

A Quartet of Brunette Girl Babies.

TEXARKANA, Ark., March 19.—About two years ago the county was interested by the news that the wife of E. T. Page, a gentleman living at Ingersoll, Tex., a small village about thirteen miles from here had given birth to quadruplets. Now comes Mr. J. W. Attaway and wife, who are natives of this county and have been married about a year, who are rejoicing over the birth of a quartet of brunette girl babies who came to bless them on the 20th of last month. The parents live at Boggy, a very out-of-the-way place, twenty-five miles south of here, which accounts for the delay of the news in reaching this point.

Mr. Attaway belongs to an old and leading family, is 23 years old, and weighs 130 pounds. Mrs. Attaway is 19 years old and weighs 115 pounds. Theirs was a run-a-way match, and the lady's parents have never relented or spoken to her since her marriage.

The children all grow rapidly and are in robust health. The smallest weighs four and a half and the largest six pounds.

Blinded Her Life.

LONDON, March 19.—Four lives were lost last night in a fire at Fulham. A butcher shop in a building, also occupied as a dwelling, took fire. The flames spread rapidly and the inmates, suddenly aroused, attempted to escape. Two of them, shut in on all sides by the flames, were burned with the building.

Emma Weston made her escape in safety. Suddenly she remembered that her baby sister was still in the house. Thoughtless of her own life, she ran back into the burning building and tried to save the little one. The flames burned them so badly that she has since died in the hospital. The baby also perished.

Disregarded Her Trust.

ENANSVILLE, Ind., March 19.—Booneville, Warrick county, is greatly worked up over the management of the Orphan's home there which has just come to light. For some time it has been charged that the matron had utterly disregarded her trust, but it was impossible to prove the charge until a few days ago when a delegation of the Ladies' Relief society and ministers visited the place and took those in charge unaware. The children were found dirty, neglected, poorly fed and huddled into cold, cheerless rooms. Their beds did not deserve the name. The matter was presented to the county commissioners yesterday, but the board refused to give it a hearing.

Negroes Started for Oklahoma.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 19.—The 100 negroes who were left here last Saturday, together with fifty more who came up by rail from Pine Bluff, departed on the steamer Anna B. Adams at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon for Fort Smith, bound for Oklahoma. The negroes have been under the care of friends while in Little Rock and have not suffered. The various churches in Little Rock and Argenta subscribed \$600 to pay passage to Fort Smith and for clothing.

Snow was falling and the wind blew a gale when the steamer pulled out, but the negroes seemed happy, a number of them singing plantation songs, while others spoke in glowing terms of the good times that awaited them in Oklahoma.

"We won't be burned at the stake," and "No more starvation prices by white folks planters" were the cries that came from many throats. About seventy-five colored people of Little Rock saw the party off, and sent forth cheers when the steamer pulled from her moorings. There was no money in the crowd, but the negroes expect to receive assistance from the colored churches of Fort Smith, who have already been telegraphed concerning the departure of the negroes from here. The steamer Rees Prithard returned from Fort Smith last night after carrying the 200 negroes without accident. The negroes on reaching Fort Smith started for Oklahoma.

A Severe Snow Storm.

NEW YORK, March 19.—The snow which began falling in this city and vicinity at 12 o'clock Thursday night did cease till about ten o'clock yesterday morning, and it now lies about eleven inches on a level. All incoming trains are from two to three hours late and at the postoffice it is said that the mails are reported delayed in all quarters.

The horse car and general traffic on the street is much impeded, and nearly all cars and teams have been "doubled up." On the river and bay in the early morning navigation was fraught with considerable danger, owing to the thickness of the snow storm, but so far no serious accident has been reported. Mesager reports from the coast report the snow storm as being very severe, and the fall of snow the heaviest of the season.

A Terrible Possibility.

Mother (reading)—"A machine has been invented that will fling a man 1,500 feet into the air."  
Pretty daughter—"Horror! Don't let's hear of it!"

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"THE DUCHESS"  
CHAPTER I.

The sun has "dropped," and the "day is dead." The silence and calm of coming night are over everything. The shadowy twilight lies softly on sleeping flowers and swaying boughs, on quiet fountains—the marble basins of which gleam snow-white in the uncertain light—on the glimpse of the distant ocean seen through the giant elms. A floating mist hangs in the still warm air, making heaven and earth mingle in one sweet confusion.

The ivy creeping up the ancient walls of the castle is rustling and whispering as the evening breeze sweeps over it. High up the turrets climb, past millioned windows and quaint devices, until they reach even to the old tower, and twine lovingly round it, and push through the long apertures in the masonry of the walls of the haunted chamber.

It is here that the shadows cast their heaviest gloom. All this corner of the old tower is wrapped in darkness, as though to obscure the scene of terrible crimes of past centuries.

Ghosts of dead-and-gone lords and ladies seem to peer out mysteriously from the openings in this quaint chamber, wherein no servant, male or female, of the castle has ever yet been known to set foot. It is full of dire horrors to them, and replete with legends of by-gone days and gruesome sights ghastly enough to make the stoutest heart quail.

In the days of the Stuarts an old earl had hanged himself in that room, rather than face the world with dishonor attached to his name; and earlier still a beautiful dame, fair but frail, had been incarcerated there, and slowly starved to death by her relentless lord. There was even in the last century a baronet—the earldom had been lost to the Dymecourts during the Commonwealth—who, having quarreled with his friend over a reigning belle, had smitten him across the cheek with his glove, and then challenged him to mortal combat. The duel had been fought in the luckless chamber, and had only ended with the death of both combatants; the blood stains upon the flooring were large and deep, and to this day the boards bear silent witness to the sanguinary character of that secret fight.

Just now, standing outside the castle in the warmth and softness of the dying daylight, one can hardly think of bygone horrors, or angst that is sad and sinful. There is an air of bustle and expectancy within-doors that betokens coming guests; the servants are moving to and fro noiselessly but busily, and now and then the stately housekeeper passes from room to room uttering commands and injunctions to the maids as she goes. No less occupied and anxious is the butler, as he surveys the work of the footmen. It is so long since the old place has had a resident master, and so much longer still since guests have been invited to it, that the household are more than ordinarily excited at the change now to take place.

Sir Adrian Dymecourt, after a prolonged visit to the East, has at last come home with the avowed intention of becoming a staid country gentleman, and of settling down to the cultivation of turnips, the breeding of prize oxen, and the determination to be the M. P. II. when old Lord Dartree shall have fulfilled his declared intention of retiring in his favor. He is a tall young man, lithe and active. His skin, though naturally fair is bronzed by foreign travel. His hair is a light brown cut very close to his head. His eyes are large, clear, and honest, and of a peculiarly dark violet; they are beautifully eyes, winning and sweet, and steady in their glance. His mouth, shaded by a drooping fair mustache, is large and firm, yet very prone to laughter.

It is quite the end of the London season, and Sir Adrian has hurried down from town to give directions for the reception of some people whom he has invited to stay with him during the slaughter of the partridge.

Now all is complete, and the last train from London being due half an hour ago Sir Adrian is standing on the steps of his hall-door anxiously awaiting some of his guests.

There is even a touch of genuine impatience in his manner, which could hardly be attributed to the ordinary longing of a young man to see a few of his friends. Sir Adrian's anxiety is open and undisguised, and there is a little frown upon his brow. Presently his face brightens as he hears the roll of carriage wheels. When the carriage turns the corner of the drive, and the horses are pulled up at the hall door, Sir Adrian sees a fair face at the window that puts to flight all the fears he has been harboring for the last half hour.

"You have come?" he says delightedly, running down the steps and opening the carriage door himself. "I am so glad! I began to think the train had run away with you, or that the horses had bolted."

"Such a journey as it has been!" exclaims a voice not belonging to the face that had looked from the carriage at Sir Adrian. "It has been tiresome to the last degree, I really don't know when I felt so fatigued!"

A little woman, small and fair, steps languidly to the ground as she says this, and glances pathetically at her host. She is beautifully "got up," both in dress and complexion, and at a first glance appears almost girlish. Laying her hand in Sir Adrian's she lets it rest there, as though glad to be at her journey's end, conveying at the same time by a gentle pressure of her taper fingers the fact that she is even more glad that the end of her journey has brought her to him. She looks up at him with her red lips drooping as if tired, and with a bewildered expression in her pretty blue eyes that adds to the charm of her face.

"It's an awful distance from town," says Sir Adrian, as if apologizing for the spot on which his grand old castle has been built. "And it was more than good of you to come to me. I can only try to make up to you for the distance you have experienced today by throwing all possible chances of amusement in your way whilst you stay here."

By this time she has withdrawn her hand, and so he is free to go up to his other guest and bid her welcome. He says nothing to her, strange to say, but it is his habit that seeks to retain hers this time, and it is his eyes that look longingly into the face before him.

"You are tired, too?" he says at length. "Come into the house and rest awhile before dinner. You will like to go to your rooms at once, perhaps?" he adds, turning to his two visitors.

"Thank you—yes. If you will have our tea sent upstairs," replies Mrs. Talbot plaintively, "it will be such a comfort!" she always speaks in a soft what pouting tone, and with heavy emphasis.

"Tea—nonsense!" responds Sir Adrian. "There is nothing like champagne to pick-me-up. I'll send you tea also; but take my advice, and try the champagne."

"Oh, thank you, I shall so much prefer my tea!" Mrs. Talbot declares, with a graceful shrug of her shoulders, at which her friend Miss Delmaine laughs aloud.

"I accept your advice, Sir Adrian," she says, casting a mischievous glance at him under her long lashes. "And—yes, Dora will take champagne too—when it comes."

"Naughty girl!" exclaims Mrs. Talbot, with a little flickering smile. Dora Talbot seldom smiles, having learned by experience that her delicate face looks prettier in repose. "Come, then, Sir Adrian," she adds, "let us enter your enchanted castle."

The servant by this time has taken in all their luggage—that is, as much as they have been able to bring in the carriage; and now the two ladies walk up the steps and enter the hall, their host beside them.

Mrs. Talbot, who has recovered her spirits a little, is chattering gaily, and monopolizing Sir Adrian to the best of her ability, whilst Miss Delmaine is strangely silent, and seems lost in a kind of pleasing wonder as she gazes upon all her charming surroundings.

The last rays of light are streaming in through the stained glass windows, rendering the old hall full of mysterious beauty. The grim warriors in their coats of mail seem, to the entranced Florence Delmaine, to be making ready to spring from the niches which hold them.

Waking from her dream as she reaches the foot of the stone staircase, she says abruptly, but with a lovely smile playing round her mouth—

"Surely, Sir Adrian, you have a ghost in this beautiful old place, or a secret staircase, or at least a boggy of some sort? Do not spoil the romantic look of it by telling me you have no tale of terror to impart, no history of a ghostly visitant who walks these halls at the dead of night!"

"We have no ghost here, I am sorry to say," answers Sir Adrian, laughing. "For the first time I feel distressed and a shamed that it should be so. We can only boast a haunted chamber; but there are certain legends about it I am proud to say, the bare narration of which would make even the stoutest quail."

"Good gracious—how distinctly unpleasant!" exclaims Mrs. Talbot with a nervous and very effective shudder.

"How distinctly delicious, you mean!" puts in Miss Delmaine. "Sir Adrian is this chamber anywhere near were I shall sleep?"

"Oh, no you need not be afraid of that!" answers Dymecourt hastily.

"I am not afraid," declares the girl saucily. "I have all my life been seeking an adventure of some sort. I am tired of my prosaic sort. I want to know what dwellers in the shadowy realms of ghost-land are like."

"Dear Sir Adrian, do urge her not to talk like that; it is positively wicked," pleads Dora Talbot, glancing at him beseechingly.

"Miss Delmaine, you will drive Mrs. Talbot from my house if you persist in your evil courses," says Sir Adrian, laughing again. "Desist, I pray you!"

"Are you afraid, Dora?" asked Florence merrily. "Then keep close to me. I can defy all evil spirits! I have spells and charms."

"You have indeed?" put in Sir Adrian, in a tone so low that only she can hear it. "And, knowing this, you should be merciful."

Though she can not hear what he says, yet Mrs. Talbot can see he is addressing Florence, and marks with some uneasiness the glance that passes from

his eyes to hers. Breaking quickly into the conversation, she says timidly laying her hand on her host's arm—

"This shocking room you speak of will not be near mine?"

"In another wing altogether," Sir Adrian replies reassuringly. "Indeed it is so far from this part of the castle that one might be safely incarcerated there and slowly starved to death without any one of the household being a bit the wiser. It is to the north wing in the old tower, a portion of the building that has not been in use for over fifty years."

"I breathe again," says Dora Talbot affectedly.

"I shall traverse every inch of that old tower—haunted room and all—before I am a week older," declares Florence defiantly. After which she smiles at Adrian again, and follows the maid up the broad staircase to her room.

By the end of the week many other visitors have been made welcome at the castle; but none perhaps give so much pleasure to the young baronet as Mrs. Talbot and her cousin.

Miss Delmaine, the only daughter and heiress of an Indian nabob had taken London by storm this past season; and not only the modern Babylon, but the heart of Adrian Dymecourt as well. She had come home to England on the death of her father about two years ago; and having no nearer relatives alive, had been kindly received by her cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Talbot, who was then living with her husband in a pretty house in Mayfair.

(Continued next week)

Men Who Blow Out The Gas.

"Well, said the clerk in a Jersey City hotel to a Mail and express reporter, "you would be surprised to see some of the countrymen who come into this town. Most of our customers are cattle-men. Many of them come on all the way from the far West with consignments. People think those paragraphs about blowing out the gas are written up in newspaper offices. Why, I tell you we have to watch for that very thing all the time. We send a watchman over the house every fifteen minutes during the night, and it averages three times a month that he finds a room with the gas blown out."

"I struck the funniest experience, however about two weeks ago. The watchman came down and said gas was escaping from No. 33. I rushed up and knocked at the door. After repeated rapping the old 'jay' in a voice that sounded as though he had all the bed clothes over his head, yelled: 'G'way fr'm here, now. I don't want no foolishness.'"

"The gas is turned on in your room, I shouted. 'Open the door.'"

"Open nothin' he yelled back. 'G'way fr'm there.'"

"I put my shoulder to the door, and with a crash the lock smashed and the door flew open."

"What in thunder did you do with your gas—blow it out?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "I didn't blow the gas out. I knew better than that."

"Then how did it come to be turned on, I found it?"

"Well I s'pose I didn't quite understand the darn thing. When I got ready to go to bed I turned it off all right 'nough. Then I lit it again to get the hang of workin' it. Then I pint it out again, and just as I did so I thought now I'll have a time finding that measly handle in the dark and turn it on when I get up. So before I went to bed I just turned it on so's to have it all ready to light when I got up."

Dying Living Flowers.

It is said that two poor Parisian women, who earn a livelihood making artificial flowers, have hit upon a process for dying natural flowers in brilliant hues. Public attention was called to the matter by florists who received in a lot of flowers some sweet-williams of a bright green color. It seems that one of the women poured some paint into a bowl in which some natural flowers she was copying had been put in water. The next day she was astounded to find that the flowers had assumed the hue of the paint. Being a woman of an inquiring mind, she continued experimenting and succeeded in producing various colors never intended by nature, but very available in art. She immediately commenced dying flowers for market, and extended her practice to other sorts of blossoms including white lilacs and camelias. The only colors employed by her at present are violet, green and pink. The violet is obtained by using the "violet of Paris" dye, and the other two chemical compounds with long names, one of which contains twelve and the other twenty syllables.—New Orleans Picayune.

Vessels That are Oftenest Wrecked.

After making a proper allowance for the larger number of vessels engaged in certain kinds of trade it is still evident that there is an excessive number of wrecks corresponding to certain classes of cargoes. Coal vessels are the most exposed to danger, then ships in ballast and then ships that are lumber laden. The cause of so many disasters to lumber laden vessels is undoubtedly the venerable age and decrepit character of the craft so employed. With Steamers grain, coal and cotton are the most dangerous cargoes because of their liability to take fire.—Providence Journal

Some Historic Houses.

It is a great disappointment to a person who goes abroad hoping to see places of which he has read and to find them exactly as he has imagined them, when he discovers that time has worked great changes, and sometimes unpleasant ones, with the homes of famous men and women.

A great many interesting places may be seen by the traveler who spends a few days in Geneva and its vicinity. In the old parts of Geneva is Calvin's, in a narrow dingy street.

Rousseau's house is another which tourists feel obliged to hunt up, though they usually view it from a respectful distance, for it is at present occupied by a large family, whose appearance at the window is apt to be disconcerting. Rousseau's island represented as being such a romantic spot, is at present a most unattractive place, a miserable restaurant being the most prominent object on it, and there is always a tribe of women and children sitting about, ready to beg of the unwary traveler the minute he approaches.

Then from Geneva one can go easily to Coppet to see Mme. de Staël's country home, where there is a quaint chateau, with a beautiful park, gardens and farm, and also a Ferney, the old home of Voltaire, where in 1768, he established the manufactory of watches which gave employment to 800 people, and brought the place from a miserable hamlet to a state of prosperity.

In Voltaire's sitting room there is a curious urn, bearing a French inscription, and really said to contain the heart of the brilliant, skeptical Frenchman. The indignation of the old man who shows visitors through the rooms if any one suggests the possibility of the heart's not being there is really convincing to most people that he knows the truth of what he affirms.—Youth's Companion.

American's Worthy Examples.

The American citizen is not content to exist as a mere animal. Physical well being does not limit his desire or aspiration. He is especially solicitous for the welfare and advancement of his children, and freely depletes a limited income in their education and training for a career in life, often upon other than ancestral lines. This tendency may become excessive, and is already to some extent creating a distaste for useful industry and a desire for conspicuous position, for accumulation without labor and speculative rather than productive occupation. Thus the average American lives upon a high plane, exciting the envy and emulation of people of other countries and inducing extraordinary immigration.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Corners in Flowers.

While flowers in some instances serve to express good will to men they are often the cause of strife among those who deal in them. "Flowers are just like stocks," a leading florist said. "They are not only up today and down to-morrow, owing to the market being under or over stocked, but dealers get up corners in them. No sooner is it known that a certain dealer has a large order to fill of a particular flower than some of the others at once buy up all in the market, so that he perhaps cannot fill the order, and in any event has to pay so much for the flower that he loses money. Once last season I lost a large order in that way. The man who had given it to me happened to tell another florist what the flower was, and that business rival at once bought up all in the market. Another flower had to be substituted, and I was a big pot of money out of pocket."—New York Sun.

A New Stone Composition.

A new composition is now made from finely crushed granite, and which when formed into shapes by molding and afterward burned and hardened is to all appearances as hard and strong and durable as the solid stone itself, which it closely resembles. It is claimed by those who have brought forward this process that all kinds of ornaments for architectural purposes, such as window caps or sills, cornices, friezes, and all other articles of this nature, can be molded to accurate shapes and forms, and manufactured by this process at one-tenth the cost of cutting the same out of solid rock. They can also be vitrified so as to take on a permanent gloss as fine as polished granite, and at a mere fraction of its cost.

The composition follows closely the color and texture of the stone from which it is made, Roxbury granite making a light colored block, Quincy granite a darker one and so on. The composition can be produced from waste stone, of course, as well as any, and the process is applicable to other stones as well as granite, the stone of whatever description, being crushed in a stone crusher, and afterward more finely powdered by passing between rollers.—New Orleans Picayune.

A new flash light has recently been invented intended to take the place of "evera" which have of late proved dangerous in practice. The composition consists largely of charcoal made from the silky down of the milk weed, a form of carbon preferred because of its freedom from ash.