeling better. This feeling continued and I gained in strength and vigor until now I am perfectly well—and wholly through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be the best medicine for policemen, firemen, railroad men or any other class of