THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

The History of a Lawsuit Involving a Part of the City of New Orleans.

A dispatch from New Orleans announces that Judge Billings, of the United States District Court at that place, has rendered a decision in the case of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines who claims several millions of dollars' worth of property in that city, in favor of the claimant. This is a phase of one of the longest and most interesting lawsuits in the annals of American jurisprudence. The history of the case is briefly as follows: Mrs. Gaines is the widow of General Edmund Pendleton Gaines, and was born in New Orleans in 1805. Her father, Daniel Clark, was born in the County Sligo, Ireland, in 1766 and emigrating to New Orleans, inherited a considerable property from his uncle in 1799. Before the acquisition of Louisiana he was American Consul there, and represented the Territory in Congress in 1806. In August, 1813, Daniel Clark died, and his property was disposed of under a will, dated May 20th, 1811, which gave the bulk of his estate to his mother, Mary Clark, who was then living in Germantown, Pa. He was also supposed to be a bachelor, but was known to have had a "liason" with a very beautiful young Creole, Zulime des Granges. Two daughters were born of this connection, one at Philadelphia in April, 1802, and the other, Myra, at New Orleans in 1805. The latter was taken to the house of Colonel Davis, a friend of Clark's, nursed by a Mrs. Harper, and grew up in Philadelphia, where she was known as Myra Davis. In 1836, Mr. Davis, being then a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, sent home for certain papers, and, in searching for these, Myra discovered some letters which partially revealed the secret of her birth, and laid the foundation of the lawsuit which has since become famous.

In 1832 she married W. W. Whitney, of New York, who in following up the discovery made by his wife, secured from Colonel Davis an old letter which gave an account of a will made by Clark in 1813, just before his death, giving all his large estate to Myra, and acknowledging her as his legitimate daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney went immediately to Cuba, and there, after a long search, discovered the writer of the letter, and, with the aid of evidence given by him, began suit in New Orleans for the property of Daniel Clark, which had in the meantime become immensely valuable, and included a great part of the present business quarter of the city. On the trial of this suit the Mrs. Harper above mentioned testified that, four weeks before his death, Clark showed her the will he had made in favor of Myra, and acknowledged the child's legitimacy. Baron de Boistontaine testified that Clark had made the same statements to him. On this and other corroborative evidence the lost will was received by the Supreme Court of Louisiana, on February 18, 1856, as the last will and testament of Daniel Clark, though the document itself could not be found. The objection was then interposed that by the laws of Louisiana a testator could not make devises to his adulterine bastard. On this point, however, two sisters of Myra's mother testified that Zulime des Granges was privately married to Clark in their presence in Philadelphia, in 1803, by a Catholic priest, it having been learned that Zulime's reputed husband, Des Granges, had another wife living, and was therefore not legally married. In another suit growing out of this difficulty the United States Supreme Court decided that the marriage and legitimacy of Myra was established.

In the meantime Mr. Whitney died, and his widow married General Gaines, whom she has also outlived. Assisted by the General, Mrs. Gaines continued her litigation, and in 1856, in the Supreme Court of the United States, filed a bill in equity to recover valuable real estate, then in the possession of the city of New Orleans, and a decision in her favor was rendered in 1867. The value of the property claimed was estimated in 1861 at $35,000,000, of which Mrs. Gaines had up to 1874 obtained possession of some $6,000,000. Numerous actions of ejectment against individual parties have followed, and it is no doubt one of these that Judge Billings has now decided in Mrs. Gaines' favor.

The heroine of this romantic story is a little black-eyed lady of over seventy, who still retains traces of former uncommon beauty. She is well educated, quick and courageous. Her long and varied experience in the law courts has given her a legal education of no mean character. On several occasions, and notably in the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1861, she has pleaded her own cause personally and with remarkable success. Though at the time of General Gaines' death a wealthy woman, she has often been in financial straits, for she has spent several large fortunes in prosecuting her claims. The writer has often seen her, as recently as 1871, walking the streets of New Orleans in the plainest clothes, and with her inevitable little black bag on her arm, looking far more like a cook in search of a place than like the heiress to $35,000,000. The property now known as the Hermas Plantation and belonging to Mr. John Burnside, of New Orleans, was at one time part of the Gaines estate, and was sold with the slaves on it, to Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, in 1812, for $500,000. When Mrs. Gaines succeeds in getting possession of all the property awarded her, she will be the wealthiest person in New Orleans, and perhaps the richest woman in the world.—*N. Y. World.*

Folly consists in the drawing in of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.—[Locke.

Cheaper Beef Wanted in America.

Lately, much attention is given to the fact, that American beef is successfully shipped to Engladd; and that this American exportation of beef is rapidly increasing. The steamers that run between this country and England have provided ample accommodation for this class of freight, and the business promises to become very large. It is successful because the American shippers are able to undersell the English butchers. This statement of the case is made: "Good beef that just tickles the palate of an English epicure, can be transported, through the middlemen, from Texas or Colorado, butchered, shipped to England, and there sold, at a fair profit, for an average of less than nine cents per pound." Housekeepers in New England will naturally think and reason a little over this statement. They will ask, with some earnestness: "How is it that we, on this side of the Atlantic, are abliged to pay from 12 to 25 cents a pound for beef of the same kind?" And they are not likely to get a satisfactory answer. If beef can be shipped to England, and there sold, at a profit, for an average of less than 9 cents a pound, it must be that enormous profits are realized, by somebody, on the beef sold in our markets, and that there is great need of "reform" in this feature of the trade in beef. And it is tolerably certain that this reform will be secured. At present we hear nothing of any prospect of more reasonable prices in our markets; but we do hear of changes in contemplation, which will reduce the cost of beef to the shippers. It is said that the cattle will be butchered in the Western States where they are bought, and the beef be sent to the shipping ports in refrigerator cars. This will lesssen the cost; and, it is claimed, that beef from the refrigerator cars will be in better condition for shipment.—*Worcester Spy.*

A Wonderful and Natural Curiosity.

A natural curiosity of an extraordinary character is to be seen at the Mining Registrar's office, Sandhurst. It is placed on the mantlepiece, and the visitor on entering the room and looking in that direction, sees a small but very pretty and cleverly-executed landscape painting some six inches square. The foreground represents a grass-plot, in the center of which are two small ponds, out of one of which the water flows in a small stream toward a patch of rocks. A little distance beyond the ponds is a farmhouse, at the rear and side of which is a row of tall poplar trees. Light stratified clouds, with a dash of blue, completes the picture. The perspective is almost perfect, and the lights and shades are remarkably well brought out. This is particularly seen in the cluster of rocks, which appear to have been drawn by the hand of a most skillful artist. Closer inspection of this piece of work reveals to the astonished onlooker that it is neither more less than a piece of slate rock, on which nature's hand alone has developed a pretty rural scene which would not do discredit to the brush of Buvelot. This curiosity was found on the Carshalton reef, and the rock, on being broken up, split in such a way as to leave the face on which the picture is represented convex. The various shades, tints, and figures appear to have been formed by the trickling of water, containing iron, between the seams of the rock.—*Bendigo Advertiser.*

A Legend About Coffee.

There is a legend about coffee—a legend in which a pious Mussulman is the hero. The Mussulman used to get sleepy during his devotions, and so he prayed to Mohammed, who came to his aid. Mohammed sent him for advice a goatherd, who took a hint from his goats. He observed that when these animals ate the berries of a particular tree they got frisky and excited—bounded about all the night, in fact. The Mussulman took the hint, ate the coffee-berries, slept less, and no doubt prayed better.

That was the legend. That coffee, however, was sold in the streets of Cairo toward the end of the sixteenth century is not a matter of legend, but history. In fact, it was not only sold, but it was forbidden to be sold. An Arabian historian recounts that in the year 1538 a cafe was attacked by the authorities, and the customers who were found on the spot hurried off to prison, from which they were not liberated till they had each received seventeen strokes with a stick, for the encouragement of others! And, in fact, this raid served the purpose so excellently that five and twenty years afterward the Town of Cairo could boast of more than 2,000 shops where coffee might be bought.—*Exchange.*

"Calamity Jane."

"The Black Hills," by H. N. Maguire, gives the following sketch of a noted female character known as "Calamity Jane:"

"How far is it to Deadwood, Jack?"

"Only a mile and a half, that girl on the horse is going there now."

"Girl! What girl? I don't see anybody on a horse but the dare-devil boy yonder."

"Why, that's a girl on that bucking cayuse; that's 'Calamity Jane.'"

And "Calamity Jane" she was as I ascertained in getting some items in regard to her most remarkable career of ruin, disgrace, and recklessness. There was nothing in her attire to distinguish her sex, as she sat astride the fiery horse she was managing with a cruel Spanish bit in its mouth, save her small neat-fitting gaiters, and sweeping raven locks. She wore coat and pantaloons of buckskin, gayly beaded and fringed, fur-trimmed vest of tanned antelope skin, and a broad-brimmed Spanish hat completed her costume. Throwing herself from side to side in the saddle with the daring self-confidence of a California buchario in full career, she spurred her horse up on the gulch, over ditches, and through reservoirs and mud-holes, at each leap of the fractious animal giving as good an imitation of a Sioux war-whoop as a feminine voice is capable of. "Calamity Jane" is a character in the mountains. She has redeeming qualities. Everybody may have. She comes from a Virginia City, Nev., family of respectability and intelligence. The first step to ruin taken, she had not the moral courage to seek retrievement—what encouragement would she have received had she attempted to do so?—and still there were levels of infamy and degradation to which she could not sink. If she must be "a woman of the world," she would at least save her independence of character,—while following the path of infamy through all its dark windings, she would continue mistress of her own destiny. She sought not the sympathy of kindred associations, but preferred to stand alone, in brave defiance of a frowning world. Donning male attire in the mining-regions of Nevada, where no legal restraints were imposed upon such freaks of iniquitous eccentricity, she "took to the road," and has ever since been nomadic in her habits,—now forming one of a hunting party, then participating in a mining-stampede, again attached to and moving with a freighting train, and, it is said, she has even rendered good service as a scout in an Indian campaign. She has had experience as a stage-driver, and can draw the reins over six horses as skillfully as a veteran Jehu, and handles a revolver with dexterity, and fires it as accurately as a Texes ranger. She is still in early womanhood, and her rough and dissipated career has not yet altogether

"Swept away the lines where beauty lingers."

How a Ghost was Captured.

About a mile from the center of Babylon Village, Long Island, stands a house which has for some time been unoccupied. It was some time ago fitted up for the occupancy of a newly married couple, but shortly after they moved into it the young bride died, and the building was again left vacant. Within a few weeks past, strange sounds and flitting lights have been seen in the house; occasionally a pale, wan face would appear at one of the windows in the dead of night, and piteous wails would issue apparently from between the livid lips, and then the "perturbed spirit" would wander from room to room throughout the house, as if looking for something that could never be found. Babylon enjoyed the sensation of having a "haunted house." Some of the young fellows in the neighborhood, however, were not superstitious to the extent of being afraid to make an investigation, and one night last week two or three of them concealed themselves in the building to await the "ghost's" appearance. About the hour "when churchyards yawn" one of the windows opened, and his ghostship entered in a very unghostly manner, and commenced his unusual performance, his form being just distinguishable in the darkness. In the middle of one of his most interesting acts the concealed persons crept slowly on all fours to the spot, and suddenly grasped him by the ankles, a proceeding which was followed by a series of terrific shrieks very human in their tone, and indicating an agony of fear, and it was some time betore the bogus ghost was brought to the point of believing that he had not been seized by a real one. The explanation of his proceeding is found in the fact that a certain person was desirous of owning the house, but the proprietor refused to part with it on the terms offered, and this novel method was adopted by the would-be purchaser to depreciate the market value of the property. At present the laugh is decidedly against him.—*N. Y. Times.*

Facing Death.

Brother Gardner was yesterday white-washing the back end of an old house on Catharine street, when the staging gave way and he had a fall of about fifteen feet. He was senseless when picked up, but a man poured about a gallon of cold water down his back and brought him to. Mr. Gardner thus explained matters to the reporters:

"Waal, I was up dar, an' dar was de house, an' dar was de scaffold, an' dar we all was. I was jess drawin' dat brush aroun' to kill when I felt a goneness. Seemed I was prancin' aroun' on de air, wid no chance to dig in my toes."

"Why didn't you fall at once, and have the affair off your mind?" asked a policeman.

"Why didn't I fall? Why, sah, I was fallin' all the time. I went down 'bout fifty feet head fust, an' den I changed and went sideways, and den I struck on one foot and boaf ears. All dis time I was doin' some powerful thinkin', I was."

"Did you think of oysters fried with crumbs?" asked a reporter.

"Doan' be talkin' dat way, boy. I 'membered all my bad deeds while I was gwine down, an' I called out that I would live a better life if de shock didn't kill me."

In the group was a colored man, whose face brightened at these words, and he softly asked:

"Brudder Gardner, doan' you 'member de $2 you borrowed o' me?"

"I do."

"Den pay it—han' it over. De shock didn't kill you, and now begin on dat better life."

"Brudder Jones," solmenly replied Gardner, "de shock didn't kill me dead, but befo' I pays out any money Ize gwine to wait the result on my nervous system. I 'pears to be all right, but possumly I may be fatally injured in some of de corners and not know it for a month. G'lang, Brudder Jones, an' doan' rob de cradle an' de grave!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Of all the difficulties in a State, the temper of a true Government most felicifies and perpetuates it; too sudden alterations distemper it. Had Nero tuned his kingdom as he did his harp, his harmony had been honorable and his reign more prosperous.—[Quarles.

A King Washing Paupers' Feet.

King Alfonso, who recently made the tour of Spain, on his arrival at Seville signified his desire to conform with the traditional custom on Holy Thursday for Kings to wash the feet of twelve aged paupers, and then to attend on them at a sumptuous table laid out at the expense of the Crown. Referring to this fact a correspondent writes: "About 200 persons alone had been invited to witness this scene in the hall of the Ambassadors. The old Moorish Alcazar is very beautiful, and its patios and principal courts have been restored in the style originally designed from the Arabic models. The doors, the ceilings, the pavements, and the light, airy architecture, carry you back to the days of the old conquerors of Andalusia, though modern innovations mar the splendor of every part of the structure. In the hall of the Ambassadors a high table had been raised for the old men, and facing it was a platform for Queen Isabella and the infantas. They soon appeared dressed in pale blue silk, with long white lace mantillas. The crowd pressed forward despite the efforts of the halberdiers, and of the servants of the Royal household. In that Moorish Court were assembled the very elite of Sevilian society, and at least half of those present were faces well known in Madrid. The ladies all wore the black or white mantilla, and uniforms were not scarce. When the King appeared, surrounded by the officers of the household, and by the gold keys, the greatest trouble was to get a glimpse over the fair occupants of the front rank. By dint of perseverance we secured a corner, and witnessed the King's part in the ceremony. After a short prayer said by the Archbishop, clad in fine vestments of gold and embroidered satin, his Majesty went through the operation of washing the feet of the poor, who were led to the table by the chamberlains and equerries. They handed King Alfonso the dishes laden with meat, bread, and fruit, which the young monarch set before his aged subjects, with a good humored smile. Several times, indeed, his Majesty laughed outright when an awkward chamberlain nearly upset a plate or dish at the imminent risk of spoiling gilt cloak and brilliant uniform. During the whole time the band played selections from the 'Ave Maria' of Gounod, and other sacred music. When King Alfonso, surrounded by his grandees and officers, and escorted by the halberdiers, crossed the court yard to repose before the procession hour came on, he appeared rather fatigued."

Jung Bahadoor.

The most elaborate and magnificent entertainer of the Prince of Wales when in India was Sir Jung Bahadoor, the Prime Minister of Nepaul. It was he that got up the tiger-hunt on elephant-back. Two hundred and fifty elephants surrounded a district of Jungle, and drove the tigers, leopards, panthers, hyenas, and other interesting game, into a contracted space, where the British Prince and other sportsmen had some splendid fun shooting the felines as they sprang at or upon the elephants. This Indian Prince has recently died, and an exchange says: "Three of his widows have revived the ancient practice of suttee by burning themselves with his remains on a funeral pyre. In those parts of India governed directly by Englishmen, suttee has been completely suppressed, but Nepaul is one of the semi-independent States where the ancient code in many respects holds sway. Sir Jung died while at his devotions, and his wives resolved to seek the highest consolation. They piled the pyre with sandal-wood, the first lady took the head of the corpse between her knees and the others sat around it, while the chief mourner lighted the pile. This custom is said to take its rise from a mistranslation of the sacred Vedas, but it must be a pretty old one, for the first historic instance of it precedes the Christian era by ten centuries. It was supported by the Brahmins as an easy way of settling questions of dower. The present recurrence of it is so shocking to the British people that it is likely to prove the occasion of more supervision of States like Nepaul."

Approaching London.

Long before one reaches London the smoke of that great city can be seen darkening the air and forming a heavy rim on the distant horizon. London is so vast that it is hard to tell where the city ends and the country begins, but many miles before reaching the city proper the approach is marked by clusters of villages and outlaying suburbs, with an occasional public building or palatial residence. In the occasional stoppages of the train the distant roar of the city can be heard even before its spires can be seen, and a heavy, rumbling sound, like suppressed thunder, seems to fill the air. It is like the roar of the sea, and London might be appropriately termed an ocean of humanity.—*C. M. Walker in Indianapolis Journal.*

High Foreheads.

The notion that high foreheads, in women as well as men, are indispensable to beauty, came into vogue with phrenology, and is going out with the decline of that pretentious and plausible "science." Not long ago, more than one "fine lady" shaved her head to give it an "intellectual" appearance; and the custom of combing the hair back from the forehead probably originated in the same mistaken ambition. When it is considered that a great expanse of forehead gives a bold masculine look—that from *frons* (forehead) comes the word "effrontery," it will not be wondered that the ancient painters, sculptors and poets considered a low forehead "a charming thing in woman," and, indeed, indispensable to female beauty. Horace praises Lycoris for her low forehead, *tenuis frons;* and Maritial commends the same grace as decidedly as he praises the arched eyebrow.

Luck of a Poor Prince.

No family has had a more sudden rise in so brief a time than that of the present King of Denmark. Little more than a dozen years ago Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein Sonderburg Glucksburg was one of the most obscure of European princelets. It is true that he was the acknowledged heir of King Frederick VII. of Denmark and the Duchies. But this cousin was a man in the prime of life, little older than himself; he was not next in the succession even to the Danish throne; and it was always possible that the reigning sovereign might revoke the nomination given to Prince Christian in favor of the Dukes of Sonderburg Augustenburg, who had a better legal title. It was always possible, too, the King might marry legally his morganatic wife, the Countess Danner. The late sovereign had no love for his successor, and provided very sparingly for his wants, so that the heir presumptive to the Danish throne was reckoned poor even in the thrifty capital of Denmark. Indeed, if Copenhagen gossip of a dozen years ago is correct, money was so scanty in Prince Christian's household that the Princess used to walk home from the Court balls in order to avoid the expense of a carriage.

Now all this is changed as if by magic. The eldest daughter of the King is Princess of Wales, the second is wife of the Czarewitch of all the Russias, and the younger son is King of Greece. The Coburgs and the Glucksburgs between them will soon be represented on well nigh every throne in Europe. It is only fair to add that nobody could have borne a sudden change of fortune better than the Princess Alexandra.—*Toronto Globe.*

Important Historical Letter.

Very Interesting Facts About a Noted Indian Chief.

A letter from Circleville, in the *Sunday Herald*, of last Sunday, relates a short anecdote, in which the names of both these Shawnee chiefs occur. It seems to have dropped out of the memory of the present generation of men, if indeed it was ever generally known, that the chief Blue Jacket was a white man. He was a Virginian by birth, one of a numerous family of brothers and sisters, many of whom settled in this State and Kentucky at an early day, and many descendants of whom still reside in this State.

His name was Marmaduke Von Sweringen. I can not now recall the name of his father, or the place of his nativity, except that it was in Western Virginia. He had brothers—John, Vance, Thomas, Joseph, Stull and Charles—and one sister, Sarah, and perhaps others. Marmaduke was captured by the Shawnee Indians, when out with a younger brother on a hunting expedition, some time during the Revolutionary War. He was about seventeen years of age when taken, and was a stout, healthy, well-developed, athletic youth, and became a model of manly activity, strength and symmetery when of full age. He and a younger brother were together when captured, and he agreed to go with his captors and become naturalized among them, provided they would allow his brother to return home in safety. This proposal was agreed to by his captors, and carried out in good faith by both parties.

When captured, Marmaduke (or Duke as he was familiarly called) was dressed in a blue linsey blouse or "hunting shirt," from which garment he took his Indian name of Blue Jacket. During his boyhood he had formed a strong taste or predilection for the free savage life, as exemplified in the habits and customs of the wild American Indians, and frequently expressed his determination that when he attained manhood he would take up his abode with some one of the Indian tribes.

I am not able to fix the exact date of this transaction, except by approximating it by reference to other events. It is traditionally understood that Marmaduke was taken by the Indians about three years before the marriage of his sister Sarah (who was the grandmother of the writer of this article), and she was married in the year 1781. So that it must have been about in the year 1778 when the event in question occurred.

Although we have no positive information of the fact, traditional or otherwise, yet it is believed that the band or tribe with which Blue Jacket took up his residence, lived at that time on the Scioto River, somewhere between Chillicothe and Circleville. After arriving at his new and adopted home Marmaduke—or Blue Jacket—entered with such alacrity and cheerfulness into all the habits, sports and labors of his associates, that he soon became very popular among them. So much was this the case that, before he was twenty-five years of age, he was chosen as a Chief of his tribe, and as such took part in all the councils and campaigns of his tribe. He took a wife of the Shawnees, and reared several children, among them but one son. This son, who was called Jim Blue Jacket, was a rather dissipated, wild and reckless fellow, who was quite well known on the upper Miami River during and after the war of 1812. He left a family of several children, sons and daughters, who are now living in Kansas, and with one of whom—Charles Blue Jacket—the writer of this has long kept up a correspondence. I first saw Charles at the time the Shawnee Nation was removed from Ohio to Kansas, under the conduct of officers of the National Government, in 1832. He is a well educated, highly intellectual and intelligent gentleman; and in all respects—features voice, contour and movement—except as to his dark color, is an exact *fac simile* of the Van Sweringens. Charles Blue Jacket has been a visitor at my house, not above eleven years ago, and exhibits all the attributes of a well-bred, polished, self-possessed gentleman.

Before closing this communication I desire to say one word in relation to the orthography and orthoepy of the name of that famous warrior, Tecumthe. The name is never pronounced by a Shawnee in any other manner than that here given. The terminal *the* is very common in the Shawnee language and nomenclature, and the common form and pronunciation is a corruption of the original. The change from the lisped *the* to the aspirate *se*, as used in the English language, is easily accounted for; but there is no propriety in corrupting the original name of the great statesman and warrior, as pronounced by himself and his associates. The late Charles Hilliard, of Piqua, was well acquainted with, and a great admirer of Tecumthe, before the war of 1812, and it always exasperated him to hear any one pronounce the name Tecumse. Tecumseh is still a grosser corruption. Tecumthe is the true orthography, and should be universally followed.—*Ohio State Journal.*

"White Bears."

A droll but true anecdote is told of the late Rev. John Todd, which we do not remember to have seen in print. In the stormy times before the War a pastor was to be settled over the South Church at Pittsfield, which was very anti-slavery. On the evening of the services some of the Council were at the Doctor's tea-table, who had been invited to give the charge to the new minister. Mentioning this fact to his guests, he offered to put into his charge any two words which any person present might name. One of the visitors, who was about as eccentric as the Dr., instantly called out: "White bears!" This was received with a laugh, and the thing passed off without more comment. The installation came and moved on according to the different assignments, when Dr. Todd took the stand to charge the candidate. Getting through with the usual topics of ministerial duty, all at once the speaker stretched up his gaunt frame to its full height, and with a grim twist of his face, let off this most unexpected sentence: "My brother, when you want to shoot white bears, you go where they are to shoot them. You don't waste your powder and ball to shoot white bears where there are no white bears anywhere about. So, if you want to preach against slavery, you had better go where slavery is to preach against it than up here where there is no slavery." The congregation generally took this sally as only the uncorking of a small bottle of the Doctor's peculiar "toddy;" but the few who were in the secret came home chuckling over what, in the circumstances, might have looked like rather a serious joke.—*Springfield, Mass., Union.*

Albert and Victoria.

About ten years ago the London press was almost unanimous in admitting the necessity of an addition to the income of the Prince of Wales, and it was generally expected that an application for some £20,000 a year more would be made to the House of Commons. The *Spectator*, an advanced Liberal journal, indeed, went so far as to observe that "£100,000 a year was no longer a first-class fortune," and that there were many commoners as well as nobles far richer than the heir to the throne. However, the Government took no steps in the matter, and it was presently rumored that it refrained from so doing because there was reason to apprehend that such proposal would arouse unpleasant comments as to the expenditure of her Majesty, and provoke suggestions that, as she had in so large a degree abandoned representative functions, she should contribute handsomely to the expenses of the Prince, on whom their maintenance fell.

Since then the Prince's revenue from his Duchy of Cornwall has risen some £20,000 a year, and now amounts to £72,000 a year, but he receives the same Parliamentry allowance (£40,000 a year, and £10,000 a year for the Princess) that he did at his marriage. Meanwhile, he has had several children, and the cost of living since he married has increased at least 10 per cent; so that his means are really less than ever. If the Prince had merely the expenses of a great nobleman, his income, though less than that of many Peers and some commoners, would amply suffice; but he has many expenses which tradition, etiquette, and royal sham compel him to incur, from which they enjoy an immunity. He is expected to entertain profusely, to give splendid presents, and to subscribe to every conceivable object. But while the son is often in straits where to turn for a thousand pounds, the mother is literally rolling in riches.

What Queen Victoria leaves behind her will never be known, because the wills of sovereigns are not proved; but those who have considered the subject are of the opinion that she must, since the Prince Consort's death, have saved at the very least £100,000 a year. Not only has she lived so quietly that a large proportion of her £385,000 a year public income must be saved, but it is to be remembered that Mr. Nield left her £500,000, which, at 4 per cent, would give her £20,000 a year, and she receives £43,000 a year from her Duchy of Lancaster. The crown lands, given up to the country in lieu of a parliamentary annual grant, have of late years been so ably and economically managed that their revenue covers the Royal allowance, and these crown lands were as much the property of the sovereign as the lands of the Duke of Devonshire, or any other landholder, are his. If the country chose to make the most of these lands by cutting up, say, the New Forests, and selling it in lots, and adopting a similar plan with other outlying possessions of the crown, it would make money out of the royal family. The revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall has risen from £22,000, in 1824 to £72,000, and increases annually about £3,000, so that the next Prince of Wales will probably be independent of a Parliamentary grant. Queen Victoria is probably saving with the view of rendering her family as independent as the wealth of the Duke de Penthievre rendered the House of Orleans, and made Louis Philippe in consequence the cheapest of French Kings.—*London Letter.*

Dom Pedro.

Dom Pedro is an indefatigable and restless tourist, but there comes a time when nature will have her rights, and she doesn't always take them conveniently to the Emperor. Lately, after spending his day in energetically exploring a certain Italian city, he was obliged to attend in the evening some scientific conference. Seated in a comfortable chair, he appeared to listen with extraordinary attention to the oratory of the occasion, and that gentleman, very much flattered, judged it wise to embroider his discourse with an excessively pompous and diffuse eulogy of his imperial auditor. The rest of the audience thought it only polite to applaud his remarks, and immediately made a great noise. Dom Pedro, waking suddenly out of a long and sound nap, imagined that this applause was addressed to the scientific opinions of the lecturer, and instantly began to clap his hands with a convinced and instructed air. Tableau!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Baby-Show Incidents.

"You have your baby here?" asked one lady of another.

"Yes; and yours?"

"Mine is asleep—where it will not waken."

"Pardon me; I had not heard."

The two clasp hands and stand in the close union of sympathy over the one that was spared when the angel went by.

"That baby," said a thoughtless spectator, "may look pretty at home, but it is hardly up to the standard of a baby show. Do you not think so?" addressing a lady who stood near.

"Excuse me from commenting, sir," said the lady, "as my opinion might be biased. I am its mother."

The man asked for his hat and took a recess.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Fashions in Suicide.

In Paris hanging is the most popular mode of suicide, and drowning comes next; in London one is as fashionable as the other, and throat-cutting, which is seldom practiced in Paris, ranks third; in New York poisoning is the favorite form of self-murder, and shooting the second choice, with hanging, throat-cutting, and drowning farther down in the list. A sensational form of suicide very common in France and very rare in England and America is jumping from public buildings. Charcoal-burning is also a favorite mode of death in Paris. During 1876 there were 298 cases in London, 9.5 in Paris, and 150 in New York. The death-rate from suicide in proportion to population is double in New York what it is in London.—*Exchange.*

Mrs. Betsy Whitehouse, who was said to be the wealthiest woman in New Hampshire, bequeathed a large portion of her estate to charitable institutions, the principal one being the Home Missionary Society, of New Hampshire. The object of this Society is to aid feeble Congregational Churches. The bequest, it is said, will amount to $200,000.

Reed's Temple of Music.

This house properly takes a position in the front rank among the leading firms in this line of business in Chicago, and to those who have never been shown through the establishment a brief description of it will be found interesting.

The building fronts on Van Buren and Dearborn streets, with the main entrance at No. 1 Van Buren street. The rooms are numbered from one to eight, four on the ground floor and four above. In number one are the public offices and grand staircase; in numbers two and three are the Haines pianos, and in number four the Diamond pianos and a miscellaneous stock of instruments that have been rented, in good condition, and are being closed out regardless of cost on account of a change in this department.

Room number five is the organ department; number six is filled with Chickering square pianos, number seven with Chickering grands, and number eight with Chickering upright pianos of the newest patterns and improvements.

The grand stairway leading to the upper floors is one of the most elegant in the city, and is made of solid walnut and marble, at a cost of $3,000. The walls throughout are beautifully tinted and decorated with rich and costly paintings. Above the front stairway is an original and very ingenious one, a present from Professor Felix Reganny, representing in cameo form, the musicians of all nations. These and other attractive ornaments make these finely lighted rooms perfect reception parlors.

This building is the only one in Chicago built expressly for the piano trade; the firm of Reed & Sons, in fact, being the only one in the music trade here who own the ground and the building in which their business is transacted.

This of course proves them to be perfectly responsible for all their guarantees, a matter of no small consequence to the purchaser of a valuable instrument.

From the eight large rooms so well filled it will readily be seen that there is the best possible opportunity to make a selection of a good toned piano or organ.

The Chickering is the leading piano. All critics and music professors have said so much in its praise that little is left to add. The Chickering piano has been in existence for fifty-four years; is an American institution from which have emanated all the modern improvements that have made American pianos so celebrated throughout the world.

The latest novelty that the Chickerings have brought out is a new scale upright piano of marvelous sweetness and power of tone. It is warranted to stand in tune and proves as durable as a square piano. These instruments are all the rage in the Eastern cities; they occupy much less space than a square piano—a very great advantage in most parlors.

The prices are very moderate, and the most favorable terms of payment are offered, as for example, $100 cash and $25 monthly until paid for, or in quarterly payments.

Of the Haines Brothers pianos, another prominent brand sold at the Temple of Music, it may be said they have given the most perfect satisfaction for the past twenty-five years during which time they have sold thousands of instruments. The wealth and responsibility of this factory renders it certain that no one need fear to purchase an instrument bearing their name, each piano being accompanied with a written warranty.

We were shown some beautiful square grands offered at extremely low prices for the first quality; and as to terms, why, $25 to $50 down and $15 to $25 monthly ought to enable any one to purchase it, if in the least inclined.

The Reed & Sons organ has been sold long enough in this market to speak for itself. It contains all the modern improvements, is elegant in finish and style, and really leaves nothing to be desired.

The fact is, Chicago is the great musical instrument market in the West, and the great Chicago music establishments, among which the Temple of Music occupies a most conspicuous position, have by their great competition reduced the prices of pianos and organs to less than they are now sold for at the doors of the Eastern factories.

Chicago has also become the greatest market for musical merchandise in the West, and the dealers complain not at the amount of business they are able to do, but the excessively small profits, and the long time on which they are obliged to sell.