The Columbian.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL XXII NO 23
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LII, NO 11

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SELECT STORY.

MISS SCHWEINGOLD'S DRAWING-ROOM.

HOW A CLEVER AMERICAN GIRL MANAGED TO MAKE HER COURTESY TO QUEEN VICTORIA BY PROXY.

Pointing to a letter which she had just received, the Countess of Boledover said to her eldest son: "This from Mrs. Brownesmith, of Baltimore, closely concerns you, Wentworth."

"How, pray?" inquired Lord Worridon.

"She asks me to present at one of the next Drawing-rooms a Miss Schweingold, daughter of Senator Schweingold, a Chicago millionaire. The girl is coming over here to join her father in the South of France, and they are very anxious to have her presented at our court, in order to give her an entree at various Continental capitals which she is about to visit with her father. I don't know the name of Schweingold myself, but Mrs. Brownesmith tells me that the daughter will have a fortune of $2,000,000, and assures me that she is an amiable and ladylike girl and that she is considered very beautiful over there. If I undertake to chaperon her she will, of course, stay with us, as Mrs. Brownesmith tells me that she has no friends at present in London. Now, perhaps, you see your interest in the matter."

Lord Worridon understood his mother well enough. He, however, remained silent, thinking how his debts were at that moment in course of settlement by the Earl of Boledover for the third time within seven years; wondering how he was going to live for the future on the terms to which he had recently bound himself, and speculating on the possibility of matrimony being a tolerable state of existence when sweetened by the consolations of $2,000,000.

"You will bear in mind, Wentworth," pursued his mother, "that you have now exhausted your father's means as well as his patience, and also that you are 32 years of age, and consequently, if you ever intend to marry, can not put it off much longer."

"I know all that, mother. But I don't see how you can expect me to undertake to marry a girl I have never seen, and never heard of till two minutes ago."

"I don't expect it. But I wish you to understand this: I do not choose to chaperon American heiresses for the general benefit of society, and before I take this Miss Schweingold up I desire to know whether, supposing she turns out to be a presentable girl, you will promise to do your best."

Lord Worridon stuck his hands deep into his pockets and walked to the window, absorbed in thought.

"Two million dollars is a big sum," he muttered.

"It is, Wentworth. There are few men in London in your position who would be so foolish as to think twice about accepting such a chance."

"Well," said Lord Worridon, after a few minutes' silence, "I will do my best. If the Yank does not turn out to be a downright repulsive specimen of her sex, she shall become your daughter-in-law, provided she herself has no objection."

Overjoyed at this declaration, Lady Boledover sat down, without loss of time, and penned the following reply to her American friend:

DEAR MRS. BROWNESMITH: You do me great honor in giving me an opportunity of serving Miss Schweingold, of whom I had heard the most flattering reports before your letter informed me that she was a friend of yours. I enclose particulars of the Drawing-rooms available, and if Miss Schweingold will let me know which date she selects I will make the necessary arrangements. It would be well that her dress should be ordered without delay, and I think that she can not do better than to go to Madame Claribel, of whom I—and you also, if I remember rightly—have always had the most satisfactory experience. Should Miss Schweingold approve of that, let her send me measurements and general instructions at once and I will myself give the orders.

I gather from your letter that Miss Schweingold has no friends in London at present. If that be so, I shall expect her to make our house her home during her stay, and trust that you will convey as much to her for me.—etc.

In due course there arrived Mrs. Brownesmith's and Miss Schweingold's acknowledgements and thanks for this charming letter, together with a lengthy memorandum, containing multitudinous measurements of Miss Schweingold's figure, a pattern of one of Miss Schweingold's bodies and elaborate instructions as to material and color, which were promptly transmitted to Madame Claribel. Due notification was also given to the Lord Chamberlain of Lady Boledover's desire to present Miss Schweingold to her most gracious Majesty. No sooner were these steps taken than rumors of the approaching debut of the American belle and heiress—for Miss Schweingold was already known to fame in both these characters—spread rapidly through society. The immediate result was a remarkable accession of popularity to Lady Boledover. Invitations of all kinds and from all quarters showered in upon her ladyship. She was besieged by callers. People who had not spoken to her for years suddenly assumed the air of intimate friends. People whom she had never spoken to in her life became inordinately anxious for her acquaintance. All which Lady Boledover, possessing a considerable knowledge of the world, easily appreciated at its true value and treated accordingly. She had taken charge of the heiress, as she had frankly avowed, for the benefit of her own family, and she was determined that, so far as she was able, she would keep the young lady safe in Boledover House until Lord Worridon had exhausted his powers of fascination.

CHAPTER II.

From the first, circumstances conspired to favor the Countess' amiable plans. Miss Schweingold had crossed the Atlantic in company with a party of friends whom she left at Liverpool, whence she was to have traveled on to London, accompanied only by her maid. On the morning, however, on which she was expected, the following telegram, bearing the Liverpool postmark, was handed to Lady Boledover:

Obliged to dismiss my maid suddenly. Will explain when I see you. Can you send to meet me at Euston?—SCHWEINGOLD.

"You had better go to the station yourself, Wentworth," said Lady Boledover to her son. "Take Watkins with you and say that if I had not been feeling indisposed myself I should certainly have come. I will find her another maid."

Lord Worridon went accordingly, thinking, like his mother, that no time should be lost in opening the attack. He was by no means disappointed with the young lady, who proved to be a perfect specimen of blonde American beauty, though somewhat taller and more robust than rumor had led him to expect. It was also quickly evident both to his lordship and his mother that, in spite of Mrs Brownesmith's favorable report, the heiress' speech and manners were conspicuously American.

"So you're Lord Worridon, are you?" she said, shaking his lordship's hand cordially, as soon as he introduced himself. "Glad to see you, sir."

Lord Worridon returned the compliment, and hoped that Miss Schweingold had had a pleasant voyage.

"Pretty well," was the answer. "It was awfully rough at starting, and I was sick, I can tell you; but I soon got over that. Hope your mother's well, sir."

Lord Worridon thought the free-and-easy style of the fair Republican rather a pleasant contrast to the constrained tone of the Old World society. It was more what he was accustomed to in the other sex, and by the time they had driven to their destination he was on the best possible terms with his companion. Lady Boledover was a little taken aback by her first conversation with her guest but she too, was disposed to make considerable allowance for the heiress to $2,000,000.

"I don't know who this Elias K. Schweingold can be," observed her ladyship. "Some German navvy who has picked up a fortune at the mines, I should think. Thank heaven, we are not likely to see much of him. The girl herself will improve, Wentworth. I can see that she is quick and imitative. She is pretty enough to cover many faults of style, and American girls are not judged by the same standard as our own."

"Yes, I think she will do in time," Lord Worridon observed.

"No doubt. And, you see, she will not go out much here. She told you, I suppose, that her father is very ill, and that she may be telegraphed for to join him at any minute. That happens most fortunately, as I can now refuse all invitations by her own desire."

And her ladyship did so, to the intense disgust of the large number of experienced society anglers who had been carefully ground-baiting Boledover House ever since Miss Schweingold's approaching visit got wind. It was perfectly true that Elias K. Schweingold was at this moment lying dangerously ill at Cannes, but a malicious world refused to believe it and persisted in ascribing the heiress' seclusion to the most sordid motives on the part of her hostess. This impression deepened when it was seen that Miss Schweingold once or twice accompanied Lady Boledover to entertainments like theatres and concerts, where there was little or no opportunity of introducing her to strangers, and that Lord Worridon was her devoted attendant on all these occasions.

This is not the place to describe the figure which Miss Schweingold made on her presentation. Abler pens have, in their proper sphere, done full justice to the subject. It is enough to say that no one was more universally admired than the American beauty; that, thanks partly to her native grace, partly to Lady Boledover's careful instructions, she acquitted herself to perfection in the trying ordeal, and that her charms of face, figure and deportment even won the notice of royalty itself. Immediately after the ceremony, indeed, Lady Boledover found herself the recipient of certain flattering intimations from exalted quarters, in the face of which it was quite impossible for her to attempt to hide her distinguished *protegee* any longer.

CHAPTER III.

Happily for the success of her ladyship's schemes Lord Worridon had been making excellent use of the week or more during which he had enjoyed a monopoly of Miss Schweingold's society. The task of making love to the heiress had proved a much more congenial one than his lordship had expected, and having a natural aptitude that way when he was in the humor he felt that matters had now advanced far enough to risk bringing them to a crisis. Accordingly, on a hint from his mother, he seized a convenient opportunity the day after the drawing-room and made the fair American a formal offer of his heart and prospects. He was hardly prepared for the confusion which his declaration appeared to cause the young lady. Miss Schweingold, blushing crimsom, hid her face in her handkerchief, coughed, stammered and seemed for a time quite unable to speak.

"You mustn't, Lord Worridon," she said, presently. "You really don't know me yet."

"Don't know you yet!" exclaimed his lordship. "Oh, Milly, what more need I know than that I love you from the bottom of my heart? Think not that any obstacle could alter my devotion."

"You don't really mean it, now?" said the heiress, recovering her self-possession slightly. "You wouldn't like me the same, would you, if I hadn't got a whole pile of money?"

"Dearest, do not suggest such a thing. Indeed, it is yourself alone that I love."

"I wish it were true," said Miss Schweingold, a little sadly. "There, I don't know what to say, and that's a fact. I never expected this. Let me go and think about it."

And so saying, Miss Schweingold rose and hurried from the room, in spite of his lordship's efforts to detain her.

"She said she wished it was true," mused Lord Worridon. "Hang it, that ought to be good enough. But she thinks I'm after the coin. I wish I had pitched it a bit stronger on that head. Perhaps I had better just write her a little note,' and accordingly he sat down and did so.

Apparently the note clenched the business. Miss Schweingold did not reappear that day, pleading indisposition; but on the following morning soon after she came down, she gave her suitor an opportunity of a tete-a-tete, from which he emerged an engaged man. In a couple of hours Lady Boledover, in a state of rapturous satisfaction, had taken steps to have the news of the engagement diffused to all whom it might concern.

Here, indeed, was luck. Worridon was only just in time. That same afternoon a telegram arrived for Miss Schweingold. The Senator's illness had taken a most alarming turn, and his daughter was summoned to Cannes at once. It was too late to start that day, but arrangements were at once made for her to leave on the following morning. Lady Boledover, of course, directly suggested that Lord Worridon should escort his financee, and secured at the same time a traveling companion of mature years, for the sake of propriety. Miss Schweingold seemed strangely undesirous of her lover's company, but on Lady Boledover representing the extreme desirability of his lordship seeing Mr. Schweingold before the worst happened the young lady was obliged to give in. The truth was, of course, that the Countess was extremely anxious that her son should keep his prize in sight now that he had secured it.

The whole party, accordingly, left London on the following morning. On the journey Lord Worridon perceived that his financee was acutely distressed at the sad interruption of her stay in London. She sat for most of the time in a corner of the carriage and for the greater part she remained silent; occasionally, however, she gave way to hysterical outbursts, half of grief, half of laughter. It was quite a relief to his lordship when they at last reached Cannes and learned, as they did directly they arrived at Mr. Schweingold's hotel, that the crisis was passed and that the eminent millionaire was in a fair way towards recovery.

Lord Worridon, of course, put up at the same hotel. He had not been there very long before he received a message that Miss Schweingold would like to see him, and in a few moments he was in a private room waiting for the heiress. But, to his great surprise, it was not Miss Schweingold, but another lady who presently entered—a lady, young, pretty, prettier, if possible, than Miss Schweingold, but darker and somewhat more delicate, and also unmistakably American.

"I beg your pardon, Lord Worridon," she said, coming at once to the point with the directness of her nation, "but I have to offer you and your family a very humble apology. I am Miss Schweingold, daughter of Senator Elias K. Schweingold."

Lord Worridon gazed at the fair speaker in blank amazement.

"You, madam!" he gasped as soon as he could find his tongue. "Why, what the—"

"Allow me to explain, my Lord, and believe me that I am most ashamed to have to make such an explanation to you personally. When I landed at Liverpool a fortnight ago from the Etruria I at once received a telegram informing me that my father was seriously ill and requesting me to come on direct to him here. What was I to do? All the arrangements had been made for my presentation, and it was most important that I should be presented before starting on our Continental tour. One of my friends suggested that I should travel on here alone, and send my maid, Clara Flinders, who was about my own age and size and a singularly lady-like girl, to personate me in London. Had I been allowed time to reflect I should have seen the impropriety of so doing as strongly as I do now. But I had no time, and I was also most glad of an opportunity of escaping the ridiculous fuss of the drawing-room which I had always hated, but which I knew papa would insist on my going through sooner or later. Accordingly, it was arranged that Clara should go on to London in my name, and the rest you know.

"And do you mean to tell me," cried Lord Worridon, in whose breast humiliation, disappointment, and rage were struggling for the mastery, "that you have allowed Lady Boledover to chaperon your maid, have allowed your maid to be presented to the Queen at a drawing-room, and have actually permitted her to engage herself"—his lordship's tongue shrank from the mention of this last horror.

"Please do me the justice to believe that I never foresaw or dreamed of the last result," said the lady. "But now that the thing is done I trust that I may look to your lordship to keep the thing secret. You will see my reason for this request. Should the true facts become known, not only am I in the position of not having been to court, but I fear there will be very little chance of my being able to get presented hereafter."

"Then upon my word," said Lord Worridon, whose rage and mortification had got the better of his sense of politeness, "I decline to pledge myself to anything of the kind. I rather regard it as a duty to expose such an audacious imposture."

"Your lordship will remember that you stand at present engaged to marry Miss Clara Flinders. Before you finally refuse my request let me remind you that your promise was made independently of the girl's rank or fortune. Here is a letter which Clara has given me, and which I can hardly think your lordship would care to have read in a court of justice. Listen:

"MY OWN SWEET ONE.—For I feel you are mine and mine alone—in the agitation of telling you my love I fear I may not have repudiated with the warmth it merited your suggestion that sordid motives might have influenced my feelings toward you. For heaven's sake, dearest, do not allow any such base suspicion of me to mar my eternal hapiness. Believe me, my darling, I love and adore you for what I have seen in yourself, not for any worldly wealth which you may ever possess. I swear that if you stood before me this moment a beggar my love for you would remain unchanged and I should still ask you, as I do now, to become my wife.

"Yours unalterably, WENTWORTH."

On reflection Lord Worridon concluded that he had better come to terms with the heiress, and the true facts respecting Miss Schweingold's presentation have consequently remained in darkness until this moment.—*London Truth.*

She Married the Brother.

A STRANGE CASE THAT HAS JUST BEEN BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN MARYLAND

A remarkable romance of real life has just come to light in Westminister county, Maryland. It is as follows: Twenty-two years ago Edmund Davies was a young man in his twentieth year. He had a younger brother, just eighteen. His name was Frank, and he was an exact double of Edmund. It was early in 1864 that Edmund Davies began paying attention to Fannie Forbes, the young daughter of a neighboring farmer. The brothers were very much attached to each other, and Frank also was a frequent visitor to the Forbes farm dwelling. The girl often took the one for the other, and some time afterwards agreed upon a signal with Edmund, so that she could readily know to whom she was talking. The neighbors could not identify the brothers, and they were known only and referred to as the Davies boys. It was the girl that suggested to Edmund that when he came to her he was to use the Latin word "idem" (the same). Time passed and after a courtship of six or seven months Edmund proposed marriage. Fannie accepted and asked him whether he did not have some mark on his hand or arm by which she could readily distinguish him in case of sudden death or serious accident. He told the girl that on his next visit he would disclose a mark by which she would recognize him in any case. Edmund went home and meeting his younger brother he entrusted his secret to him.

Frank in his innermost heart, too, loved Fannie Forbes and the confession of his brother stirred his jealousy. He proposed a trip to Baltimore, persuading Edmund to dispatch a messenger to his sweetheart that they had gone to Monumental City for the special purpose of having a tattoo mark placed between the first and second finger of his right hand. While in Baltimore they met an old friend of their father, Captain Aker, of the ocean steamer Franklin. The captain said he would sail the next day for Australia and was very solicitious that the namesake of his deceased friend should accompany him. It was Edmund. He hesitated. The captain told him of the pleasures of the trip and the fine country to which he would sail, and being urged by Frank he yielded to the influences and consented. That evening he wrote a farewell letter to his intended wife, bidding her to await his coming, and that he was hopeful in the distant country. "Remember idem" were the last words. The next morning, Friday, August 24, the Franklin started on the trip. Now, Frank had an open field, and he improved the time wonderfully well. His first work was to read the letter. The word "idem" seemed to puzzle him, but he remembered hearing his brother use it when approaching the girl, and he hit upon the correct meaning at once. Next he had his right hand tattooed He would marry the girl he loved, he thought, and assumed the name of Edmund.

His return alone caused some talk, but when the mail brought the weekly newspaper announcing the departure of one of the Davies boys of Carroll county for Australia in the Franklin, all was well. Thenceforth Frank was known as Edmund. Even though he gave the correct word signal, Fannie Forbes seemed to doubt his identity, but after the marriage had been postponed for a month she felt assured he was Edmund and they were married. The union was a happy one. Years went by and they prospered, and by strict economy saved a good amount of money. Ten years after they had been married the husband was in Baltimore and there ascertained that his brother had died in Australia and had willed all of his earnings to Frank. This knowledge the husband imparted to his wife. The woman never knew until the day before he died that her husband was Frank Davies. But she had loved him just as dearly as if he had been Edmund and forgave him freely. He died apparently happy.

Social Entertainments at the Capital.

Social entertainment in Washington differs from that of any other city in the country, on account of the cosmopolitan character of the people who reside in the Capitol City, and the interest that is shown in all they say and do. In no city are there so many elements that can be combined to make the social features of life brilliant and pleasant. Every state sends her representative men and women, all nations send theirs. And while the title of Ambassador is not heard among the diplomats, it makes no difference in the personnel of ministers, who must be men of the highest character to sustain the dignity of their countries. Ministers who have distinguished themselves in the diplomatic service of this country have been promoted to the title of Ambassador, and transfered to places less pleasing to them than the republic of America. While the absurd idea that foreign ministers to this great republic represent the person of their sovereign obtains, great injustice will be done to them and also to our representatives abroad. The representatives of the very smallest kingdom outranks an American minister in diplomatic courtesy at foreign courts, because this is a republic, while they must sustain royality no matter how infinitesimal the kingdom.

Foreign ministers, however, after coming here are not long in recognizing the importance of our country, and in no sense under-rate us either socially or politically. Their duties are very light, and they really have little else to do but to enjoy the interchange of courtesy in society.—*Mrs. Gen'l Logan, in The American Magazine for June.*

SOMEBODY FOOLED.—A young man failed to receive an invitation to a surprise party to which many that he knew were specially invited. He brooded over it a while and then stole a march on all the others by inviting the young lady in whose honor the party was, to go with him to the theatre. Not knowing of any other engagement she gladly accepted, and after the performance he suggested lunch, thereby making the other party, kept waiting for her return, literally one of surprise.—*Boston Times.*

Three Very Old Women.

Aunt Matilda Riley, having completed her 120 years of age, continues spry and active. She resides with Henry McAtee.—*Bardstown [Ky.] Record.*

In 1864-'65, says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, I was at the mouth of Red River, on the ram Sampson of the Mississippi squadron in the capacity of "Surgeon's Steward in charge." In that capacity, and while catering for the ward-room mess, I had occasion to go ashore frequently, and naturally enough I found plenty of practice among the blacks of the Franklin estate on the east bank of the Mississippi River. I well recollect on several occasions of seeing an old negress at the quarters, and on entering into conversation with her I found her to be intelligent and quite spry, and asked her;

"Aunty, how old are you?"

"Doctah, I is 140 years old."

"Are you sure of that, aunty?"

"Yes, sir, I is. I was a grandmother during the Revolutionary War."

To test the matter I asked her some questions about matters connected with the Revolutionary struggle, and I found all of her answers to be correct, which made me believe that she was not much out of the way. She gave me another genuine surprise, however, when, pointing to another ex-slave, she made this query:

"Doctah, does you see dat gal?"

"Yes, Aunty, I do." I answered.

"Well, Doctah, dat gal is 120 years old. I nussed her when she was a babe."

Now here are two instances of longevity that, I think, are unparalleled in any record of history. In all my interrogations I could get no contradictions from her, and I came to the conclusion she was about right.

Both women were active and in good health, and bid fair to last at least another decade. I left the Mississippi squadron at the close of the war, and the last I saw of them they were taking care of the house they lived in and picaninnies of other negro women that were toddling around.

Drank Like a Fish.

The following is said to have been an actual occurance one day last week at the house of a certain western senator, says a Washington letter, whose little daughter is known for her brightness and precocious ways. Senator B—, of Kentucky (both the senators names begin with B, and you may therefore take your choice), strolled in, in the course of an afternoon reception given by the wife of his western colleague, and presently escorted another lady to the refreshment table, where a large bowl of lemonade—the hostess belongs to the Blue Ribbon army—was provided for the thirsty visitors. In the act of raising the glass to his lips and looking as if he were preparing to swallow a dose of medicine, the Kentuckian felt the hostess' little girl cling to his coat tail, while at the same time she made an importunate request to be allowed to look on while he imbibed the cooling liquid.

"I don't quite understand," said the puzzled senator. "May I inquire, my dear, why you are so interested in the matter?"

"Oh, yes," cried the child promptly, "I want to see you drink, because mamma says you do it like a fish."

American and German Universities.

The average age of the American college student at graduation is certainly not greater than that of the German student at leaving his university. The American student is, however, not only a better educated man, in the best sense of that word, than the German student at a corresponding age, but the average American college graduate, who has not yet entered upon any professional study whatever, either in law, medicine, theology, or science, but who has spent three years at an academy of the grade of Andover, Exeter, or Easthampton, and four years at any of the leading colleges of New England, is, by any fair test to be instituted by a committee of British European educational experts, a better educated man than the average German student who has completed both his gymnasium and his university studies.—*Rev. Henry Loomis, in The American Magazine for June.*

How Daniel Boone Died.

A Kentucky newspaper 70 years old, just found among some old papers, gives the following account of the death of Daniel Boone: "As he lived he died, with his gun in his hand. We are informed by a gentleman direct from Boone's settlement on the Missouri that early last month Col. Boone rode a deer lick and seated himself within a blind raised to conceal him from the game; that while sitting thus concealed, with his trusty rifle in his hand, pointed toward the lick, the muzzle resting on a log, his face to the breech of his gun, his rifle cocked, his finger on the trigger, one eye shut, the other looking along the barrel through the sights—in this position, without a struggle or motion, and of course without pain, he breathed out his last so gently that when he was found next day by his friends, although stiff and cold, he looked as if aliv, with his gun in his hand just in the act of firing."

Ponds' Extract is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen. Members of the army and the navy, the Bar and the Bench, the pulpit and the press—all ranks and classes of people—have sent their personal experience and thanks for the last forty years, until their letters have filled volumes, testifying to the wonerful cures of all kinds of Pain and Inflammation, effected by Pond's Extract. *Avoid imitations.*

The Remarkable Cures

Which have been affected by Hood's Sarsaparilla are sufficient proof that this medicine does possess peculiar curative power. In the severest cases of scrofula or salt rheum, when other preparations had been powerless, the use of Hood's Sarasaparilla has brought about the happiest results. The case of Miss Sarah C. Whittier, of Lowell, Mass., who suffered terribly from scrofula sores; that of Charles A. Roberts, of East Wilson, N. Y, who had thirteen abscesses on his face and neck; that of Willie Duff, of Walpole, Mass., who had hip disease and scrofula so bad that physicians said he could not recover, are a few of the many instances in which wonderful cures were effected by this medicine.

I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.—*Exchange.*