

### William Allen's Domestic Life.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer's Obituary.

Thus far we have read only to the public career of William Allen and altogether ignored his domestic relations. Yet nothing in his whole life shows him in a more beautiful light. At the time he was a candidate for Congress he was a suitor for the hand of the daughter of General McArthur, who was his political opponent, and, we believe, engaged to be married to her. Perhaps not engaged, though, as she afterwards married a Colonel Coons, of Louisiana. Colonel Coons, however, soon died, and in the course of time Allen renewed his suit and was accepted. During his second term in the Senate the wedding day was appointed and everything made ready for the marriage. Just about this time the Texas annexation question came up, and he wrote to his affianced, who was at that time living at Cincinnati, asking her to postpone the ceremony until that question was decided. To this she consented, and the nuptials were celebrated as soon afterward as he could leave. He took his bride back with him to Washington and for nearly two years life was to him a long summer's day of happiness. Never was husband loved more faithfully or trustfully than he by her; never wife more tenderly and affectionately than she by him. In January, 1847, his wife died, leaving an infant child, the daughter who has since grown up to be the head of his household and of her husband's. At the time of his wife's death there were no railroads connecting the Capital with the West. The fond husband would not think for a moment of consigning the remains of the one he loved and held most dear to a grave amid strangers, and so he decided to transport them to Chillicothe for burial. So he procured the services of an undertaker and started with them, he riding behind on horseback. When night would overtake them they would stop at the nearest hotel and he would have the coffin taken from the hearse and borne into his own apartment, where he kept watch over it until morning came and time to start again. More than a week elapsed in this mournful trip; yet in no moment during that time was his mournful gaze taken away from the last remains of her whom he had loved so dearly in life and could scarce part with in death. After her burial he returned to Washington and finished his term of office, and then he betook himself with his child to the home where he for so long led a life of retirement among his books and the study of science and philosophy.

### Whitelaw Reid and Anna Dickinson.

Whitelaw Reid, when he was a young man writing occasional letters to New York newspapers, wrote his name "J. Whitelaw Reid." He is described then as of an aspect at once striking and mild; he was tall and ethereal, not to say gawky; his hair was inky black and his complexion of a delicate creamy tint; his shirt collars were cut low, and his costumes were always of the newest pattern. He was once reported as engaged to Anna Dickinson, and "Why is the Tribune so hostile toward me?" asked that excellent lady, the first time she met the young managing editor, "since you have assumed control?" "Well," replied Whitelaw, with refreshing frankness, "it isn't very pleasant to see in ninety-nine out of every one hundred exchanges throughout the country that I have been jilted by Anna Dickinson." Anna pondered a moment, and then ejaculated with a sly smile: "Well, Mr. Reid, I should think that if I could endure the reputation of having engaged myself to you, you ought not to find fault at being jilted by me." An eye witness says that Reid went through a chromatic scale of colors that would have made a paint shop envious, and seriously resolved to "baste" Miss Dickinson at every opportunity—a resolution he has not yet ceased to abide by.

### A Lucky New York Dog.

There is one lucky dog in New York. He is of the black-and-tan variety, and his owner, a rich and pretty woman, boards at a fashionable hotel. She pays full board rates for the darling canine, and he goes to the table with her and eats decorously out of a little gold dish. Cream and chicken are his favorite dishes, with tidbits from his mistress's plate. The poor dear doggie-woggie also has a godmother, a very handsome and stylish young avenue belle, and a birthday, and when his birthday comes round—as it did last week—the happy event is celebrated with a party, a sumptuous dog banquet, to which are invited all the kyoodles of his acquaintance. Lucky dog. Mr. Jay Gould ought to get up a company, steal him, and hold him to ransom. There is big money in the enterprise.

THE difference between the Texas desperado and the Sheriff who hangs him, is that the desperado gets the "drop" on his man and the Sheriff gets his man on the drop.

A MISS BRANNON, of Hollidaysburg, placed a cage in which was a valuable canary, on a nail in front of her house, one day recently. Shortly afterwards a lot of English sparrows congregated on the cage and killed the little songster by plucking the greater part of its feathers out and destroying its eyes.

### WORSE THAN THE FEVER.

ANOTHER BATCH OF VILLAINOUS LOUISIANA FRAUDS.

How Hayes' Friend Marks is Running the Revenue Office at New Orleans—The Government Robbed Out of House and Home.

About a year ago Morris Marks, who figured conspicuously in the steal of the electoral vote of Louisiana for Hayes, was appointed internal revenue collector at New Orleans. The protests of all the decent citizens of Louisiana against the appointment availed nothing; Marks' services as a Hayes elector and as a valuable tool of the returning board could not be overlooked by the administration who profited by his frauds. The appointment was severely criticized by even Republican papers, and those who knew Marks well predicted that the Government would not derive much revenue from his department. Marks, immediately upon getting into office, surrounded himself with congenial spirits, all of whom had taken a hand in the crime of stealing Hayes into the Presidency, and at once began to provide for an era of good stealing. The revenues of the Government were pocketed by this gang of "civil service" officers, but the reputable people of New Orleans made no fuss about it, because they had expected nothing else. Marks' operations, however, finally came into collision with the business interests of a citizen, and he did make a fuss.

Some months ago Mr. Flores, a leading tobacco merchant of New Orleans, forwarded to the revenue bureau in Washington an affidavit setting forth in detail the thieving operations of Marks and his gang. This affidavit stated that Marks had formed a tobacco ring in New Orleans composed of many of the dealers and manufacturers there; that instead of paying the revenue duties imposed by law to the Government in the regular way, the money was all put into a pool and divided among the ring. Mr. Flores complained that this gave the ring advantages over dealers who are complying with the law, and that the latter would be forced out of business unless the revenue bureau at Washington interposed to enforce the law. The affidavit offered to furnish evidence of the existence of the ring, and insisted upon the protection to which he, as a law-abiding citizen was entitled. The head of the revenue bureau, in that spirit of leniency he always exhibits towards good Republicans who helped to make the fraudulent Administration, informed Marks of the affidavit and its contents, and, it is said, even went so far as to send him the document himself. The collector immediately came to Washington, and, of course, nothing was easier than for him to explain everything to Raum's satisfaction. Marks returned to New Orleans, and resumed the collection of revenue for himself and pals, and the Flores affidavit was pigeon-holed.

The next exposure came from the tobacco dealers who belonged to the ring. Marks having discovered that the fraudulent Administration was not disposed to interrupt him in his fraudulent course, made autocratic use of his power; he increased his assessments to such burdensome figures that the dealers could not afford to pay the amounts and continue business. They conferred together and concluded that honesty was the best policy; that it was cheaper to pay the Government than to pay Marks, and decided to abandon the ring. There was but one course open to them: to make confession, promise compliance with the law for the future and promise compromises for past offenses. This course was pursued, and the revenue commissioner could not disregard the confession of the ring.

Gen. Webster, one of the most courageous and reliable agents in the revenue service, was sent to New Orleans and the first thing he met was a proposition to pay him \$20,000 if he would report that everything was all right. He indignantly spurned the offer, and gave notice that he meant to perform his duty. Soon afterwards an attempt was made to assassinate him, but nothing daunted he pressed right forward and procured evidence enough to convict Marks and every officer under him. Gen. Webster came back to Washington, and reported to Raum that Marks and his assistants were "an infernal set of scoundrels; the worst he had ever met in the whole course of his official experience." He recommended the immediate dismissal of Collector Marks and every man under him, and the prosecution of the entire lot for robbing the Government. In the hope that a different character of report might be obtained, one favorable to Marks, an agent of the Department of Justice was sent to New Orleans to investigate. Gen. Raum was not satisfied to act upon Gen. Webster's report. The second agent, after investigation, reported the same rascally condition of affairs that Gen. Webster had discovered. It seems that Webster himself did not have too much confidence in the integrity of the revenue bureau; he was not willing to rely upon its action, but took pains to lay the evidence he discovered before the United States grand jury in New Orleans. Here was a dilemma the ring crowd had not anticipated. Marks had been directing his entire influence towards the revenue bureau. He at once appealed to United States District Attorney Leonard, who, no doubt, was a sharer in the spoils, and he ordered the grand jury to summarily adjourn. The jury refused to obey the order, and Leonard brought them before the court and asked Judge Billings to issue an order directing them to disband. Billings, the willing tool of the rings, promptly issued the order, which brought Gen. Kirby, foreman of the jury, to his feet. He informed the court that evidence of the most damning character had been laid before the jury against certain high Federal officials, and if the jury was ordered to disband, the court must assume the entire responsibility. Billings said that, under the circumstances, he would withhold the order, and the grand jury resumed its labors. But that very afternoon a telegram was received from Attorney-General Devens, ordering the grand jury to disband. This order had to be obeyed, and through Devens, Marks and his pals escaped prosecution. Gen. Webster, since his return to

Washington, has spoken his mind freely. He has openly denounced the frauds in New Orleans, and has said that he would go to New Orleans next winter and prosecute Marks upon his own hook, if the Government allowed him to escape.

Just about the time of the enforced adjournment of the grand jury, telegrams were sent from New Orleans, and from Washington to the press, stating that the revenue agents or officials had discovered extensive frauds among the tobacco dealers in New Orleans that would result in saving the Government large sums of money. This was part of a scheme to cover up what was being done to save Marks and his officials from the consequences of their robberies, and to direct public attention to the wrongs of the tobacco dealers, as if they were alone in their frauds.

A few days before the adjournment of Congress a very prominent lawyer who was indirectly interested in learning the facts connected with Marks' rascally operations, called upon Gen. Raum, revenue commissioner, and said to him: "I understand that Gen. Webster submitted to you a written report in regard to the tobacco ring of New Orleans?"

"He has not submitted any written report," replied Raum.

"But Webster has made statements about that ring ever since his return here. Has he made them to you?" Asked the lawyer.

"I decline to tell you anything about the case," said Raum. "You are not a revenue officer."

"But I'm an American citizen," retorted the lawyer with determination, "and I am entitled to information which concerns a matter of great fraud. You refuse to give it to me, but I give you notice now, I'll get it."

"How are you going to get it?" asked Raum eagerly.

"I shall go to a Senate committee and request them to demand this information of you. I've got the influence to do this, and you know it."

Mr. Raum came down from his high horse at this announcement, and said to the lawyer, heaving a sigh at the same time, "Well, what do you want to know?"

The attorney said he wanted to know the facts, and Raum admitted that Webster had verbally reported to him the facts as given above; that he had not submitted any written report, but he had given in detail all the evidence he procured. This attorney subsequently ascertained that Kellogg interposed his influence to save Marks. The Webster report, together with the confessions of the ring, and other conclusive evidence, all got before this commissioner while Kellogg was wrestling with his investigation. It was a critical time for Kellogg, and he at once went to John Sherman and insisted that Marks must not be disturbed; that the whole matter should be allowed to remain as quiet as it could possibly be kept. It would certainly ruin him, urged Kellogg, to have all these damning facts made public just at that time; "and," said he, "if you remove Marks it will look as if I had no influence here in Washington, and a whole pack of hounds from Louisiana will come barking at my heels and insist upon testifying against me." John Sherman promised to protect Kellogg, and in pursuance of this promise Marks was permitted to continue in office, and he still holds forth as internal revenue collector and pockets all moneys belonging to the Government that come his way. Through his influence over John Sherman, Kellogg was enabled to bridge over the difficulty, and the Administration spread its protecting power over another lot of thieves.

### A Sweetheart in the Role of a Nemesis.

Norman Spencer stole \$17,500 from the Pennsylvania Oil Company, that employed him as bookkeeper, and fled to the southwest. The robbery was carefully planned, and the thief's intention was to take a new name, settle down as a planter, and marry the Titusville girl to whom he had long been engaged. She knew all about this scheme, and was to join him as soon as practicable. A detective was sent to watch her, and when she started westward, after receiving a mysterious letter, he guessed she meant to join her lover. He shadowed her on the journey so closely that she became aware of his watching. At Quincy, Ill., she hired a woman of about her own size and shape to put on her traveling suit, cover her face with a veil, and go to Chicago. The detective unsuspectingly followed the wrong woman, while the real one went on to meet the fugitive thief. Meanwhile Spencer had bought a plantation near Galveston, Texas, and fallen in love with a neighbor's daughter. Desiring to marry her, he wrote to the Titusville girl at a point on her journey that she need not come to him. The Titusville girl was as quick at revenge as she had been at deceiving the detective. She at once informed the police where Spencer was, and he has been arrested.

### Checks Dated in Advance.

An interesting question was decided in a Philadelphia court in the case of Greer against the National Bank of the Republic. The facts of the case are as follows: Horace P. Wilbur drew a check for \$229 in favor of Greer in October, 1877, on the Bank of the Republic. The check was dated three days ahead, and before Greer presented it Wilbur gave notice to the bank and stopped payment of it. When it was presented the bank refused to pay, although it had the funds sufficient to meet it. Greer then brought suit against the bank to recover the amount of the check, claiming that it was liable to pay it. The Judge before whom the case was tried consulted the plaintiff, holding that there was no contract between the bank and Greer for the payment of the check, the only contract being with Wilbur, the drawer of the check, and that was to hold the amount subject to the order. The plaintiff insisted that the drawing of the check was an appropriation of so much of the money in the bank's hands to the person who held the check, but the Judge held that the contract by the bank with the depositor to hold the money would prevent the plaintiff from recovery.

### A SOCIAL LIGHT GONE OUT.

THE LADY WHO MADE STRAWBERRY HILL TWICE FAMOUS.

From the London Standard, July 9.

A prominent, powerful and accomplished personage in English political society has just passed away. The death of Frances Countess Waldgrave will occasion throughout the whole London world a sensation equally of sorrow and surprise. Regret for the melancholy event will be confined to no one section of the community, and to the members of neither of the great parties of the state. The position filled by Lady Waldgrave was unique. She was without rivals, and she is not likely to find a successor. When Lady Palmerston died it was said by a cute observer "that the days of the *grande dame* of France and of the great lady of England had passed away, as out of keeping with the age." This statement was accompanied by the prophetic comment that if "by a happy accident Lady Palmerston's loss was replaced, and an attempt was made to ascend the vacant throne by any duly-qualified aspirant, no surer mode of the advancement of such pretensions could be set upon than by treading in the footsteps of her admired, beloved and universally regretted predecessor." When Mr. Hayward penned these sentences, it is difficult to think that he had not the qualifications of Lady Waldgrave in view; and it is quite certain that the mistress of Strawberry Hill did what few others could have done to make the position indicated in them her own. The first object of her ambition was, as in the case of Lady Palmerston, to render the most effective social service possible to the political party with which her husband was identified. Neither of these queens of society was a stateswoman. Both were strong partisans. Lady Waldgrave was not an authority in any particular department of politics; Lady Palmerston was in the habit of saying that if she were a politician herself she would cease to be a good judge of the politics of others. But, like Lady Palmerston, Lady Waldgrave had definite views, and all the native ability, acquired experience, and feminine tact, necessary to actively promote those views. Each of them believed in Whiggism as a social principle; each of them acquiesced in the Liberal party as indispensable to the manifestation or the assertion of that principle. Lady Waldgrave, indeed, was more of a stranger to purely Whig prejudices than Lady Palmerston. Perhaps, too, she had of the two a less vivid apprehension of the tendencies of Liberalism as a political creed. All that she cared to know was that, by the accidents of position and marriage, she was closely associated with a certain political organization. The fact of this association gave her an object in life. What others did in the Senate and the club she resolved to do in the saloon and in the country house. If she could not immediately affect the fate of cabinets she could encourage and reward the supporters of cabinets. She conceived clearly the part in life which she wished to play and she played it well. She was an enthusiast with out being a bigot. She was a social eclectic without being a social latitudinarian. Like Lady Palmerston she did not confine her invitations exclusively, or anything like exclusively, to the members of her own party; but then she always took care to never allow the exercise of this tolerant hospitality to compromise her reputation for political orthodoxy.

The alliance, which sixteen years ago, Lady Waldgrave formed with Mr. Chichester Fortescue was eminently successful. Mr. Gladstone's Irish Secretary not only had valuable family connections, as well as an academic reputation of the highest order, but he had for many years acted as a connecting link between Whiggism and Liberalism. The strength of this link was greatly increased when Mr. Fortescue united his fortunes with those of Lord Waldgrave's widow, Strawberry Hill is only one of several estates which were her ladyship's property. But for political purposes it was always incomparably the most important. It is something, doubtless, that the place is full of the atmosphere of social and political tradition. It has a history, and its history has always been more or less of a living influence. It was built by a coachman. Its first tenant was Colley Clobber, who wrote the "Refusal" under its roof. Then it passed into the hands of "Mrs. Chevenix, the toy woman," as she was called by Horace Walpole, who bought it from her, and wrote of it as his "plaything house, the prettiest bangle you ever saw; set in enamelled meadows with fillgree hedges, with barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer under my window, with—thank God—the Thames between me and the Duchess of Queensberry, and with dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabiting all around." "The grotesque house with the pie-crust battlements" was bequeathed by Horace Walpole to Mrs. Damer, from whom it passed into the hands of the Waldgrave family. Kitty Clive has held receptions in its gardens; Mrs. Siddons has studied more than one of her characters within its walls. Fifty years ago everything was in the state in which Horace Walpole left it. Nor was it till 1842 that all the Walpolean relics—the paintings, the antiquities, the Holbeins, the Petiots, the Teniers—were sold by auction. But the dispersion of its original treasures did not make Strawberry Hill a less valuable instrument in the hands of Lady Waldgrave, and it is this Twickenham Tuscum which was the capital of her Empire. In London Lady Waldgrave was never the absolute sovereign that she was on the Banks of the Thames. Her hospilities were also incessantly exercised both at her house in Essex and in Somersetshire; but at neither had they much or anything in common with the hospilities of Strawberry Hill. From Whiteside to August the *Edes* Walpoleans, as they were called by their first historic owner, were never without a company of more or less distinguished guests. The architectural arrangements of the house were as admirably adapted to their purposes as the kindly nature of its hostess. Its windows open upon innumerable lawns and alcoves; there are countless exits and entrances from and to the main body of the building; guests came and departed without attracting any notice,

The existence of Strawberry Hill under Lady Waldgrave's regime was ruffled by none of the regulations to which hospitalities on a humbler scale are liable. Its comfort was proverbial. Now that its doors will be closed, and that there will be no longer present the hostess to make it all that it once was, the social loss sustained is not one that can be easily made good.

### A PRETTY GIRL.

MR. HENRY JAMES, JR.'S, PICTURE OF THE HEROINE OF HIS NEW STORY.

From "Confidence," in Scribner for August.

She was simply the American pretty girl, whom he had seen a thousand times. It was a numerous sisterhood, pervaded by a strong family likeness. This young lady had charming eyes (of the color of Gordon's cravats), which looked everywhere at once and yet found time to linger in some places, where Longueville's own eyes frequently met them. She had soft brown hair, with a silky, golden thread in it, beautifully arranged and crowned with a smart little hat that savored of Paris. She had also a slender little figure, neatly rounded and delicate, narrow hands, prettily gloved. She moved about a great deal in her place, twisted her little flexible body and tossed her head, fingered her hair and examined the ornaments of her dress. She had a great deal of conversation and she expressed herself with extreme frankness and decision. He asked her, to begin with, if she had been long at Baden, but the impetus of this question was all she required. Turning her charming, conscious, coquettish little face upon him she instantly began to chatter.

"I have been here about four weeks. I don't know whether you call that long. It doesn't seem long to me, I have had such a lovely time. I have met ever so many people here I know—every day some one turns up. Now you have turned up to-day."

"Ah, but you don't know me," said Longueville, laughing.

"Well, I have heard a great deal about you," cried the young girl, with a pretty little stare of contradiction. "I think you know a great friend of mine, Miss Ella Maclane, of Baltimore. She's traveling in Europe now." Longueville's memory did not instantly respond to this signal, but he expressed that rapturous assent which the occasion demanded, and even risked the observation that the young lady from Baltimore was very pretty. "She's far too lovely," his companion went on. "I have often heard her speak of you. I think you know her sister rather better than you know her. She has not been out very long. She is just as interesting as she can be. Her hair comes down to her feet. She's traveling in Norway. She has been everywhere you can think of, and she's going to finish off with Finland. You can't go any further than that, can you? That's one comfort; she'll have to turn round and come back. I want her dreadfully to come to Baden Baden."

"I wish she would," said Longueville. "Is she traveling alone?"

"Oh, no. They've got some Englishman. They say he's devoted to Ella. Everyone seems to have an Englishman now. We've got one here, Captain Lovelock, Captain Augustus Lovelock. Well, they're awfully handsome. Ella Maclane is dying to come to Baden Baden. I wish you'd write to her. Her father and mother have got some ideas in their heads; they think it's improper—what do you call it?—immoral. I wish you'd write to her and tell her it isn't. I wonder if they think that Mrs. Vivian would come to a place that's immoral. Mrs. Vivian says she would take her in a moment; she doesn't seem to care how many she has. I declare, she's only too kind. You know I'm in Mrs. Vivian's care. My mother has gone to Franzensbad. She would let me go with Mrs. Vivian anywhere, on account of the influence—she thinks so much of Mrs. Vivian's influence. I have always heard a great deal about it, haven't you? I must say it's lovely; it's had a wonderful effect upon me. I don't want to praise myself, but it has. You ask Mrs. Vivian if I haven't been good. I have been just as good as I can be. I've been so peaceful; I've just sat here this way. Do you call this immoral? You're not obliged to gamble if you don't want to. Ella Maclane's father seems to think you get drawn in. I'm sure I haven't been drawn in. I know what you're going to say—you're going to say I've been drawn out. Well, I have to-night. We just sit here so quiet—there's nothing to do but to talk. We make a little party by ourselves—are you going to belong to our party? Two of us are missing—Miss Vivian and Captain Lovelock. Captain Lovelock has gone with her into the rooms to explain the gambling—Miss Vivian always wants everything explained. I am sure I understood it the first time I looked at the tables. Have you ever seen Miss Vivian? She's very much admired, she's so very unusual. Black hair's so uncommon—I see you've got it, too—but I mean for young ladies. I am sure one sees everything here. There's a woman that comes to the table—a Portuguese countess—who has hair that is positively blue. I can't say I admire it when it comes to that shade. Blue's my favorite color, but I prefer it in the eyes," continued Longueville's companion, resting upon him her own two brilliant little specimens of the tint.

### A Curious Lake.

A BODY OF WATER COVERED BY A CORNFIELD.

Here is what they tell about our wonderful advantages in the East: In Colorado there is a ten-acre field which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty or forty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole the depth of a spade handle he will find it filled with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long can be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in its nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which was accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time, until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, though it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting the field hands catch great strings of fish by punching a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him. Any one having strength enough to drive a rail through this crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether. The whole section of country surrounding this field gives evidence of marshiness, and the least rain produces an abundance of mud. But the question comes up, has not this body an outlet? Although brackish, the water tastes as if fresh, and it is evidently not stagnant. Yet these fish are eyeless and scaleless—similar to those found in caves.

### Lamar on the Exodus.

THE MISERABLE TRICKS EMPLOYED TO DEFOY THE NEGROES.

From the Washington Post.

Senator Lamar, who returned from Mississippi several days ago, was asked, by the Post, Wednesday, about the negro exodus. He said the excitement among the negroes on the subject of emigration had been allayed, but they are kept in a feverish and unsettled condition by parties interested in having them leave. Along the Mississippi river, where the exodus fever raged at first, it has pretty well died out, but in the interior of the State the subject is kept alive, though but few negroes are leaving.

"Are any efforts being made to keep the movement going?" asked the Post. "Yes," replied the senator, "men go among the negroes and persuade them that they are being abused and robbed and offer them inducements to go to Kansas."

"What motive prompts these men?" "Some of them are moved by pure cussedness, hatred of the South, and others make money out of the negroes. Railroad companies having large tracts of land for sale are interested in getting negroes to locate upon it. The poor deluded negro will never be able to pay for the land he buys, and these men know it, but the railroad will get the benefit of whatever improvements he makes on the land. Some of them cheat the negro out of what little money they have. A man recently went through Holmes county selling the negroes flags with which to stake off their land in Kansas. This is an old game, but those poor negroes were deceived by it. He got all the money they had and told them to meet him on a certain day at Durant, on the railroad, and he would have there a train to take them to Kansas free of charge. I saw a letter from a citizen of Durant describing the appearance of the town and the scene on the day named for the free train. The negroes from all the country around flocked to the station and the place was overcrowded with them. They could not be persuaded that they had been deceived, but insisted upon waiting for the train."

Senator Lamar said he did not believe that there would be anything like a general emigration movement among the negroes; that some would leave here and there, and others would return from the land of promise. "Should the negro population leave the State, could other labor be procured?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Lamar, "Mississippi would blossom like a rose."

In order to show how superior white labor would prove to colored, Col. Lamar said he had had a white man employed on his plantation six months, and in that short time he had improved everything under his charge. This man had employed his practical knowledge of farming, and made improvements in the crop and stock that negroes would never think of. Senator Lamar thought if the negroes were to "exodus" in a body, such valuable white laborers as the one on his plantation would go into the State to cultivate the land.

### Value of a Wife.

"How do you get along?" said a wife to her husband, in the midst of the picnic. "Oh, I shall weather the storm, but I wish I had a few hundred dollars more." "Don't you wish you had married a rich wife?" said she, in a teasing way; then going to her room, she returned with rather more than the amount required in United States bonds. "Why, where in the world did you get this?" said the husband. "Well my dear, you went to a champagne supper seven years ago, and on your return, finding navigation around the room rather difficult, deposited hat, shoes, gloves, and a large roll of bills on the carpet. I put the money away and waited three weeks for you to inquire if I had seen it, when finding you were ashamed to do so, I invested, and here you have it." The moral is—well, we don't know what it is, unless that if you will get drunk and lose your money, do it at home under the eye of your wife.