

Along the grassy slope I sit,
And dream of other years;
My heart is full of soft regrets,
My eyes of tender tears.

The wild bee hummed about the spot
The sheep-bells tinkled far,
Last year when Alice sat with me
Beneath the evening star.

The same sweet star is o'er me now,
Around the same soft hours,
But Alice moulders in the dust
With all the last year's flowers.

I sit alone, and only hear
The wild bees on the steep,
And distant bells that seem to float
From out the folds of sleep.

—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

FAME VERSUS LOVE.

BY FLORENCE REVERE PENDAR.

"It cannot be!"

As these words fell from Helen Armstrong's lips she arose from her seat—an old overturned boat—and moved slowly toward the water's edge.

For a moment her companion—a man of perhaps twenty-five—hesitated; then he joined her, repeating:

"It cannot be, Helen? Surely you are not in earnest. You love me—have you not said it?—and yet you refuse to become my wife!"

"Edwin, I—"

"You did not mean it," quickly interrupted Edwin Bennett, adding: "Come, darling, why should we not be happy?" and he drew her hand within his arm.

For an instant she let at rest there, then slowly but firmly she loosened his clasp, as she said:

"For two years you and I have been friends. In that time did you ever know me to change my mind after I had once decided upon anything?"

"No, but—" answered her companion quickly, while she, unheeding, goes on with:

"You know the one great desire of my life is to win fame as an artist. Could I do this as your wife?"

"Why not, Helen? Would I not do anything in the world to help you?" came the proud answer, as Edwin Bennett bent his eyes fondly upon the fair face beside him.

"No, Edwin; as a wife I could never hope to attain fame. Marriage brings to woman so many cares that there is very little time left over for other work. I should not make you happy. I should be constantly longing for my old, free life."

"It is that all I am not afraid to risk my happiness, Helen," answered her lover, a more hopeful look lighting up his handsome face.

"Think how for five years," continued Helen, "I have worked with the one end in view. My home, you are aware, has not been particularly agreeable. Uncle and aunt are kind in their way, and have always let me have my will about painting, provided it did not cost them anything. As for love or sympathy, you have seen how much they have yielded me."

"Seen and felt for you, Helen, God knows. And now that I will make your life, if love can do it, one happy dream, you will not; and yet you do not deny your love for me."

For a second Helen's eyes rested longingly upon the face of the man who loved her so dearly; then into their dusky depths crept an intense, passionate longing, as they swept the horizon and noted the glorious splendor of the setting sun, while she exclaimed:

"Oh, Edwin! If I could only reproduce that sunset just as it is. If I only could!"

With an impatient sigh he turned away.

"Always her art, never me; perhaps she is right after all. It would always stand between us."

She, not noticing, went on with:

"If it would only stay long enough for me to catch those colors, but no, it is fading now."

Turning, Helen found her companion had left her side, and stood a few yards away.

"Edwin," she called.

In an instant he was beside her, everything forgotten except that she was the woman he loved.

"I wanted to tell you how good Mr. Hovey is. It seems he was acquainted with poor papa years ago, when I was a baby, and therefore feels quite interested in me. You have heard how he praises my work, and last night he proposed—"

"Proposed?" exclaimed Edwin Bennett, hotly. "Why, you don't mean to say the old man actually had the audacity to ask you to marry him?"

"How ridiculous. How could you think of such a thing?" answered Helen, a ripple of laughter escaping from between her pretty teeth as she continued:

"No, he proposed, if I were willing, to send me to Italy for two years, he, of course, defraying the greater part of the expense. He said when I became famous I could return him the little amount I wished. Was it not generous of him? Just think, two years at work among the old masters. What could I do then? It would be such a help to me. One can live very simply there. My little income would do, with care, I think."

"And you would go?" As Edwin Bennett asked this question a look of pain crossed his face.

"Why not?" came the reply, as Helen raised her eyes questioningly to her companion.

Edwin, but I shall never marry. I intend to devote my life to art. As a wife it would be impossible for me to do so. I should be hindered and trammelled in a thousand ways. Believe me, I have thought very earnestly of all this, and I—"

"Helen, when I came to spend my vacation here at Little Rock, so a stoic be near you, I said to myself, 'Now you can ask the woman you love to be your wife, and know that you have a home to offer her.' For your sake I wish I were rich; but I am still young, and with the good prospects I have, I do not see why I should not be able to fore many years to give my wife all she can wish."

"It is not that, Edwin. I should not love you one bit more if you were a millionaire," interrupted Helen, glancing reproachfully at him.

"Helen, my holiday is over to-morrow. I must have my answer to-night." The words came somewhat sternly from between Edwin Bennett's lips.

Mechanically, with the end of his parasol, Helen Armstrong traced on the glittering, yellow sands, "Fame versus Love." Then, as she became aware of what she had done, she sought to efface them. Too late. Edwin Bennett's hand stayed hers, as, pointing to the letters that stood out, he said, hoarsely:

"Choose!"

For a second she hesitated; then, slowly came the answer:

"I accepted Mr. Hovey's offer this morning. I am to sail in a week."

Springing her hand from him, Edwin Bennett cried out passionately:

"God forgive you! I cannot!" Then without another word, he turned and left her.

A faint cry of "Edwin!" escaped her lips, as her arms were held out imploringly toward him. They then fell to her side, and she, too, turned and went slowly across the sands in the opposite direction. If he had looked back and seen those outstretched arms how different their life might have been; but no, he plodded angrily along the shore, glancing neither to the right nor left. Little by little the waves crept up and Love was drowned, while Fame still stood out bold and clear upon the yellow sands.

Ten years have come and gone since Helen Armstrong and Edwin Bennett parted on the shore, and during that time they have never met. Helen had won that which she had striven for. She had become an artist of renown. Even royalty had been pleased to compliment her upon her art.

For the last month one of Helen Armstrong's paintings had been on exhibition at the Academy of Design, and crowds had been drawn thither to see this last work of the celebrated artist. The subject was simple, nothing new, yet visitors returned again and again to gaze at it.

It was the last day of its exhibition, when a lady and gentleman leading a little girl of perhaps 3 years by the hand, passed into the room where the painting hung.

"Oh! isn't it too bad there is such a crowd; I wanted so to see it," exclaimed the lady; to which the gentleman replied:

"We will look at the other pictures first and come back again; perhaps there will not be such a crowd then."

An hour or so later the gentleman and lady returned; then the room was almost deserted, except for a few stragglers here and there. It was just about time to close the gallery.

For a few moments they stood in silence before the painting; then a little voice said:

"Baby want to see too, papa."

Stooping down the gentleman raised the pretty, daintily-dressed child in his arms. After gravely regarding the picture for a second, the little one asked:

"Is zay mad, papa?"

"I am afraid one was pet," came the low answer, as Edwin Bennett softly kissed the fair cheek of his little girl. Then his gaze returned to the painting.

A stretch of yellow sands; dotted here and there by huge boulders, and piles of snowy pebbles, against which the overhanging cliffs looked almost black. Gentle little baby waves rippling in toward the shore, while majestic purple-laud, silver-edged clouds seemed floating en masse toward the golden, crimson-bared sun that flooded the sky and water with its warm light.

In the center of the picture, where the beach formed a curve resembling a horseshoe, was an old boat, turned bottom upward; some few feet off, the figure of a young man, apparently walking hurriedly away. Although the face was not visible, the gazer felt that the man suffered; and the glorious sunset was this day naught to him. Perhaps it was in the tightly-clasped hand, the veins of which stood out like great cords; or, maybe, in the man's apparent total disregard of his surroundings.

To the right of the picture was the figure of a young girl, trailing a parasol in the sand, as she appeared to move slowly in the opposite direction from her companion. Only a little bit of a delicately shaped ear and a mass of glossy braids showed from beneath the shade hat, but one could readily believe that the pretty girlish figure belonged to an equally attractive face.

About half way between them, traced upon the sands, were the words, "Fame versus Love."

"Is it not lovely, Edwin?" and Mrs. Bennett laid her hand upon her husband's arm as she asked:

"Yet how sad it somehow seems. I can't help feeling sorry for them. I wish I could see their faces. I feel as if I wanted to turn them round."

Clasping the little hand that rested so contentedly upon his arm, Edwin Bennett inwardly thanked God for the gift of his fair young wife, as he said:

"Come dear, they are commencing to close up. Baby is tired, too."

"Close, me's tired, Baby wants to see mamma," lisped the child, nodding out her tiny arms.

Helen and wife failed to notice a lady who stood near, gazing at a painting. As the pretty young mother stepped down to receive her baby's kisses, which the little one lavished

on cheeks, lips and brow, a deep, yearning look gathered in the strange lady's eyes and she turned hastily away.

"Oh, Edwin!" exclaimed his wife as they passed the silent figure in black. "Wouldn't it be nice if baby should grow up to be a great artist like this Miss Armstrong?"

"God forbid, Annie, came the earnest reply, followed by "let her grow up to be a true, loving woman, that is all I ask." The lady's hand tightened its hold upon the back of a settee as the words reached her ears, but she did not move until they were out of sight. Then lifting her veil she went and stood before the painting that had won such fame. Tears gathered in her eyes as she gazed, and with the words, "I will never look at it again," she, too, passed out of the building, and in her own handsome carriage was driven home.

Scorn shone in her dark eyes as they fell upon the costly works of art scattered in lavish profusion about her luxuriously furnished apartments. Hastily throwing aside her wraps, she crossed over to a mirror. A very handsome face it reflected. Not looking the thirty years it had known—

Helen Armstrong—for it was she—had heard of Edwin Bennett's marriage; heard that he had succeeded in business beyond his most sanguine expectations; heard that his wife was one of the loveliest and gentlest women, and that Edwin Bennett idolized both wife and child. This day she had seen them.

Then came the thought that she might have stood in that wife's place; she, too, might have had those baby lips pressed as lovingly to hers; but she had put it from her. She had chosen Fame versus Love. If she could only go back to that day on the sands, how differently she would now act.

Turning wearily away from the mirror, she exclaimed, bitterly:

"Too late, Helen Armstrong. As you have sown, so must you reap."

Gen. Butler Talks out in Meeting.

General Benjamin F. Butler being in New York looking after Miss Mary Hoyt's interests in the Hoyt will contest, a Tribune reporter asked him if he had read Warner's compromise silver bill. The inquiry led to a long talk, in the course of which the General said:

"I have grandchildren who will live to see the Vanderbilts and the Goulds taken out to the nearest lamppost and hung in the most scientific and skillful manner. After there has been bloodshed we shall settle down again for a while. These money kings see the dangers already. But they do not see the remedies. When I was a candidate for President, Gould said Butler must bedevil into the ground. He couldn't see that it was better for a man of considerable wealth and a family and property interests to beat the head of the masses, and able to control them. He only saw in the background the torch of Communism, and then he will see the difference. Every man is a Communist now, in the eyes of the community, who preaches the equality of men. Christ was the Communist of Jerusalem. As the head of the labor element I could have settled this whole railroad question as no other man could settle it. The mistake I made in running for President was like running against a stone wall. I knew that the people in all ages had failed themselves in every important crisis of importance to themselves. It is the history of the ages. But I was foolish enough to think that the people had grown wiser and better; that the world had progressed in the direction of human knowledge and understanding and power of concentration. I thought the laborers of the new republic were more intelligent. They are not intelligent. They were afraid of me because I had a little property. They were just as foolish as Gould. But that is not all. Nine out of ten of them would sell their votes for \$2 apiece. I was a fool to think that this age was different from any other. Experience has now taught me the same lesson as history."

An American Woman in an Italian Insane Asylum.

Washington Special.

A report received at the State Department from the American consul at Genoa, Italy, contains the elements of a first class romance. The Consul writes that on August 28 he visited, in company with a friend, the asylum for the insane which stands on the outskirts of the city. Before leaving the building he was informed that one of the patients, an American lady, desired to speak to him. Some objection was made by the officers in charge. The patient, he said, was very violent, and it would be better to disregard her wishes if it were not desirable to bring about a scene. But the consul persisted, and in the interview which followed satisfied himself that his fair countrywoman was no more insane than himself. He demanded her release which was not effected without some difficulty. The consul describes her as being very pretty and about twenty-five years of age.

The lady's story is that she married her husband, who proved to be a titled adventurer, in one of the large Eastern cities about two years ago. Her father settled upon her an annuity of \$5,000 a year. Shortly after their arrival in Genoa her husband deceived her to an insane asylum, where she was placed under restraint, though in other respects kindly treated. Her husband had averted suspicion by informing his wife's parents that she was too ill to write.

The lady is now en route to America with funds furnished by the consul. Her husband fled from Genoa upon the announcement of her release, and has not been heard from since.

His First Experience in Bee-keeping.

A. P. Abbott writes Western Rural: It was a hot, sultry morning in the middle of June. The fog which at daybreak wrapped the earth in its misty folds soon began rising and floating away in huge fleecy clouds, leaving every now and then an opening through which the sun drove its early cut fiery rays. And as the birds' songs came floating out from the thickly dressed trees, they seemed half drowned in the laden atmosphere.

"If this fog clears away without rain, you may look for ten swarms to-day. I wish I did not have to go away for I'm afraid you can't have them all."

To explain the above quotation: we were keeping about fifty swarms of bees, and to-day father was obliged to go to town, and I was the only one he could leave to attend to the bees. And you who are familiar with bee-keeping, know it is no small job for one man to take care of an apiary of that size, at that time of the year, for it is then that the bees are in the midst of swarming time. So after father had eaten his breakfast and given me a short lecture on a few of the bees' private tricks, and how to get them into the hive, he took his departure, leaving me to my fate.

Everything went on lovely till about nine o'clock, when the sun rolled out from behind a dense cloud, nearly wilting things with its heating rays. This was more than the bees could stand. And soon a swarm began coming out at a fearful rate. It seemed to me as though there were a bushel of them, and that there would be none left in the hive. And after they had gone through with the general ceremonies in the air, they lit on a limb but a few feet from the ground; thus making it easy to get them down. The first thing was to prepare myself to live them. First, I put on a veil to keep them out of my face, then crowded a wool hat down on my head to keep them out of my hair; then putting on a good warm pair of mittens, I proceeded to hive them. I will let the reader imagine how comfortable I felt. I first produced a blanket and spread it out beneath them, then placing my hive on it, I gave the swarm a quick, hard jerk which brought them down in front of the hive all in a heap. I then watched closely for the queen bee; for strange as it may seem, the entire swarm is governed by this one bee. Soon they began running into the hive like a flock of sheep, and just as I was thinking about getting into the shade to cool off, my sister, whom I left to watch, informed me that another swarm had started.

This one seemed to be more 'high flown' than the preceding one; for instead of lighting down where it would be easy getting them, they lit up a maple about thirty feet from the ground, and now comes the most interesting part of my story; and some of the readers may deem it somewhat humorous, but I realized nothing of that sort. I had by this time come to the conclusion that I'd rather run the risk of getting stung than to wear a thick pair of mittens when the mercury stood ninety above; so dropping them I commenced preparing to get down the swarm. And getting a large rope and a saw I tried my hand, or rather, my shins, at climbing the tree. And after a great deal of puffing and scratching I reached the desired limb; and after stopping to breathe a few minutes, I commenced hitting out astride the limb in order to tie my rope in the desired place. I had scarcely done this when crack! went the limb up close to the body of the tree, and I started, as I supposed, for the ground; but fortunately it broke half way off and left me hanging head downward. It took me but a short time to change ends and get back to the trunk. But the worst of it all was, my shirt had, in the fall, had pulled above my pants, and a bee had taken advantage of the situation, and was crawling upon my ribs. I had read that an Indian could lie still while a caterpillar made his way slowly over his body; but to let an angry bee go buzzing along on the bare skin, took more nerve than I possessed. So quick as thought, in fact quicker than I thought, for if I had stopped to think I would not have done it. I gave him an unfriendly slap which of course ended in our coming out about even; for though I took his life he left his sting over my fifth rib.

At last I got them down and into the hive, and as I did so, I flung myself on the ground in the shade of some neighboring trees, but my stay in that position was brief. For it seemed that I had hardly touched the ground before I was on my feet again, nor did I seem as Milton has said, "and in his rising he seemed a pillow of salt."

For I arose more like a dancing Jack than a "pillow" of any sort. It seems there were several bees (I did not stop to count the number), collected at just the right position on the seat of my pants to be where I could aid them in stinging me when I sat down. They had undoubtedly been somewhat rolled when the limb broke, and now were going to pay me for my trouble. I had said while hiving the latter swarm, that I would not have another one if they all went off. But at this last performance I became somewhat rolled myself, and vowed they would all go into a hive if I persisted in the attempt to put them there. And nine of the ten swarms father had predicted swarmed, and I fulfilled my declaration. It will without doubt be useless for me to add that I did not do much sitting down for a few days.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin contained an interesting article on the foreign apple trade of this country, from which it is learned that last year Boston exported more apples than any other American port, shipping 309,806 boxes, against 238,322 boxes from New York and 130,164 boxes from all ports in the British provinces.

A NEW VIEW OF AMERICANS.

Our Barbarous Selves Seen as Through a Complimentary Sir Hubert's Glasses.

Lord Ronald Gower's Reminiscences.

"Not being a personage, and not caring to appear in a white tie and fine linen every evening, and having wished to see the social life in the American city not as a guest but as a traveler, I think I can more impartially judge of what would be the impression made on a cosmopolitan than had I traded on being an Englishman with a handle attached to my name, as probably most Britishers with such an impediment would do. I mixed with all classes, in the street car or omnibus (which in its American form is as superior to our London 'bus' as is a Parsian victoria to a 'growler'), in the Union Club—the 'Travelers' of New York—and in a palatial steamer of the river Hudson, to which steamer and to which river we have nothing to compare in the Old World. Wherever I went I found all classes of the Americans not only civil, but highly civilized, as compared with the English; not only amiable, but, as a rule kind and courteous, and, with rare exceptions, well-informed, well bred, and having more refinement of manner than any other people I have ever come amongst. What struck me especially in New York was the inviolable civility shown by all classes of men to women, whether the women rustle in silk or wore lincey-wolsey or homespun; however crowded the car or the footway, room was at once made for a lady. Does not this somewhat contrast with the surly, grumpy incivility that is shown to the fair sex in our public carriages and streets? This politeness is not, as in a neighboring country to ours, mere lip and eye civility, but arises, I believe, from a mutual and intuitive good breeding from which, as I said before, the Americans of every class are endowed.

"For instance, if one entered a room in a club or hotel, one was not met by those assembled with a 'Who the Dash is this person whom none of us know?' and what the Dash does he here?' sort of look; nor, if one entered into conversation with some one in a railroad car or steamer, was one greeted with that truly British stare which in this country of insular prejudice and arrogant assumption, conveys as plainly as words the question, 'What the mischief do you mean by speaking to me without an introduction?'

"My experience has been in America that if you ask a service from a stranger it is accorded readily, without condescension or fuss; that among them is little of the snobbish wish to appear to those who do not know as greater people than they really are, little of that disgusting patronage of manner that prevails in this country among the richer classes, and none of the no less disgusting cringiness of manner which as greatly prevails among our tradespeople, and which makes me for one hesitate before asking my way in the streets of a well-dressed man, or entering a shop where one will (if known as 'a good customer') be received by a mealy-mouthed mortal all smiles and grimaces, who will think that he will more readily secure a purchaser by showing some article ordered by my Lord This or my Lady That. On the contrary, the New York tradesman or shopkeeper receives you with civility, but without any of that cringiness of manner which seems to me little less insulting than actual insolence; he will allow you to look as long as you like at any of the articles his shop may contain, and will be equally civil if you purchase or if you do not; but he will not rub his hands and contract his features into a leer, and if you were to show him your superiority of position by affecting to look down on him as being 'only a tradesman,' he would probably show you that there is something more in being a citizen of a great Republic than mere sound, and that although you may fancy yourself a superior being from not being a republican or a shopman, he might be able to prove to you that one man is as good as another."

"I mixed thus with all classes, and spoke to all with whom I came into contact, and in no single instance did I meet with anything but perfect civility—the civility of equals, which is, after all, the truest. I admire with all my heart this people, our brothers, who, although we have for so many years presumed to treat them as poor relations, are in some forms of common courtesy and general politeness far superior to ourselves."

"I grant that the Americans are often offensive in manner and give a very unfavorable impression of their country both to foreigners and to Englishmen; but, believe me, these are the exceptions."

Putting on Style.

Dr. Lansdell, the famous missionary was warned when entering Bokhara that his conventional clerical garb would not impress the natives with a proper sense of the wearer's importance. "I had," he related, "the red square college cap. I also had a very elaborate example of a sort of Parsian waistcoat, which I had purchased as a curiosity. I had also, as a Freemason, my royal arch collar and apron and several Masonic jewels. Before entering Bokhara I put on my doctor of divinity's hood, my Parsian waistcoat, my royal arch collar and apron, all the Masonic jewels which I am entitled to wear, and, fastening my little traveling Bible to my royal arch collar, was presented to the deputation sent out to receive me. They were a very dazzling crowd, ingenious attire. They received me with great distinction, and I rode in at the head of a very gallant procession, one of the wonders of Bokhara, and I think I smiled frequently as I thought of the appearance I made and contemplated the evident sensation I created."

GAMBLING ON THE OCEAN.

Land Sharks on the Deep Blue Sea—Jadoks Who Take a Hand.

From the New York Mail and Express.

An importer engaged in business in White street, this city, who has crossed the ocean at least twice a year for the last quarter of a century, was met during the past few days on his return from Europe. He is a veteran traveler, and is always on the lookout for stirring incidents and anything of a novel character. "We had an exceedingly pleasant run after leaving Queenstown," he said, "but I can't say the trip will be cherished with pleasant recollection, by everybody who was aboard. In the smoking room poker was the order of the hour throughout the entire voyage, and a party of New York professionals whose faces are familiar to ocean travelers, made a pile of money. The principal victims were Englishmen bound to this country on business or pleasure. Two gentlemen, who said their destination was Texas, lost all their ready cash, about £3,500. They took their losses good-naturedly, and seemed to regard them as of no consequence."

"Are these professional players known to the officers of the ships?"

"I cannot conceive how the officers can be ignorant as to their real character. Regular passengers can point them out as soon as they strike the deck of a ship. They are always well dressed, suave in their manner, and to all appearance, perfectly reckless in the expenditure of money. They order the most costly drinks and the finest cigars, and as they can make themselves quite agreeable when it suits their purpose they are rarely at a loss for victims."

"Are they themselves not likely to become the victims?"

"If luck sets dead against them, so that their cheating devices fail to work, as may happen on rare occasions, they play very low until the tide turns. The professionals are always ahead on the whole voyage, sometimes by tens or thousands of dollars. On the trip here a young English lieutenant, who was going to visit friends in Canada, and a middle-aged gentleman who had interests in the west, were passengers. They fell into the toils of the gamblers on the first day out from Queenstown, and before the close of the third day both the Britishers retired from the poker table looking downhearted. I learned that the lieutenant, who had £1,000 when he started from home, had nothing left but a draft for £100. His traveling companion lost heavily, but resented any attempt to draw him into conversation on the subject. These are but isolate instances of what occurs on almost every voyage. Since public gambling has been stopped in many of our large cities, the gamblers have taken to the ocean, where they ply their trade with great success. They are to be found on every ship, and as they are surrounded by men with money and plenty of leisure time, they invariably reap a rich harvest."

"Are the gamblers ever interfered with?"

"Very rarely, but sometimes they are squelched. An amusing incident occurred on the voyage to Liverpool. Two bright young American women and two well-known gamblers, who were said to be their husbands, were booked as passengers. Soon after leaving Sandy Hook, the ladies began to make themselves very agreeable to some of the male passengers, to whom they managed to secure introductions. They drank wine and smoked cigarettes. Next day a game of poker was started, and the ladies took part in it. At first it was a game with small stakes for amusement, but soon it became serious. There were five at the table, and in a jack-pot which contained some \$60 it came to the turn of lady No. 1 to deal. She ripped and shuffled the cards deftly, while pleasant conversation flowed freely. To the gentleman on her left she gave three kings; to lady No. 2, who sat next, she dealt the nine, ten, jack and queen of clubs; to the player immediately on her left she bestowed an ace full pat; to the next gentleman three sevens were given, while she herself took an indifferent hand and fell out. The first player opened the pot for \$5; lady No. 2 stayed in; the third player raised it \$10; the fourth saw the raise, as did also the first."

"It then came to the turn of the lady. She saw the raise and went \$100 better, which all hands saw. Lady No. 1 finished the deal. To the gentleman on her left she gave a pair of fives, which made his hand a king-fall; to her amiable sister she dealt the eight of clubs, which completed her straight flush. The third player stood his hand, and the fourth received a seven and queen to his three sevens. Betting started at \$10, was raised \$50, then \$100, and went on till there were several thousand dollars in the pot. The two gentlemen who held the full hands dropped them when the pace grew too hot, and finally the four sevens called, and the lady raked in the pot with an innocent smile. The skill of the dealer in handling the cards was the talk of the ship. It came to the ears of captain, who ordered the ladies to keep their stateroom during the balance of the voyage. The two brilliant females and their alleged husbands are black-listed by the agents of the line on which they displayed such talent."

A dispatch from Canajoharie says: "For several months Miss Mary Bookman has been on a sick bed, and she has frequently said that she wished to feel something moving within her. After eating she was always attacked with retching, and the other day a little squirming animal was found in the bowl. It was black, had an oval body large as a copper and legs very long and slim. It looked like a toad, and when thrown into the canal it proved to be an adept swimmer. It is thought the lady will recover."