Raleigh Register.

By P. M. HALE.

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THE UNCEASING MELODY.

[Parish Visitor.]

Like some pink shell that will not cease
Its murmur of the sea,
My heart sings on without release
This anthem full and free:
"*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace*
Whose mind is stayed on Thee."

The music of the melody
Has floated down the years,
A soul-subduing harmony;
It elevates and cheers,
And, like the voice of Deity,
It dissipates all fears.

Beyond the sounds of earthly strife,
Beyond the frown and sigh,
Beyond the world with discord rife,
It lifts the soul on high,
To find a calm and restful life,
By faith in Christ brought nigh.

There perfect peace surrounds the soul
Whose trust on God is stayed,
While pressing onward to the goal,
It hears, all undismayed,
The deep notes of the music roll
Through sunlight and through shade.

And this is why, without release,
My heart sings full and free
The anthem that will never cease
Through all Eternity:
"*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace*
Whose mind is stayed on Thee."

THE ORPHANS.

[Warren's Diary of a Detective.]

Entering Worship Street from Shoreditch, nearly opposite the Eastern Counties Terminus, there is, or at least there was, five and twenty years ago, a yard or court about a hundred yards onward on the left hand side. I think it was called Bell and Dragon Court; but of this I am not quite sure. The place itself is distinctly visible to my mind's eye. On the right of the court, or yard, were stables; on the left three small cottages, having green shutters and green doors, and a tiny brass knocker to each door.

In the parlor-window of No. 1 was a neatly-written paper, fitted nicely to one of the panes, which announced that mangling was done there, also plain work. The same advertisement was, by the landlord's kindness, posted on the corner public-house, with this addition, "At Mrs. Mason's, No. 1, round the corner."

My acquaintance with the singularly interesting family dwelling at "No. 1, round the corner," commenced in quite an accidental way. I was returning by coach from Enfield, to which picturesque village I had paid a professional visit to no useful result, when, passing Shoreditch Church, I caught sight of the very man I "wanted." To stop the coach and spring off the roof was the work of less than a minute; yet, quick as I was, Jabez Martin was quicker, and before my feet touched the ground had doubled the distance between us, and was speeding away at a tremendous pace. I followed, shouting "Stop thief! Stop thief!" Several persons essayed to stop him, and though fiercely thrust aside (for he was a fellow of Herculean strength), their efforts greatly impeded his progress, and I was coming up with him hand over hand when he ran full tilt against a girl as she turned out of Worship Street into Shoreditch, knocking her down with great violence. The force of the concussion staggered Jabez Martin, and before he could recover himself he was my prisoner. Two officers came up, and handing over Martin to their custody, I attended to the girl. A woman had raised her from the pavement and was holding her up by sheer strength. The girl was stunned, and there was blood upon her face. I bore her into a pastry cook's shop hard by, and ran off for Richards—Michael Richards, the apothecary, then living about twenty doors away. We were soon back again, and I was rejoiced by his assurance that the girl had sustained no serious injury. The blood was from her nose, and whilst the simple restoratives necessary in such a case were being administered I had an opportunity of closely observing her. Her years could scarcely be more than seventeen, and a more engaging face I have seldom seen. Her figure, though slight, was elegance itself; and spite of a poor, washed-out cotton frock, coarse and patched shoes, and the rough abrasion caused by sedulous needlework upon the forefinger of her left hand, I felt, when she opened her sweet soft eyes, and a faint smile and blush changefully lit up her countenance, that a "gem of purest ray serene," fresh from the divinest mint of nature, was before me. The soft, sweet eyes were, nevertheless, swollen with weeping, and an air of inexpressibly mournful sadness clouded the natural sunshine of her face.

Mr. Richards knew her, and asked in a kindly tone if her mother was better.

A burst of tears was the reply, followed by a timid explanation to the effect that she was on her way to his house when she fell down. It was necessary he should see her mother without delay. She was worse—much worse.

Mr. Richards said he would go at once. The girl Frances Mason, being sufficiently recovered to walk home, led the way; and I, at a gesture from the apothecary, whom I knew very well, followed. Richards, as we walked along, intimated, in his brief, curt way, that my police-officer experience might be needed by the Mason family. A fire had broken out in their dwelling in the dead of night, and in the endeavor to save her daughters Mrs. Mason had been so terribly burned, that not the slightest hope could be entertained of her recovery.

"A fellow lodged with the Masons," said Richards, "for whom at first sight I felt an instinctive dislike, an invincible repugnance. He is a working jeweller, and his name is Mark Lopes. I think it quite likely that you may have known him professionally."

"He is a Jew?"

"An unmistable one. Hook-nose, dark, piercing eyes, flashy waistcoat, pinchbeck chains, pins, and rings complete. His age may be about thirty."

"I know a Jew by sight, and something about of about that age, whose name is Lopes, or Lopez. He limps slightly, and has a scar on his left cheek."

"The very man! Hush! Here we are."

I followed Richards into the abode of desolation, soon to be that of death. The tenement had been gutted by the fire. Every article of furniture had been destroyed, and Mrs. Mason was dying upon a mattress, lent by the landlord of the Bell and Dragon public-house.

On the floor, by their mother's side knelt her daughters, Frances and Rossmond, and close by them a minister of the Baptist persuasion. He was praying with closed eyes and upraised hands in a measured, monotonous tone, which strangely contrasted with the daughters' wild sobs and broken cries to God for help and mercy.

Unspeakable anxiety was expressed by the dying woman's face, which I was afterwards told had been once scarcely inferior in comeliness to her daughter's. Not anxiety for herself; for the sepulchral, tolling tones of the parson were not heeded by the mother, whose fluttering spirit was looking its last through swiftly darkening eyes upon her children, with an intensity of yearning solicitude, which only maternal love, stronger than the fear of death, could have inspired.

Her lips moved as she caught sight of Mr. Richards, and a feeble uplifting of her fingers, which were playing with the coverlet, was sufficient sign that she wished to speak with him. He stepped gently towards her, and bent down his head. The tones were too feeble. He could not distinctly hear a word, and he said to me in a quick whisper,

"I am a little deaf. Will you, Mr. Waters, act for me?"

Of course I readily complied. The white lips moved again, and I heard the words, "Lopes—silver—watch."

This was all I could make out; and the meaning was obscure enough. Still, seeing that Mrs. Mason was going fast, I pressed her hand in token that she was comprehended. The response was a faint, pale smile, which, as her gaze turned again upon her children, brightened into transient sunlight, fading swiftly into the cold, calm pallor of death.

I turned to leave, for my presence there, if not intrusive, could be of no service, and as I did so caught a glimpse of Mark Lopes, who, with the charred, partly-opened door in his hand, was gazing with unquiet eyes upon the scene within. A start of surprise showed that he had also recognized me, and the bushy-haired head and dingy-saffron face vanished in a twinkling. I was downstairs nearly as soon as he, and was up with him before he could open the street door. His perspiring hand I noticed slipped round, instead of turning the latch-knob.

"I wish to speak with you Mr. Mark Lopes."

"With me—me! What about? What for?"

"Well, I want information about the origin of the fire here two nights ago; and as I know you have had much experience in fires, I shall be glad of any hint you may be able to give me upon the case."

"What do you mean by that?" exclaimed Lopes, with a sort of indecisive fierceness. "Do you dare insiuuate—that —that——"

"Dare insinuate what? Out with it, Mr. Mark Lopes. What is it that a man of your clear conscience could imagine I meant to *insinuate?*"

He did not answer, and turned savagely away. I was not, however, disposed to part with him; and as we were by then close to the Bell and Dragon, I said, in a half-civil, half-menacing tone,

"Come, come, Mr. Mark Lopes, I must and will know all about this fire. You were a lodger in the house, and, I have no doubt, up and doing as soon, if not sooner, than any other inmate. We will just step in here, and over a friendly glass you will tell me all about it."

The fellow hesitated, but having mentally reckoned up the risks and advantages of telling his own story, or of peremptorily refusing to do so, accepted my invitation.

My knowledge of Mark Lopes, I must here premise, was but slight and incidental. He had carried on business in Bermondsey, and twice a fire broke out in his premises, consuming his amply-insured stock in trade. The first time he was paid the amount claimed without demur. On the second occasion a rigid investigation took place, which led to the apprehension of Mark Lopes upon a charge of arson. The evidence proved technically insufficient to establish his guilt, and he brought an action against the *Sun* Office, which resulted in a verdict for the defendants. I had since lost sight of him.

The particulars I contrived to elicit from Mark Lopes, relative to the Mason family and the catastrophe that had befallen them, were mainly these: Mrs. Mason was before marriage a Miss Curzon, the daughter of a gentleman by birth and position, but of scanty means, who died insolvent. About a year after his death Frances Curzon married Mason, then a jeweller and silversmith in prosperous business at the West End of London. For about twelve years after the union, Mason continued to prosper, or appeared to do so. Then disasters came upon him, and he ultimately broke down, not in business only, but in character; sank lower and lower in the gulf of poverty and sliming self-abasement, till he died in utterly desperate circumstances, and by his own hand.

Lopes had worked for him, and knew that his family—his sister especially, who had married extremely well herself—never forgave her brother for marrying a "pretty pauper." Whether Mrs. Mason, after her husband's death, had applied to her rich sister-in-law for help, he (Lopes) did not know—in fact, he did not know, or, if he ever had known, had forgotten that lady's name; but if she had applied, help was refused, and the widow and her daughters had no means left of independent life but the poorly-paid labor of their own hands. Mrs. Mason finally hid herself and children, so to speak, from those with whom she had associated in better days, in the cheap obscurity of Bell and Dragon Court. The fire had broken out between one and two in the morning—how caused no one could make out. The two girls had been really in no danger, as they slept in the front room on the ground floor, and could easily, at the first alarm, have got out of the window into the court. In fact they had done so, when Mrs. Mason, who slept in the front room upstairs, awakened by the furious knocking at the street door and the shouts of people in the court, rushed in frenzied terror down the flaming stairs in her night dress to the rescue, as she supposed of her children.

"The poor lady was delirious till she died," added Mark Lopes, "and talked terrible nonsense."

"You occupied the back room on the upper floor, and were, I suppose, in bed and asleep when the fire broke out?"

"No; I was kept awake by the toothache, and at the first alarm hurried on my clothes, rushed down stairs, and thundered at the girls' door. They quickly awoke, huddled on their things, opened the door, and I helped them through the window."

"Why not out by the street door?"

"Because the passage was in flames, and their thin dresses would have been ablaze in a moment. The fire burst out in the back room on the ground floor."

"The girls were in safety, then, when the mother reached their sleeping-room?"

"Yes; and I was just going to follow through the window when Mrs. Mason rushed in all afire."

"Is your own loss considerable?"

"No; not at all so. It has been low water with me for a long time. The Masons have lost all, as nothing was insured: not much in amount," added Lopes; "in fact, nothing to speak of—nothing of any value."

"I should suppose so: a family circumstanced as they were could have nothing of much value in their possession. Well, I am obliged to you, Mr. Lopes, for your information, scanty as it is."

This I said in a tone and manner intended to persuade him that any vague suspicion which his antecedents might have suggested had been dismissed from my mind; and I was pleased to observe that I succeeded in conveying that impression.

The Worship Street Police Office was not far off, and as, on leaving the public-house, I ordered an additional glass of brandy-and-water to be taken to the gentleman in the parlor, I was pretty confident that I should be able to set some one personally unknown to him upon his track before he left.

I was to a certain extent disappointed. The only men I would have trusted were known to Lopes, and I was fain to engage the services of a young man living in Chiswell Street, whose familiar cognomen was "Humpy Jim." He was the sharp-witted hunchback who at that period sometimes attended the weekly horse and second-hand carriage sales at the repository in Barbican. I should not, perhaps, have thought of, though I had twice before employed him, had I not, in traversing Finsbury Square, found him in hot dispute with a much bigger youngster than himself for the privileges and profits of a crossing there. Humpy Jim—his real name was James Cotterell—was evidently out of luck just then, and as the business in hand required to be done upon economical principles, it struck me that he was just my man, or boy, his age being not more, I should think, than nineteen at most. He jumped at my proposal—comprehended what was required with wonderful readiness. We got back to the Bell and Dragon before the last tumbler of grog had been imbibed by Lopes, and I went my way with the full conviction that I should be informed of all the Jew's doings, and many of his sayings too, up to such time as the sleuth hound I had placed upon the scent should be called off.

It may be asked what, except the unintelligible words gasped forth by the dying mother, could induce me to suspect Mr. Mark Lopes of felony in the case of the Mason Family. Well, the motive for my conduct is to be found in the, at first view, inconsequent conversation between me and Lopes already given.

By that I knew that he was awake and busy when the fire at No. 1, Bell and Dragon Court, broke out. That he did not attempt to rouse Mrs. Mason, who slept in the next room to his, but that he was zealous to aid the exit through the window of the daughters. That Mrs. Mason, "rushing all afire" into her children's chamber, found him there. *What had she found him doing there?* Then his eagerness to assure me that she had been delirious since the fire, had "talked terrible nonsense," and that there was nothing of any value in the house. All that, viewed in conjunction with his furtive looks and changing color as we talked together, suggested to the practised ken of a detective-officer matter of grave suspicion. Moreover the daughters interested me greatly. Rosamond, the younger, was not unlike one of my own girls.

Mr. Richards, the apothecary, a man of large and active benevolence, as hundreds still alive can testify, provided for the immediate physical needs of Frances and Rosamond Mason; and a true Sister of Mercy—one of that noble sisterhood, though not conventually disciplined and ruled, with whom London abounds—exerted herself to procure the orphans means of independent support. No. 1, Bell and Dragon Court, was plainly furnished anew, and better-paid-for work was obtained for them. Time only could bring balm to their hurt minds.

I, meanwhile, was not idle in my vocation. Upon questioning the daughters, I found that their mother had a considerable quantity of valuables—heir-looms that had belonged to her father, which were kept in a stout box, locked up in a cupboard in the front ground-floor room, their sleeping apartment. The box had been consumed in the fire, and the contents, old silver plate and a massive gold watch, had, they supposed, been stolen during the confusion, as no trace of gold or silver could be found in the ashes and crumbled rubbish.

Amidst the greatest privations, their mother had refused to part with these mementoes of a happier life, except upon one occasion of sore need, when she pawned the watch for five pounds. Frances, the elder daughter, her mother being ill in bed, had been sent to redeem it on the day when the right to do so would have expired; but she could give no description of the watch, except that it was a large, heavy one. Upon application to the pawnbroker, that deficiency was supplied. Mr. Morris, of Norton Folgate, had entered the name of the maker in his books—that of Leah, a celebrated name—no doubt as a memorandum for his own guidance in the event of the watch being sold by auction, as the law, in such cases, requires. I had now a pretty distinct notion of what the dying lady meant by "Mark Lopes—silver—watch."

Humpy Jim, supplied with funds by Richards, who was vehemently anxious that Lopes should be hanged, clung to the Jew like his shadow. All in vain, however, for a long time, was that ceaseless vigilance. Lopes neither pawned nor sold silver plate or a gold watch, and was exceedingly kind and respectful to the Misses Mason; brought them work, and paid for it liberally.

He himself was getting into remarkably good case: wore fine clothes, frequented theatres and expensive taverns, without visible means for indulgence in such luxuries. Cotterell informed me that one morning Lopes received a letter, which he eagerly opened at the door, took a slip of paper from it, immediately stopped a cab which happened to be passing, and was driven off so rapidly that he, Cotterell, could not possibly keep the cab in sight. Cotterell suggested that the slip of paper must have been a check, which Lopes had hastened to get cashed. I thought so too; and when, after about a week's absence I returned from Scotland, where I had been engaged in an affair that will form the subject of the next paper, the lad informed me that Lopes had received another letter, had shortly afterwards come out of the house in which he lodged, called a cab, and ordered the driver to take him to Hoare and Co., Fleet Street.

I called at Hoare's, and was informed that a banker's order for one hundred pounds, being the second for that amount drawn in favor of Mark Lopes, Esquire, by a Bath banking-house, had been paid two days previously to the person that presented and indorsed it. At my request the manager said he would write to Bath, and ask the name of the person that had obtained the order from the bank. The answer received was, "Mrs. Barfield, a lady of fortune, residing in the vicinity of Bath, who keeps an account with us."

Who was Mrs. Barfield, and how the deuce came it that a lady of fortune should send drafts for two hundred pounds to Mark Lopes? It utterly confounded me, till Mr. Richards suggested that Mrs. Barfield might be the wonderfully well-married sister-in-law of Mrs. Mason, whose name or residence Lopes professed to be ignorant of, but with whom, nevertheless, he had perhaps contrived to open a correspondence, pretendedly on behalf of the bereaved desolate orphans.

This was a shrewd guess at all events, and Mr. Richards undertook to write by that evening's post to Mrs. Barfield.

I had left Mr. Richards' shop, when it occurred to me that there was a very easy way of ascertaining whether Mrs. Barfield was the Misses Mason's aunt, by simply asking that question of the young ladies themselves. I accordingly turned up Worship Street, and into Bell and Dragon Court, but was stopped before I reached No. 1 by young Cotterell.

"Lopes is in there," said the hunchback, who was much excited. "Lopes is in there with Miss Frances. Miss Rosamond has been sent out with work."

"Well, what of that?"

"I don't know exactly what of that," replied Cotterell fiercely; "but if I heard the least slightest scream in the world I *would* know. D—n his heart!" continued the lad, opening and closing his fists in a manner unconsciously, and as if preparing to clutch and grapple with some hated thing, "D—n his heart! I guess what he's after; I ain't a fool. This is the fourth time he has been here and sent Miss Rosamond away upon some pretence or other; but I'd be down upon him like a breeze. I could throttle him," added Cotterell, with a savage snap of his teeth. "I could throttle him as easy as I could a sparrow, and I would too!"

I was amazed at the lad's vehemence; at the bitter rage revealed by his burning eyes, and pale, death-pale face. A few questions sufficed to discover the source of his emotion. He had taken messages to the sisters from Mr. Richards, had been kindly noticed by them, and had become affected, or infected, by the beauty and sweetness of the elder to an extraordinary degree—a feeling not the less real and poignant for being ridiculously absurd. And I could not help thinking, as I looked upon his sinewy though stunted form, his stout arms and hardened hands, that he might prove at need a better champion of Miss Frances than many a six feet grenadier.

"Go in," he went on to say: "go in quietly yourself at once. He has been there more than half an hour. Here," added the hunchback with some hesitation, "here is a latch-key which fits the door."

"I could not rest," said the excited lad, in reply to my stare of surprise, "I could not rest till I had it. How without could I get in if I wanted to?"

I availed myself of the key, entered the house quietly, and listened to the conversation going on in the back room between Lopes and Frances Mason. Conversation it could hardly be called, her share therein being confined to ejaculations of surprise and alarm in reply to the Jew's ardent solicitation that she would become his wife. The fellow was positively proposing marriage to the distressed and astonished girl, though her mother was scarcely cold in her grave! I soon, moreover, comprehended that remembrance of the kindnesses which he had thrust upon the sisters greatly mitigated the manifestation of terror and disgust which the proposition excited. Completely mistaking the cause of the maiden's tremulous civility, Lopes waxed bolder, and seemed about to offer her some personal indignity, when I suddenly entered the room. He seemed to literally collapse with surprise and consternation, whilst a slight scream of joy, followed by a burst of hysterical tears, interpreted the feelings with which Frances Mason greeted my appearance.

I thought it unwise to let it appear that I had been listening outside, and after a few words of apology for my unannounced intrusion, I said abruptly, having first so placed myself that I could see Lopes' face in the tiny chimney glass—

"Is a Mrs. Barfield, who lives near Bath, an aunt of yours, Miss Mason?"

The question was an electric shock to Lopes, and his livid face turned rapidly from me to Frances Mason, from her to me, his wild, flaming glance betokening, as he did so, intensest alarm and astonishment.

"I have never heard of a Mrs. Barfield," said Frances Mason. "Our aunt's name is Dalton, and she lives at Brighton."

"The Mrs. Barfield I am speaking of," said I, turning sharply upon Lopes, "is the lady who has lately sent you two drafts, amounting to two hundred pounds, upon Hoare's, the bankers."

The fellow blenched visibly, but Frances Mason's reply to my question had so far restored his self-possession that he surlily retorted with,

"What the devil right have you to ask who sends me checks?"

"Well, no precise right at present. But come, let us begone. This young lady does not, it is quite evident, like our company, and I have a word or two for your private ear."

Lopes sullenly acquiesced, and we left the house together. Cotterell was in the court, seemingly intent upon the grooming of a horse. Lopes did not notice him; but a sly, swift, round-the-corner squint shot at me showed that Cotterell did us, and that his eyes were quite sufficiently wide open to see the latch-key, which I managed to drop unobserved by Mr. Lopes.

I invited the Jew to take a glass at the Bell and Dragon; he complied, but was so sullenly incommunicative that I soon left him. It was then about four o'clock, and the winter evening was already closing in.

Five hours afterwards, just upon the stroke of nine, and whilst I was at supper, a note was brought me by an officer attached to the Worship Street Police Office. I copy it verbatim:—

"SIR:—I ave kild the Jew; lest wais I hope so. Piched him clene over stares. Upon is cussed hed. All rite with Miss Frances. Jist in time. Hoping to see you and quite hapy, JAMES COTTERELL."

The officer's report, supplemented by subsequent inquiry, gave the following particulars of what had occurred since I left the Bell and Dragon Court:

Mark Lopes, warned by the discovery of his correspondence with Mrs. Barfield, determined, at any hazard, to make Frances Mason glad to become his wife. With that view, he at about half-past six in the evening returned to No. 1, Bell and Dragon Court, and sent Rosamond Mason away under pretence that a lady in Gracechurch Street for whom they worked wished to see her immediately. Frances was in the back room up-stairs, and did not know that her sister had left the house, or that Lopes had returned till he presented himself before her. A vehement altercation ensued, and finally Lopes, drunk with excitement and liquor, had seized the terrified, helpless girl, and partially stifled her frenzied screams, when Cotterell burst into the room.

"The strength of twenty men was in me," said the hunchback, with proud, glistening eyes. "The strength of twenty men was in me. I seized the scoundrel by the throat, dragged, whirled him out of the room, and pitched him as easy as a skittle-ball over the staircase. I glory in it. Miss Frances is an angel still, and I don't care what comes of me."

Mark Lopes, though frightfully injured, recovered after about six weeks' medical discipline in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and was then transferred to Newgate. The next session he was indicted for stealing from No. 1, Bell and Dragon Court, a quantity of silver plate and a gold watch. Also with obtaining, nominally from Mrs. Barfield, but really from Mrs. Dalton, who was ill at the time, and staying at the former lady's house, two hundred pounds, under the pretext that he was the legal guardian of Mrs. Dalton's nieces, and that he was anxious, in fulfilment of their mother's last wishes, to discharge various debts that had been incurred during her long illness, as well as to befittingly equip the Misses Mason for appearing at their aunt's mansion at Brighton. He was convicted upon both charges, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

Frances and Rosamond Mason were adopted by their wealthy childless aunt; and both, I have heard, have married happily.

Mr. Richards, with Mrs. Dalton's money, purchased a capital greengrocery business for James Cotterell; but he had no heart to it, and withering gradually away, died, poor fellow, within six months of the day when he furtively watched, from round the corner of an adjacent street, the departure of Frances Mason from London.

The Latest Fashion in Garters.

[Baltimore Sun.]

"There are several styles in garters this season," said a prominent dealer yesterday. "Here, for instance, are some pretty pale-blue, white and pink ones, which are made of satin-finished elastic and painted with roses and sprays of vines. You see they fasten with buckles, and can be made larger or smaller as necessity requires. The buckle was invented for obvious reasons. No, they are not worn in front—that is, not directly in front. The buckle comes a little to one side, and on the other side is a dainty knot of ribbon, sometimes a bow and sometimes frilled.

"But I think these are prettier; they are embroidered and are usually made to order. A wider scope is given here for the display of taste and originality than in the others. The embroidery is not done on the elastic, but upon ribbon in which the elastic is encased. Any design in small flowers, such as forget-me-nots and trailing arbutus, may be used with charming effect. Many ladies buy the material and work the designs themselves. Now, here are some upon which the ribbon, instead of being embroidered, is puffed. Prices range from $1 to $5 per pair."

"Do the buckles ever come separate from the garters?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "The handsomest buckles are only used when specially ordered. They are generally sold by jewelers. Some are of plain gold or silver, and some are studded with jewels. The most fashionable now are those set with Rhinestones. A beautiful pair that I recently saw are of solid gold, with forget-me-nots in blue enamel. An ingenious device to shield the flesh from bruise is a scented pad, soft and tiny, which is placed under the buckle."

WHY THEY CALL HIM LIAR

Every Day in the Northern Papers.

[Blaine's Letter to Bundy, July 22, 1884.]

"In answer to your recent favor, I beg to say that *I am not and never have been* the owner of any coal lands, or iron lands, or lands of any character whatever in the Hocking Valley or in any part of Ohio. Nor have I *at any time owned a share of stock in any coal, iron, or land company in the State of Ohio.*"

[Blaine's Letter to Denison, December 30, 1880.]

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON,
December 30, 1880.

DEAR SIR: Find enclosed my draft for $25,000, in payment of my subscription to the Hope Furnace enterprise. [Hocking Valley, Ohio, mines.] Touching the interest, I have to ask that, whatever it may amount to, you will permit its payment to be postponed until some matters between Mr. Lee and myself are definitely adjusted. Very Respectfully,

J. G. BLAINE.

Have a Look at the Books.

[New York Herald.]

A law of Congress directs the First Comptroller of the Treasury "to make an annual report to Congress of such officers as have failed to make settlement of their accounts for the preceding fiscal year." No such report has been made since 1869. The amount of defalcations can be ascertained only from the suits brought or the reports of the Solicitor of the Treasury. These reports show that suits have been brought for official defalcations since 1869 to the amount of nearly seventeen millions in fifteen years; and so careless have been the prosecutions in such cases that, out of $3,845,729 thus robbed from the people by faithless officials, only $70,405 was recovered.

In these statements the frauds of the whisky ring, the star route ring, the Burnside, Howgate, navy, medical, United States marshals and other frauds are not counted at all, and on none of these have the Republicans either recovered the moneys stolen or punished the thieves.

Surely it is time for a change—time to "have a look at the books."

The Man Blaine Is.

[Mr. Beecher's Joy-Blane Letter.]

* * * Toward the close of the dinner, September 29, 1877, political matters were introduced, and, among other things, Blaine's failure to receive the nomination that went to Hayes. Mr. Joy spoke with contemptuous severity of Mr. Blaine, and gave this statement:

"When a difficulty occurred in regard to certain lands in the Southwest in which I was interested, a committee was about to be appointed by Congress to examine the matter, Blaine being Speaker of the House. Through a friend I asked Mr. Blaine to have one sound lawyer appointed on that committee, I did not care of which party. I simply wanted a sound lawyer. In a day or two Mr. Blaine sent me word through a friend that he had certain depreciated bonds, and that if I would enable him to place them at par '*I could have my committee as I wanted it.*' I cannot forget with what cutting scorn Mr. Joy leaned back in his chair and said: '*That is the man Blaine is,*' and he added, 'I refused the offer, and as the courts soon settled the matter no committee was appointed.'"

WOMEN FOLK.

A PRECIOUS POWDER-RAG AND AN UNROMANTIC STOCKING.

A Breakdown in a Flirtation—Sallie Ward—Mrs. Sumner.

[New York World.]

Among the passengers who got on one of the elevated railroad trains at Fourteenth street one afternoon last week was a stylish, good-looking young lady who had probably been on a shopping expedition. She was dressed to a high point, and seemed to look on her surrounding sisterhood in humbler attire with some disdain. It was warm, and she fanned herself most diligently. She had that way of fanning herself right in the face and throwing her head a little to one side which you have probably observed in young ladies who are not over-anxious to hide themselves from the public gaze. She was the least bit stout, her face was flushed, and she changed her position so often that one might have supposed she longed to be at home so she could unlace a tight corset and cool off. All of a sudden she made a nervous grab for her bag, and when she got it open began to fumble about for two things—her pretty little white handkerchief and her great big powder-rag. That is, I suppose so. The first was to serve as a perfumed shield for the other. She got the handkerchief, but the powder-rag, neatly rolled up, fell out on the floor, and a timid-looking but polite young man sitting just opposite hastened to pick it up. He did not clutch it full in his hand as a man ought to do who ventures around the uncertainties of a powder rag, but caught it up by a tag-end that stuck out, and when he lifted it, with the most gracious bow and tip of the hat, towards the blushing owner, it unrolled and, lo! there was in full view of a whole car-load of people the larger and easily recognizable portion of a very shapely silk stocking-leg. She took it—yes, she took it with a vengeance—and thrust it in her bag like a flash. It was a red stocking, but it was not as red as the face of the young man who had with such celerity laid himself at her feet, as it were. She looked out of the car window on her side and he looked out of the car window on his side, and when the train stopped at the next station a *contretemps* and additional embarrassment occurred when they both got up to go out. They did really get out, and I suppose got out of each other's sight as soon as possible.

This distressing incident ought to be a warning to all young ladies who are so insensible to the proprieties of life as to use a stocking-leg for a powder-rag. The original and primary mission of a stocking is so far removed from that of a powder-rag that the two cannot be confounded without great violence to one's sense of the proper adjustment of things. True, a powder-rag is nothing but a rag after all, and true, moreover, a stocking fit for a powder-rag is nothing but a rag. But rags have their antecedents and traditionary associations as well as gold bracelets and silver thimbles. Let it not be understood that the clothing of a small foot and that accompanying portion of the feminine anatomy for which a stocking is designed is an ignoble duty. While it is not exactly noble, it is certainly necessary and entirely reputable. But the point to be made is that violence ought not to be done to the association of ideas. Why did the young lady blush? Not because it was a stocking the young man held in his hand. She had perhaps bought that very stocking from another young man who had held it up to full view to her and she did not blush at all. She blushed because it was her stocking, and because after she had worn it out on her foot she had been rubbing her face with it—the very face to which some young man might feel as though he would give his boots to touch his lips—if he were not into the secret of the powder-rag. Now, if it had been an old glove it would have been quite another thing. There is a vast difference in the realm of poetry and sentiment between an old stocking and an old glove. When Renan wrote that delightful paragraph in which he expressed the wish that after death he might become a prayerbook to be held in the hand of a lady while at her devotions, he was careful to say "it should be a hand with a glove on it." Many beautiful things have been written about gloves—and the older the gloves the better—but whoever had an elevated thought in connection with a stocking, old or new, silk or cotton?

Mr. Flemming I shall call him. He is one of the leading clerks at a leading dry-goods store. He is given charge of the ladies' dress-goods department. Mr. Flemming is a very prim, nice-looking gentleman. He looks well for his salary, but that is partly because his clothes are not subjected to hard usage. Mr. Flemming has to do almost entirely with ladies, and he is not entirely insensible to their charms. Upon one in particular has he long had his eyes. Whenever she comes he is infused with all the obsequiousness and deferential politeness that ever characterized the model dry-goods clerk. Would she have this or would she have that? Where would she have the packages sent? At what time? No; no trouble at all. Only too happy to do it, madam. And by and by he would throw in little compliments and bits of conversation outside of the line of trade. One day she came to buy a new dress. She was sitting at the counter while Mr. Flemming was disporting himself at the highest pitch. Another lady came along—a plainly dressed, good-intentioned lady—who never dreamed that Mr. F. would flirt, for she knew him at home. She only stopped long enough to say:

"How do you do, Mr. Flemming? How is Mrs. Flemming and the baby?"

Mr. Flemming's countenance fell like the thermometer in a Dakota blizzard, but he managed to say "Very well," and the hapless intruder passed on with her head up, too honest to suspect she had made Mr. Flemming very mad.

Mrs. Armstrong, once known all over the United States and the civilized world as Sallie Ward, is now living quietly at a hotel in Louisville. Her third and last husband died several years ago. She will always be known as Sallie Ward, for it is a comparatively small circle that are aware that she was ever Mrs. Lawrence or Mrs. Hunt or Mrs. Armstrong. She was a girl twenty-five years ago and she cannot now be far from fifty. Still she is a woman of most striking appearance—in fact, beautiful. For many years she was regarded as the reigning belle of this country. She was not only a great beauty but a great wit, to which fact there are yet thousands to bear testimony. Fifty years ago her father was speaker of the Kentucky Legislature, and it was said of him that no finer-looking man ever held that office. Her brother, Mat Ward, was a well-known character. He was of a class of men who have passed away forever and who were a peculiar outgrowth of the South. The Ward family was one of the wealthiest in Louisville, and Mat Ward was amply able to travel abroad. He wrote a book of observations on England and had it printed for private circulation. Sallie Ward's first husband was a son of Abbott Lawrence, the famous Boston millionaire. She was a young woman, fond of society and dress, flattered by everybody, too beautiful and too brilliant to be kept within any small circle. Lawrence was a narrow fellow, stingy and jealous. They lived together only two years. When the final rupture came she went before the Massachusetts Legislature and mainly by her overmastering beauty and fascinating speech got a divorce from that body. She next married Dr. Hunt, a Kentuckian of good family, but he soon killed himself by hard drinking, not because he was particularly fond of drink, but because it was a sort of solace from greater misery. Then she married Armstrong, a pork packer, of Louisville, her social inferior, but a man of considerable wealth. He soon died and left his wife a fortune which she now enjoys. Mme. LeVert used to tell of a remarkable coincidence in which Sallie Ward was concerned. When the Kentucky belle was married to young Lawrence they went to Europe on a bridal tour. Mme. LeVert went over on the same vessel. Some years afterwards Mme. LeVert made another trip to Europe, and when she sat down to dinner the first day whom should she see but Sallie Ward and her second husband sitting on one side of the table and Lawrence and his second wife on the other! Both couples were making bridal tours and both were happy.

A correspondent writes a long letter in reply to a paragraph that appeared here some time ago concerning the widow of Charles Sumner. In that paragraph it was stated that there was always a mystery about the divorce that Mrs. Mason obtained from Mr. Sumner. This correspondent declares that there was no mystery about it to those who knew both the parties to the marriage, and among other things says:

Mrs. Mason had money and beauty, but was not an intellectual woman and did not belong to the circle of Boston society to which Mr. Sumner had the entree. She was spoken of as a frivolous, fashionable, society-loving woman, ambitious of the position in Washington society which a marriage with Charles Sumner would give her. But she had the innocent, winning ways which many pretty women when they have an object in view, exercise, and with them she accomplished her object and became Mrs. Sumner. She had married for Washington and intended to enjoy it, and when Mr. Sumner, who did not dance, would mildly suggest that it was late, that he had important duties for the next day in the Senate and would like to go home to rest, she would tell him to go and she would come when she had danced her list down. In Mr. Sumner's eyes this was too indecorous for endurance, and, too, with the prestige his own endowments had given him in politics and literature, he naturally supposed there was an attraction about him superior to balls and society beaus. His self-esteem was wounded and his sense of propriety shocked, and particularly so when Mrs. Sumner chose a cavalier who could attend her in society. By the advice of friends Mr. Sumner endured his wife's whim for gayety, hoping one winter's surfeit would be sufficient, but when the actions of his wife provoked the voice of scandal he sought redress from official quarters. The youth whom Mrs. Sumner had chosen for a favorite was one of those younger English sons who are attached to the British Legation that the position may give them opportunities in society here which they would not otherwise have. Mr. Sumner represented to the then Secretary of State that this young Englishman had stepped beyond his diplomatic duties, and that his conduct was unbecoming a gentleman and representative of Her Majesty. The matter was reported to the home government, and Earl Newcastle, a personal friend of both Mr. Sumner and the Secretary of State, in his official character as Secretary of Foreign Affairs recalled his young countryman. This gave offence in many ways to Mrs. Sumner; she lost an admirer who was her constant attendant, it deprived her of her personal liberty of action, and implied that her conduct had met the disapproval of her husband, and forthwith she asked to be returned to her father-in-law in Boston. It was afterwards determined that she should join a sister living in Europe, and there she has been with her daughter, whose eligible marriage was noticed in *The World* little over a year since. The Sumner marriage and denouement were society talk for a season. Mr. Sumner had the sympathy of his friends throughout the whole, and their approval of his course in requiring the dismissal of the English attaché. After Mrs. Sumner's departure he returned to the society of his more intimate friends, and appeared the same as in his bachelor days.

J. R. R.

THE DISPERSED ABROAD

Find it Good to Dwell Together.

[Letter to the Editor.]

GODWINSVILLE, Dodge Co., Ga., October 6, 1884.— * * * North Carolina is well represented in this county. This place is named after Berry Godwin, Esq., of Lumberton, N. C., was settled by a Robesonian, and the following counties are represented: Cumberland, Robeson, Harnett, Duplin, Pender, Johnston, Columbus, and Bladen.

Saw mill and turpentine is the business. Messrs. Powell of Columbus have a large turpentine business 5 miles west. Messrs. Bush & Bro., of Lenoir (I think), 4 miles south, carry on a large turpentine business, while Messrs. A. Peacock & Co., of Columbus county, do a similar business five miles south-east. I am positive there are between 300 and 400 North Carolinians living in this and adjoining counties, while I am told that in Macon there is a colony of Tar Heels. I am on the Macon & Brunswick Railroad, operated by the E. T. V. & Ga. R. R. Saw milling and turpentine is the chief business.

Farming here is different from what I've been used to in South Carolina, where I have been living for the past nine years. Lands here could be made to produce from one to one-and-a-half bales of cotton; but in this immediate vicinity farmers do not seem to have much goaheadativeness. Corn and cotton are the chief products. Everything is very high: chickens from 25 to 50