

STANLEY A CAPTIVE.

The Mahdi's Prisoners will be Killed Unless suakim is Surrendered.

CAIRO, Dec. 15.—If the letter received at Suakim from Osman Digna, and which is supposed to have contained the announcement that Emin Pasha and a white traveler (presumably Stanley) had fallen into the hands of the mahdi, were enclosed copies of a dispatch from Der-vish leaders at Lado to Khalifa Pasha, giving the date of Emin Pasha's surrender on October 10, and a letter to Emin Pasha from the Khedive which the latter handed to Henry M. Stanley when at Cairo. It is rumored that Osman Digna, in his letter, expressed willingness to surrender Emin Pasha and his white companion provided Egypt would abandon Suakim. If this proposal is not accepted it is believed that both captives will be killed. The British cabinet is now discussing the situation.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—The Emin relief expedition committee are doubtful of the genuineness of the Osman Digna letter. They suggest that the khedive's letter may be a copy stolen at Cairo, but they think it more likely that Stanley sent on runners to Emin with letters, and that these runners were captured. In any case they are hopeful that even if Emin is a captive, Stanley is still free.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—General Grenfell recognized the letter which Osman Digna enclosed as the original one which he had drafted for the khedive. Thus Stanley's capture is virtually beyond a doubt.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 15.—The king of Belgium is greatly agitated by the news from the Soudan. He admits having been the largest subscriber to Stanley's expenses.

SUAKIM, Dec. 15.—Osman Digna's letter was a reply to Major Rundle's request of last August of Emin Pasha. The letter asserts that the mahdi has conquered the whole of the equatorial provinces and that one white man escaped.

Fires at Lincoln.

LINCOLN, Neb. Dec. 15.—Yesterday afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock the handsome suburban residence of Mr. J. C. Williams, and the two residences that adjoined him on the north, were discovered to be on fire. It occurred in the absence of the family, but hard work of the neighbors enabled them to save everything on the first floor. Before the arrival of the engines, however, the flames engulfed the entire building and the sharp south wind drove the fire into the buildings on the north, and despite the valiant efforts of the firemen, they too were soon doomed. The great streams of water thrown upon the burning buildings seemed to have no effect. The household effects in the dwellings on the north of Williams' residence were all saved. The loss is estimated at \$12,000. Two of the residences were among the finest in that part of the city. The origin of the fire is unknown.

At 4:15, just as the fire in the ruins of the residences had been extinguished, a second alarm of fire called the fire department to the gas works. The fire was started there by the bursting of the pipe attached to the oil pump in the south part of the building. The oil from the bursted pipe was thrown to a burning gas jet and the interior of the building was soon in a blaze. The winds drove the fire rapidly through the main building, and when the engines arrived it seemed impossible to save it. Great danger followed the firemen in their efforts. The chances were against saving any portion of the works. If the fire should penetrate the walls of the east wing of the building or reach the reservoir or reservoir, several lives hung in the balance. An excited throng hung around the burning building. The suspense was great. An explosion was talked of and expected by many, but the steady stream of water and brave work of the fire brigade prevented a greater catastrophe, but the main building was ruined. The engines and machinery, however, escaped injury. The loss is fully \$10,000. At times it seemed as if the water supply would not meet the demand.

During the time that the fire department was engaged at the two fires above mentioned, a small frame house near 12th and Wood streets was burned to the ground.

The Dread White Caps

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 15.—About six months ago three southern Indiana families moved to the neighborhood of Agra, Kas. Soon after a "white cap" organization was formed and within a few weeks several people have received notices warning them to mend their ways. No attention was paid to the warnings and two weeks ago missives with red finger marks and signed "Kan. Division White Caps" were received. Wednesday night a farmer who is noted for his slovenly appearance was taken from his home, treated to a rinsing with twenty buckets of water. Monday night a citizen of Agra named McDonald, accused of cruelty to his wife was seized, bound to a telegraph pole, and given sixty lashes. Steps are being taken to secure an arrest of the regulators.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

Her Report of the French National Conservatory of Music.

A reporter for The Chicago Tribune interviewed Miss Laura Moore, the opera singer, with the following result: "How many American girls enter the Conservatory?" "More every year. Many girls prefer a German course, and insist on going to Munich. But the National Conservatory of France has an immense prestige. All the best singers in the country have passed through it. Its prizes are more sought after than the highest operatic positions. Its diplomas give you the entry of all musical bodies. Its president is Ambrose Thomas, composer of 'Mignon' and 'Hamlet.' Its jury comprises the names of Delibes, Massenet and Guiraud, who are all professors in the Conservatory. To have come victoriously from its tuition is almost to insure the success of your musical career."

"Is the opera bound to take a girl who wins the first prize?" "No; but the competition at which the prize is won is public. The managers of the Grand opera are among the audience. They get an excellent chance to hear what you can do."

"And if they take you?" "You are bound to them at a yearly salary of \$1,000. This is the rate fixed by the government. It is small, but then you have had all your schooling for nothing."

"How did you win your first prize?" "M. Bartol, my teacher, made me sing the hardest thing he could find."

"What was that?" "Ophelia's mad scene in 'Hamlet.' He said: 'If you can sing what is difficult the jury will know what you can do with songs that are easy.' O, the bitter tears I shed over the mad scene. But I mastered it. The prize was awarded to me unanimously."

"Had it any pecuniary value?" "No, only the diploma. But how many girls would give their eyes for that diploma? Besides, the education, which costs many American parents so much, had come to me for nothing. I had merely come to the Conservatory and my voice tried, sung one song, and been admitted. Two years later I won my prize."

"Would you advise other American girls to try to follow your example?" "Why not? I am a western girl. My parents are dead. I had nobody to pay for my education. I settled down in Paris, knowing that I had to succeed, and when a western girl knows that she has to succeed she generally succeeds."

"Can anybody enter the Conservatory?" "Any girl gifted with a good voice. It is a wonderful institution which opens its doors, not to its own people only, but to all the world. In an American girl I owe everything to its fostering care. How can I feel otherwise than grateful?"

At the Wrong Door.

In Paris, several families often live under one roof, and each occupies its own "flat" or apartments. The duke and the laborer, saint and vagabond, the good and the bad may live in the same house, and yet neither of them know his neighbor. The author of "Parisian Lights" says that two friends lived a year in the same house without being aware of the fact, until they accidentally met in the street, and inquired each other's address. This author also relates the story of an amusing mistake:

A gentleman called upon a lady with whom he was well acquainted. On reaching the house, he ascended the stairs, entered the apartment in the story above that of the lady. He found the table set for a lunch, showing that company was expected. With a liberty which his relations with the family warranted, he helped himself to bonbons and fruit. Hearing a lady's voice calling from her chamber, and apologizing for not coming out immediately, he replied, "Do not disturb yourself, madam; I will wait."

The lady at once entered the room, and the gentleman found himself in the presence of a stranger, who seemed amazed as he was.

"Madame," said he, "is not this the apartment of M. —?" "No; that is on the floor below."

"Then, madame, I have to throw myself at your feet for this intrusion. Thinking myself in the apartment of Madame —, I have been eating freely of your refreshments, and can now only offer the humblest of apologies. I am M. de —."

His name was well known in Parisian society, but the lady was but half convinced, and as she followed him to the door, kept one eye on her plate, and the other on him. He afterward met her in the apartment below, and they had a hearty laugh over their mutual surprise. —Youth's Companion.

Far Above Beauty.

In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which fact I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life as well as of human nature. Now, are these women, blessed with many of them are with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society, and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women? With one or two exceptions, no. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if feature only is considered, while from the rest I can single out but two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognized standards of physical perfection. But they are loved, they are honored, they are deferred to. While not eliciting the admiration of every passer by, they have acquired through the force, sweetness or originality of their character the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happiness, and, consequently, their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and good will which is far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenomenal blaze of an emerald flame. —Anna Katharine Green in Philadelphia Times.

A Model Verdict.

An Alabama man charged with stealing a calf made the following statement: "I was always taught to be honest and most always have been, but when I see that calf I caved. I never wanted a calf so bad in all my life, and you all know that when a man wants a calf he wants him."

The jury returned the following verdict: "We, this jury, air satisfied that Steve stole the calf, but as the feller that owned the animal is considerable of a slouch, we agree to clear Steve and make the slouch pay the costs." —Atlanta Constitution.

The Women of Japan.

The better class of Japanese women are by no means uneducated. They receive, I am told, a better training than the women of any other Oriental nation, and they are better treated than those of any other Asiatic nation. The Japanese girl can, as a rule, read and write Japanese. She learns all about household matters, and she takes the whole charge of the household. This is her sphere, and she is known as the honorable mistress of the household. Her husband has no right to be meddling with the cooking stove. She pays the servants and the market bills. In the case of the poorer merchants she often acts as one of the clerks in the stores and takes the place of the husband when he is not present. In the country you will find her often working in the fields, sowing and reaping. I saw great numbers of women who acted as the leaders of pack horses carrying copper and goods up and down the mountains. Still, I think the women here have an easier time than those of the lower classes of Germany or Holland, and you see fewer labor hardened faces among the other sex here than you do in many of the countries of Europe.

The wife is, however, after all but little better than the servant of the husband, and the ties of marriage and divorce are here so loose that he can dispense with her at pleasure. Marriage in Japan is not attended with the solemnity and religious ceremony of the American wedding. It is a civil contract, and the negotiations for it go on, as a rule, through the parents. The young man and woman have no preliminary courtship, and the seeing one another for one or two times is the only chance they have of deciding whether there is any compatibility of temperament. —Frank G. Carpenter.

Thought It Was the Tariff.

Old Uncle Peter Simonson was, in his day, one of the richest of ante-bellum planters. He owned and worked more than 300 slaves, and nearly all of the river bottom lands along the Oemulgee river between Hawkinsville and Macon, Ga., were tending by his men.

He was quite a sportsman and spent the greater portion of his time hunting about his plantations or fishing up and down the river. He had been born and raised of poor parents right upon the Indian frontier, when the Creeks held the greater portion of Georgia, and had lived there to his boyhood. He usually had a negro boy along with him when he hunted to carry home his game for him.

One day in the latter part of the year 1836, while hunting in the swamps about six miles below Macon, his attention was attracted by a singular noise. He hastened to the river bank, when something, which he had never seen in his life, came slowly around the bend below him with fire and smoke and much puffing. He lumped for his gun and climbed the nearest poplar tree.

"Skin up that ar tree, Sambo," old Peter yelled to the little darkeys.

"All right, massa; whis is it?" "O, the tariff! O, the tariff! I've hearn congress here been threatening to send down to destroy our craps and cut us up, feathers on all." He sat upon a limb with his rifle in his hand until the "thing" went out of sight around the next point above him. It was the first steamboat that came up the river as far as Macon. —Detroit Free Press.

She Swallowed the Car Fare.

If there is any one thing that makes the horse car conductors mad it is the custom of some folks of using their mouths as purses for the car fares. It is a great nuisance in summer during travel on the open cars where the conductor has a full complement of passengers. A Lewiston conductor says that children are the worst. Some of them disgorge a handful of change, and he has to accept it. One day a very pretty young lady who was a guest in Auburn from a Massachusetts town, was coming down from the lake. She was one of a gay party of half a dozen, and they made merry on the down trip. When he was one seat over her in his tour of the car he looked over at her. She was so pretty he couldn't help it. Just as he looked he was pained to notice a fearful change in her countenance. Her cheek blanched and she seemed to choke. Her laugh died on her lips, too, and she choked no more. When he got to the next stop the young lady's eyes were bedewed with tears. "I—I had some money." The conductor with infinite tact says that he just passed it along, saying: "I know all about it. You've swallowed it. I see you do it." The young lady blushed and the car rattled along. A child with two coppers in its mouth is a fearful picture for the conductor, but what do you think of one with 24 cents in its cheeks? Better buy the youngsters 10 cent purses. —Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Steel Bead Ornaments.

As the swell girl goes down Broadway, fur trimmed and soft as to visible surface, a chink chink of metal is sometimes heard. That noise is made by the in-part of her head or embroidered stockings. It is a new freak to have our hosiery heavily ornamented with steel beads on the ankles and calves. Now don't go to suggesting that we might wear circles of something just above our hoofs like those put on horses to keep them from "interfering." We want no interference with the heart of man. May a time have you read in novels how the flourish of a dainty skirt or the swish of mysterious draperies have set a chap to fluttering sentimentally. Well do we know that nice little assaults on the masculine ear draw the masculine eye. Well, that is the principle of the clinking stockings. It is as yet a gentle device. Of course, it will be quickly vulgarized, as the metal heeled gaiters were, and there are women in New York naughty enough to put not only bells on their toes, but castinets on their ankles and cymbals on their knees, if thereby they could command attention. —Clara Belle.

Playing Cards.

The first pack of playing cards of which any copy is preserved was in use in Venice in 1125, and contained seventy-eight cards in all, twenty-two of which were picture cards of very quaint character. One picture card represented the devil, another death, a third the moon, a fourth the sun, while the fifth depicted the judgment day. The Venetians called it the game of tarot, and it was by doubt the original parent of the modern card pack, with its kings, queens, knaves, etc. The French developed the game greatly, and it became the standard pastime of all the royal courts of the sixteenth century. Cards became so prominent a feature of social life in France that when the revolution came new card packs were devised in which kings and queens were done away with, philosophers and popular heroes and heroines taking their places. —Boston Globe.

HOW I SUFFERED

Seventeen Years From a Skin Disease. Could Not Walk or Dress myself. A Mass of disease from head to foot. Cured in eight weeks by the Cuticura Remedies.

At the age of three months a rash (which afterwards proved to be eczema or salt rheum) broke out upon my face and body. My skin was wasted. He said to me the cause was the prescribed cooling medicine, but the sores spread to my hands and feet. Another M. D. was called. He promised to know all about the case, called it King's Evil, and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone, and mixed into a salve, but the disease continued. They could not do anything with it. Another prescribed borax, water and flour; another mixed poisons. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease continued unabated; it spread to my arms and legs, till I was laid up, and I continually sitting on the floor on a pillow my limbs contracted so that I lost all power of them and was utterly helpless. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could get around the house on my hands and feet, but I could not get my clothes on at all, but had to wear a sort of dressing gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a physician who said he could do nothing for me. I wanted to cut the stumps of my legs, so that I could walk, but I would not let him, for if I did get better I would have no control of them.

The disease continued in this manner until I was seven years old, and one day in February, 1871 I read an account in the Tribune of your CUTICURA Remedies. It described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial.

When I first applied them I was raw and bleeding from scratching myself, but I went to sleep at once, and immediately, something I had not done for years, the sores began to heal. In about two weeks, could walk, and could not walk, I was too weak, but my sores were nearly well. As near as I can judge, the CUTICURA Remedies cured me in about six to eight weeks, and up to this date (i. e. from January, 1872, to January, 1887) I have not been troubled any more, having had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me.

W. J. McDONNA, D. D., 382 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., Jan. 29, '87. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RELIEVENT, 5c. Prepared by E. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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