A WEDDING'S BANE IN RHYME

The Bachelor Poet's Wail Over Wasted Wealth in Marriage Gifts.

THE GIBSON-PITTS NUPTIALS.

Christmas Festivities Push Social Events to the Wall—A Revival to Follow Next Week—Society Events.

Wedding Presents.

Chicago Tribune.

I deprecate and imprecate the folly
Of giving wedding presents all the while.
Man has caused a settled melancholy
To brood where once there was a pleasing smile;
My friends, it seems, are ever getting married,
Their weddings to my dollars few give wings,
My vacant purse too long the load has carried
Of buying for them pretty, useless things.

I've listened to the preacher's bland palaver
While marrying a maiden young and fair,
And realized it cost a silver salver
For me to pose an honored usher there.
I've listened while the organist was playing
At Mendelssohn's and Wagner's marching tunes,
Reflecting for the concert I was paying
An even dozen solid silver spoons.

For each of these connubial disasters,
For every pair of young united lives,
I'm taxed for plaques and soup tureens and castors,
With pudding-dishes, pickle forks and knives.
I've given paintings, books and opera glasses,
And punch-bowls, caskets, jewelry and fans,
The store of wealth my sordid toil amasses
In time always becomes my fellow man's.

But finally I've fully made my mind up
To never more bestow a wedding gift.
My philanthropic ways I think I'll wind up
And go in for misanthropy and thrift.
A back for far too long I've tarried
To ever now get even, I'm afraid;
And twenty times at least I must be married
To get as many presents as I've made.

Prominent Wedding.

The principal event of last week was the marriage of Miss Ida Gibson and Orange S. Pitts which occurred Monday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 1411 California street. The bride is a great favorite socially and musically, and the reception which followed was largely attended. The bride wore a handsome cream silk, and the bridesmaid, Miss Helen Copeland, wore pale blue. At 9 o'clock the Union Pacific band led by Prof. F. Rhyne, serenaded outside. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. George Armstrong and daughter, Mr. and Misses Samuel Howell and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mount, the Misses Truland, Mr. and Mrs. C. Nevis, Mrs. Cody, Mr. and Mrs. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Davis and son, Dr. Lane and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Fleming and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum and family, Mr. and Mrs. Briardy, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Julia Leon, Marshal Cummings, Mrs. and Miss Cumings, the Hon. David Knox, Mrs. Brady and son, the Messrs. Best, Mrs. Mary Frenzer and sons, T. F. Brennan, Mrs. Hagarty, of Aurora, the Misses Emma, Lulu, Carrie and Alice Howell, Mrs. Corrigan, O.F. Davis, Samuel Farnsworth and sister, Mr. Bussey, Mrs. and S. J. Howell, Mrs. Keith, Mrs. Connolly, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Marks, Miss Julia Leon, David O'Connor.

Among the many handsome presents were a jewel case from Mrs. Vickenburg; wine set, J. L. and E. J. Vess; elegant lamp, Mrs. J. Wilson; sachet-bag, Mr. and Mrs. Hornor; fish set, Mr. and Mrs J. O'Boyle; toilet set in plush box; Geo. D. Shand; silver nut cracks, Mr. S. Goodrich; crumb tray and brush, Emma Howell; gold anchor, E. E. Howell; silver fruit knives, N. and P. Frenzer; fancy dress apron, Miss Kate Fleming; fancy sofa cushion, Miss Leon and Mrs. Hagarty; "The Wedded Life," the Rev. C.W. Savage; half dozen fruit plates, Mrs T. Meldrum; extension table, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Armstrong; horseshoe rack, D. E. Hume; toilet set, Mrs. C. Nevis; silver knives and forks, Mrs. George Armstrong and Miss E. Armstrong; ink box, unknown friend; fruit stand, Feeney & Connolly; glass sauce dishes, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Armstrong; fruit and sauce dishes, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Fleming; silver water set, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Davis, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lane, Dr. and Mrs. Lane; jewel case, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cummings and daughter, odor and jewel case, Mrs. Rosetta Farnsworth; case of spoons, N. and P. Frenzer; Poe's works, Mrs. J. W. Howell; silver castor, Mrs. E. B. Carter and Mrs. J. E. Keith; cake dish, toothpick holder, cream pitcher, no name; pickle boat, S. H. Farnsworth; teapot, tea tray and cake dish, Mrs. Cady; card box, Miss Nellie Lewis; fruit dish, Miss Cora Butler; set of vases, Mrs. J. Marks; linen table cloth, Sister Cornelia; toilet set, E. J. Bussey; vases, Mrs. Corrigan; "Familiar Birds," Helen Copeland; silver fruit dish, Mary Pettis; water set, Mrs. Chas. Cheney; large painting, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mount and the Misses Truland; fancy fans, Miss Brady; mahogany parlor stand, T. F. Brennan; tidy, Miss Belle Meldrum; plush patent rocker, Mr. and Mrs. Briarly; plush rocker, Minnie and Annie Nichol; bamboo rocker, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bonnevier and daughter; sealskin muff, Martin Gibson, brother of the bride; general furnishing of a house, father and mother of the bride.

Society in Omaha.

Society events have given way to Christmas festivities, and the lull has been almost unbroken during the past week. People have been better entertained with the pleasant excitement incident to this most joy giving season, and have indulged themselves in the luxury of giving pleasure to others. Christmas is an event in which young and old are equally interested, and it would be hard to decide which derive the keenest satisfaction, the young folks with their exuberance of animal spirits and exhilarating anticipations of what may be in store for them or their more serene and contemplative elders.

Next week there will be a resume of social gayeties, and a number of brilliant parties are on the tapis. The question that sometimes vexes society is how to vary its tedium occasionally. An eastern hostess who is renowned for her ingenuity in such matters lately gave a series of parties which, for many days afterward formed a theme of gossip among her friends.

The first venture was a progressive euchre party at which instead of the usual score cards, a tiny slate with sponge attached was used to keep track of the game. At the supper, which was an important item in the entertainment, the plate cards bore a toothpick umbrella, and the quotation "I bring you a tooth pick now from the farthest inch of Asia." A few days after, this enterprising hostess gave a "paper lunch" and set about to transform her artistic home into a region of tissue paper. The effect was bright and pretty beyond anything. The walls and ceilings were hung with the delicate fabric and tissue flowers were placed everywhere. Even the table was laid with paper and the salads were served in paper dishes. The table were waited on by two pretty little girls dressed in the daintiest of tissue paper costumes. The ladies wore gay bonnets of tissue, and carried home to their husbands a souvenir basket crocheted from strips of tissue and filled with confections. A euchre party that followed was much on the same style. The score cards were bangled all around with the counters. The next and last was a "thimble party." This was merely an old fashioned tea, where the ladies brought their sewing with them. The menu cards bore cunning little thimbles, an appropriate idea that hasn't found its way out here thus far.

St. Catharine's Academy.

The pupils of St. Catharine's academy gave a musical and dramatic entertainment Thursday, which spoke well for their capabilities and reflected great credit on their training. No trouble was spared in making the stage setting and costumes appropriate. The scenery was kindly furnished by Mr. Boyd, and the costumes were as elaborate as taste and skill could devise. The programme opened with a piano duo, "Cecilia," by the Misses Creighton and Van Camp. Miss Agnes Murphy then delivered an address, which was followed by a song, "The Angel," by the singing class. The drama of "Marie, or the Brave Girl," was then given. The dramatis personæ were as follows: Empress Josephine, Miss N. Murphy; Hortense, Josephine's daughter, Miss Stella St. Felix; ladies in waiting, Mlle. Elise, Miss C. Creighton; Mlle. Matilde, Miss L. Miller; Mlle. De Sainville, C. Riley; Marie, Miss Fannie McGavock; Madame Lajolais, Miss Clara Van Camp; prison-keeper, Miss A. Mulhall; Susette, Miss M McShane; peasant family, Dame Brilliot, Miss Gail Fisher; Manette Brillot, Miss M. McGavock; Martha Brillot, Miss S. Shane.

SCENE I—INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE.

Duet—Grand Galop .....
.....Misses McShane and A. Lowry
Song—Summer Birds.

SCENE II—PRISON SCENE.

Song—Sounds from the Sea.....
.....Singing Class
Duet—Martha.....
.....Misses E. Creighton and Van Camp

SCENE III—PALACE GARDEN.

Song—Home for Better Days.
Solo—Carnival de Venice.

SCENE IV—THRONE ROOM.

Song—The Angelus Bell .....
.....Singing Class
Duet—Music Among the Vines.....
.....Misses E. Creighton and M. McShane

SCENE V—APARTMENTS OF THE PRINCESS.

Trio—Glide.....
...Misses Creighton, Grace and Gail Fisher

SCENE VI—PRISON.

Poem—Under the Shadows.
Song—The Little Bird.....
...Misses L. Dailey, K. Mangan, F. McGavock
Poem—A Child's Inquiry.
Song—Christmas Greeting.

School Entertainment.

A very pleasing entertainment was given at the high school, Thursday, by Mrs. Tipton's and Miss Elder's classes. The exercises were as follows:

PART I.

Piano duet.....Misses Flora and Bella Adler
Welcome.....Allan Falconer
In School Days.....Jacob Rosenteen
Select Reading.....M. Walker
Barefoot .....By Mrs. Tipton's school
Music.....Mattie Polack
Quotations.....By Miss Elder's school
The Pumpkin.....Henry Allen
Essay—Happenings of '86.....F. Schneider
The Witch's Daughter.....
.....Henry Clarke and Mark Polack
Song.....Brother's Row
Duet.....Secret Love

PART II.

Dialogue.....The New Year
Christmas Carmen.....Lizzie Mitchell
The Three Bells.....Hannah Trost'er
Port Royal.....Mattie Polack
In-As-Much.....Mary Parker
Hammer Song.....School
Story of Maud Muller.....Alice Cady
Quotations.....Mrs. Tipton's School
Biography-Whittier.....Harold Copeland
Barbara Frietchie.....Lula Dolan
Skipper Ireson's Ride...Emma Haughawout
Christmas Carol.

A Children's German.

A children's german was given Wednesday evening by Miss Flora Webster, Miss Almy being in charge. The favors were unique and pleased the young folks greatly. Those present were Henry Clark, Alice Andresen, Ray Hobbie, S. Huntoon, Nat Shelton, M. Brown, Della Steen, B. Van Kuran, Elmer Neville, M. Taylor, Howard Tilden, S. Colpetzer, George Purvis, L. Hobbie, M. Colpetzer, G. Crounse, Guy Henry, M. Crounse, Will Henry, E. Troxell, Charles Wilbur, H. Hayes, M. Clark, O. Moore, Ross Towle, S. Barriger, Will Burns, B. Towle, Ralph Connell, F. Burns, Carl Connell, T. Test, Harry Stevens, L. Squires, Fred Lake, L. Moores; M. Kennard, F. Webster, George Dandy, M. Dandy, George Pritchett, K. Pritchett, Asa Shiverick, H. Shiverick, Joe Barker.

Informal Card Party.

Mrs. Kitchen had an informal evening Monday. The guests were invited to 6 o'clock tea which was followed with cards. Those present were Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Garrabrant, Mr. and Mrs. McCord, Mr. and Mrs. Tower, Mr. and Mrs. Paxton, Mr. and Mrs. Fitch and Miss Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. Shiverick, Dr. and Mrs. Lee, Dr. and Miss McParlin, Colonel and Mrs. Stanton, and Miss Stanton, of Salt Lake, Messrs. Grossman, Mulford and Taylor.

A Rosebud Garden of Pretty Girls.

Very few companies can boast of such a rosebud garden of pretty girls as are in Mr. Mansfield's company. Without an exception they are vivacious, young and pretty, and come of good families. Miss Effie Germon made quite a reputation at Wallack's theatre, New York, where for a long time she has been connected. This is her first season on the road. Miss Emma Sheridan is the charming daughter of the well known General George Sheridan, once auditor of Virginia, and who is renowned for his cleverness and wit, which is largely perpetuated in his daughter. Miss Sheridan was born at Painesville, Ohio, but while yet young removed with her parents to New York, where she was educated, graduating at the normal college. She made her debut two years ago. Last season she played second to Kate Claxton. She is about twenty-one years old and is quite handsome. Miss Beatrice Cameron is the daughter of a physician at Troy, N. Y., where she was born and raised. Her family, who are quite wealthy and well known, were very much opposed to her adopting the stage as a profession—even yet some of them refuse to recognize her. Miss Cameron is infatuated with the stage, and protests that she will stick to it, regardless of all. Her debut was made two years ago as Mary in the dramatization of Hugh Conway's novel, "Called Back." Miss Emerson, who made her appearance recently in Chicago to a part written and interpolated into the text of "Prince Karl," by Mr. Mansfield, is the daughter of General Walker, an ex-confederate officer, who was once the partner of Mackay, the bonanza king. She is the niece of the late Governor Gilbert Walker of Virginia. Miss Emerson is a pretty brunette, with flashing eyes. Being tall and stately, and having a good education, she will doubtless adorn the profession she has chosen.

Art Gossip.

Miss Shafer is doing some excellent landsaape work.

Miss Balbach has put a flock of birds on wine satin with pretty effect.

Mrs. Higginson has turned out considerable delicate work on bolting.

Miss Mamie Joslin has completed a difficult figure-piece of a street child.

John Mulvany, a famous artist of New York, is spending a few days in the city.

Miss Williams is painting an ideal female head in Elizabethan ruff, on a large plaque.

Miss Lowe recently obtained a pretty result by painting a study of water lilies in a shower of rain drops.

Collins & Shantz have put some fine work on a portrait of Mrs. J. H. Millard. Another strikingly life-like head is that of Mr. Chase.

Miss Hayden has made a quantity of artistic trifles for Xmas. One was a handkerchief box of white velvet beautifully painted with pansies.

Mrs. Williams has on exhibition at Milton Rogers a handsome fire screen of white satin with a knight and lady in the costume of the seventeenth century.

Miss Bertha Van Camp, a young artist of thirteen years, has completed a large snow scene that is as fine in detail as anything that older artists have accomplished.

Mrs. Mumaugh has been engaged up to the last moment in the manufacture of banners of boiling richly mounted over satin, and other dainty trifles that have taken the place of Christmas cards.

Small and Early.

Mrs. S. T. Smith gave a card party Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Kitchen entertained at dinner yesterday General and Mrs. Crook and Mrs. Reed.

Mrs. Wakefield had a Christmas tree party yesterday from 5 to 7, entertaining about fifty children.

Mrs. Dave Miller had an early Christmas celebration yesterday at her home, 611 North Twentieth street. The tree was unloaded at 5 a. m. and the guests sat down afterward to a substantial breakfast.

Dr. and Mrs. Van Camp entertained a number of their friends in their usual whole-souled manner Christmas night. There was a gorgeously decked tree in the parlor and many handsome remembrances circulated. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Eddy, Miss Bennett and Mr. Fields, of St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Miller, Hamilton Van Camp, Jessie and Lee Van Camp, Lulu and Dave Miller, jr., Sam Miller, George Giacomini, E. E. Lindop, Mr. Hutchinson and Miss Elvie Curry, of Schuyler.

Brevities.

Miss Cooper is visiting in Chicago.

Miss Kountze is home for the holidays.

Mrs. D. H. Wheeler, jr., is visiting in Lincoln.

Colonel Stanton left last evening for Salt Lake.

Arthur Guiou is home from the Peekskill academy.

Mrs. Furguson, of Omaha, is visiting in Council Bluffs.

Mrs. W. P. Mumaugh will spend the winter in Dakota.

Miss Shippey went to Gowanda, N. Y., to spend Christmas.

The Misses Kate and Lila Gilmore are home for the holidays.

The Misses Minnie and Fannie Wood are visiting in Chicago.

W. P. Mumaugh has returned from a sojourn at Hot Springs.

The Misses Minnie and Jennie Megeath are home from Baltimore

J. K. Gordon, of New York, is visiting his brother, O. K. Gordon.

Mr. Lewis, of the high school, is spending the holidays in Chicago.

Miss Lucile Clark is visiting Miss Flo Langmade in Council Bluffs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. H. Patrick gave a small card party Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blair, of Salt Lake, are visiting their numerous friends here.

Miss Mary Turner went to New Haven last week to visit her brother, Curtis Turner.

Miss Mamie Moore, daughter of Dr. Moore, is home from St. Mary's, Knoxville.

Miss Tompkins has returned to Omaha and is again domiciled with Mrs. D. O. Clark.

Ned Ewing has gone to his home in Chillocothe, O., to be with his friends New Years.

Mrs. Horbach returned Wednesday from Europe. She was met at Chicago by Mr. Horbach.

Governor and Mrs. Thayer are guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Gilbert at 1806 Chicago street.

Charles K. Barton, son of Guy Barton, has returned from a seven months' sojourn in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. McKinney, of Aurora, will spend the holidays with Mrs. Charles Powell.

Miss Julia White, of Burlington, Ia., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, corner of Twentieth and Burt.

Mr. and Mrs. Maul went to New York Tuesday to spend the holidays with their daughter, Mrs. Paul Wilcox.

Miss Grace McManus, Miss Mabel Orchard and Miss Flora Stanton have returned from school for the holidays.

C. H. Dewey returned from Chicago last week accompanied by his daughter, who is attending Miss Grant's school.

Miss Elvie Curry, a prominent young lady of Schuyler, is spending the holidays with Miss Bertha Van Camp on Twentieth street.

The Misses Mabel and Nellie Cotter and Miss Maud Paul are home for the holidays from the academy of the Immaculate Conception, at Davenport, Ia.

San Francisco is in a topsy-turvy condition just now, judging from the following extract from a recent letter: "San Francisco can furnish plenty of excitement at present. The cabmen and carmen are on a strike, and the mobs make things lively. The other evening a bystander was shot through the head. The messenger boys, three or four hundred strong, are demanding more pennies, and parade the streets with posters of their grievances. Every crank in the city feels that the time has arrived for him to kill some one, and there have been five murders in as many days. A steamer loaded with oil burned at the water edge while the entertainment was going on, and another blew up. Stocks took a ruinous tumble, and most startling of all, six women were seen on the streets without painted faces."

Thieves' Annual Supper.

London Standard: Last night over 200 men and lads belonging to the rescued criminal classes sat down to the annual substantial supper of meat, plum pudding, and etceteras, with hot tea and coffee, given by the St. Giles Christian Mission in the chapel building, Little Wild street, Drury lane. The chapel was profusely decorated with flags and evergreens, while there were scores of banners inscribed with inspiriting mottoes and scriptural quotations. The Lord Mayor presided, and among those present were Mr. Hatton, superintendent of the mission, and Mr. Wheatley, secretary. Mr. Howard Vincent, M. P.; Mr. C. T. Bartley, M. P.; Colonel the Hon. G. Cough, Sir Wm. Charley, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, Sir John Hartman, assistant commissioner of police, Mr. Monro, Capt. Kirkpatrick, and Mr. Saunders. After supper, which was served in the anterooms and galleries, the guests each of whom was supplied with a pretty bunch of flowers, came in and took seats in the chapel

The superintendent, Mr. George Hatton, then read a report of the work done by the mission during the past year in aiding released convicts and other prisoners. He said of the 20,525 prisoners released from the four metropolitan prisons in the year ending last November no fewer than 14,261 had accepted the society's invitation to breakfast, and of that number 4,571 had signed the temperance pledge. In addition to that 5,751 had been assisted to earn an honest livelihood in various ways, at an expense of £3,000. There had also been fifty-six young boys brought up for sentence intrusted to the mission to reclaim, every one of whom was doing well.

WILD MEN OF SIAM.

A Peculiar Race of People Living in Almost Impenetrable Jungles.

A few days since the governor of Sangkia, a province on the west coast of Siam, who was here to bring tribute to the king, gave me considerable information in regard to those people who live on the coast, terming them Pen Poh—jungle people—says Colonel Chipp in a letter from Bangkok, Siam, to the Richmond (Mo.) Conservator. They make their home among the densest portion of the forest, have but little communication with the outer world—in fact, they are entirely isolated. The only persons they hold intercourse with are the slaves and traders who have penetraded the jungle in search of game and barter, and it is almost impossible to penetrate to the villages on account of the density of the vegetation, the dangerous beast and venomous serpents that infest them. They shun all intercourse with strangers, have a peculiar dialect of their own, live in small villages, and are a muscular, hardy race, strictly vegetarians, do not drink or smoke opium, have but few, if any of the vices of the natives, are about five fees in height, and seem to be sunk in the most abject barbarism, occupying the lowest grade of humanity. What little religion they may have is a mongrel worship of demons and the malignant spirits that they assert inhabit the jungle, which they attempt to propitiate by presents, etc. Their habitations are partly subterranean, about four feet high, an excavation in the ground, around which stakes are driven, covered with a dome of plaited bamboo over which is plastered a thick coating of mud, which soon hardens in the sun, rendering it impervious to the rain or the heavy dews of that section, which they occupy only when necessity requires, as they live mostly in the open air, and, when the land is overflowed, up in the trees. Their clothing is of the most primitive kind. A piece of cloth about one foot wide and four feet in length, which is held in place by a piece of liana or vine, as they have no cord or rope, is made into a belt placed around the waist; then the cloth is inserted between the legs and carried both back and front up under the belt over which it laps, and the band being drawn tight holds it in place, and as the ends are opened spread out like small aprons, and thus the denizens of the jungle are in full dress, somewhat akin to the Edenic costume of old—the fig-leaf.

One of the peculiarities of this strange people is the way they raise their rice, which is their main staple, almost their sole stock of provisions, eked out with fruits, roots and herbs, which they collect when in season, and the jungle is prolific of such kinds of food. Each village has its head man, all live in common and so soon as a field of rice is ready to be cut he orders it and distributes the grain equally among his people, and so on during the season, all sharing alike. Their only implements are a large knife used for cutting rice, building their huts and making tops and cutting their way through the the undergrowth, and a pair of sheers for cutting hair, which they cut short with the exception of a tuft on the crown of the head about two inches in length, which looks like a shoe brush standing up like bristles. Having no pots they cook their rice in bamboo. They cut off a section and shave it thin, open a hole in one end, put in the rice and water, then, closing up the end, put it in the fire. Green bamboo being impervious to the flavor, they thus have a first-class pot. The same is used by the Siamese when traveling through the jungle—and, as they eat with their fingers, they need no dishes, and thus have none to wash when the meal is over.

When they need cloth, knives, or shoes, they barter the products of the jungle, which are many and varied, consisting of rhinoceros horns, elepnant tusks, horns, bones, hides, and skins, but will not take money, except in rare cases, having no use for it, not knowing its value. They are expert trappers and snare all kinds of game, elephant, rhinoceros, tigers, leopards, pumas, deers, and all other denizens of the wild woods for their skins, and some of the finest ivory exported was purchased from these people, but their skins were badly handled, which detracts from their value, being merely dried in the sun after being stripped from the animal.

MARY GILPIN'S FREAK.

Buried in the Wilds of Alaska With Her Greek and Latin Books.

Philadelphia Press: An old story of a woman who, in the society of twenty-five years ago, was a prominent figure and whose relatives are conspicuous in society to-day, was brought out by a letter received in town a few days ago. The writer was an English woman of rank, who may be spoken of as Lady X.

In her letter she said: "Last summer I was traveling in Alaska. I strayed away from my party to visit a little Indian village. I came upon a dilapidated hut on the outskirts, and making a desire for a drink of water an excuse for asking admission, I knocked at the door. In reply to my summons, a feeble voice answered in excellent English, bidding me enter. I was supprised to hear English so well spoken and with such distinct refinement expressed in the tone in so out of the way a place. Hesitatingly I pushed open the door and went in. The interior was so dark and gloomy that for a moment I could not see. When my eyes had become accustomed to the change from daylight I saw lying on a miserable couch on the floor the form of an elderly gray-haired woman, whose eyes were full of a strange, wild light. Piled up round her were many books, which I could already clearly determine had been much used.

"The woman greeted me kindly, and presently I picked up some of the volumes and looked into them. The leaves were crumpled and many passages marked, and I was amazed to see that the books were all by Greek and Latin authors. The woman seemed to enjoy my expression of surprise, and rather somehow to take it as a compliment to herself, and said that the books made up almost her sole companionship. She took up one and read it aloud in a voice and with a manner that showed she was clearly acquainted with the whole subject. As for myself, I had so nearly forgotten all my classical learning that I understood only a sentence here and there. The woman went on to say that she was a connection of the late Chief Justice Gilpin, of Delaware, and had made a reclase of herself in the icy land of Alaska because she loved seclusion more than the highest charms of civilization. When, after a time, I turned to leave her and said good-by, she answered adieu in a gentle voice, and instantly was absorbed in one of her volumes. She made a great impression upon my imagination, and I have been wondering ever since whether the story she told of her family relationship could be exactly true."

Further inquiry in town disclosed the fact that the picturesque recluse was Miss Mary Gilpin, whom many old Philadelphians will recall. She was a cousin of the late Chief Justice Gilpin, and a sister to Mr. Henry D. Gilpin of this city, whose wife became so celebrated for her beauty and sweetness of manner. She lived a great deal in the south and was one of the most extreme in her secessionist predilections of that coterie of southern women partisans which made an interesting figure during the period of the war. She became quite poor by reason of the war, but afterward recovered enough to live in moderate comfort.

She seemed to be possessed with an irresistible impulse to wander, and she has lived in all quarters of the globe, in the far orient as well as in the west. Some years ago she adopted a pretty girl of Wilmington, and took up a residence with her in Naples. The child was afterward put into a Protestant institution in Italy by the American consul, and growing up, she married an Italian clergyman, and the two are now living in Wilmington. Miss Gilpin continued her strange travels, and at last disappeared altogether, until her whereabouts were thus strangely made known by the letter of Lady X. Since the letter was received one of her relatives in this city has been informed that she has moved down to Seattle, and has taken up her residence there.

Many of her relatives still live in town, of course, and are important personages in society. Old Philadelphians recall with pleasure the entertainments given by her brother, Mr. Henry D. Gilpin, and his charming wife at their house at Eleventh and Spruce streets. Mrs. Gilpin, before her marriage with Mr. Gilpin, was Mrs. Johnston, the widow of Senator Johnston, of Louisiana. She was a great favorite in Washington, and received very many kindnesses and civilities from President Van Buren. Her grand-son, Captain William S. Johnston, is residing in town on Arch street, and goes out in society rarely, though he is always welcome among the new set as well as the old. Miss Mary Gilpin's surviving brother, Mr. R. A. Gilpin, is living at Lima, Delaware county. Her two sisters are living in New Jersey. Miss Gilpin was always regarded as strikingly independent, even eccentric, in her actions, but her newest freak was a surprise even to those who knew her best.

REMARKABLE SURGERY.

Three Inches of a Man's Backbone Removed—The Patient Recovers.

Cincinnati Enquirer: One of the rarest and most dangerous operations in the whole scope of surgery has lately been performed at the Cincinnati hospital. It consisted in removing about three inches of the backbone and exposing the spinal cord. The patient was a young colored man about twenty-one years of age. When first admitted to the hospital he was suffering from a terrible disease which had broken out over the head, neck and back in the form of large abscesses, the chief of which was about the middle of the back, and had eaten the backbone away to a considerable extent. The poor fellow could not lie in the recumbent posture nor on his side in consequence of the extreme pain attending such a position, and was compelled to lie all the while on his face. Slowly he had lost the power of motion and of sensation in his legs, so that he was completely paralyzed from the body down. He could neither sit nor stand, and could only move himself in bed with assistance. Thus terribly afflicted, he bore his sufferings with a fortitude worthy an older man than he, and was very cheerful withal. Internal treatment had no effect whatever, and then it became necessary to explore the abscesses. On puncturing the one on the back some offensive pus escaped, and on introducing the finger the dead and decayed bone could be plainly felt. It was decided that his only chance of life lay in an operation for the removal of a part of the backbone so as to stop the process of decay. The operation and its dangers were laid before the young man, and in the face of it all he resolved to undergo the hazardous trial, as it was a choice between life and death. He had wasted away into a mere skeleton, and his trembling, emaciated form seemed scarce able to endure such a terrible ordeal. The patient was placed on the table and given ether until he was soundly asleep. He was then turned on his face and the plucky surgeon made an incision right down on the spine. A large quantity of pus was revealed, and the cavity was sponged out carefully in order to see just where the knife was going. In this region where one slip of the knife or one false move would have been fatal to the patient, the surgeon with a chisel and hammer, went down on the bone until he cut out all that which was in any was affected, never touching the spinal cord. There lay the white shining cord at the bottom of the wound in all its pristine beauty, and not a scratch marred its surface. The operator smiled with complaisance when he saw how nicely he had accomplished his purpose without an evil. He had removed the cause of the suppuration; hence the abscess would disappear. He had also removed the cause of the paralysis, and felt assured power would now return to the paralyzed legs; and, more than all, he knew time would accomplish the filling up of the place where the bone had formerly been. The patient reacted from the ether and was placed in bed on his face. In three days motion returned to the legs and he was able to move his feet. the first time in nearly a year. About the same time sensation began to return in the limbs. In about three weeks he could bear some weight on his legs, and at this time he assumed the position on his breast and knees which he has kept ever since. In this strange posture he sleeps for hours, seemingly as well as the other patients about him. He at length became strong enough to stand with assistance, and take a step or two. He is now able to walk to the end of the ward and sit down in a chair with comfort. Of course his back is yet weak, and probably never will regain its former power, but he will be a useful man. The wound has gradually closed up, leaving only a slight scar, and causes him little or no pain. His appetite has returned, and he eats as much as a laboring man, and is fat and hearty.

Profit in Sentimental Songs.

New York Mail and Express: An interesting fact about successful songs may be noted, and that is, only sentimental songs make any money. Humorous songs become very popular. They are applauded in the theatre when a favorite singer sings them, and are laughed at unrestrainedly, but very few in the audience ever think of buying copies of them. This is peculiarly true of that description of humorous ditty known as the topical song. It may be explained that this is a song in which the material of the different verses is arranged to give point to a significant phrase which invariably forms the last line of the verse. The performance practically amounts to piggling with language, the effect coming from the humorous and unexpected illustration which can be adduced of the idea embodied in the adopted phrase.

Given on the stage by an expert singer, who enforces the points of the verses by appropriate action and facial expression, these songs are very effective. Sung in the parlor by an ordinary vocalist and without the effect which comes from the assembly of a large number of people, these songs almost invariably fail flat. In consequence they are very seldom sung there, and the music publishers who give them to the world find the world ungrateful, much to the publisher's pecuniary grief. On the other hand a sentimental song may be sung in the home circle by an inexperienced singer with very fair effect. Somehow or other the underlying sentiment survives the most outrageous treatment. It has better staying qualities than humor has. The melodies are simple, the thoughts expressed find a welcome among all classes of people, and the sheet music finds its way to thousands of piano racks throughout the land, and so the publisher becomes happy and affluent.

Henry Gwaltney dug into a mound near Wakulla, Fla., recently and found a skull that must have belonged to a giant. The under jaw was particularly large, being twice the size of an ordinary man's, and none of the teeth was missing from either jaw, and but one showed any signs of decay.

Baker Place—Call on W. G. Albright, 218 S. 15th str., for choice bargains.

BOYD'S OPERA HOUSE

Friday and Saturday,
December 31 and January 1.

GRAND NEW YEAR'S MATINEE

MR. RICHARD
MANSFIELD,
And His Charming Comedy Co.
In The Reigning Comedy Success,
Prince Karl
As Presented in New York City
125 NIGHTS 125
Reserved Seats on Sale Thursday.

CAPTAIN SUTTER'S NUGGETS.

General Sherman Tells How He Tested Them With His Teeth.

Washington Critic: General W. T. Sherman has been prominently identified with matters affecting the world's history independent of his brilliant military career in the civil war. He drew up the first official report to the government of the United States of the discovery of gold in California. Gold was discovered in the spring of 1848 about sixty miles above the present city of Sacramento. General Mason was at that time in command of the United States forces in California and acted as military governor, with headquarters at Monterey, the capital of the territory. General Sherman, then a young lieutenant of the Third Artillery, was the adjutant of General Mason's staff. Yerba Buena, now the great city of San Francisco, was but a hide-trading point of 400 native inhabitants. As soon as gold was discovered Captain Sutter went down to Monterey with a quantity of samples of the precious metal for the inspection of the military authorities.

General Sherman, in conversation with some friends a few evenings since, referred to this important historical event substantially as follows: "Captain Sutter brought into General Mason's office several small packages of samples and spread them out before us. The specimens presented varied in size from fish scales and split peas to the size of beans. General Mason asked if I knew how to test whether this stuff was gold or not. I said certainly, and immediately tried my teeth on a lump and made an indentation which impressed me that it was malleable. I then sent for a hammer and an axe and pounded several pieces out flat. This was a crude but practical test, but we then applied acids, which verified the fact that the samples were genuine gold. I was at once sent up to the diggings and made a thorough examination of the gold discoveries which were rapidly being found in new localities and in wonderful amounts. I returned to Monterey with a quantity of specimen samples and drew up the official report to the government, which was signed by General Mason. This report, accompanied with a quantity of samples of gold, was forwarded by a special bearer of dispatches, who was no other than Henry D. Cooke, recently the first governor of this District of Columbia. He was sent off in a small sailing vessel with instructions to intercept a British steamer on the southern coast and make rapid transit to Washington, regardless of expense. We had not then been advised of the ratification of the treaty with Mexico ceding California to the United State, and were necessarily very anxious that the government should possess information of the discovery of gold at the earliest moment."

Thus, less than forty years ago, "old Tecumseh's" teeth made the first official impress, put the first government stamp of value on the gold delved from the mines of this modern land of Ophir. And it is a fair presumption that more than half of the 60,000,000 inhabitants of this republic, who are enjoying its wonderful prosperity, resulting largely from the discovery of gold in California, has been born since Gen. Sherman indented the first gold specimen with his teeth.

Your Rights on the Road.

Chicago Herald: A man named Myron T. Bly has done the public some service in compiling from court reports a manual of the railway passenger's legal rights. Why, when and where may a passenger be ejected from a train is frequently a perplexing question for conductors, and the exercise of the right is certainly humiliating to passengers.

For instance, it is one thing to prevent a drunken or a disorderly person or a "bad character" from boarding a train, and quite another to expel such a one after being lawfully on board.

But having lawfully allowed a drunken man to get on board, he cannot be expelled during the journey unless he misbehaves.

Then, too, a company may refuse to allow a passenger to board a train without a ticket, but if he succeeds in getting aboard he cannot be expelled for want of a ticket if he tenders the legal fare.

But if you refuse to pay your fare and the train has been stopped for the purpose of putting you off, a subsequent offer to pay does not give you a right to remain nor take from the conductor the right to exclude you from the car.

Nor having been put off do you gain a right to reenter immediately on tendering either the fare or a ticket. You forfeit your right to continue on the train.

Except that if the train stops at a regular station and before being ejected there the fare is offered, the conductor should receive it.

It is a familiar rule that in case it is lawful to expel a passenger, it must be done with as little force and violence as possible, and in a manner so as not to injure him.

In some states a statue provides that the expulsion must be at a regular station, or near some dwelling house. A violation of such a provision makes the company liable.

You must exhibit or deliver up a ticket when properly requested. You cannot ride upon a bogus or improper ticket, nor on one which has "expired," nor on a forged or stolen ticket, nor yet on one purchased with counterfeit money. An Illinois decision makes you liable to expulsion, without redress, if you, having no ticket, refuse to pay fare, even though the fare asked be more than the price of a ticket. You may be ejected for violation of law, or for willful breaches of any reasonable rules made by the company. You cannot ride on a ticket purchased with counterfeit money, if the company's agents are apprised of that fact.

Where there is no such statute requiring expulsions to be made at some regular stopping place or near a dwelling, the passenger may be put off at any convenient point, except that he cannot be expelled where or in a way he will be knowingly exposed to injury.

The moral of all this is to buy a clean ticket, providing you can't get a pass, and then behave yourself.

A HORSEMAN IN WHITE.

The Phantom That Overtook a Brave Lieutenant on the Hoodooed Road.

A correspondent writes from Bismarck, Dak., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Along the western bank of the Missouri river, on the road leading between the military posts of Fort Abraham Lincoln and Fort Yates, is a phantom which appears to certain travelers whenever they make the trip over what they are pleased to call the "hoodooed road." The route is one of long standing, having been established by the Indians long before the whites invaded the country, and now it is an important road for travel.

The phantom which has appeared to several prominent citizens was last seen by Lieutenant Brennan, of Fort Pates. He was en route from Yates to this city, and while driving along at a point near the Cannon Ball station he saw a man coming behind him on horseback. At first he paid little attention to the object. The moon was shining brightly and there was no reason to be mistaken in what he saw. After traveling about a mile with the horseman keeping about a quarter of a mile behind him, he stopped to await the arrival of the stranger that he might ascertain who it was that followed him, and break the monotony of his trip with the conversation of a traveling companion. Upon looking back he discovered that the horseman was dressed in a pure white uniform and was riding a spotless white horse.

The elegant style, the graceful motion of the horse and the noiseless step with which the animal was galloping down the road, aroused the lieutenant's curiosity, and he waited and listened several minutes for the arrival of the stranger. His suspicion that everything was not right was awakened when the horseman failed to answer his call. Several times he called, but no