

THE REVIEW.

—BY—

F. T. LUSE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, in the country, \$1.00
One Year, out of the country, \$1.10

Inquire at Office for Advertising Rates.

A rather "fishy" story is telegraphed from San Francisco concerning a "rare" surgical operation. A farmer sustained a compound fracture of the vertebrae—nearly always fatal. He was taken to a hospital where the accomplished surgeons sawed out the fractured joints of the spinal column. They have placed the patient on an inclined plane and his body acts as a counter weight to an extension apparatus attached to his head. Virtually he is suspended by the neck. To make the story more complete it should have been stated that the surgeons whittled out new joints to take the place of the pieces sawed out. This is an oversight that leads us to the conclusion that the romancer who got up the dispatch is short on anatomy.

It is claimed that the present season at the eastern summer resorts—Saratoga, Lake George, the White Mountains, Long Branch, etc.—has been remarkable for the notable decrease in the consumption of alcoholic beverages. The bar-rooms of the great hotels complain of dull business, although the attraction of the hostilities has never been better. A correspondent of the New York Sun writing from the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga says: "This house contains more than a thousand visitors, but in the huge dining-room, with hundreds of occupants, not a score of bottles of wine are observable. Champagne, formerly the favorite and frequent dinner beverage, rarely appears, and even of claret the consumption is small."

The sentiment favoring a nonpartisan judiciary seems to be growing not only among the people at large but in the legal profession as well. The State Bar Association at its recent meeting at Indianapolis adopted a resolution favoring a non-partisan Supreme Court, and provided for the appointment of a committee of two lawyers from each Congressional district, of opposite politics, to devise a plan for carrying the suggestion into effect. General Harrison, in his address before the Association, also disapproved of the present practice of electing judges because of their political convictions rather than for their legal attainments. Some of the States still adhere to the early practice of making the Supreme judges appointive by the Governor, and it is claimed that the courts in these States have maintained a higher standard than those where the judges are elective. Yet it seems improbable that any change can be brought about in this respect, as there is said to be no case on record of the elective system being discarded for the appointive method of choosing any public officer.

Just as we expected. The Klondike "gold brick" swindlers have begun operations. Their first victim was a bank president instead of the traditional "farmer." His name is MacGregor and he was supposed to be a "canny Scot" who could not be taken in. Evidently he has softened of the cellular brain tissues. Three men were necessary to "work" the game on Mac, who presided over the Branch Bank of Montreal at Calgary, Northwest Territory. First came an alleged United States Assayer who ostentatiously registered at the principal hotel and proceeded to tell everybody in sight of his business capacity. A week afterward a travel-worn "miner" accompanied by a pack-horse and an Indian appeared on the outskirts of the town. After some inquiry the miner called on President MacGregor for advice. He said he had come overland from Klondike by a route known only to himself and the Indian. He had located a bonanza mine and had two gold-bricks that he wanted to sell "at a sacrifice"—worth \$15,000. MacGregor called in the alleged assayer, who pronounced the bricks gold of first quality. MacGregor cashed the cubes for \$10,000. Presto! Miner, horse, Indian, assayer, disappear. MacGregor's resignation has been accepted.

In no branch of architecture has progress been more marked than in that of bridge building. Our modern iron bridges are as a rule superb structures—enduring and often beautiful. In striking contrast to the old-time wooden covered bridges, they afford an outlook both up and down a stream that is of itself an acquisition to the town or neighborhood in which they are located. From an artist's point of view, however, the covered wooden bridge would probably be considered the most picturesque. Many of these olden tunnels are still in an excellent state of preservation and will be serviceable for many years to come. No county or township can afford to discard them for the modern iron bridge until they have become unsafe through lapse of time. They will therefore remain as landmarks of the "wooden age" of the West for several decades in all probability. But there is no reason why they should remain as a blind to the view of glistening waves and waving willows. What the "Fathers" were thinking of when they permitted the permanent boarding up of these really good bridges, without even a loophole, is hard to understand in our day. But our authorities can remedy

this glaring defect at comparatively small cost without the least damage to the timbers. Extensive lateral openings not wide but long like transoms, should be cut in the sides, thus affording light, air and a view.

GOVERNORS OF INDIANA.

The following is a complete list of the Governor of Indiana: Arthur St. Clair, Governor Northwest Territory, William Henry Harrison, Territorial Governor of Indiana, 1800 to 1812; Thomas Posey, Territorial Governor, 1812 to 1816. Governor of the State: Jonathan Jennings, two terms, 1816 to 1822; William Hendricks, 1822 to 1825; James B. Ray, acting, February, 1825; James B. Ray, regular, two terms, 1825 to 1831; Noah Noble, two terms, 1831 to 1837; David Wallace, 1837 to 1840; Samuel Bigler, 1840 to 1843; James Whitcomb, 1843 to 1848; Paris C. Dunning, acting, 1848 to 1849; Joseph A. Wright, 1849 to 1857; Ashbel P. Willard, 1857 to 1860; Abram A. Hammond, acting, 1860 to 1861; Henry S. Lane, (a few days), 1861; Oliver P. Morton, acting, 1861 to 1865—regular, 1867 to 1869; Conrad Baker, acting, 1867 to 1869—regular, 1869 to 1873; Thomas A. Hendricks, 1873 to 1877; James D. Williams, 1877 to Nov. 20, 1880; Isaac P. Gray, acting, 1880 to 1881; Albert G. Porter, 1881 to 1885; Isaac P. Gray, 1885 to 1889; Alvin P. Hovey, 1889 to Jan. 23, 1891; Ira J. Chase, acting, 1891 to 1893; Claude Matthews, 1893 to 1897; James A. Mount, 1897 to —

The Klondike fever has developed into a mania with thousands of men—and a few women—the country over. In spite of warnings from the most reliable sources, and of their own better judgment in a majority of cases, people continue to overload every north-bound steamer leaving the various ports on the Pacific coast. The most distressing details are being received already of the hardships being endured by those now enroute. Provisions are "out of sight" in price, and practically can not be bought for money. For a starving man to steal even enough food for one meal means death if he is caught. Several summary executions for this offense have been reported. To start for Klondike at this season is simply madness. Complaints have reached the Treasury Department in an official way that large numbers of men are enroute for Klondike without provisions or any adequate amount of money. The regular lines of steamers refuse to receive such passengers. There are some "tramp" steamers however that carry any one who can pay for passage. The owners wash their hands of any responsibility for the future welfare of their passengers and are landing crowds of men near St. Michael's who are already dependent on charity for food. The situation at St. Michael's is expected to lead to serious trouble before the winter is over and the Treasury Department has been asked to interfere to prevent ships from taking persons to Alaska not properly provided with everything necessary for safety and comfort. This, however, can not be done, there being no authority for Federal interference in such an emergency.

INDIANA RAILROADS.

Indiana is the "gateway" of the continent, as it were, and as a result of its position geographically we are blessed in the matter of railroads. The railway interests of the State are vast, but it would seem that the limit has been nearly reached. Many of the roads have been consolidated in the past few years, but under the law keep up their corporate names and the alleged "stockholders" hold meetings once a year and elect themselves to the offices. The Big Four system now embraces at least fifty companies. There are 6,270.09 miles of main track in the State, 291.89 miles of second main track, and 1,908.42 miles of side-track. Of the leading lines, the Big Four has 494.92 miles of main track; the Pennsylvania and its leased lines 1,214.19 miles; the Lake Erie & Western 445.85 miles. In addition to the railways proper there are a number of belt roads and bridge corporations, owned by railroad companies, with the following mileage: Anderson Belt, 2.16 miles of main, 1.74 miles of side track; Bedford Belt, 4.72 miles of main, 5.68 miles of side track; Chicago & Calumet Terminal, 10.78 miles of main, .99 miles of second main, 12.82 miles of side track; Evansville Belt, 4.45 miles of main, 3.88 miles of side track; Evansville Suburban & Newburg, 10.90 miles of main, 1.01 miles of side track; Hammond & Blue Island, 3.82 miles main track; Henderson Bridge Company, 9.36 miles of main, 1.04 miles of side track; Indianapolis Belt, 9.55 miles of main, 9.37 of second main, 6.17 miles of side track; Indianapolis Union railway, .92 miles of main, .92 miles of second main, 2.93 miles of side track; Kentucky & Indiana Bridge Company, .35 miles of main, .12 second main; Lafayette Union, 6.50 miles of main, 2.50 miles of side track; Louisville Bridge Company, .08 miles of main track. The largest railroad in the State is the Pennsylvania. The smallest is the White River. The Michigan Central is double track through the State, and the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern is double-tracked, all but six miles. A number of the roads have more miles of side track than of main track.

A LOOTED BANK.

THE STATE BANK OF AMBIA
ROBBED BY CASHIER
M'CONNELL.

Gov. Mount on Insurance—A Dark Secret
—A Practical Woman—State Items.

A Looted Bank.

The State Bank of Ambia, Benton county, closed its doors Monday. The failure was caused by the absconding cashier, Fred McConnell, who left with all the funds Saturday night. He was not missed until Monday. About 9 o'clock Saturday night McConnell gave out that he was going to Oxford to visit relatives. Instead, however, he went to Hoopston, Ill., where he is supposed to have taken the south-bound train on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railway. His wife accompanied him. State Bank Examiner Millikan is now in charge of the books of the bank, and he cannot give the amount of shortage. All of the money is gone from the safe, with the exception of a small amount of silver. No entries have been made in the books for a month, and it will take the examiner several days to post up. Nothing was thought of McConnell's absence until noon on Monday, when the depositors began to grow uneasy. Miss Blanche Moore, Mr. McConnell's clerk, was visiting friends at Goodland, but she returned and opened the safe, being the only one possessing the combination. No money was found in the vault and telegraph messages were sent in every direction to head McConnell off, but without success. Considerable money was deposited on Saturday last and it is thought that McConnell has had his flight in contemplation for a month, as his books have not been posted for that length of time. About \$40,000 is thought to be missing.

Gov. Mount on Insurance.
Governor Mount was in Crawfordsville

bloodhounds took the new trail but failed to catch the villain. Rumors have long been in circulation, about the house in which these strange assaults have taken place. It contains secret passages and secret chambers. People have talked for years of "Bill Harness' secret". These same stories have mixed up a watch with the secret, and it was discovered that the watch of the secret and the watch taken by the strange man from Mrs. Harness are identical. The peculiarity of the case is enhanced by the fact that at neither the second nor the third visit did the man attempt to repeat his criminal assault upon Mrs. Harness.

A Practical Woman.

Alice Litcher of Anderson was washing clothes, Wednesday, when her lover, Frank Holmes, arrived from New Albany. She was in the midst of her work when he asked her to marry him. She dried her hands, put on a sunbonnet and got in his buggy. They drove to the nearest squire's, and the knot was tied. She immediately returned and resumed the washing, completing it. They left, Wednesday evening, for New Albany, where they will make their home.

Oil Near New Albany.

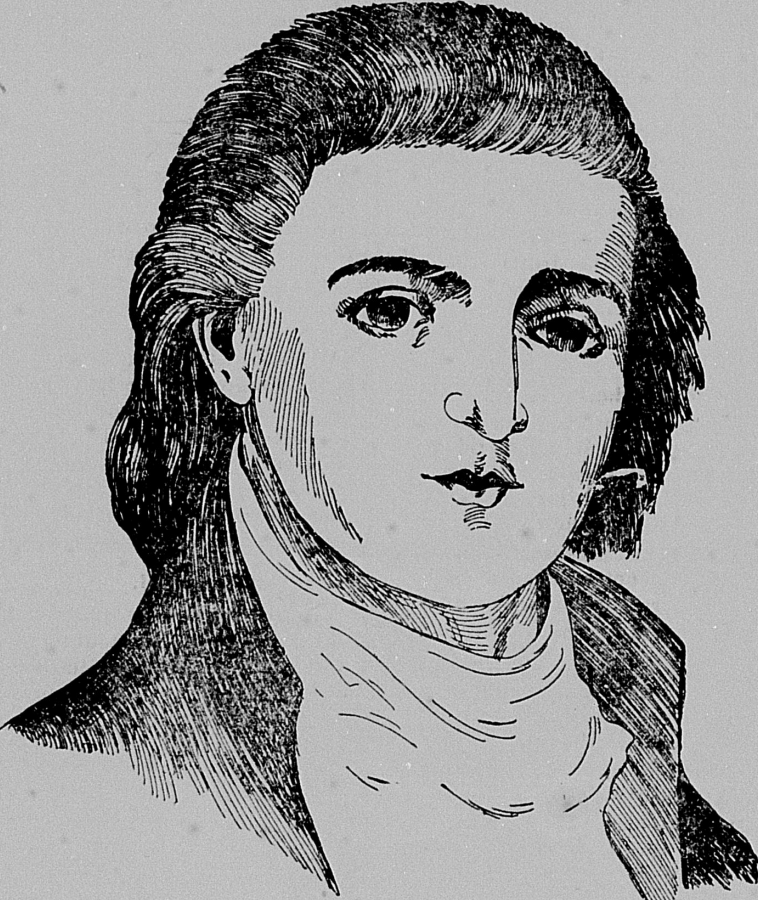
While digging a hole on his farm west of New Albany, Major J. V. Kelso struck a vein of black liquid resembling petroleum. Nearly a barrel was obtained in a few minutes. A match was applied and the oil burned readily. Major Kelso will make a further investigation.

INDIANA STATE ITEMS.

The Indiana oil operators who went to Canada are returning. A half barrel a day is the average production of Canadian wells.

A deaf mute, known as Shipley, was arrested at Pendleton for robbery, and it required four deputies to place him in custody, so violently did he resist.

Several mailbags were found in the woods near Warsaw, Wednesday. They were turned over to the postoffice and found to contain first-class matter.



THOMAS POSEY,
Territorial Governor of Indiana—1812 to 1816.

Tuesday and delivered an address before the Montgomery and Fountain Farmers' Fire Insurance Company. He was one of the organizers of this company, and has been devoted to its growth and success. He spoke in favor of local insurance companies, and produced figures to show that within a short term of years Indiana has paid to fire insurance companies out of the State over \$50,000,000 in premiums and has received back only about \$25,000,000 for losses incurred. The Governor held that every community would be greatly benefited by the existence of local fire insurance companies, and argued that Indiana could take no more decisive step to secure prosperity than to keep at home the vast amounts annually paid as premiums to companies out of the State. This could be done by insuring with local companies already existing, and by the organization of new companies on a sound business basis. Governor Mount said further that what applied to fire insurance also applied to life insurance. Local life insurance companies should be maintained in every community, guarded by honor and business sense. The result of this home insurance could not but result in more prosperous times, since the balance of insurance is always in favor of the insurer rather than the insured.

A Dark Secret.

Five hundred men, hunting for the man who made repeated assaults upon Mrs. Harness, the wife of Farmer Ellsworth Harness, have set the counties of Clinton, Carroll and Howard wild. The first of the assaults was committed, Friday, Mrs. Harness, a bride of a few weeks, was at home alone. She heard a noise in an unused room, and when she went into the room to investigate, a cloth was thrown over her face. Her assailant then forced her to the floor, choked her into insensibility and assaulted her. An hour later her husband returned. The country was aroused and men began hunting for the villain with the avowed purpose of lynching him. Late Saturday, Harness left the house for a few minutes when suddenly a man came out of the cellar and attacked Mrs. Harness. He said he would kill her if she did not reveal to him a secret about which she insists she knows nothing. The blood-hounds were called and put on the trail. At midnight, Sunday, while all the men were away on the chase, the fiend returned. At the muzzle of a shotgun he compelled Mrs. Harness to give up a watch which he described. He then kicked her in the side and disappeared. The posse and

The Wagner glass company bought the Quick glass works, of Frankton, Wednesday, for \$10,000. The plant had been idle two years. Bottles and jars will be made. Clarence Richvine, of Anderson, removed from his position as mail carrier by the new postmaster, has appealed to the Civil Service Commission.

A valuable quarry of sandstone has been discovered near Russertown station, on a farm owned by W. A. Culp. It is said to rival the Bedford stone and is easy of access.

Samuel Rutherford, of Muncie, in attempting to control a runaway team, was dashed against a telephone pole and fatally injured. He is sixty years old.

The board of education of Bartholomew county has decided that slates shall be used no more in school, paper tablets to be used instead. Too many germs on slates.

Charles M. Murphy and Bruce Bement, of Terre Haute, are making a fortune out of a gold mine, in British Columbia. The ore turns out \$10 and \$80 a ton. Mine is 200 miles from Victoria.

Marion Collins, of Muncie, attempted to avoid arrest for peace disturbance by flight, and he was shot and severely wounded by patrolman Bennadum, who claims to have fired in the air.

Terre Haute is to have a new and immense brewery. Foreign capital is behind the enterprise, but local men will be invited to take stock in order to make the enterprise a home institution.

Ninety-eight cigarette dealers of Anderson have agreed to raise the price of cigarettes from five to ten cents a box and from ten to fifteen. "Dudes" threaten to retaliate by smoking cigars.

Joseph Barker, near Elwood, realized \$1,000 by the sale of his wheat, and he concealed the money under a carpet at his home. Having occasion to pay some bills, he found that it had been stolen.

Wesley Collins, near Francisville, arose from his bed in the night, and the next day his dead body was found in the creek. It is supposed to be a case of sleep-walking and accidental drowning.

The little village of Sheldon, which has a population of only 200, in Allen county, is being scourged with something resembling acute cholera morbus. Twelve people died within a week, and there are a number of prostrations.

Two of the preachers arrested in Howard county for violating the fish law by seining, contended that they found authority in the scriptures, wherein it is said that the Savior instructed His disciples to cast their nets.

Missage.

How little the hand knoweth
The death that is done by the right,
How little the night time knoweth
His sorrowful shades to the light!
How few of the hearts that are broken
Betray to the breaker their grief,
How many harsh words that are spoken
Are the crushed soul's only relief!

Alas! for the childish gladness
We never may know again;
And alas, and alas, for the sadness
That broods like a spirit of pain!
Like some spirit of pain, that will hover
Still nearer when sunlight is fled,
Until youth, and youth's last change of lover
Grow old, and grow cold as the dead!

It is strange that the hands that might lead us
To heaven, refuse us their hold;
That the dear lips that whisper "God speed us"
Are the lips that are first to grow cold!

But love, we are nearer the dawning,
Just there is the heavenly light,
And how like the glorious morning
Knows the sorrowful shades of the night!
—Lola Marshall Dean in the Atlanta Constitution.

OLIVE'S STEP-MOTHER.

"She is the sweetest, dearest creature in the world!" said Olive Ogilvie, enthusiastically.
"Humph!" said Miss Jane Barrington. "People didn't use to talk so of step-mothers in my day."
"But then, you see," retorted Olive, with the air of one who effectually silences argument, "there never was exactly such a step-mother before."
"She's not ten years older than yourself," said Miss Jane Barrington.
"And that is the very reason that she sympathizes in all my interests and pursuits so heartily."
"She married your poor, dear pa for a home and to avoid the necessity of going out as a governess," uttered Miss Jane Barrington with acerbity.
"It is false!" cried Olive. "She married him because she loved him."
"Humph!" said Miss Jane Barrington. "You're bewitched, I see. You're under the glamour, if ever woman was. But you'll have a disagreeable awakening some day, Miss Ogilvie; see if you don't. Perhaps you haven't noticed

"Noticed what?" exclaimed Olive with spirit, as the malicious spinster paused a second.

"Oh, never mind," said Miss Jane Barrington, fanning herself and rolling up her eyes. "I'm not one to make mischief. If you haven't perceived it

"Perceived what?" demanded Miss Ogilvie, impatiently. "Oh, dear, how I do hate these mysterious hints and dark innuendoes! If you've got anything to say, Miss Barrington, do say it out and have done with it. If not, I'll go down to the river and see how the children are getting on with their stone grotto."

Thus driven to the wall, Miss Jane Barrington said her say, with a relish in the communication which can scarcely be described.

"As I remarked before," said Miss Barrington, "I am the last one to promulgate idle reports; but it is quite plain to all disinterested eyes that your young step-mother, the charming widow, whose deep weeds are so exceedingly becoming—"

"Do go on!" cried Olive, in agony of suspense.

"It is quite the gossip of the place," went on the backbiter, "that Mrs. Hayden Ogilvie is carrying on a lively flirtation with Albert Stanfield."

"With Albert Stanfield! Impossible!" cried Olive incredulously.

"Just what I should have said myself," said Miss Jane Barrington, piously. "If I had not been an eye-witness to all her goings-on with her poor, first husband not yet cold in his grave, and

"Be silent!" cried Olive, springing to her feet so suddenly that Miss Jane Barrington started backward and tumbled with more precipitation than grace over a square ottoman. "How dare you utter such slanderous falsehoods! And to me, of all other persons in the world, who owe everything to her loving care, her more than maternal kindness! I despise myself for standing here to listen to it!"

And she swept away with the royal face of a princess, her cheeks dyed carmine and her eyes glittering like wrathful stars.

Straight as an arrow she went to the suite of apartments occupied jointly by herself and her young step-mother at the Crown hotel, a summer resort of some celebrity among the mountains that wall in the blue waters of a Cumberland lake.

The door was open, the soft August breeze blew the muslin window draperies to and fro, and a piece of embroidery lay on the table with the needle yet sticking in its folds and the thimble beside it. All the tokens of a recent presence were there, but the room was empty.

"She has taken her book down to the little woodland spring," said Olive to herself, and she ran down the cool, shining path, where intermingled sunshine and shadow made a moving checker-work at her feet, calling, "Mamma! where are you mamma?" as she went.

But no answer came. The woodland spring bubbled out in cool drops over the ferns that shadowed its pool, the birds sang overhead, and that was all.

"Oh, dear!" said Olive to herself, "where can she be?"

She wandered along farther down the glen, swinging her hat by its strings as she walked, her footstep falling noiselessly on the velvet turf, until suddenly she paused, stricken to the heart as if a barbed arrow had pierced her quivering flesh.

For, hidden away by the leafy covert of tremulous birches and white pines, upon the moss-covered trunk of a fallen tree sat Mrs. Ogilvie, in her deep mourning robes, her face turned wistfully upward, white in an attitude of the intensest devotion Albert Stanfield leaned over her.

Olive Ogilvie did not mean to listen; she was an honorable girl, with a keen sense of delicacy; but all volition seemed gone from her at the moment. She leaned, pale and trembling, up against a tree, and could not but hear the words spoken within a stone's throw of her.

"Believe me, Albert, I appreciate the treasure of your love," said Mrs. Ogilvie, softly; "but I do not know whether I am justified in accepting what you offer."

"Dear Mrs. Ogilvie—"

"No—stop!" said the widow, resolutely motioning him away as he would have drawn nearer to her. "Are you not premature? Have you not reflected how very, very brief a period of time has elapsed since Mr. Ogilvie was laid in his grave?"

"I have forgotten nothing," the ardent lover made reply. "Nor do I deem it any disrespect to the dead in that I would fain extend the tenderness and protection of my love over the one who was dearest to him in life. Say that you will grant my prayer. Give me but one word of encouragement and I shall be happy."

"I must have time for reflection," Mrs. Ogilvie answered, hesitatingly. "Time! time!" Stammered impatiently retorted. "You have had time enough already, surely."

"But this is a matter of such vital importance, Albert, you must rest contented if I promise you your answer tomorrow."

"You will not forget the truth and sincerity of my love—the deep loyalty of my heart?"

"I will remember it all, Albert; only let us return to the hotel now. Olive will miss us and it grows toward sunset."

So they passed on, and Olive, waiting in a sort of dull, dead passiveness for them to disappear through the green wilderness of the leafy dell, took her languid way back to the hotel.

"And I believed that he loved me!" she kept repeating over and over to herself. "I allowed myself to be duped by the tender tones of his voice, the dark light of his eyes! Oh, what a fool—a fool I have been! Yet if it had been any other hand than hers to dash the bright cup from my lips! Oh, mamma! mamma! And I loved and trusted you so entirely!"

Poor Olive! It was like a new phase of life's bitterness and treachery to this petted darling to find out that there were other hopes, and joys, and interests in the world clashing sharply against her own.

She sat down and looked helplessly around. Here was the bright tracery of filigree embroidery that she had commenced but a few short hours ago; it did not seem to her as if she could ever touch it again. There was the unfinished novel; she did not care a penny now whether the hero and heroine got married or not.

"I'll go and live with Aunt Sarah," said Olive to herself. "It will be a monotonous life, but—but it's all that's left me now. I don't care for much variety or brightness."

"Olive, darling, where are you?" It was Mrs. Ogilvie's voice. Mrs. Ogilvie's footsteps, and although Olive would have fled from her presence, it was too late to do so now. The young step-mother came up to her and seated herself at the girl's side.

"I have something to tell you, Olive."

Olive shrank away from the arch, questioning gaze of her step-mother's eyes.

"I know what it is," said she faintly. "You are going to be married."

"I? My dear child, what could possibly put such an idea into your head? You are the one who is to be married, if you can bring yourself to say 'yes' to the suit of Albert Stanfield."

"Mamma!"
"He has been urging me for permission to address you this long time, but I have scarcely dared to consent, knowing how recent a date has elapsed since the death of your dear father. But perhaps I have no right longer to object. He loves you tenderly and truly. He would lay down his life for you, and I believe him to be worthy even of my Olive. Shall I tell him you will listen favorably to his suit?"

Like a burst of renewed sunshine after the blackness of a thunder-shower Olive's face grew brilliant, and throwing her arms around her step-mother's neck she sobbed out: "Mamma! mamma! I have been so wicked in my heart! O mamma! can you ever forgive me?"

And then she told her story.
"Go to Albert, my dear," said her step-mother, smiling. "He will convince you presently that all is right with your heart and his."

This was the end of Olive Ogilvie's tribulations. And she still firmly persists in her belief that she has the best step-mother in the world. And Miss Jane Barrington is rather disappointed than otherwise.—N. Y. Evening World.

Just Thought He'd Ask.

Senator Vance of North Carolina lost his hat the other day, says the N. Y. Tribune's Washington correspondent. He came out of the senate cloak-room bare-headed, with his overcoat on his arm, and paraded the corridors, asking every one he met if he had seen a tall hat straying about anywhere. He was asking the question of Capt. May, the doorkeeper at the lobby door, when the page came up with the missing article in his hand. Senator Vance was just saying:

"Of course I don't think you have seen it, you know, but I was just asking, like the man who came into my office once when I was governor of North Carolina. He was a tramps-looking man, and his clothing was worn and seedy. He looked carefully around the room and then said:

"Governor, you ain't seen nothin' of a pair of boots around here, have you? I left 'em in it that corner last night, and they ain't there this morning."

"I answered that I had not seen the boots."

"I knew some d—d thief had stolen them," said the unknown. "Of course I knowed it wasn't you, but I just thought I'd ask."

Bells on Sheep.

A Michigan farmer claims to have saved his large flock of sheep from the dogs by putting a bell on each one. When the sheep get frightened and run the bells play a grand march and the dogs scamper off.

A New York society lady is said to have attended a dance that attend two left the next morning in Boston, balls on successive evenings in Boston, and would leave immediately to attend a ball in Philadelphia the next night. Four balls in three cities in the course of four days would seem to be the height of fashionable folly.