

THE PRINCESS BARNABAS.

The Princess Barnabas was in a state of the most profound perplexity. She could not, for the dainty little life of her, make up her mind on the important question as to whether she should or should not commit suicide at the close of the season. It was not very easy for the Princess' many admirers to understand why she should perturb her mind with such a problem at all, but perturb it she did with that very problem, whether wisely or unwisely.

The Princess Barnabas was a very remarkable young woman, who had proved the puzzle, the pride, and the passion of London society for three whole seasons. She was not yet four-and-twenty. She bore the title of a great Russian prince who had married her just before she came of age, at a time when he himself was old enough to be her grandfather, and who had considerably died within two years of the ceremony, leaving her the absolute mistress of his fortune and his territories, as she had been during life the absolute mistress of his heart for the short time in which he swayed it. She was said to be fabulously wealthy. Her jewels were the wonder of the world, and she delighted in wearing them, in season and out of season, with a semi-barbaric enjoyment of their glitter and splendor which was, like everything else about her, partly Oriental and partly childish. Some time after her husband's death she had come to Paris and got tired of it, and then she crossed the Channel and conquered London.

During one resplendent season little else was talked about but the Princess Barnabas. Society journals raved about her delicate beauty, which seemed to belong to the canvases of the last century, which ought to have been immortalized on pate tendre, and hymned in madrigals. Men adored her. Women envied her marvelous dress and machless jewels. The dying ashes of a season's scandal flared up into marvelous activity around her pretty personality. She was enormously "the thing." Enormously "the thing" she remained during a second season, after an interval of absolute disappearance into the dominions of the Czar. Enormously "the thing" she still appeared to be now in her third season, in spite of the rival attractions of an American actress who had not married an English duke, and an American girl with millions who had married the bluest blood and the oldest name in Europe. It would have been absurd for any one to contest the point that the Princess Barnabas was the very most interesting figure of that phantasmal dance of shadows which is called London society.

Nevertheless the Princess Barnabas was weary, positively bored. If she had been less of a success, life might not have appeared so desolate. There would have been a piquancy in the possibility of rivalry which would have lent a new interest to the tasteless feast. As it was, however, London life at the height of its maddest activity appeared to her as drear and gray as those vast stretches of steeps which lay like a great sea around one of the Russian castles of the late Prince Barnabas. It was during this fit of depression when the Princess Barnabas was graciously pleased to agree with the author of "Ecclesiastes," that life was vanity, that it occurred to her that in all her strange experiences she had never yet committed suicide. She immediately gave up her mind to the important problem, whether she should gain this ultimate human experience at once, or postpone it indefinitely.

It was in this frame of mind that the Princess went to the great ball at the Russian Embassy. As she nestled among her furs in the dim, luxurious warmth of her carriage, her mind was running entirely upon the various forms of self-destruction which had been made famous by celebrated persons at different stages of the world's history, and she could find none that were sufficiently attractive or remarkable to please her. "Good heavens!" she thought to herself, with a little shudder which even the warmth of her surroundings could not repress, "is it possible to be banal even in that?" and she gave a little groan as she stepped out of her carriage and up the embassy steps. The thought was still on her mind, and tracing the least suggestion of a frown upon her exquisite girlish face as she entered the great room and took the hand of the ambassador. The thrill of interest, of excitement, of admiration, which as a matter of course attended upon her entrance did not give her any answering thrill of gratification. She appeared to listen with the most gracious attention to the compliments of the ambassador. She answered with the daintiest little air of infantile obeisance the old world courtesy of a white-haired Minister who have been as much at home as she herself in a salon of the Regent of Orleans. She descended to entangle in a network of fascination a particularly obdurate and impassive secretary of State. She patronized a prince of the blood royal and was exceedingly frank and friendly with the young painter Lepell, who knew exactly how much her familiarity meant, but was at once amused and delighted by the envy it aroused in others. Yet all the while the Princess Barnabas was not devoting a single serious thought to one of her admirers. Every idea in that vain and foolish head was centered upon the one query, "Shall I commit suicide next week, and if so, how?"

It was while in this frame of mind, talking to twenty people, and thinking of none of them, that her bright eyes, wandering lightly over the crowded room, chanced to fall upon a young man who was standing, somewhat removed from the press of the throng, in a window recess, which was at least comparatively quiet—a tall, grave, self-possessed young man, sufficiently good-looking to be called handsome by an enthusiastic friend. When the Princess Barnabas looked at him, his eyes, which were bright, clever eyes, were fixed on her with a look of half-momentous contemplation. The moment, however, their eyes met he turned his head slightly, and resumed a conversation with a gray-haired old man with a red ribbon at his buttonhole, whom she knew to be a foreign diplomatist. The young man's gaze had expressed an interest in the Princess, but it seemed to be just as interested in the pale, wrinkled face of his companion. The Princess Barnabas seemed piqued. "Who is that young man?" she asked, half-fretfully of the Secretary of State. "Which young man?" The Secretary of State's stolid face gazed vaguely into the dense crowd of dress coats and white shouldered, of orders and stars and diamonds.

"The young man in the window talking to the gray-haired man." The Secretary put up his eye-glass and considered the young man in question thoughtfully. He was never known to hurry in his judgments, or his replies in Parliament, and he did not hurry now, though it was the Princess Barnabas who was interrogating him, and not a member of the Opposition. Then he answered her, weighing his words with more than judicial deliberation: "He is a young fellow named Sinclair. He is going out to the East, or something. Why do you ask?"

"His race interests me," replied the Princess. "I should like to know him. Bring him to me; or stay, give me your arm, and get tired of it, and then she crossed the Channel and conquered London. During one resplendent season little else was talked about but the Princess Barnabas. Society journals raved about her delicate beauty, which seemed to belong to the canvases of the last century, which ought to have been immortalized on pate tendre, and hymned in madrigals. Men adored her. Women envied her marvelous dress and machless jewels. The dying ashes of a season's scandal flared up into marvelous activity around her pretty personality. She was enormously "the thing." Enormously "the thing" she remained during a second season, after an interval of absolute disappearance into the dominions of the Czar. Enormously "the thing" she still appeared to be now in her third season, in spite of the rival attractions of an American actress who had not married an English duke, and an American girl with millions who had married the bluest blood and the oldest name in Europe. It would have been absurd for any one to contest the point that the Princess Barnabas was the very most interesting figure of that phantasmal dance of shadows which is called London society.

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He shook his head. "Better not," he said. "For a moment she was silent; she seemed to be reflecting. Then she said, with a sudden vehemence, 'Promise me that if I write and ask you to come you will obey me. Promise me that for the sake of our old friendship.'" He bowed his head. "I promise," he said. "And now give me your arm and take me to my carriage," said the Princess Barnabas. "I want to go home to bed."

The next day Julian heard nothing from the Princess. "Of course not," he said to himself, shrugging his shoulders at the fantastic hopes which had besieged his brain since that strange meeting, and he doggedly faced his approaching exile. But on the afternoon of the second day after the meeting at the Embassy, Julian Sinclair, coming to his hotel after a day spent in busy preparations for departure, found a tiny note awaiting him. It was from the Princess, and had only these words: "Come this evening, I shall be alone." And he went.

This was part of a conversation which Princess Barnabas chanced to overhear at a reception at the foreign office, and on the eve of her departure for the east. The speakers were Sir Harry Kingscourt and Ferdinand Lepell. Said the painter: "Have you heard the news about the Princess Barnabas? She is going to marry a fellow named Sinclair, and is going to live in the east—Persia, or some place of the kind. The fellow hasn't a penny in the world and won't have from her, for I believe that by her husband's will she loses almost all her fortune if she marries below her own rank." "How very romantic," yawned Kingscourt. "Romantic," replied Lepell; "it is absurd. Have you not heard?—the woman has committed suicide." And the speakers moved away.

"Suicide," said the princess to herself, smiling. "No, no; I was going to commit suicide once, but I have learnt what life is worth, and I have changed my mind."—The Whitehall Review.

A Very Able War Story.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Maj. Toller of Los Angeles called to see me, and in the course of our conversation it came out that he had at one time been a resident of New Madrid, Mo. I remarked that I knew something of the place, as I had been with Pope when he made the attack on that place in the earlier part of the war. Major Toller explained that he was one of the gunners in the rebel battery posted below the city, and he asked if I remembered any striking incident in connection with the work of that battery. I did. I remembered it well. I remembered that one day there came a shot from that battery that entered the muzzle of one of our own guns, causing an explosion that broke the gun into fragments and killed several men.

Major Toller remarked: "I remember the incident as well as you, and I have better cause to remember it. I fired the shot myself, and there is a story about it. One day there came from the Union battery a large shell, that struck without exploding very near our own battery. I picked up the shell, and, seeing that the fuse had not burned out, I said that I believed we could arrange the fuse and return the shell with our compliments to the battery that had fired it. This was done. I aimed the gun myself, and was by the commotion it created in the Union lines that something extraordinary had occurred. Afterward we learned the particulars. A few days afterward the commander of the forces came to our quarters, and for the firing of that shot promoted me to Major."

John Ryder, a wealthy farmer of Rockland Lake, predicted on June 9 that he would die on the 11th. He sent for a lawyer, made his will, and asked the lawyer to act as pall bearer at his funeral. He then sent for the undertaker, ordered his coffin, and paid for it. He seemed to be in perfect health, but said he had been warned of approaching death. On the 11th he sat in his arm chair as usual, and calling his family around him, bade them good-bye, saying: "My friends I am now going; good-bye all, and God bless you." He then lay back, closed his eyes, and apparently fell asleep, but when they touched him he was dead. He was buried, all his previous engagements being carried out. He was 76 years old.—Newbury Register.

General Grant, it is said, can not endure music of any kind except that made by the file and drum.

Seven-eighths of the callers at the white house come for political purposes. A colored man, 96 years old, carries the mail between Carthage, Ga., and the depot, a distance of about a mile. Sunshine is said to be better than medicine. You don't have to pay \$1.50 for 5 cents worth of it, either. There are 1,600 kinds of pears, 1,500 sorts of apples, 150 plums, more than 120 varieties of gooseberries, and 125 of strawberries. The Los Angeles common council has repealed the ordinance recently adopted making eight hours a legal day on municipal work. A spectral mounted Indian of gigantic size bores the Indians of the Washakie and Shoshone agencies, in Wyoming, by nightly visitations. The Adventists have revised their calculations, and now announce that the world will come to an end—positively no postponement this time—May 14, 1886. The first coffee ever produced in the United States is said to have been grown by Mrs. Aizeroth near Manatee, Fla., in 1880. She has twenty-five coffee trees on her plantation. One of the residents of Blandford, Mass., is known as "the cricket woman," from her penchant for crickets, her collection of these musical insects amounting often to seventy-five or one hundred. A woman always shades her eyes by turning her hand over—the palm upward—so that the back will not sunburn. During the civil war a woman in the army, in male attire, was discovered by this gesture. Worcester, Mass., claims to possess the champion mean man in the person of a well-to-do resident, who borrowed a print of butter, and in due course returned another pat with a piece sliced off, explaining that in the interim butter had risen. Miss Tidman, a Staten island music teacher makes her professional rounds on a tricycle. A patent contrivance attached to the rear of the seat, with a strap fastening the handle to her waist and neck, holds an umbrella over her head to protect her from the sun. Paper baskets, for farm and factory use, are now manufactured. The rims are protected by a wooden hoop on each side, both nailed together, and the large baskets (two bushel size) are strengthened by wooden ribs, and furnished with iron bottoms and handles. An old colored woman living in Pittsburgh is laboring under the hallucination that every night persons visit her home and scatter ashes over her porch. She is so firm in the belief that each morning she scrubs and scours every board and piece of furniture in her attempt to get the dirt off. Henry Stevens, who published a few weeks ago in London a monograph on the decline of art in the binding of English books, charges the decadence to ten classes. They are the author, publisher, and printer, the reader, compositor, and pressman, the paper-maker, ink-maker, and book-binder, and the consumer. A cigarette manufacturer at Meriden, Conn., contemplates hiring readers, who are to sit in the center of the workrooms and read aloud from the newest novels to the employees. He has imported the idea from Havana, where it is said to be employed with success, diminishing the loss of time through the gossip and noisy chatter of the girls. The work of restoring and altering the old mission church, at San Gabriel, Cal., has been commenced. It is intended to put in a paneled ceiling of Oregon pine, stained and varnished. The sanctuary will also be divided from the main aisle by a Tudor Gothic arch window, filled in with sashes of the same style, with tinted cathedral-glass, walls cleaned down and calcimined, and other incidental work done. Prof. Brush has returned to Berlin from Persia, after spending months in that country in the collection of notes to be used in literary works. Among his collection is a volume of poems and a tragedy by the shah, which Prof. Brush proposes to translate. He says that all plays in Persia are of a religious character, and that no scenery whatever is used. The European residents probably number 250. An engineer in a quartz mill in California met with a frightful death recently. His clothing caught on a revolving wheel and he was whirled rapidly around, his body coming violently in contact with the floor at each revolution. How long he was in this condition is unknown, as there was no one else in the mill at the time, and he was only discovered when his daughter went to call him to supper. The body was horribly mangled. A new industry in the southern forests is the utilization of the needles of the long-leaved pine (Pinus palustris). The leaves are soaked in a bath to remove the glazing, and then "crinkled" for stuffing cushions and other upholstery purposes. They are especially valuable on shipboard, and other places where furniture is in danger of becoming infested with insects. The turpentine which remains in the leaves makes a most inhospitable abode for these annoying visitors. A correspondent of *The New York Post*, who has been studying the colored people of the south, says many of the preachers "are gifted with remarkable fluency and can run with true oratorical skill over the whole gamut of emotions. Not one of them whom I heard couched his sermons in grammatical language, and yet some spoke with such genuine power that this defect was forgotten. There was at times, too, a striking aptness and picturesqueness of illustration, a use of racy similes and figures of speech, drawn from their observation of the fields and forests, and its manifold and ever-changing forms of life, or from their personal experience in those lowly walks of existence in which all of their days had run. Most of the sermons, however, were strangely irrelevant and incoherent."

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Commission Appointed to Examine the Pall Mall Gazette's Charges.

CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. His Eminence, Henry Edward Manning, was born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, England, July 15, 1808. Was educated at Harrow, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated, B. A., in 1830. He was appointed Rector of Lavington and Grafton, Sussex in 1834, and Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840. These preferments he resigned in 1851 on joining the Roman Catholic Church, in which he entered the priesthood in 1857, founded an ecclesiastical congregation at Bayswater entitled the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo. The degree of D. D., was conferred on him at Rome, and the office of Proctor of the Catholic Archdiocese of Westminster, Prothonotary Apostolic and Domestic Prelate to the Pope. At the death of Cardinal Wiseman he was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster, June 8, 1865. Pope Pius IX. created him Cardinal Priest, March 15, 1875. The same Pontiff invested him with the Cardinal's Hat, December 31, 1877.

REV. EDWARD W. BENSON, D. D. ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. The Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D. D.—Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan—was born near Birmingham, England, 1829; graduated B. A. at Trinity College, Cambridge 1852, M. A. in 1855, B. D. in 1862 and D. D. in 1867. He was for some years assistant master in Rugby School, and head master of Wellington College from its opening in 1858 till 1872, when he was appointed Canon Residentiary and Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral. In 1877 he was consecrated Bishop of Truro. In 1882 on Mr. Gladstone's recommendation he was appointed to succeed the late Dr. Tait as Archbishop of Canterbury.

REV. EDWARD MORLEY, M. P. Samuel Morley, M. P., was born in Hackney London, England in 1809. He went early to business and is now the head of the firm of J. & B. Morley, wholesale hosiers of that city. An earnest dissenter, Mr. Morley has been throughout his public career a leading champion of Protestant non-conformity, which he has promoted by munificent donations for building new chapels. Mr. Morley represented Nottingham in the advanced liberal interest, 1865-1866, when he was unseated by a candidate for Bristol in 1868, and was defeated by a small majority by Mr. Miles, who was unseated on petition. The following June Mr. Morley again became a candidate, and was elected by a large majority, and continues to represent Bristol down to the present time.

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A cigarette manufacturer at Meriden, Conn., contemplates hiring readers, who are to sit in the center of the workrooms and read aloud from the newest novels to the employees. He has imported the idea from Havana, where it is said to be employed with success, diminishing the loss of time through the gossip and noisy chatter of the girls. The work of restoring and altering the old mission church, at San Gabriel, Cal., has been commenced. It is intended to put in a paneled ceiling of Oregon pine, stained and varnished. The sanctuary will also be divided from the main aisle by a Tudor Gothic arch window, filled in with sashes of the same style, with tinted cathedral-glass, walls cleaned down and calcimined, and other incidental work done. Prof. Brush has returned to Berlin from Persia, after spending months in that country in the collection of notes to be used in literary works. Among his collection is a volume of poems and a tragedy by the shah, which Prof. Brush proposes to translate. He says that all plays in Persia are of a religious character, and that no scenery whatever is used. The European residents probably number 250. An engineer in a quartz mill in California met with a frightful death recently. His clothing caught on a revolving wheel and he was whirled rapidly around, his body coming violently in contact with the floor at each revolution. How long he was in this condition is unknown, as there was no one else in the mill at the time, and he was only discovered when his daughter went to call him to supper. The body was horribly mangled. A new industry in the southern forests is the utilization of the needles of the long-leaved pine (Pinus palustris). The leaves are soaked in a bath to remove the glazing, and then "crinkled" for stuffing cushions and other upholstery purposes. They are especially valuable on shipboard, and other places where furniture is in danger of becoming infested with insects. The turpentine which remains in the leaves makes a most inhospitable abode for these annoying visitors. A correspondent of *The New York Post*, who has been studying the colored people of the south, says many of the preachers "are gifted with remarkable fluency and can run with true oratorical skill over the whole gamut of emotions. Not one of them whom I heard couched his sermons in grammatical language, and yet some spoke with such genuine power that this defect was forgotten. There was at times, too, a striking aptness and picturesqueness of illustration, a use of racy similes and figures of speech, drawn from their observation of the fields and forests, and its manifold and ever-changing forms of life, or from their personal experience in those lowly walks of existence in which all of their days had run. Most of the sermons, however, were strangely irrelevant and incoherent."

Commission Appointed to Examine the Pall Mall Gazette's Charges.

CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. His Eminence, Henry Edward Manning, was born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, England, July 15, 1808. Was educated at Harrow, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated, B. A., in 1830. He was appointed Rector of Lavington and Grafton, Sussex in 1834, and Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840. These preferments he resigned in 1851 on joining the Roman Catholic Church, in which he entered the priesthood in 1857, founded an ecclesiastical congregation at Bayswater entitled the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo. The degree of D. D., was conferred on him at Rome, and the office of Proctor of the Catholic Archdiocese of Westminster, Prothonotary Apostolic and Domestic Prelate to the Pope. At the death of Cardinal Wiseman he was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster, June 8, 1865. Pope Pius IX. created him Cardinal Priest, March 15, 1875. The same Pontiff invested him with the Cardinal's Hat, December 31, 1877.

REV. EDWARD W. BENSON, D. D. ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. The Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D. D.—Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan—was born near Birmingham, England, 1829; graduated B. A. at Trinity College, Cambridge 1852, M. A. in 1855, B. D. in 1862 and D. D. in 1867. He was for some years assistant master in Rugby School, and head master of Wellington College from its opening in 1858 till 1872, when he was appointed Canon Residentiary and Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral. In 1877 he was consecrated Bishop of Truro. In 1882 on Mr. Gladstone's recommendation he was appointed to succeed the late Dr. Tait as Archbishop of Canterbury.

REV. EDWARD MORLEY, M. P. Samuel Morley, M. P., was born in Hackney London, England in 1809. He went early to business and is now the head of the firm of J. & B. Morley, wholesale hosiers of that city. An earnest dissenter, Mr. Morley has been throughout his public career a leading champion of Protestant non-conformity, which he has promoted by munificent donations for building new chapels. Mr. Morley represented Nottingham in the advanced liberal interest, 1865-1866, when he was unseated by a candidate for Bristol in 1868, and was defeated by a small majority by Mr. Miles, who was unseated on petition. The following June Mr. Morley again became a candidate, and was elected by a large majority, and continues to represent Bristol down to the present time.

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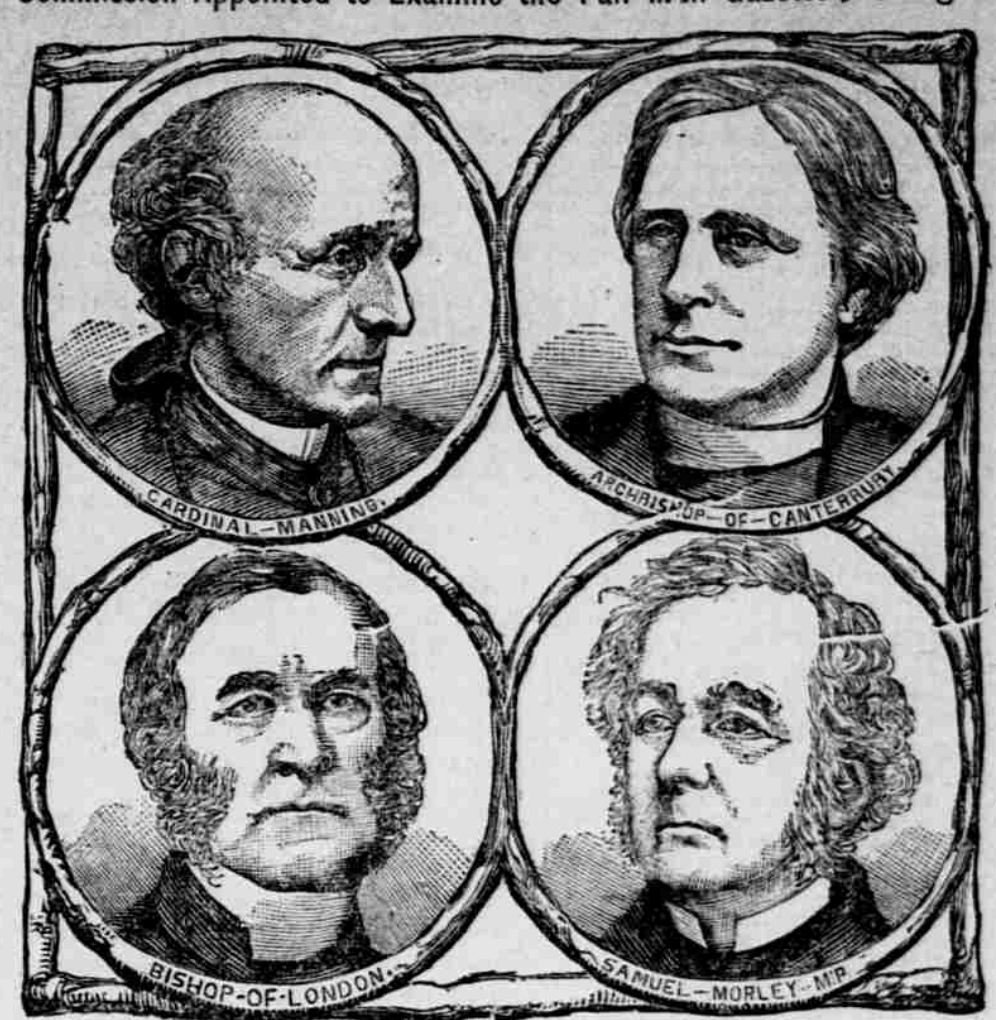
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