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The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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Somerset, Pa.

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Somerset, Pa.

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1882. 1882.
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Mar22

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MARYLAND FARMS.—Book and Map free. By C. E. SHANAHAN, Att'y, Easton, Md Feb 1. 4t.

SUPERSTITION.

Like the black shadow of some ancient power—
Some vast and formless horror, given to he
A tyrant to our weak credibility,
Spawned on the sad world an evil hour:

That demon, Superstition, with its dower
Of suffering, death and ghastly prophecy,
Haunts us who hate and curse it and are free,
Who love the truth as sunlight loves a flower.

It broods above the strong and starry mind,
And seeks with weird devices to affright
The spirit which moves us with a noble hope.

It rouses all the dead past, and we find
It's spectral memories in the lunar night,
Like dreams of witches, dangling by a rope.

A YOUNG LAWYER'S HIT

It was the gloomiest of gloomy days. There was not one redeeming feature about it. If it had only rained, there might have been music in the drops; if it had snowed, we might have "lived over" the beautiful poem; but it did neither, and now, late in the afternoon, the air was a thick, damp vapor, and the street ankle deep with slush and mud that an unpaved western town supplies so beautifully and readily.

Then again, the life of the young attorney is not always one of whirl and excitement and pleasurable results. Not a living soul except a bootblack—just as if he would ever need bootblacks again—had entered the door that day. In vain had I tried to give my mind over to the arbitrary statutes, and then in despair sought the more inviting stimulent of Regina vs. Reynolds; even the gossip of a great leading case failed to inspire me, and wearily I turned from my books to my thoughts, and from my thoughts to my gloom.

It was just then, before I had ascended to the realms of suicidal purpose—for I walk that way slowly—that the door knob hesitatingly, cautiously turned, and I—was hard at work again, pen in hand, with one eye on the paper and the other on the door.

I won't make a diagnosis of just how fast my heart was beating, if peradventure the door would open, and somebody that was somebody should come in. I could endure the suspense no longer, I looked squarely up.—The door had opened, and, though the evening shadows were gathering thick and fast, I could see that my visitor was in dress and manner a lady—the most significant word in the greatest of languages. Her veil concealed her face, but, old or young, ugly or pretty, her thoughts probably were: "Here's a young man—very young, he hasn't much experience—don't think he ever did much work before. I would help him, but it don't help me. I had better look—"

But I interrupted my own forebodings by springing to my feet with a "Good evening, madam. Step in; I'm through with the matter in hand—a little pressed now, with term time upon us, but have an hour to spare—such a dull day! Sit down!" and my first triumph was won, for she was seated.

Then I swept my books from me with an air of relief, as if any problem she might agitate would be child's play compared to what I had just passed through.

I had not yet so much as caught the color of her eyes, and couldn't but wonder why she kept her veil down so closely unless she was meditating a sudden flight to the office of the bald-headed wretch across the way, who had a few gray hairs and more experience, you know—but a bad attack of rheumatism, too, thank heaven! which I devoutly trusted was keeping him home on such a day as this.

"I want you to write a will," she suddenly began, in a half halting voice.

"Certainly, madam," I answered, nobly resolving to strengthen the faith within her, and I pulled a half quire of legal cap toward me, and thought of the solemn opening and the weighty formalities of its publication.

"It's to be my husband's will," she added. "He dare not come out on such a day as this," and she shivered so prettily that I was reconciled with the weather for the first time that day.

"Hadn't I better come to your house?" I ventured to suggest.

"Oh, no! not now," she answered, with a little sigh. "It might excite him too much. But he may be better to-night, and I will send the carriage for you then. It will not make any difference will it, about the will being binding?" and something told me she was peering anxiously at me.

"Of course, madam, if he then fully and voluntarily adopts it as his, it is just the same as if I took all down from his own lips."

"Well, we want—he wants—to leave all his property to me, with full powers as executrix—and I am to take charge of his only child and make for her such allowance as I shall think wise."

"What is your daughter's name?"

"She is not my daughter," she answered with the slightest token of gathering animation in her voice.

"Ah, yes; just so," said I nervously fumbling with the paper. "She's your step-daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's her name?"

"Mabel Cecil," she haltingly spoke.

"A deuced pretty name," I remarked to myself. "I wonder what she wants to stumble so over pronouncing it?" And then I tried to forget all about it, as I took up my pen and began: "I——I—— Ah! pardon me, madam, but what's your husband's name?"

What fools men are when a little excited, especially young lawyers, sitting up with an early case.

"Robert E. Cecil."

"I, Robert E. Cecil, of the county of Herkimer, and State of——, do make and publish this my last will and testament:

"I give, bequeath and devise to my dearly beloved wife—"

"Oh! pardon, madam, but what's your name?"

"Lucy L. Cecil,"

"To my dearly beloved wife, Lucy L. Cecil, all my real and personal property of whatsoever kind and nature, after the payment of all my just debts; and I hereby commit to her guardianship my only child, Mabel Cecil, for whom there shall be made such allowance and maintenance as to my beloved wife may seem fit.

"And I hereby appoint Lucy C. Cecil my sole executrix of this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me made.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, this third day of November, A. D. 187—."

"I suppose you will understand," I undertook to explain, "that this will vests all of your husbands property in you, and to leave his daughter's allowances at your discretion is to leave her at law nothing in her own right. The provision is in short meaningless, except that it shows that the testator had her in his mind when he made his will, and so far makes it all the more binding."

"Exactly," she spoke with animation. "It's his wish—and I shall see that you are well paid for your trouble and counsel—the carriage will be here very soon." And she had gone as quickly as she had come. That remark about payment had entered a threadbare coat and struck right home.

"But it's too mean all the same, pay or no pay," I growled, to cut that girl off that way without a cent. But it's the old story, and I can't help it," and I sank back with a philosophical smile on my face.

"Then—just in sport, in a fit of malignant satisfaction—I took up a second sheet of legal cap, and scribbled thereupon, with a formal opening and close that this said Robert E. Cecil gave all his property to his dearly beloved daughter, Mabel Cecil, and left the lady of the veil where the law found her.

"But such is the history of the world," I concluded solemnly, "ever such; and what a gulf, deep, impassable, between what ought to be and what is. How I should like to bridge it over." And I buttoned up my coat and walked to the window imagining that I could see through the darkness the coming of the carriage of Madam Cecil.

The time dragged slowly, very slowly, and I never felt more genuine relief than in hearing heavy wheels grinding through the mud and slush, and a knocking at the door to notify me the carriage was ready.

I sprang into the carriage and away we dashed through such darkness that I could not for the life of me discover to what portion of the town I was being driven. But in a very short time we came to a sudden halt, and the carriage door opened. The coachman conducted me up the brown stone steps, where the open door was already awaiting me, and I stepped into the dimly lighted hall.

As I did so, a lady, whose figure and manners told me was Madam Cecil, glided from a side room, and with a little plaintive smile, bade me follow her at once. But in that instant I had read her face and perhaps her character. She might have been thirty-five, only she didn't look it, with brilliant black eyes, pearly teeth and elegant manners; but behind all these I read the positive force that turned to good may save a country, but given over to evil would sacrifice everything to success.

Noislessly she glided over the heavy carpets, and as silently I followed her. She passed into the library, and from thence, as I instinctively felt, into the chamber of death; even elegant furniture and costly paintings and embroidered coverlets are not to overawe our destiny.

"Mr. Cecil, the lawyer has come," she softly said, as she stooped over the face of the silver-haired man.

"What? Who?" said he starting from a seeming stupor, and looked wonderingly at me from his sunken eyes.

"He will read it to you now, Mr. Cecil," she added in a low tone, "he is sinking rapidly; I fear you must hasten."

I felt that I must. I seated myself at his bedside, and as I did so I saw his lips tremble, and I believed they were breathing a name. I imagined it was "Mabel."

Our boldest moves are born upon the spur of the moment.

"Mrs. Cecil may I trouble you for a glass of water?" I asked, as I took out the will she had drawn.

"Quick, sir, quick!" said I, as I noticed his sunken eyes watching her hastening footsteps. "Do you want your daughter to have all your property save what the law gives your wife?"

He started from me as if he could not trust his own senses, or was doubting whether to put confidence in me; but he seemed to feel the necessity of doing so, and suddenly the dull eyes brightened with a momentary gleam of relief and joy as he clearly answered:

"Yes, yes! And God bless you."

And I, too, was thanking heaven for the whim that had led me to write two wills so very like in strength and appearance, and it was only the work of a moment to make the exchange and just in time.

With Mrs. Cecil came the housekeeper and a man servant, and in their presence the dying man tremblingly wrote his name to the second will and they witnessed it.

They had gone and I started to go, when the old man pressed my hand and I saw the tears gathering in his eyes. As I turned to go I involuntarily felt that the black eyes of Madam Cecil had witnessed all and suspected everything.

"I should like to see that will!" she said firmly, in a low voice.

"Some other time. He's dying, Mrs. Cecil."

"So much the greater reason, sir! Show it to me."

I looked at her one instant calmly and suggestively in the face and then started for the door.

"Stop!" she cried, and a tiny mounted revolver gleamed in her hand.

"My God! Mrs. Cecil, you have killed him! He has died at your hands!" I cried as I heard a strange sound behind me, and I would have turned if all the pistols in the universe had been pointed at me.

The old man's arms had been lifted as in prayer, but now sank withered upon the pillow, whilst his eyes stared at us in the rigidity of death. He had died.

Instinctively Madam Cecil seemed to realize that it was all over, and lowering her weapon, hissed at me between her pearly little teeth:

"You've played me false—go! go! or I'll shoot you!"

And I went, gladly enough, from the stone front, with its treachery, its wickedness and its avarice, into the dark night and muddy streets. But I had carried out the wishes of the poor dragooned husband, and Mabel received her own. As soon as her share of the estate could be obtained the wretched woman disappeared from the neighborhood, and it was understood had sailed for Australia.

Although a young and almost briefless lawyer, I was appointed Mabel's guardian, and so faithfully fulfilled my trust, that after six years, when she was little more than eighteen, she gave her estate as well as herself into my keeping; and as I write this, after my tea, and as Mabel leans on the back of my chair, watching the rapid strokes of my pen, she declares that I did not praise myself at all in the grand act of justice I did, and the courage I showed at the revolver's mouth to sustain her rights.

A Woman's Ingenuity.

Elizabeth Lloyd King, alias Kate Stondard, who is well known as the murderess of Charles Goodrich, brother of the Hon. W. W. Goodrich, and is now confined in the Auburn State convict asylum, being denied the use of writing material, recently invented a new way of composing a letter. She was allowed books and magazines, a Bible and a Testament, although not permitted to have scissors, had a needle and some thread. Taking the flyleaf of a book she stiched upon it single letters, and bits of words that would compose sentences, and very neatly made out of fragments of print the following letter:

MR. PAVEY, COUNSELOR AT LAW:

SIR:—Please excuse this print and paper, for I have not been allowed to use any writing material since last July. I would like to consult you as soon as I can. Will you please call here?

Respectfully,
ELIZABETH LLOYD KING.
Auburn State Convict Asylum, New York.

EDITOR OF THE SYRACUSE STANDARD;

SIR:—Will you please oblige me by giving to Mr. Counselor Pavey the above note? I do not know how to address it. Please excuse this print and paper, for I have not been allowed to use any writing materials since last July.

Respectfully,
ELIZABETH LLOYD KING.
Auburn State Convict Asylum, New York.

The following address was stiched upon another bit of paper, which was afterward sewed on the reverse side of the card:

Mr. D. C. Pavey, Editor of the Syracuse *Standard*, *Standard* office, Syracuse, New York.

It must have required many weeks to have pieced out the letter. The capitals where used only in proper places, and great care was taken as to punctuation. The whole of the first letter was in brevier type, and the most of the second, and the words were nearly all made up of single letters pricked out of a printed page, evidently with a needle, and then sewed on with white thread. The word King seems to have been cut out of a Bible printed in agate. The stitches were taken with such care as not to tear the paper or to leave upturned edges that would be apt to cause any part to be torn off in handling. The edges of the paper were neatly hemmed. The letter was delivered to a visitor to mail, but it was taken up by an asylum physician, who has preserved it as a curiosity.

A Claimant After the Estate of Thaddeus Stevens.

LANCASTER, March 16.—Most people familiar with the life of Thaddeus Stevens are also familiar with fact that he left a peculiar will. In the event of his favorite nephew Thad. Stevens, Jr., keeping sober for five years he was to receive a certain amount of the estate; keeping sober for five years longer, he was to receive a certain other amount, and, keeping sober for fifteen years, he was to receive all of the estate save a few small bequests. Not living up to these terms, young Thad was to receive $800 per annum during his life, and this he accepted, burying his talents and his life in an insatiable indulgence in strong drink. In the event of young Thad. receiving only $800 per annum, the residue of the estate—provided it amounted to $50,000—was to go to the founding of an orphan assylum where children who had lost either parent (and regardless of color, creed or nationality) were to be admitted. Hon. James P. McPherson, Hon. A. E. Roberts and Hon. O. J. Dickey were named as the executors. Mr. Dickey is dead, but the other two executors were about arranging for the transfer of the estate to the Children's Home of this city, when Mr. Thaddeus N. Stevens, of Indiana, stepped in and filed a bill in equity which sets forth that he is entitled to the residue of the "Old Commoner's" estate because it does not reach $50,000. He claims that he and his sister are heirs-at-law, and that his sister has transferred her claim to him. Able counsel has been retained by the claimant, and the case promises to be more than ordinarily interesting.

Mr Clarence B. Stoddard, the druggist, informed us that Mr. Louis Hope, a sufferer with rheumatism for a number of years, obtained the greatest relief by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.—*Monroe (Mich.) Commercial.*

The Washington Monument.

Nearly a half century ago an association was formed for the erection of a lofty monument at the capital to the memory of George Washington. Funds were collected, the site was chosen and the preliminary work so far completed as to allow of the laying of the corner stone July 4, 1848; on which occasion an address was delivered by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, then Speaker of the House of Representatives. The work progressed satisfactorily till the column reached a height of 156 feet, when the funds became exhausted and further progress was indefinitely suspended. The civil war which ensued was, of course, fatal to any scheme for obtaining further aid, and it was not till after its close that various methods were organized for procuring the necessary means for the prosecution of the work, all of which had no practical result, and it was left for congress finally to make an appropriation which secured the completion of the enterprise at no distant day.

The first labor to be done was to strengthen the base, which was judged inadequate to sustain the enormous weight of the column to rest upon it, and a large sum and much time were expened thereupon. This accomplished, the laying of the course was resumed in August of last year. A few of the surface marble blocks, found injured from many years' exposure, were removed, reducing the height from 156 to 150 feet. Since then, to the middle of August of the present year, thirty-five courses, or seventy-five feet, have been added, making the elevation reach that of Bunker Hill Monument. It is estimated that by the close of the year a height of 250 feet will be attained, not including the granite base, which extends eighteen feet below the surface.

One hundred men are employed in cutting and preparing the blocks in the sheds around, and twelve in setting them. The marble blocks have a uniform thickness of two feet, but are irregular in length, and each is accompanied by a granite or inner block. The blocks are hoisted by an elevator worked by an engine of fifty horse-power. The elevator will endure a strain far beyond any possible demand that can be made on it, the two cables which support its weight having been subjected, as stated, to a test of 170 tons each, and not being at present taxed beyond eleven tons.

When completed, this monument will be the loftiest structure reared by man, towering seventy feet above the Great Pyramid of Cheops, ninety-three feet above St. Peter's at Rome, and two and half times higher than Bunker Hill Monument. The measurment at the base is fifty-five feet square, losing one-quarter of an inch to the foot as the column ascends. A small portion of the memorial stones contributed by states, cities, towns, associations and foreign governments have already been placed in the niches assigned them, the remainder being housed near by.

It is estimated that the monument may be completed in the course of 1885. Were it not for interruptions, two courses or four feet per week could be added; but changes in the gearing, inclement weather, delay in the arrival of material, and various causes frequently retard progress. Already, however, the monument begins to peep up to view, in quarters of the city, where, hitherto, it has not been visible, and its gradual rise is watched with great interest. At its present height it attracts the attention of visitors, and as it progresses and nears completion it will become an object of increasing interest, till, at length finished, it must prove a chief attraction to Americans and strangers. The highest columns that man has ever reared, apart from its object, must bring to Washington a tide of visitors, pilgrims to the new Mecca from all parts of the Union, and strangers from abroad all anxious to view the shaft towering above all existing structures.

We may add that at present on entering the shaft and looking upward the sky seems visible through a very small aperture, and a very sensible change of temperature is noticeable. As we ascend by the elevator it becomes more chilly, and the light diminishes, till on arriving midway to the summit, it is so dark that objects become scarcely discernible; then, as the ascent continues, a sort of twilight succeeds, which brightens into open day on reaching the upper platform.

When completed the ascent will be made by elevator, or the staircase which hugs the wall and is to be so constructed as to relieve the toil of ascending 550 feet. At short distances will be resting balconies for pilgrims wending their weary way to the summit. The interior will be lighted as a matter of course, and an electric light will flash from the summit. The further statement may be of some interest, that up to the suspension of work upon the monument $230,000 had been expended, and that the appropriation for its completion will swell the cost to some $600,000. The marble blocks are from Maryland, and of very fine material. The monument grounds contain about thirty acres. There were recently forty memorial stones built in the structure, and eighty-five are still uninserted.—*Boston Transcript.*

$4000 to Pay.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 15.—The Court to-day awarded to Professor J. E. Hawker, Superintendent of Schools of this city, $4000 damages brought by him against Morris Goldsmith, a prominent merchant of this city for signing a libelous petion the State Superintendent of Schools.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Ave., Lynn, Mass., is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation for the surprising cures which daily result from the use of her Vegetable Compound in all female diseases. Send to her for pamphlets.

Glass Houses.

Perhaps not one builder or contractor in ten, if told that the common grades of glass made at glass factories in this city have a crushing strength nearly four times as great as that credited by experienced engineers to the strongest quality of granite, would accept the statement as true. Yet it is a fact, and being so, the query is as to why glass has not received more attention from architects as a structural material. A reporter had a talk with several prominent glass manufacturers on the subject, and in answer to an interrogatory as to whether blocks of glass could be made in suitable lengths and sizes and so annealed as to be utilized in the construction of a building in place of stone, they said it could be done. Said one of these gentlemen:

"This question has been considered by myself a number of times, and although I do not want to advocate the absolute abolition of brick and stone, yet in the erection of art galleries, memorial buildings, etc., a structure composed of blocks of glass in prismatic colors would be a unique, beautiful and lasting structure. With the numerous inventions which have come into use of late years in connection with the production of glass, the cost has been gradually going down, while the quality of the fabric is steadily becoming better.

"One objection which would be raised to the durability of a glass house, in the literal sense of the words, might be that the blocks would not take a bind, or adhere together with common mortar. The objection can be readily set aside by the use of a good cement, and when completed the structure will stand for ages, barring extraordinary accidents. As to the cost of a glass house, it can be kept down to a small percentage above the price of our cut granite. In building with stone you have to pay the stonemasons, and when it comes to elaborate examples of carving in Corinthian pillars, collars, capitals, etc., why the work is rather costly as compared with glass, when the latter can be moulded into any shape or form, and the work accomplished in much less time. I am convinced that the time will come when we shall see such a building erected. Scarcely a day passes but what the sphere of glass as an article of use becomes widened. In parts of Germany and on one line in England glass ties are being used on railroads, and thus far have given satisfaction, combining all the requisites of wooden ties with the virtue of being susceptible to usage at least twenty-five per cent. longer than wood. Then by the Bastra process glass articles are now being made for common use which can be thrown on the floor and will rebound like a rubber ball. Progress is also being made toward rendering glass, which has ever been characterized as the brittle fabric, ductile, and to-day threads of glass can be made that can be tied in knots and woven into cloth. Were one disposed to give play to fancy and fuse it into fact, a house entirely composed of glass could be built with walls and roof and floors fashioned from melted sand. Carpets of glass could cover the floors. The most ultra asthete, sitting on glass chairs or reclining on glass couches arrayed in glass garments, eating and drinking from glass dishes, such a one could realize that the age of glass had come. Yet nearly all of this fifty years ago would have been classed with the then impossible telephone and eletric light, and this statement would have likely found its way into the 'Catalogue Expurgatoros.'"—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Why a Woman Wanted a Warrant.

"Say, mister, I want a warrant, right quick!" exclaimed the irate woman as she dashed into police headquarters.

"What do you want with a warrant?" asked the sergeant.

"For my servant girl. Has she got any right to chase me around the house with a clothes-pole?"

"Certainly not."

"That's what I thought. Which of us has the right to eat at the first table, she or me?"

"Why you, of course."

"So I supposed. I want to know if I've got to sleep on the back fence with the cats four nights in the week, while she gives parties in the kitchen?"

"Assuredly not. Why don't you discharge her?"

"I can't get near enough. Say, does the law justify her using my false teeth to draw carpet tacks and making me shin around with nothing on but a hair-pin and a sore throat, while she wears my clothes to a wake?"

"I don't believe it does."

"So I concluded. Gi'me a warrant."

"Can't get any warrant here. You will have to go before the judge in the morning."

"Will, eh! Well, I won't! If you think I am going to waste any more time lawing with that girl, you're left. In the morning the oil can will be left alongside of the kitchen stove, and if you find a job lot of legs and backbone around your precinct, you can make up your ideas that that girl is out of a job, and I am busy collecting the insurance. You hear this twittering?"

And she left, the sergeant wondering if even dynamite would have any effect on a girl who could get the best of that woman.

A Drunkard Burned to Death.

BUFFALO, Mar. 16.—The house and saloon of Patrick O'Harra was burned this morning and he perished in the flames. O'Harra was drunk the previous night and had turned his wife out of the house in her night clothes.

The greatest cleanser and purifier of the blood, Peruna, should be taken ever few months to prevent malarious diseases, and to cure them when prevention was neglected.

A Lonely Lady.

Just at the time when American women have succeeded in causing each house in the National Legislature to appoint a committee whose special duty it will be to consider the question of admitting women to all the privileges of citizenship enjoyed by men, it is very singular that there happens to be in our National Capital a woman whose condition fairly represents in its least barbarious phase that from which the sex have gradually risen to their present independent condition.

At the Chinese Legation, one of the handsomest residences in the city, lives a lady of rank in that country, the wife of the present minister—Cheng Tsao Ja. She lives in as strict seclusion here in the National Capital of our free country as if still in the capital of her native land. Even here she must obey the national law which compels women of rank to keep within their homes. She has never been out since she removed from the Arlington Hotel, where her husband and his suite were until the Legation was made ready for their occupancy, which was before the middle of January.

While the names of the wifes of the other gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps who are married and the names of the wife and daughter of Mr. Bartlett, the American Secretary of the Chinese Legation, appear always on the official diplomatic list published by the State Department, the name of the Chinese minister's wife is not thereon. She receives no company at all, and must not be allowed to see a man except her husband. Consequently, she being alone with her Chinese women attendants, has no opportunity to learn English. She is the fourth wife—the other three, I hear, are living in China,—and she, it is said, was permitted to accompany her husband on his travels because she was the youngest and comliest of the number. I hear they have not been married long. She is under 25 years of age.

The Chinese minister visits and attends parties daily, and although as yet he knows no English, no one seems to enjoy society more than he. Through his interpreter, who always accompanies him; he talks merily with ladies. He thinks Miss West, the British minister's youngest daughter, very bright, because she has memorized some Chinese phrases taught her by the interpreter, and repeated them to him. Two Philadelphia ladies at a recent reception kept up an intimate conversation with him through the interpreter, and he laughed heartily over some of their sallies.

As no one below the grade of Minister or Charge d' Affaires is ever invited to dine with one of their Presidents, the Chinese interpreter could not accompany the Minister to dinner at the White House, and thus, where all the languages of the civilized world were spoken, he was the only one present who did not understand any of them. The Japanese Charge d' Affaires who attended,—there being no minister here to represent that nation—communicated with the Chinese gentleman in writing on this occasion, though he could not speak his language. The Chinese Minister did not appear to feel lonely at the dinner, but ate and drank heartily, and as he closely watched the others about him committed no *faux pas*. He afterwards told the President that he thought the wine very good and enjoyed it.—*Wash. Cor. Phila. Times.*

Episode of Love-Making.

When the French sought to establish a monarchy in Mexico a Mazatlan youth raised a regiment of boys and waged, against such invaders as appeared in Sinaloa, a warfare that told. The young man's father was of Castilian blood and his mother was a Mexican. His name, Corona, soon became famous and at the age of 25 he was regarded as the Moseby of Mexico. At the end of the war he was a major general, the hero of the soldiers and the idol of Mazatlan society. He was six feet tall, broad shouldered, handsome and daring. While attending a ball at the American Hotel, in Mazatlan, he stumbled over a domestic, knocking a tray from her hand. Stooping to pick up the crockery, General Corona noticed that the girl was very pretty and saucy. She told him that her name was Betty Bowman, that her mother was a San Francisco washerwoman and that he ought to know better than to rush so headlong down a dark stairway. Corona made love to the American miss and before leaving for the Capital he had learned of her irreproachable though humble life. Once away, Betty's face and pert ways haunted him so much that he wrote to her arranging for marriage by proxy. He remained in Mazatlan; the bride went to a convent school. They were a thousand miles apart and wrote to each other daily, the husband instructing the wife in polite ways. President Jaurez, fearing that Corona's popularity would lead the people to give their vote to the young soldier at an election then approaching, concluded to send him as Minister to Madrid, the most enviable diplomatic position in the eyes of all Mexicans. General Corona took the washerwoman's daughter to his palace in Madrid and she now is regarded as the most brilliant and accomplished lady at the Court of Spain.

The Panamal