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THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

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HOPE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

What song is well sung not of sorrow?
What triumph well won without pain?
What virtue shall be, and not borrow
Bright luster from many a stain?

What birth has there been without travail?
What battle well won without blood?
What good shall earth see without evil
Ingarnered as chaff with the good?

Lo! the cross set in rocks by the Roman,
And nourish'd by blood of the Lamb,
And water'd by tears of the woman,
Has flourished, has spread like a palm!

Has spread in the frosts and far regions
Of snows in the north, and south sands,
Where never the tramp of his legions
Was heard, or has reached his red hands.

Be thankful; the price and the payment,
The birth, the privations and scorn,
The cross and the parting of raiment
Are finished! The star brought us morn!

Look starward! Stand far and unearthy,
Free-souled as a banner unfurled!
Be worthy, O brother, be worthy!
For a God was the price of the world.

HOW FRANCES ROBBED THE STAGE.

The four-horse mud wagon, called by common consent a stage, which ran between Bokey's and Logtown, was crawling up the long grade which corkscrewed around to the summit of Pilot Knob. It was necessary to do this in order that a good preparatory start might be had for the succeeding rattling plunge down the other cork-screw road which led to Logtown.

By the side of Black Pete, the driver, sat an eastern importation of the genus "drummer". Pete rolled his tobacco into his cheek, snapped a fly off the ear of his nigh leader and said: "No, sir, I don't git no pay fer fightin' an' I don't do no fightin' fer ther company. If ary galoot stops this hyer stage and perlitely like asks fer the cash box, he's a gwine ter git it. 'Taint no use, no ways, to fight them fellers, they always hev ther drap on ye."

"But," said the drummer, "were you ever robbed on this route?"

"Wal, no, but I've seed fellers a loafin' round heer ez I thought mought do it some time er other"

"And if they did stop you, you would give them the express box and drive on, eh?"

"Yer bet! If ther express company wants to pertect ther box, they must send a messenger along."

The stage crawled up slowly to the top of the hill, and Black Pete settled his foot firmly in the brake-strap, and with a "scat 'em boys" the sweating horses started to investigate the mysteries of the almost invisible road below them on a keen gallop.

Round and round the rapidly-varying road the stage and its passengers whirled, sometimes losing sight of the horses around the sharp turns and again slewing sharply outward toward the dangerous edge of the deep canon which yawned below them.

The sun was down, and the moon was painting weird and restless shadows on the powdered dust of the grade.

It was just the time for the imagination to picture scenes of violence, robbery and blood. Suddenly the chaparral bushes by the roadside slightly parted, and a long shining black object was waved over them toward the stage. A shadowy figure rose in the moonlight among the bushes and from behind a black veil, which smothered the voice somewhat, came the hoarse command of "Stop, stop!"

Black Pete hurriedly pushed his foot heavily down upon the brake, reached down into the boot of the stage, pulled out the express box, and muttering, "Cuss yer, take it," threw the box into the road. The restless horses immediately plunged away into the shades of the forest.

"Wa-was that a highwayman?" gasped the drummer.

"In coarse it was," answered Pete, "didn't yer see ther shootin' iron? Thar goes a cool thousand dollars, as I knows on. Yer bet ther boys 'll be out arter him to-night. I shouldn't wonder if that war old Bart himself. He's a cool one, he is. He always shoots his mouth off in some potry. Leaves it in the box when he gets through with it. Didn't yer notice how level he held that thar shootin' iron right terwards me?"

The lights of Logtown now glistened below them, and a few turns of the corkscrew brought the stage up to the hotel porch, where it stopped with a loud "whoa!" from Black Pete. Not many minutes elapsed before the prophecy of Pete was realized, for as soon as the story of the bold robbery of Wells Fargo's box was related a dozen or so ready miners volunteered to search the woods for the road agent. After half an hour's swearing and drinking over the matter they saddled their horses and started for the scene of the robbery.

* * * * * *

It was a little, cramped-up, helter-skeltered mining town among the Sierras. One need not rise early in Scar's Hole to see the sun rise, for he will not see it if he does. Old Sol is never visible there until 10 in the morning. The rough, picturesque cabins, looking for all the world like dilapidated dice thrown at random from the box, are built deep down in a hole between the surrounding peaks. And yet they actually had a telephone connecting them with the outside world. The denizens of Scar's Hole were not given to an indulgence in business communications with the great commercial centers, but their telephone was the means of preventing many of the inhabitants from spending the remainder of their earthly days at the insane asylum. Every evening, when the echo of the booming blasts and the thud of the pick had ceased in the half-dozen mining claims surrounding the camp, the wearied, lonely miners gathered at the little cabin in which was placed the telephone, and gave vent to their pent-up feelings by, not a free fight, but a free interchange of gossip with the residents of the camps above and below them on the line of the wire.

Such was their inborn detestation of any man who followed any pursuit which did not require actual labor with his hands, and such was their chivalric devotion of the fair sex, that the management of their part of the telephone was given to a young lady by the name of Frances Goldsmith.

On the afternoon of June 20, 1880, Miss Frank, as she was usually called, sat in the little telephone office waiting for the nightly crowd of manly gossipers to come in.

The little rocking-chair in which she sat went bumping to and fro noisily and nervously on the pine floor, and the tiny slippered foot beat a nervous tattoo in unison with it.

"Its too bad," she cried impetuously, "it's too bad for Charlie to work down in that old hole in the ground all winter and then sell out for a paltry thousand. And he's doing it just so that we can be married this summer, too,"—and a pretty little wave of blood swept over the sweet neck and face.

"He shan't do it. Charlie don't know anything about a mine and he may have a little bonanza and not know it, just hear the dear simpleton."

LOGTOWN, CAL.

MY PRECIOUS FRANK: Bonn is negotiating with me for my claim, and he offers $1,000 cash. I have not yet accepted it, but I have about made up my mind that I had better do so. You know if I had that much cash, I could have the face to ask you hasten that long hoped-for happy day. For your sake, darling, I believe it will be best for me to take this offer. If I do, you may look for me down early next week,

Yours forever,
CHARLES MOTLEY.

"Hello, Frank," shouted a smothered voice close to her ear, "are you there yet?"

Frances jumped to her feet and ran to the telephone.

"Dear me, I left the receiver hanging down, and they could not ring the bell."

She put it to her ear and shouted back through the transmitter:

"Yes, I'm here; what is it?"

"Don't you forget to send that thousand up on the stage to-night to Logtown. Tom says there's at least $10,000 in sight. Motley is a school marm and don't know it. Don't forget, now. Good bye!"

Frank's pretty eyes and mouth spread wider and wider as these words came out of the wonderful little instrument.

"For goodness sake! who is he talking to? Oh-h-h y-e-es! why it must be to Frank Downey, the express agent at Bokey. They've been talking together, and Downey has stopped and switched my end on. Motley is a school marm, is he? There's 10,000 in sight and Charley don't know it, and the money is going up there on the stage from Bokey to-night. Oh dear, what shall I do? I'll go up there. I will. It's only eight miles, and it's twenty from Bokey. It's 5 o'clock, and the stage gets there at 9."

Frank was a California girl, and there were no perils for her on the eight-mile trail to Logtown, and if there had been, the slur cast upon Charley's keenness, and the eager desire to save that "10,000 in sight" for him would have been sufficient incentives to induce her to dare them, though she knew they awaited her. Running over to the postoffice, she hurredly engaged the young clerk to take care of the instrument for her, and, dashing back to her room, she soon appeared ready for her eight-mile walk to Logtown. A little silk cap surmounted her head and over it was stretched a black veil to protect her face from the sun and from the evening breeze after dark. Spreading her jaunty parasol she threaded her way along the narrow trail which led through the chaparral into the dark woods.

The sun was yet very hot, although almost down behind the hills, and the trail was steep and rocky, but Frank pushed on, muttering to herself, when she felt so tired that she was tempted to sit down and rest, "Charley's a school marm is he? Ten thousand dollars in sight and he don't know it, eh? Well he shall know it, and have all the credit of the discovery too, there now!" Up, up, down, down, around and around wound the mountain trail, and Frank wound with it, until tired, dusty, breathless, hoarse, and almost crying, she saw the county highway in the somber moonlight, just below her.

Just as she reached the roadside and was about to push through the chaparral which here reached to her shoulders she heard the rumbling old stage-coach coming around a bend close to her.

With a despairing resolve to go in at least with the stage if she could not before it, she pushed her closed parasol through the bushes and waved it to the driver, shouting at the same time, hoarse from her excitement "Stop! Stop!"

But, to her astonishment and dismay, instead of stopping, the driver reached down into the boot, and, with a "cuss yer, take it!" threw a heavy box into the road, and, lashing his four-in-hand into a run, disappeared down the canon.

Poor Frank crouched down into the chaparral in despair.

"Oh, dear! I haven't walked there and I've lost the stage and poor Charley—oh, dear me!"

The spirit of a genuine California girl is not easily overcome with despair, and Frank was a genuine California girl and she was not to be beaten until she was.

She got up, pulled her black veil tighter over her moist face and bravely started on again toward Longtown. It was not far and not a half hour elapsed before she saw the lights of the little camp scattered around in the canyon below her.

Breathless and panting, she hurried to the tavern. A great crowd of men were excitedly swearing and threatening on the porch. Some were in the street cinching saddles on to their horses, and in their midst stood Black Pete, the stage-driver.

"Don't I know," he was angrily shouting, "I tell yer twar only a mile back, an' ther cuss shoved his shootin' iron right under my nose! Why didn't I run fer it? Thar war two uv 'em thar as sure as fightin'."

Pretty soon, with a yell and a whoop, twenty men galloped up the road with a suggestive-looking rope dangling from one of the saddles.

Poor Frank hastened to find Charley. She found him sitting disconsolately on the back porch.

"Why, Frank, what in the world are you doing up here?"

"Oh, Charley, have you sold that mine yet? Am I too late?"

"Too late for what? Sold it? No, and don't believe I can. That man Bonn sent his money up by express and a road agent got away with the stage to-night, and the money went with it. I don't believe he'll risk another thousand on a played-out mine."

"Oh goodie!" cried Frank, "I've got here in time. Road agent? Oh, that is too rich. Oh dear, oh dear, I shall die"—and Frank's voice ended in a high squeak of laughter.

"Frank, Frank! what is the matter? What do you know about the road agent?"

Frank was holding to her sides in despair of stopping her irrepressible laugh.

"Road agent? There wasn't any road agent at all; I stopped the stage to get on, and the driver threw a b-o-x at m-e-e!"

"What does this mean, Frank? Tell me. What were you doing on the road at this time of night, all alone?"

It took her a long time to get the story out, but she did, while Charley stood with his mouth open wide enough to represent his played-out claim with "$10,000 in sight."

No sooner had Frank told her story than he caught her in his arms, and with a wild shout, "You little darling, you shall have every cent of it."

About two hours afterward a file of disconsolate, disgusted horsemen wended their way up to the tavern, with a "suggestive rope dangling from one of the saddles" and a box containing $1,000.

It is sufficient to relate that Charley did not sell his $10,000 in sight, but on the contrary received a much larger sum, sufficient, in fact, to make him a happier man financially and matrimonially. When enough of the story was told in the bar-room to account for the stopping of the stage, Black Pete had to provide for a smile all round, with a continuendo.—*Los Angelos Recreation.*

Waiting on the Combination.

An editor, who had procured a Hall's safe on an advertisment, is toying with the combination. Man waiting to collect a bill.

"Eighteen times slow, to the right stop at 32½," the editor soliloquizes.

"'Copy!" yells the boy who sets up the paper.

Hastily abandoning the safe, the editor cuts out a half-column article from an exchange, marks it "editorial," hands to the boy and return to the combination.

"Let's see," he muses, "stop at 32½ Yes, that's right. Now, then, to the left 15 times slow past 32½ stop at 16¾," and then, looking up at the collector, he paused and inquired, "How much is that bill of yourn?"

"Two dollars."

"Can't you come in to-morrow? I haven't any change about me, and I don't like ask you to wait until I open my safe."

"Just as leave wait as not," responded the collector.

"Beside," continued the editor, "I haven't anything less than a $100 bill in the safe. Break a $100 note?"

"Yes, two of 'em," was the disheartening response.

"All right. Lemme see, 16¾. Then to the right past 16¾—but hold up, seems to me half of that bill was to be taken out in advertising. How is that?"

"No such thing."

"Sure?"

"Yes, I am."

"Very well. Then to the right past 17¾, fourteen times to the left, stop at 75. Look here," to the collector, "better come in to-morrow. This is an accommodation combination—stops at all the stations, and, beside that, it's flagged every few minutes," he added, as the boy called him out to see "that woman with some more poetry."

Thirty-five minutes later he reappears with an arm-load of mixed poetry.

"You couldn't wait till I read this, could you?" he asks, "or maybe you'd like to skim through it yourself?" he added.

But the collector said he felt fainty like, and would just sit still and wait until the safe was opened.

"Oh, you will, will you? Correct—75, then to the right past 75 thirty-eight times slow, stop at 99½; then to left past 99½ a hundred and sixty-eight times, stop at 43; then to the right past 43—Say! I'd ruther you'd come in to-morrow. I'm a little pushed for time now. Can't wait? Then to the right past 43 six hundred and twenty-two times, stop at 13. This is a long stretch of country I'm going over now," said the editor, as he whirled the knob, "but when I get to 13 I'll be nearly half through—confound it, I've passed it! Have to begin all over now. Eighteen times slow to the right, stop at 32½—"

"Hold on there! Stop right where you are," interposed the collector; "I'll come in some time next month;" and he left.

"It's my opinion that no newspaper office is complete without one of these combination lock safes," soliloquized the editor, as he deftly turned the knob twice, opened the safe and got out his last cigar. — *Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

It Makes a Difference.

A tramp found a real female philanthropist in Detroit. She felt sorry for him and fed him, and said she knew that he was the victim of misfortune, and there were tears in her eyes as she gave him an old vest and told him to return next day and get the coat to match. He told her of losing his family by a steamboat explosion—of having his home taken away on a mortgage—of being a wanderer before whose eyes the lost wife and precious children were ever appearing to keep his heart big and his courage down, and if he had only remained five minutes longer she would have wept outright.

He went away thinking what a soft thing he had on this cold world, and a day or two subsequently he returned for the coat. The painters had been at work and just finished the floor of the veranda. As there was no board up, the tramp walked up the steps and marched the whole length of the freshly-painted floor and rapped at the door, with his mouth puckered up into the proper mournful expression. It was opened by the woman, but she had no smiles nor tears.

"Get off that paint, you good-for-nothing!" she yelled. "Get out o' here, you villain!"

"Madam, that coat you ——!"

"I'll coat you! Look at your feet—look at that paint—look at the damage!"

He was still looking, holding up first one foot and then the other, when the handle of a broom cracked across his back and he felt obliged to slide.

"I came for that coat," he remarked, as he stood on the grass.

"You'll get a prison coat if you don't travel," she replied. "Here, dog; here, dog; here, dog! Take hold of him, Bowser!"

The tramp moved on to the front, and, standing there with his hand on a shade-tree, he surveyed the house and muttered:

"Why didn't Shakspeare say that hell hath no fury like a woman cleaning house? Well, I'd better stop here and warn agents not to enter the shadder of death."—*M. Quad.*

Unobtrusive Suicides.

It may not be generally known that when California began to fail in her mining recourses, about a dozen years ago, that there were more suicides in that State than in all the world beside for a short time. Statistics show this. But these unfortunate men, broken and heart-sick from "hope deferred," did not obtrude their dead bodies on their friends. High on the peaks of the Sierras, down in the dark canons, even to this day, now and then you may find a skull with a derringer bullet-hole in the forehead. That is all.—*Joaquin Miller.*

THE BAD BOY.

"I hear your Uncle Ezra is here on a visit," said the grocery man to the bad boy. "I suppose you have been having a high old time. There is nothing that does a boy more good than to have a nice visit with a good uncle, and hear him tell about old times when he and the boy's father were boys together."

"Well, I don't know about it," said the boy, as he took a stick of maccaroni and began to blow paper wads through it at a woodsawyer who was filing a saw outside the door. "When a boy who has been tough has got his pins all set to reform, I don't think it does him any good to have a real nice uncle come to the house visiting. Anyway, that's my experience. I have backslid the worst way, and it is going to take me a month, after Uncle Ezra goes away, to climb up to the grace that I have fallen from. It is darn discouraging," said the boy as he looked up at the ceiling in an innocent sort of a way, and hid the maccaroni under his coat, when the woodsawyer, who had been hit in the neck, dropped his saw and got up mad.

"What's the trouble? Your uncle has the reputation where he lives of being one of the pillars of society. But you can't tell about these fellows when they get away from home. Does he drink?"

"No, he don't drink, but as near as I can figure it he and pa were about the worst pills in the box when they were young. I don't want you to repeat it, but when pa and ma were married they eloped. Yes, sir, actually ran away, and defied their parents, and they had to hide about a week for fear ma's father would fill pa so full of lead that he would sink if he fell in the water. Pa has been kicked over the fence, and chased down alleys dozens of times, by my grandfather when he was sparking ma, and ma was a terror too, cause her mother couldn't do anything with her, though she is awful precise now, and wants everybody to be too good. Why, ma's mother used to warm her ears, and shake the daylights out of her, but it didn't do any good. She was mashed on pa, and there was no cure for her except to have pa prescribed for her as a husband, and they ran away. Uncle Ezra told me all about it. Ma hain't got any patience with girls now days that have minds of their own about fellows, and she thinks their parents ought to have all the say. Well, maybe she thinks she knows all about it. But when people get in love it is the same now as it was when pa and ma were trying to keep out of the reach of my grandfather's shot gun. But pa and Uncle Ezra and ma are good friends, and they talk over old times and have a big laugh. I guess Uncle Ezra was too much for pa in joking when they were boys, 'cause pa told me that all rules against joking were suspended while Uncle Ezra was here, and for me to play anything on him I could. I told pa I was trying to lead a different life, but he said what I wanted to do was to make Uncle Ezra think of old times, and the only way was to keep him on the ragged edge. I thought if there was anything I could do to make it pleasant for my uncle, it was my duty to do it, so I fixed the bed-slats on the spare bed so they would fall down at 2 a. m. the first night, and then I retired. At 2 o'clock I heard the awfulest noise in the spare room, and a howling and screaming, and I went down and met Uncle Ezra in the hall, and he asked me what was the matter in there, and I asked him if he didn't sleep in the spare room, and he said no, that pa and ma was in there, and he slept in their room. Then we went in the spare room, and you'd a dide to see pa. Ma had jumped out when the slats first fell, and was putting her hair up in curl papers when we got in, but pa was all tangled up in the springs and things. His head had gone down first, and the mattress and quilts rolled over on him, and he was almost smothered, and we had to take the bedstead down to get him out, the way you have to unharness a horse when he runs away and falls down, before you can get him up. Pa was mad, but Uncle Ezra laughed at him, and told him he was only foundered, and all he wanted was a bran mash and some horse liniment, and he would come out all right. Uncle Ezra went out in the hall to get a pail of water to throw on pa, 'cause he said pa was afire, when pa asked me why in blazes I didn't fix the other bed slats, and I told him I didn't know as they were going to change beds, and then pa said don't let it occur again. Pa lays everything to me. He is the most changeable man I ever saw. He told me to do everything Uncle Ezra wanted me to do, and then, when I helped Uncle Ezra to play a joke on pa he was mad. Say, I don't think this world is run right, do you? I haven't got much time to talk to you to-day, 'cause Uncle Ezra and me are going fishing, but don't it strike you that it is queer that parents trounce boys for doing just what they did themselves. Now, I have got a friend whose father is a lawyer. That lawyer would warm his boy if he should tell a lie, or associate with anybody that was bad, and yet the lawyer will defend a man he knows is guilty of stealing, and get him clear, and take the money he got from the thief, who stole it, to buy the same boy a new coat to wear to church; and he will defend a man who committed murder, and make an argument to the jury that will bring tears to their eyes, and they will clear the murderer. Queer, ain't it? And say, how is it that we send missionaries to Burmah, to convert them from heathenism, and the same vessel that takes the missionaries there carries from Boston a cargo of tin gods to sell to the heathen? I think the more a boy learns the more he gets mixed."

"Well, how's your theater? Have any of the great actors supported you lately?" said the grocery man, to change the subject.

"No, we are all off on vacations. Booth and Barrett, and lots of the stars, are gone to Europe, and the rest work down to less high-toned places. Some of the theater girls are waiters at summer resorts, and lots are visiting relatives on farms. I tell you, it makes a difference whether the relatives are visiting you or you are visiting them. Actors and actresses feel awfully when an old granger comes to the town where they are playing, and wants to see them. They are ashamed of his homespun clothes, and cowhide boots, and they want to meet him out in an alley somewhere, or in the basement of the theater, so the other actors will not laugh at their rough relatives, but when the season is over, an actor who can remember a relative out on a farm, is tickled to death, and the granger is all right enough there, and the actor does not think of the rough, nutmeg grater hands, and the blistered nose, as long as the granger relative will put up fried pork and things, and "support" the actor. My Uncle Ezra is pretty rough, and it makes me tired sometimes when I am down town with him to have him go into a store where there are girl clerks and ask what things are for, that I know he don't want, and make the girls blush, but he is a good-hearted old man, and he and me are going to make a mint of money during vacation. He lives near a summer-resort hotel, and has a stream that is full of minnows, and we are going to catch minnows and sell them to the dudes for fish bait. He says some of the fools will pay 10 cents apiece for minnows, so, if we sell a million minnows, we make a fortune. I am coming back in September and will buy out your grocery. Say, let me have a pound of raisins, and I'll pay you when I sell my uncle's minnows.—*Peck's Sun.*

Letters to Millionaires.

The name of Mr. W. W. Corcoran is so widely known by his deeds of philanthropy, and is intimately identified with every movement that is calculated to alleviate suffering and improve the condition of the unfortunate, that the appeals which come to him for all sorts of charitable purposes are almost overwhelming.

For instance, a lady, entirely unknown to Mr. Corcoran writes a long letter, in which she states that her husband is worth $50,000, and is doing a large and prosperous business. The writer, however, desires to be independent of her husband, and asks Mr. Corcoran to send her enough money so that she may live on the interest. The letter is well-written, and closes with an urgent invitation to Mr. Corcoran to come and make her visit at her home in New England, to see her garden and enjoy the fruits and flowers. The writer was evidently well-to-do in this world and refined and educated, yet, amid her prosperity, she had one ambition which was not satisfied, and that was to have a bank account of her own. In this particular she is not, perhaps, an isolated example, but the course of reasoning which led her to think that an entire stranger would help her is entirely unique.

"I want a barrel of mess pork, and I want you to send it to me," was the laconic but peremptory letter received from a man in one of the Southern States. Mr. Corcoran, amused by this strange demand, sent the pork as requested. What was the result? He was rewarded by receiving a request for "another barrel."

A young lady asked Mr. Corcoran to send her a pink-silk dress, trimmed to order, to enable her to attend a ball in Virginia. This letter is much in the style of an order to a dressmaker, and there is nothing to indicate that the writer had any doubt but that the request would be granted.

Another lady correspondent, living in Europe, sends sixteen pages of commercial post, closely written, giving a history of her family, which seems to have had a very ancient origin, and requesting that $6,000 be sent to her address, to enable her to take a trip to the southern part of France for the benefit of her health.

It is said that Jay Gould receives scores of begging letters every day.

Mr. C. P. Huntington, President of the Central Pacific road, is probably worth $15,000,000. He is also in receipt of very many begging letters. His letters are from all portions of Europe and the United States, and contain requests based on every imaginable scheme.

Henry Clews, whose wealth is estimated at $10,000,000, receives a large number of letters asking for help. Many of the applicants are unfortunate operators in Wall street, and they often find in Mr. Clews a sympathetic friend.

Russell Sage is not credited with "throwing money away," as he terms it, and brokers generally observe: "A man with $10,000,000, who will wait in his office over half an hour to catch the 5-cent trains on the Elevated road, must be too poor to give money away for sweet charity."

James R. Keene, his friends say, receives scores of begging letters every day, and Cyrus W. Field is the recipient of more than any other man in Wall street circles. He gives away $50 per day for charitable purposes, his intimates assert, and generally answers correspondents who solicit alms if he thinks it is charity worthily bestowed.—*Washington Star.*

Gentlemen Now and in the Past.

What is a gentleman? It is a very old question and has been answered in very different ways, but it is clear that the word at least has a relative and not an absolute meaning, as some insist, and that it varies with the times. Here is what Lord Chesterfield says, which the members of the Four-in-Hand Club will read with interest: "A gentleman always attends even to the choice of his amusements. If at cards he will never play cribbage, all fours or putt; or in sports of exercise be seen at skittles, leap-frog, foot-ball, cricket, driving of coaches, etc., for he knows that such an imitation of the manners of the mob will indelibly stamp him with vulgarity." In another of his letters to his son he says: "There are liberal and ill-liberal arts. Scottish drunkenness, indiscriminate gluttony, driving coaches, rustic sports, such as fox-chases, horse-races, etc., are infinitely below the honest and industrious professions of a tailor and a shoemaker." And yet people who call themselves gentlemen do most of these things nowadays, and even those who are not gentlemen consider themselves as such in consequence of doing some of them. Between Lord Chesterfield's ideas and Mr. Tennyson's on the subject, who is to decide?—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Vast Railway Stations.

The centre of London will before long be turned into a collection of vast railway stations. From north to south, from east to west, there is but one desire on the part of a railway director—to increase the size of the terminus of his line. The enlargement of Euston Station has been brought prominently before the public through the destruction of an open piece of ground adjoining the Hampstead road. The accommodation at Liverpool street has already been pronounced insufficient for the traffic on a bank holiday. A new bridge across the Thames and a new station are contemplated by the managers of the Chatham and Dover Railway, and, if their attempt to obtain a fresh outlet for the Londoner through Croydon to Surrey and Sussex should prove successful, they will be urgently required at once. At Waterloo station the work of patching and increasing has been recommended after the briefest of intermissions, and within a short time 55,000 square feet will have been added to one of the most inconvenient stations in London.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A "LONG-LOST" SON.

The Cruel Deception Practiced on a Wealthy Farmer of Glen City, Pa.

His Confidence Abused by a Young Man Claiming To Be His Wayward Child.

[Glen City (Pa.) Telegram to Chicago Times.]

Elmer Snyder is a wealthy farmer who lives a short distance outside of this village. He is a widower, lives in a big house, and stands high in the community. Mrs. Snyder died five years ago from grief because her son ran away. Two weeks ago a young man appeared in town and claimed to be the long-lost son. The neighbors circulated stories of a fast life in Chicago, and were suspicious, but the farmer believed in him. Last Wednesday a handsome, elegantly-dressed woman, unaccompanied, drove up to the village inn, and secured accommodations for a few days, saying she was from Philadelphia and desired a quiet room. While walking on the street she met the lately-returned farmer's son. They suddenly became intimate, and until Thursday night he was constanty in her society. He introduced her to a few young ladies as Mrs. Dickerson, of Philadelphia, and said she was the wife of a friend of his. On Friday morning the servants in the Snyder household were surprised by the non-appearance of Mr. Snyder. Bursting open the door, they saw the old man lying at full length upon the floor, bound and gagged. The ropes that bound him were wrapped around his arms and legs with a double twist, while the gag was tightly wedged in his mouth. Cutting the cords and lifting him to his feet, they administered restoratives. When he had sufficiently recovered, the old man said: "That young man was not my son. I have been cruelly deceived and robbed," pointing to a safe which stood in the corner of the room. The servants saw that the safe had been opened and the contents scattered about the floor. "Last night," continued the farmer, "the young man and I remained up till about 1 o'clock talking about the Western States. At last he started to talk about my real estate, money, bonds, etc., but I never suspected anything and shortly after I went to bed. How long I slept I don't know, but I was roughly awakened by a gag being forced into my mouth, and before I could help myself I was bound and gagged. As soon as the light was turned up I recognized the face of the young man whom I thought my son and the stylish woman who had stopped at the tavern. The young man laughed quietly, and, taking up my trousers, took the key out of the pocket and deliberately proceeded to open the safe. The pair then examined the contents. The money they put in a valise the women carried, while the papers were destroyed about as you see them. After they had taken everything, the young man came up to me and laughingly said; 'Good-by, papa. I'll pay your respects to your son when I get back to Chicago. He wants to hear from you.' They then went out, locking the door after them." This morning a detective from Chicago arrived, looking for two individuals whose description tallies exactly with that of the farmer's bogus son and the flashy women who put up at that tavern. Going to see Mr. Snyder, the detective saw that the young man was not his son, but an old Chicago thief and confidence man, and known among his associates in crime as "Fly Bill," and who went under the aliases of John Peters, Harry Rutledge, etc. The woman, he said, was a noted courtesan from Chicago, who is wanted there for a number of crimes. The loss to the farmer is nearly $8,500. The booty consisted of $4,900 in greenbacks and the rest in Government bonds. The numbers of the bonds have been given to the authorities, and a heavy reward will be offered for the arrest of the thieves. A watch was kept at all the railroad stations, but it is thought that the pair are already out of the country.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

Summer Programme of the National Executive.

[Washington Telegram to the Chicago Tribune.]

President Arthur does not intend to spend the summer at the Soldier's Home. After July 1 he will not again be in Washington until September, possibly not until October. It is his purpose to visit the New England watering places. He said to a friend Saturday that he should remain here until July 4 or after to finish necessary business, and that he should then visit New York and prepare for an extended summer trip. He will probably first go to Newport, where he is expected. His remembrances of last summer are pleasant. From Newport he will go along the New England coast, possibly in a Government steamer, touching at Boston. After which he will visit one or two points in Maine. He may decide to accompany Senator Frye on a fishing excursion. He expects to remain in New England until some time in August. After that his plans are undecided, but he has a trip to the Yellowstone country under favorable consideration. He has a great desire to see the Northwestern country, of which he knows comparatively little. Should he go to the Yellowstone Park he, of course, will stop in Chicago and accept the invitation for a reception which was long ago tendered him by Collector Spalding. He has received earnest invitations to visit Santa Fe on the occasion of the 300th anniversary of the settlement of the city, but if he takes a trip further than New England it will undoubtedly be to the Northwest. A few who are not willing that a President should have the recreation which other American citizens are at liberty to take think they see in this trip a purpose on the part of the President to make the people of the different sections better acquainted with him, with a view of promoting his chances in the Presidential nominating convention.

OUT OF THE USUAL COURSE.

THE eastern side of Mount Washington, N. H., is still covered with snow.

A BIRD follows the steamer Regular up and down the Ohio river, and frequently alights on the boat.

A ROCK weighing three and one-half pounds was thrown up by an artesian well on a farm near Old San Bernardino Crossing, Cal.

CHIARI, a Bohemian physician, though only 30 years old, has made more than 8,000 post-mortem examinations. His favorite song is "Down Among the Dead Men."

AT Austin, Texas, an Italian organ-grinder with a monkey drew a crowd, and the monkey, in attempting to kiss a pretty colored girl, bit her in the cheek. The Italian was arrested and fined for assault.

TWO MEXICANS living near Salado, Texas, killed each other with the same knife. One stabbed the other near the heart, leaving the knife sticking in the wound. The wounded man jerked out the knife and plunged it into his adversary's heart, and both fell dead.

THERE is now lying at a wharf in Fall River a schooner named the Cabot, which in 1847 sailed from Boston for Ireland with a cargo of grain for the famine-stricken people of that country. The purchase money for the grain was raised by subscription, and the Cabot accomplished her errand in seventeen days, making one of the quickest trips across the Atlantic ever made up to that time by a sailing vessel.

FROM a gentleman just in from Flagstaff we learn of a terrific deadly encounter between a man and a bear, which occurred in the San Francisco mountains. Mr. Jansen, a stock-raiser there, having suffered from the depredations of the tribe of brute on his stock, armed himself with a Winchester repeating rifle and large sheath-knife and resolved to slay the destroyer of his property, but in doing so lost his own life. He encountered a huge bear, and emptied one charge from his rifle, seriously wounding the bear, which immediately attacked him, and a terrific struggle between the two took place, Jansen using his knife vigorously, and the bear clawing and lacerating him severely. Jansen was so severely injured in the struggle that he was unable to return home, and the next day he was found by two herders in his employ within a few yards of the dead bear. When found both his eyes were torn out, while his body presented other terrible and ghastly wounds. He was conveyed home and medical aid summoned, but he died before the physician arrived.—*Prescott (Arizona) Journal.*

REVENUE DISTRICTS.

The President's Order Reducing Them in Number.

No Less Than Forty-four Fat Place Abolished.

[Washington Telegram.]

The President has issued an order cutting down the number of collection districts from 126 to eighty-two. This pruning process has been in contemplation for some time, and political bosses, place-holders and Government employes in expectancy have been besieging the President, crying to him and threatening him. But he was obdurate. Then he was reminded of the great influence of collectors at election time, and hints were slyly put forward about the utility of these offices in working up an Arthur "boom." This little artifice was as useless as tears and threats had been. The President had decided upon forty-four decapitations, and upon the annihilation of forty-four useless offices. The new order of things begins July 1, or as soon thereafter as practicable.

Illinois loses two districts. The Second and Third will be consolidated, and will be known as the Second. Lucien Crooker will be Collector, with headquarters at Aurora. The Seventh and Eighth districts will be merged under the name of the Eighth, with John W. Hill as Collector. The following are the changes in neighboring States:

Wisconsin—All east of the dividing line is to be known as the First district, with Irving M. Bean Collector. His headquarters will probably be at Milwaukee. All west of the dividing line will be known as the Second district, with Leonard Lottridge Collector.

Indiana—The Tenth and Eleventh districts are consolidated to be known as the Eleventh, with Thomas M. Kirkpatrick Collector. The First and Seventh are consolidated to be known as the Seventh, with William W. Carter Collector. He will probably continue his headquarters at Terre Haute. The Fourth and Sixth are consolidated under the name of the Fourth, with Horace McKay as Collector. He will probably have his office at Indianapolis.

Iowa—Cedar, Clinton, Jackson, Jones, Linn, Muscatine, Scott, Louisa, Washington, Johnson, Keokuk, Iowa, Benton, Mahaska, Poweshiek, Tama, Marion, Jasper, Warren, Polk, Madison, Dallas, Adair, Guthrie, Cass, Audubon, Pottawattamie, Shelby and Harrison counties are consolidated into one district, to be known as the Second, with John W. Green Collector. All that portion of the State south of the counties named is consolidated into one district, known as the Fourth, with J. W. Burdette Collector—a new appointment. All that portion of the State north of the counties named is constituted one district, known as the Third, with James E. Simpson Collector.

Michigan—The State is to be divided by a line running north and south which now marks the boundaries of the United States judicial districts. All east of the line is to be known as the First district. James H. Stone is Collector. He will probably have his headquarters at Detroit. All west of the line will be known as the Fourth district, with Charles W. Watkins Collector. He will probably be located at Grand Rapids.

Missouri—The First and Second districts are consolidated, with Isaac H. Sturgeon Collector. He will probably make St. Louis his headquarters. The Fifth and Sixth are consolidated, with Phillip Doppler Collector.

Minnesota—The First and Second are consolidated, with William Bickel Collector. He will probably be located at St. Paul.

Ohio—The First and Sixth districts are consolidated, with George P. Dunham Collector. His headquarters will probably be Dayton. The Seventh and Eleventh are consolidated, with Marcus Boggs Collector. His office will probably be at Chillicothe. The Fourth and Tenth are consolidated, with John P. Kumler Collector. The Fifteenth and Eighteenth are consolidated, with Worthy S. Streeter Collector. His office will probably be in Cleveland.

A CHARNEL-HOUSE.

Destruction by Fire of a Theater on the Shore of Lake Como.

The Corpses of Forty-Seven People Taken from the Ruins.

[Cable Dispatch from London].

Forty-seven persons were burned to death, and about forty seriously scalded or otherwise injured, while witnessing a puppet show in Dervio, a village on the shore of Lake Como. The performance was given in a small hall over a tavern. Ninety men, women and children composed the audience. A Bengal light was used to represent fire. Sparks from this ignited a quantity of straw and firewood in the adjacent room.

On perceiving the flames the showman shouted "fire," but the spectators thought the cry was merely a realistic detail of the show, and remained seated.

Cries of fire were soon raised outside the hall. The audience thinking an affray, had arisen in the street, barred the door leading from the hall. They did not discover their mistake until the flames burst into the room.

After the fire had been extinguished, forty-seven charred corpses were found near the table, including the bodies of the showman and his wife. The greater number of the remains are those of women and children. The wounded were hurt by leaping through windows. A child was flung out of a window by its mother, and fell upon a pile of straw. This is the only one present in the hall not hurt.

Dervio is a charming little village on the borders of Lake Como, very sequestered and picturesque. It is about six miles north of Bellagio, a charming seaside resort much frequented by English and American tourists, and about thirty miles north of Como. Most of its inhabitants are simple country peasants, fishermen and wood-choppers. The population is about 1,000. The puppet theater was a low stone building, containing but one room about 20 feet wide and 35 feet long, and could hold about 200 persons. There was no gallery, and the performances given there were generally marionette exhibitions, which appeared to please the country folk more than would the playing of a tragedy or the music of an opera.

The companies that are in the habit of exhibiting these marionettes consist generally of four or five people who impersonate by means of little wooden figures the characters of Arlecchino, Pantalone, Brighetta, Miss Colombina and Dr. Balanzone. While the puppets are being worked by means of little strings, the actors behind them speak in the different Italian dialects. Such a little town as Dervio is visited by the strol