

Both.

Grandmother knit for the baby
A jacket of blue.
'No color for boys,' so she wrote it.

"L. B. ST. V."

Few of the many thousand who, every season, roam the peerless promenades, the shaded rambles, the sequestered paths and handsome grottoes of Central Park, have any conception of the amount of real-life romance which has been enacted in some of the now celebrated localities. Yet, in this respect, the park teems with dramatic interest.

The "Mall" has had its mishaps and mysteries; the "Lake" its love-episodes; the "Ramble" its rhapsodies of love and rivalry; and the "Music-Stand" its monographs of melody, in which beating hearts were mingled with the rhythmic strains. The gilded gondolas have been hallowed by many an episode of human passion as wild and poetic as ever lingered along the lagoons of Venice; and especially the "Cave"—the subject of the present sketch—has been the theatre of a little drama well worth the telling.

I may as well state that most of the facts which form the groundwork of this narrative have been obtained by conscientious inquiry among the detectives and other officials connected with Central Park.

I was awakened to the interest of my subject while exploring the "Cave," which those who are at all familiar with the Park will remember, is situated in the northwestern corner of that portion below the Reservoir.

High up on the dripping wall of this romantic cavern I discovered, by the merest accident, the initials "L. B. St. V." They were rudely traced and scarcely legible, and I should have thought nothing of them but for a connecting circumstance, which, as I subsequently learned by the newspapers, had occurred in the vicinity of the Cave on the evening preceding my visit.

A narrow stream of water crosses the park near this point, making its way through arches of masonry underneath the roads. Beneath one of these arches, or tunnels, where the water has great rapidity and a depth of over six feet, the body of a man was found. The description of the body, as exhibited to the coroner's jury, was that the deceased appeared to have been a foreigner, was well dressed, and bore upon the right arm below the elbow, pricked in India ink, the initials "L. B. St. V."

A verdict of suicide by drowning was rendered, and though several days elapsed between the finding of the disposition of the remains and my perusal of the account, I remembered the initials I had seen in the Cave, and my curiosity was instantly aroused. I at once applied to one of the park officials, who was also an intimate acquaintance of mine, and mentioned the coincidence.

His brow wore a troubled look, and he said with some hesitation: "The body of the supposed suicide is already buried; but I always had a suspicion of foul play—though for what reason I can scarcely tell. Here, however, is a paper which was found upon the body of the unfortunate man. You are welcome to it, on condition that you never reveal who gave it to you; for I care not to explain how it came in my possession."

I gave the promise eagerly, and took the paper, which, however, only contained some stanzas, written in French, that were signed "Louis B. St. Vaux."

Taking up this light clew, I succeeded, after the most persistent inquiry and diligent investigation, in collecting the facts for the following story:

A romantic affection having sprung up between Louis St. Vaux, a poor young artist struggling hard for fortune and recognition in the new world, and Miss Augusta Von—, the only daughter of a wealthy Prussian banker, doing business in New York, and residing in one of the aristocratic transverse streets not far from the park, clandestine meetings were frequently contrived in the Ramble and other secluded parts of the park.

The father and brothers of the young lady were decidedly opposed to the young man's aspirations to her hand. Upon the approach of threatened hostilities between France and Prussia, this opposition became so bitter and personal that St. Vaux was peremptorily commanded to discontinue his visits to the house, and Miss Augusta was virtually kept a prisoner in her own room.

But love will probably continue to laugh at locksmiths. At any rate he did so in this instance.

The young artist, after arguing, but in vain, that he himself was a political exile from his native country, suddenly ceased to haunt the neighborhood of his sweetheart's residence, and it was

rumored that he had, in a fit of desperation, returned to France to join the army, which at that time was in a bustle of preparation, in anticipation of war. The young lady's health grew so precarious through anxiety of mind and frame that she was permitted, every morning and evening, to take long walks in the park, in which she was always accompanied by her maid, a young German girl of about her own age.

The result, as may readily be imagined, was almost daily meetings of the lovers; the rumored return of the youth to his native country having been a mere ruse, promulgated by himself to throw his persecutors on their guard.

But Augusta recovered her health and spirits so rapidly as to excite suspicion on the part of her father and brothers. Her movements were watched so jealously that the interviews again became few and far between, and then not unattended with danger.

At one of these however, an elopement was agreed upon. St. Vaux, it was arranged, was to keep entirely out of sight for a week or ten days, to once more allay suspicion; then, when he had perfected arrangements for the elopement, he was to let Augusta know when to meet him at the Cave, by sending her some piece of writing (unsigned), which, however—so as to prevent discovery, in the event of its falling into the wrong hands—was to contain nothing from which their intentions could be constructed.

The lady was to know the author of the missive by the handwriting, and to understand by its receipt that her lover was to have a coach in waiting, in the immediate vicinity of the Cave, at about dusk; and if everything was propitious for the trust, she was to signify as much by signing his (not her) name to the paper received, and dispatch a messenger to drop it in the Cave at once.

This was certainly rather a bungling way of conducting the intrigue; but they were simple foreigners, young and inexperienced, and probably thought that the more complicated their plot the less likelihood would there be of discovery.

So, on the morning of what must have been the day preceding my visit to the Cave, a folded paper was thrown into the garden adjoining the Prussian banker's house.

As luck would have it, it was first perceived by one of the young lady's brothers. He picked it up and read it—for the family were quite as conversant with the Gallic as with their native tongue—reflected on the contents, and then, after replacing the paper on the bush which it had fallen, retired to confer with his father and brother.

A little later the missive was found by the lady's maid, and speedily found its way into the hands of the trusting fair one for whom it was intended.

I am satisfied that that piece of writing was identical with the paper which I now hold in my hand, and of which I proffer a free translation.

It is written in a bold, nervous hand, and is called:

AT THE TRYST.
The splendors born of the rosiest morn
Through the grotto of my grotto peep,
And my soul is bright with a rapt delight,
As my lonely tryst I keep.

But the drops that fall from the Cave's dark wall,
They seem to be tears that weep
For the lips that were kissed in a tender tryst.

In the grotto dark and deep—
For the love that was born on a rosiest morn
In the grotto dark and deep.

With a hand of flame, I carve my name
On the hard and rocky side—
Hard and cold as the me: of gold
Who would wrest from his bosom its bride;
And dream of the day, when far away,
By a lover's true knot tied,
Thy sweet name—thine!—shall be linked with mine.

As my own, my peerless bride—
Be linked with mine as the wild vines twine,
Forever and ever my bride!

"I hear without the laughter and shout
Of those who their pastime take,
And the rattle of wheels, and the lip of keels
That cleave the blue breast of the lake.
From flower to flower, in rose-leaved bowers,
The wild-tongued birds awake.
With echoes that start from my lonely heart,
Which, but for thy beauty, would break—
With a wild unrest in my aching breast,
Which, but for thy goodness, would break!

"Dark, lonely grot, what'er my lot—
Rapture, or death, in thee—
A hideous tomb, or a life of bloom,
Triumphant and happy and free—
Thy walls so bare my name shall wear
As a sad memento of me,
To all loving ones under steadfast suns,
And to strangers from over the sea—
To the buoyant youth and the trust and truth
That may here lie buried with me!"

The name appended to the stanzas, "L. B. St. Vaux," is in a delicate, feminine calligraphy, and must have been written in the full confidence that the lady would meet with no obstacle in keeping her appointment. She found her sire and brothers unusually kind and affable to her at the breakfast-table. They lounged out carelessly to proceed to their down-town business, and appeared to have wholly given up any idea of espionage; so the lady's maid was immediately dispatched to the Park, and the paper was dropped into the Cave, as had been agreed.

That evening, when the last flash of sunset had faded from the sky, and the twilight was fast deepening over the lonely landscape, Louis St. Vaux paced the rocky floor of the narrow grotto with restless steps. He had

managed to raise a sum of money from his friends; a coach was waiting on Eighth avenue, directly on a line with his position, scarcely three hundred yards away; the services of a minister had been engaged; and everything was in readiness for the elopement.

Still he felt anxious and uneasy. It had been over a fortnight since he had beheld his beloved Augusta, and even now something might intervene to prevent her from keeping her tryst.

But no. A low, sweet voice whispered from above, and he saw a slender, veiled figure coming cautiously down the rough-hewn steps leading to the Cave.

He sprang forward to assist her, and, the next instant, the lovers were locked in each other's arms.

"Dearest Augusta!" said Louis, after swift explanations had taken place on both sides, "we will yellinger here till the dusk deepens a little, as some of the pleasure-seekers must be still loitering on the walks above. Why did you not bring your maid?"

"I thought it was the best to proceed alone," said Augusta. "Oh, Louis, let us not needlessly delay! I must have been followed."

It was almost dark when St. Vaux assisted her up the steps, and together they proceeded swiftly down the steep path, and among the verge of the rapid stream, of which I have spoken, toward the western entrance, near which the coach was waiting.

But just where the stream plunged noisily through a dark arch leading under the drive, they were confronted by Augusta's father and brothers—the latter with cocked revolvers in their hands.

St. Vaux started back, but said not a word, and, clasping the now swooning Augusta round the waist, himself drew a revolver.

Before he could use it, it was dashed from his hand, and a blow from behind—for the brothers feared the noise of a pistol report—laid him stunned and bleeding on the turf.

When he recovered and staggered to his feet, it was only to catch a glimpse of Augusta's white garment, as she was being borne up the slope. He uttered a cry and rushed toward them; but one of the brothers—a large and powerful man—seeing that he had recovered, ran back and closed with him, throttling him to prevent his cries.

St. Vaux, naturally of a frail and delicate frame, was trebly weak from the blow he had received. He slipped and fell, with his head and shoulders over the edge of the rushing stream. His opponent seized him by the ankles, and, with a deep oath, plunged his head and the upper part of his body down under the water.

With the heart of a fiend, he held him down till the total cessation of movement in the limbs told him that his victim was drowned. He then cast the body into the stream, which crowded and crushed it down the archway, where it was found by the officers the following morning and submitted to the Dogberry investigation of the purlined clowns who constituted the coroner's jury.

The savage murderer, taking the precaution to secure the pistol which had been dashed from the victim's hand, rejoined his father and brother and proceeded with them to the carriage which they had in waiting for the senseless form they carried.

Whether he told them the truth of what had transpired or not, is a matter of conjecture, but certainly to one of that guilty family must this story—though dressed with fictitious names—go home with cutting and terrible effect; and if the fact of a beautiful and lovely girl—an only daughter and only sister—being confined in the Bloomingdale Asylum as a hopeless lunatic can haunt such inhuman hearts, none of its members will rejoice at reading this story.

Curious Provencal Customs.

Investigation into the customs and habits of the Provencals of our own day discloses," says the New York Times, "the fact that among these interesting people there are still to be found vestiges of pagan practices, as they continue to observe numerous peculiarities in their modes of worship and in their social and domestic habits that can be traced back to the days of paganism. Curious instances of this are supplied by the practice of libations, still followed by the peasants of Provence, who, after having concluded some unusual transactions or an agreement of importance, commemorate the event by pledging those present, after which they extend their right arm and turn their glasses down, so as to let the drop fall to the ground. Similarly, at the festival of Christmas, which is locally known as 'Les Festes de Caleno' (the Calends), a solemn repast is partaken of, at which the eldest and the youngest member of the family perform, amid the profoundest silence, the ceremony known as the 'benediction of the fire.' This act is performed by pouring wine three times upon the burning log, which must be of oak or olive wood. This is accompanied by the singing of some verses, in which the excellence of fire is praised and God is thanked for having given man heat. These verses vary in different localities, but everywhere the ceremony of the silent libations precedes the supper of which the combined household partakes."

MONSTER CANON.
A Description of a Few of Europe's Big Guns.

The recent completion of a 135 ton gun at Essen for the Russians and its shipment from Hamburg to Cronstadt, says the New York Sun, after a successful test at the Meppen range, has marked another stage in the making of monster ordnance. The largest Krupp gun previously made was one of about 119 tons, throwing projectiles of 2,314 pounds. Italy has two of these mounted in a shore battery, and it is for coast defense also that Russia intends to use the new gun obtained from Krupp. It has been said that the next step in advance undertaken by the Essen works will be the making of 150-ton gun, which will throw a projectile weighing 3,000 pounds.

Hardly less interesting than these calibres are the more familiar 110-ton guns of the Elswick work, inasmuch as they are used for the batteries of British ships, as, for example, on the Benbow. This gun is forty-four feet long, or about two feet less than the 110-ton Krupp, and its calibre is sixteen and a half inches. The diameter of the powder chamber is twenty-one inches and she maximum charge is 950 pounds to be used with a projectile weighing 1,800 pounds. With the extreme powder charge a muzzle energy of 62, 700-foot tons is expected. These figures show a great change from thirty years ago when the largest cannon mounted on a war vessel threw a shot weighing only sixty-eight pounds and possessing an energy of only 1,000 foot tons.

Still there are not lacking complaints against the 110-ton guns. Those which have been built for the Victoria and Sanspareil are said to have developed serious defects, two out of the four already delivered having failed on the test and one seriously collapsed. A gun of this size costs over \$100,000, so that the loss is serious in case of failure. Yet this is a matter that may not concern the government where private works, like those of Elswick & Essen, supply the guns. The makers have to stand the loss if the gun does not come to the contract requirements. There is apt to be much exaggeration in the reports of the shortcomings of heavy guns for Italy, and the Elswick works have made many 110-ton guns for the Duillio, Dandolo, Italia and Lepanto, besides the 105-ton guns for the Andrea Doria, the Francisco Lauria and the Morosini. The French have also many very heavy guns although none of quite as great weight as the Krupp and Armstrong.

The Origin of "Hurrah."

"Writing to the London Times with reference to the remark of its Berlin correspondent that the exclamation 'Hurrah!' is said to be of 'Slavonic origin,' Dr. C. A. Buchelm, of King's College, London, says: 'I presume your correspondent must have some authority for this assertion; but I hope you will allow me to point out that, as far as I know, the word is of purely German origin. It is generally assumed to be derived from the imitative interjection hurr, describing a rapid movement, from which word the middle High German hurra, 'to move rapidly,' or rather to hurry, has been formed. Hurrah is, therefore, nothing else but an enlarged form of hurr, and, as I said of purely Teutonic origin. In Grimm's 'Woerterbuch' we find the interjection quoted from a Minnesinger. It also occurs in Danish and Swedish; and it would be interesting to know when it was first introduced in this country in the Anglicized form of 'hurry.' In Germany it was frequently used during the Napoleonic wars by the Prussian soldiers, and it also occurs in some political and martial songs of those days. Since then it seems to have been adopted also by other nations, even by the French in the form of hurra. That the interjection did not become so popular in Germany as a cheer at convivial gatherings as in this country is probably owing to the circumstance that preference was given there to the brief exclamation 'Hoch!' forming respectively the end and the beginning of the phrases 'Er lebe hoch, and 'Hoch soll er leben.' Of late the word hurrah seems to have become rather popular in Germany. It is just possible that the English reimposed it there or that it was revived through the magnificent poem of 'Hurrah; Germania!' written by the poet laureate of German people, Ferdinand Freilgrath."

Burial Rites of an African King—His Wives Buried with him.

The king of Eboe, Africa, died recently, and, as is customary in that part of the country, the traders from New Calabar went up to pay their respects to the new monarch. The traders were aware that for a short time after the old king's death "lu lu" rites are performed, but they thought that these were over. The deceased monarch's name was Imphy, and to the horror of the Edgish traders the "lu lu" ceremonies were at their highest when they entered Eboe town. The rites had been in operation for about two months, and already about forty people had been slain to appease the "lu lu" gods. The old king was then lying in a grave which had been dug for him. Lying in the same grave were

nine of the king's youngest wives, and their deaths had been brought about in the most cruel manner. Each of the poor creatures had both her wrists and ankles broken, so that they could neither walk nor crawl.

In this state, and suffering the most excruciating pain, the unfortunate creatures were placed at the bottom of the grave, seven of them lying side by side. The body of the king was then laid on them, in a transverse direction. The two remaining women were laid down by the side of the king, lying exactly like the monarch's body. No food or water was given to the poor creatures, who were left in that position to die. It is said that death, did not as a rule, take place for four or five days. Four men were stationed round the grave, armed with clubs, ready to knock back with these weapons any of the women who, notwithstanding their maimed condition, were able to crawl to the side of the grave. In other parts of the town further human sacrifices were taking place. Suspended from various trees were the bodies of several placed side by side on the grass. Night had come on, and by the flickering light of lanterns the faces of all appeared wild and unearthly in their excitement and dread.

FORMATION OF GUERRILLAS.
Why Quantrell's Gang Was Organized and Equipped.

In 1861, just after Price had captured Lexington, Mo., seven of his men bound themselves by an oath to stand by each other and kill all those at whose hands they had suffered. They were Quantrell, Haller, the Little Brothers, Hampton, Kelley and Busham, says the Florida Times Union. Many others soon joined them. All complained of terrible outrages on themselves or members of their families, and it is more than probable the charges were true, for that was an evil time. Men were whipped, robbed, murdered; women were insulted, outraged, driven from their homes. Each army contained its quota of bad men, and at the beginning of the war discipline was shamefully slack. Then, as always happens in such cases, men with no feeling on either side of the great controversy robbed Unionists and charged it to the Secessionists, and vice versa, and in such heated times each party believes the worst of the other.

The region in which the James and Youngers grew up had a singular experience in lawlessness. From 1819 to 1854 the western line of Missouri, from the site of the present Kansas City south, was the border between the whites and the semi-civilized Delawares, Shawnees and Wyandottes—that is to say, the line where criminals were safe. The white population of Jackson, Clay and adjacent counties had increased to a few hundreds when the Mormons came in 1833; a year later the "Mormon war" began and raged at intervals for four years till the Mormons were expelled. Eleven years later the emigrants to California made Independence their gathering point, and life became generally reckless. Soon followed the Kansas troubles, from 1854 to 1857. Hatred burned in the hearts of the people on both sides of the line; hundreds of "Jayhawkers," "Red Legs" and "Border Ruffians" were longing to get a chance for revenge. Out of this sanguinary chaos of blood and fire the Quantrell gang was evolved.

Climate and Phthisis.

The question, Does climate cure phthisis? is answered in the affirmative, "beyond question," by Dr. James A. Lindsay, of Belfast, Ireland, in the current number of the "Popular Science Monthly." "It does it, not usually by a single or specific quality of the air or by any definite combination of meteorological conditions" he says, "but by removing the consumptive from the evil influences of unfavorable meteorological conditions and of an injurious soil, and transferring him to a climate where fresh air, sun shine and outdoor life may be enjoyed and their concomitant advantages realized. The best climates to cure phthisis are found at marine resorts and mountain resorts. The best marine resort is a sea-going ship—a sailing vessel preferred—and the longer the voyage the better. Next are oceanic islands, coast islands and shore place, of which Algiers, Tangier and Malaga are among the best. Of the dry inland resorts, the best are Nubia, the interior parts of Algeria, the Orange Free State and the vast interior plains of Australia, of which the Orange Free State is recommended on account of its altitude. The mountain resorts have proved most efficacious in cases of delayed recovery from pneumonia, with threatening tuberculosis, chronic pleurisy with much fibroid change, incipient catarrh of the apex and chronic tubercular phthisis, with good reaction and the retention of fair constitutional vigor. They are not good for advanced and much weakened cases; and, speaking generally, only chronic cases with fair reaction are suitable for climate treatment."

L. N. Schoenfeld, of New York, purchased at the recent combination sale at Chicago the best stallion Longfellow Whip, 2,204, for \$1550. He is by Kentucky Whip, dam Bessie Brown (dam of Flora C., 2,294), by Bird. The horse will be put into the hands of James Goldsmith.

HORSE NOTES.

—Jockey Bergen may ride for the Dwyer Brothers next season.

—The winnings of the Scroggan string foot up to \$40,000.

—Dan Honig's winnings for 1880 foot up a little over \$50,000.

—The running meeting at Birmingham, Ala., will begin to-day.

—The betting-room at the Elizabeth track is being inclosed with glass.

—Roseberry's high jump of 6 ft. 11 1/2 in. is now the record for horses.

—The horsemen of General Rapids, Mich., are agitating for a mile track.

—Nearly \$25,000 will be expended on a new race track at San Bernardino, Cal.

—Margaret S., winner of the Spirit Futurity stake, has arrived safely in California.

—The English horse Indian Prince has been sold for £10,000 to go to Buenos Ayres.

—John Hunter and August Belmont have made entries of the American Derby of 1891.

—It is said that Marcus Daly's \$26,000 colt Mascot has shown a quarter in 33 seconds.

—Five of the get of King Rene have entered the 2.30 list this season, making a total of nine.

—Orrin Hickok is anxious to match Adonis, by Sidney, against anything in the country except Johnson.

—Mr. O'Reilly is now sorry he did not accept the \$14,000 offered for Conemara by the Dwyer Bros., last winter.

—Isaac Woodruff, the veteran trainer, has left Robert Steel's Cedar Park Farm and returned to New York.

—William Timble, of Elkton, Md., is wearing his prize colt Blossom, and is at present undecided as to a change of name.

—Twenty-nine of the 109 horses which have made records of 2.20 or better this season had no record as fast as 2.30 at the beginning of the year.

—W. P. Maxwell, of Louisville, Ky., has sold to G. W. Poole, of Denver, Col., for \$5000, the fast 2 year old colt Pilgrim, by Powhattan out of Ems.

—It is reported that W. H. Crawford will ship his 2 year old colt Constantine, by Wilkes Boy, to California, for the purpose of attempting to break the 2 year old stallion record.

—Gilling, the champion 4 year old of Vermont, is at the home of the owner, W. W. Moore, Shoreham, Vt. His shoes have been removed, and he will be given a well-earned rest the coming winter.

—Alcantara (record 2.23) heads the list of New England sires of 2.3) performers this year, with Empress U. Gene, 2.19; Miss Alice, 2.20; Ariel, 2.28; Black Victor, 2.29; and Montezuma, 2.29.

—Day, the young jockey who was so badly injured during the last meeting at Jerome Park, is recovering rapidly, taking frequent strolls from the hospital on bright days. It is said that he will ride for W. L. Scott next year.

—What kind of a team Maud S. and Sunol would make it is impossible to say till Sunol has attained her full growth, but if once put together and driven for a record, no grand stand in the country would accommodate the crowd.

—The Fashion Stud Farm, Trenton, N. J., has sold in Kentucky the black colt Moloch, foaled 1888, by Strager, dam Mystery, by Socrates, to a gentleman in Illinois. Also, at Trenton, N. J., the bay filly Fable, by General Washington, to a gentleman in Trenton.

—Pacing with Running Mate, 1 mile, 2.01; Westmont, ch. g. by Almont, (b. g. Firebrand as Running Mate, Chicago, Ill., July 10th 1884, 1 mile 2.03); Minnie R. B. M. by J. C. Breckenridge, (b. g. Firebrand as mate) Chicago, Ill., Oct., 3d 1884.

—The following horses have in succession lowered the 1 mile Trotting Record.

—1806, Yankee, (saddle) 2.59.

—1810, a horse from Boston, 2.54.

—1824, Top Gallant, (saddle) 2.40.

—1830, Burster, (saddle) 2.32.

—1834, Edwin Forrest, (saddle) 2.31.

—1843, Lady Suffolk, (saddle) 2.28.

—1844, Lady Suffolk, (saddle) 2.26.

—1852, Tacony, (saddle) 2.26.

—1853, Tacony, (saddle) 2.25.

—1856, Flora Temple, 2.24.

—1859, Flora Temple, 2.19.

—1865, Dexter, 2.18.

—1866, Dexter, 2.18.

—1867, Dexter, 2.17.

—1871, Goldsmith Maid, 2.17.

—1872, Goldsmith Maid, 2.16.

—1874, Goldsmith Maid, 2.14.

—1878, Rarus, 2.13.

—1879, St. Julien, 2.11.

—1880, Maud S., 2.10.

—1881, Maud S., 2.10.

—1884, Jay-Eye-See, 2.10.

—1884, Maud S., 2.09.

—1884, Maud S., 2.09.

—1885, Maud S., 2.08; 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889 not lowered.

—Lowest pacing record at different periods.

—1835, Oneida Chief, (saddle) 2.31.

—1839, Drover, (saddle) 2.30.

—1844, James K. Polk, 2.23.

—1840, Dan Miller, 2.23.

—1851, Tecumseh, 2.21.

—1852, Roanoke, 2.18.

—1855, Pocahontas (wagon) 2.17.

—1868, Billy Boyce (saddle) 2.14.

—1879, Sleepy Tom, 2.13.

—1881, Little Brown Jug, 2.11.

—1883, Johnston, 2.10.

—1884, Johnston, 2.06.

—1885, 86, 87, 88, 89, not lowered.