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COMING INTO PORT.

[Blackwood's Magazine.] I have weathered the turbulent cape of stor Where the winds of passion blow; I have sheered by the reefs that gnash to foa The shallows they lurk below; I have joyed in the surge of the whistling sea, And the wild strong stress of the gale, As my brave bark quivered and leaped, alive, To the strain of its crowded sail. Then the masterful spirit was on me, And with Nature I wrestled glad; And danger was like a passionate bride, And Love was itself half mad. Then Life was a storm that blew me on, And flew as the wild winds fly; And Hope was a pennon streaming out High up-to play with the sky.

Oh the golden days, the glorious days That so lavish of life we spent ! Oh the dreaming nights with the silent stars 'Neath the sky's mysterious tent ! Oh the light, light heart and the strong desired And the pulse's quickening thrill, When Joy lived with us, and Beauty smiled, And Youth had its free, full will ! The whole wide world was before us then, Anu never our spirits failed, And we never looked back, but onward, onwa Into the Future we sailed. Ever before us the far horizon Whose dim and exquisite line Alone divided our Earth from Heaven, Our Life from a Life divine.

household

Now my voyage is well-nigh over, And my stanchest spars are gone; And my sails are rent, and my barnacled bark Drags slowly and heavily on. The faint breeze comes from the distant shore With its odors dim and sweet, And soon in the silent harbor of peace Long-parted friends I shall greet. The voyage is well-nigh over, Though at times a capful of wind Will rattle the ropes and fill the sails. And furrow a wake behind. But the sea has become a weariness And glad into port I shall come With my sails all furled, and my anchor dropped. And my cargo carried home.

THE TWO WIDOWS.

[Warren's Diary of a Detective.] The quiet enjoyment with my wife and children of Christmas Day, 1835, was broken in upon by Inspector Thomas, with a that lady's death, Lieutenant Lister's let- have noticed, by outraged self-love as by a market of Mr. Hughes did not occur to Chief Commissioner, requiring me to first Sir William having by that time become Hughes, who never affected any violent seven and eight months after the marriage,

William, and it was many months berore the afflicted gentleman could bear the a wife. He had been the merest idiot to briefest chance-sight of his son, without do so; and his folly was the more exasperating, inasmuch as the honey-month suf-ficed to convince him that he had felt no peril to his own life, from the excitement of angry rage. Under such circumstances it was natureal, or at least no abiding, love for the ral that Sir William, influenced, it might pretty beggar whom he, in evil hour, had be, by a consciousness of deeper-seated

Mr. Hughes did not, to be sure, make any mental infirmity than the commission de lunatico had been able to detect, should speech of this kind to his wife, but that have been anxious to secure the kindly he felt towards her in that kind she, with services and society of Mrs. Warner, a woman's keen discernment in such matters, was certain as of her own existence, distant relative, then residing at a sea-port in the West of England. This lady was before Sir William had been borne to his a widow, her age the shady side of fifty, and her circumstances by no means over-prosperous. Of course, marriage was out of the question; and after a brief negotiagrave. Another week had scarcely passed, when

her impression as to the cause of the contemptuous coldness exhibited by her hustion Mrs. Warner and Caroline Sherwood, band in his constrained intercourse with, her orphan niece, took up their abode at Stone Hall, as housekeepers, nurses, and and the morbid irritation he displayed towards her, underwent important modificompanions to the aged, fast-failing cations.

knight. This arrangement which worked very well, was suddenly thrown out of gear by Mrs. Hughes entered the library one morning, not knowing her husband was there. He had just received his post-letthe death of Mrs. Warner, about four Upon seeing her he manifested exters. months only after her domiciliation in treme confusion; and as he crumpled up his letters and thrust them into his writing Leicestershire. Those four months had, however, enabled Caroline Sherwood to desk, which he immediately locked, angriy demanded why she had sought him obtain a lasting hold upon Sir William's regard, who looked upon and always spoke of her as his adopted daughter; and she, there. The astonished wife replied that she did not know he was there; then left nothing loth, remained to minister to the the room.

old gentleman's needs, and direct his What meant that sudden confusionthat crumpling up of letters, and hastily placing them under lock and key? The

Caroline Sherwood, when that onerous task devolved upon her, was in her twentyletters Mrs. Hughes had noticed upon a first year, and remarkable both for intellitable in the hall, and she, in looking to gence and personal attractions. Her chartwo, sealed with black, were directed in an elegant female hand-by one female acter, I judged, from the papers placed in my hands, and the long conference I held with her (she was the Mrs. Lister I was hand, though the letters had arrived by the same post. A glance at the post-marks showed they had been forwarded directed to meet at Osborne's Hotel), to have been, like most others, a mingled yarn of good and evil, of excellencies and on two successive days-a frequent occurdefects. One main defect, or I wronged her, was an inordinate craving after riches; or more correctly, perhaps, the social dissome distant female relative; the first sent, tinction that usually accompanies wealth... Notwithstanding the latent Plutonian a missive of condolence; the other a solicitation, possibly, of some kind of gift or passion. Caroline Sherwood had, some favor. So concluded the young wife as cere at the time of his marriage it is imshe observed the letters. But that reasontwelve months before she removed to ing would not hold good after the scene suspicion is, however, cast upon the puri-Stone Hall, surrendered her heart and in the library. Her newer surmise was that they were missives from a favorite doubted fact that Caroline Sherwood did promised her hand to Mr. Charles Lister, second lieutenant of the "Blonde" frigate, that they were missives from a favorite whose only worldly wealth, actual and, mistress, dispatched with peremptory im- at that first interview incidentally mertion patience to the new owner of Stone Hall. the offer of ten thousand pounds hush-A wife need not have an extravagant money by Mr. Hughes; and that she was prospective, was his pay. The engage-ment had been strongly disapproved of by Mrs. Warner, and during her aunt's life regard for her husband to be violently the correspondence of the lovers had been jealous of him. Indignant resentment of

brought no counsel to the frenzied young lady. Fiery indignation still spurred her on, pale-hearted fear still held her back. from attempting to wreak vengeance upon the wrong-doer, when a post-letter directed to Miss Sherwood was brought to her. It was from her old and still devoted lover, made the partner of his splendid fortunes. Charles Lister. He wrote to appoint an immediate interview at Leicester, adding that a most unexpected legacy enabled him to offer her a comfortable home.

Miss Sherwood's resolution would appear to have been at once taken. She would see Lister, reveal to him all that had passed, and he guided implicitly by his advice. Whilst hastily preparing to depart a note was brought to her from Mr. Hughes. It contained an offer very guardedly expressed, of making Miss Sherwood a present of ten thousand pounds, which sum would at any time after the lapse of a month, should no irritating occurrence intervene, be payable to her order. Mr. Hughes was himself waiting below, just within the door of the library, as Miss

Sherwood swept by, no doubt with the hope of ascertaining if his large moneyoffer had mollified her rage, but she passed him without a word. In her long explanatory interview with

me, Mrs. Lister passed rapidly, and with a heightened color over her meeting with Lister. The memories it recalled were too painful. Besides, the papers confided to my discretion sufficiently supplied, she knew, every essential fact and inference thereto.

Lieutenant Lister, though much shocked see if any were for her, had observed that and very savage at first, gradually calmed down; solemnly declared that his beloved Caroline, being entirely innocent in intent, of stainless moral purity as ever, he would still joyfully take her to wife. Miss Sherwood, after long hesitation, consented. It was mutually agreed to avoid in the future rence in the cross-post deliveries at Stone any mention of even Hughes's name; and Hall. Doubtless they were letters from shortly afterwards Charles Lister, bachelor. and Caroline Sherwood, spinster, were united in the holy bands of matrimony.

Whether Lister was disinterestedly sinpossible for me to affirm or deny. A strong empowcred to draw for that magnificent sum, after a short interval, at pleasure. carried on by clandestine means. After marital infidelity is as fiercely excited, I Still it may be that the notion of making

benefit. Mrs. Lister, after taking time to the letter, and so clumsily was the whole consider the proposal, declined it; influ-enced, she told me, by a vague presenti-ment of peril to her boy, should she agree to what upon the face of it was an unac-he was about to ride off, that I stupidly countably munificent offer. Captain Burt cried out-in English too-to some gend finding he could not shake her resolve, took leave with the outrageously absurd threat of an appeal to the Court of Chan-the officers started; so did Lieut. James, cery, with a view to transfer the custody of the boy to Mrs. Hughes, there being no truth, put spurs to his horse, and was out

equitable doubt of his true paternity. The boy at the time of Captain Burt's abortive visit to Mrs. Lister, was at school in a large establishment in the neighborhood of Bristol. Ten days afterwards a well-dressed man called there with a note, purporting to have been written at the instance of Mrs. Lister, who, it was stated, was dying, and anxious that her son should be sent to her immediately in the care of the bearer of the note. No suspicion of

several weeks before the andacious abduc- ation. tion of the boy was discovered; precisely how I do not remember. The grief and distraction of the mother may be imagined. Her fixed conviction from the moz

rence was, that her son had been carried doned. off at the instigation of Mrs. Hughes, in order to compel Mrs. Lister at no distant day

Hughes family, on the other hand, indig-nantly asserted that Mrs. Lister herself had noon, utterly knocked up in body, and caused her son to be secretly spirited away, partly for the purpose of annoying Mrs. Hughes, but principally in order to least I was charged with one. Whilst sipextort from that lady a heavy sum as pay-ment for the privilege of carrying out the dying wishes of her deceased husband—a pious purpose which Mrs. Lister knew lay near her heart. gaged. Those thoughts slid, as it were, into dreams; a sleep, from which I awoke Meanwhile anxious search was made for

the missing boy by the Hughes family, suspicious ostentation; advertisewith ments offering large rewards for his recov-ery or tidings of him were inserted in the principal papers, but utterly without avail. The stranger-gentleman who had given the name of Marsden, or Marston, to the principal of the Bristol school, seemed to have vanished with his prey from off the face of the earth after leaving Swindom, at which place the post-chaise had been hired.

I have now brought the narrative down to the time when I, in pursuance of the Commissioner's orders, waited upon Mrs. message from Colonel Rowan, the then ters were openly directed to Stone Hall, wounded affection. At all events, Mrs. Lister till after the birth of a son, between Hughes at the Clarendon, and on Mrs. Lister, at Osborne's Hotel. I shall dismiss these interviews very briefly. Mrs. Lister's sincerity of grief claims of the rightful widow, and, in all fore, of the Hughes family, that she was lieve that such an interpretation of the privy to the disappearance of her son, was, I could not for a moment doubt, an untemperate in his habits, and personally mitigated calumny. The conversation ture, the previous French marriage, to my with Mrs. Hughes and her relative, Cap-which he compelled her to draw upon tain Burt, left an impression on my mind long striving to work out the confounding that though the lady might not personally be implicated in the abduction of young Lister, there was some mystery or dread in connection with that occurrence which greatly agitated and alarmed her. If, thought I, as I confronted the stern, cold, slightly squinting stare, the curled, tight-ly compressed lips, and massive iron jaw of Captain Burt, "If I could imagine any gally solemnized. Leave to do so was sufficient motive you could have, prompt-ing to such a deed as the carrying off of young Lister, aye, or to the taking away of ter of an hour's search was rewarded by young Edmund Hughes Lister—he was so his life—it is you whose steps I should the discovery of the record of the espous-named by the Lieutenant's own command dog, your doings and associates for the als of Edmund Hughes, son of Sir William last two or three months with respect to which I should make keenest inquisition." Still a hard, vulpine phiz, and a rusty Mr. Hughes became strongly attached to nutmeg-grater voice, proved nothing, sug- ville, of Versailles, France. The date was gestive, under certain conditions, as they might be. On coolly reviewing the affair on the following day, I could not for the life of me discover any means of setting about the task I was expected to successfully carry out. The only scrap of possibly valuable information afforded me was that the fellow who carried off the boy "was a tall well-set- marriage with Emily Kerton might not up military-looking man, with a prominent nose, hare-lip, and a white, bloodless face.' That was something, to be sure; much, if I could fish out that he was an acquaintance of Captain Burt. It was in that direction I instinctively felt that the only chance lay. "Well-set-up, military-looking man!" would call at the Clarendon forthwith and take stock of the grim Captain more minutely than on the previous evening. and wife of that scelerat Hughes had died, Hall when Hughes returned. A terrible annuity for herself, with remainder to her There could be no harm, if no good, in I found, without issue, very nearly six The family had left, I found for Leicestershire; whither after much cogitation, and a conference with the Commissioner, 1 determined to follow. The post-village was, I knew, about

WOMEN FOLK.

of sight in no time. I must do my friend the French Commissary of Police the justice to admit that he discovered that very day that a Lieut. James had been residing for a considerable time at a farmer's house situated about three leagues from Chateauroux: and that said Lieutenant James, who had borrowed the farmer's mare the previous day, had returned at a break-neck pace, paid his bill, packed his portmanteau, and departfoul play being entertained, the boy was forthwith dispatched in charge of a stran-ger-gentleman, who travelled post. It was To Paris in search of a man with a hare-

lip, &c. A charming hunt that, which, though aided by the Paris police, I after four days and nights of exasperating and ment she could calmly reason on the occur- almost unremitting labor, finally aban-

And now I am about to state a circum stance, or rather to relate an experience, to consent to the strange proposal of which Captain Burt had been the bearer. The even now somewhat doubtful about.

> soured, wearied in spirit. Of dinner I ate little, but of wine I consumed a bottle; at ping it, my thoughts still ran upon the incidents, the complications, and vexations of the business in which I was enwith a start, having surprised me. I retired to bed, still continuing to think and dream, the ideas or notions becoming gradually more distinct, intelligent and coherent. Finally, I awoke, and believed I had dreampt that Edmund Hughes, during the many years he had resided in Paris. had married a French lady, who was still alive, and that consequently, neither the lady calling herself Mrs. Hughes, nor Mrs. Lister, was the true widow of the deceased owner of Stone Hall. Captain Burt and his daughter-in-law must, during their last visit to Paris, have discovered the truth, and though I could not but admit the inference to be a very lame one,

indeed, had carried off young Lister in They and their husbands were on a level | peat the remark that the American people order to compel his mother to make comey married; they proceeded to raise mon cause with them in resisting the up families of children, as all good wives should do, while their husbands proceeded likelihood, of the living heirs. I now beto study and grow famous. After twenty years or so the husbands were quite ready imbroglio, utterly absurd as it is in parts. to be Presidents, but their wives were not must have suggested itself, in its chief feaready to be mistresses of the White House. They had not been cultivating themselves in that direction. Mr. Lincoln married contradictions, improbabilities, possibili-Mary Todd in 1842, when he was a poor lawyer at the little village of Springfield. ties, of the case, to an intelligent issue: capital of the then sparsely settled State and that my dream had but reproduced, of Illinois. That was nineteen years bedistortedly, those waking guesses. fore he became President. Andrew John-Nonsense or sense, folly or fact, I would son came from even more humble surroundat all events search the archives of the ings than Abraham Lincoln. He was born in 1808, and married in 1827, so that he was only nineteen when he assumed the responsibility of a wife. She taught him granted, as a matter of course, upon payhow to write and cipher, and was a good, ment of a heavy fee, and less than a quarpatient, faithful woman. She had no desire to appear in the glare of Washington society during the time her husband was Hughes, Knight of Stone Hall, Leicester-shire, England, with Julie Adrienne Del-President, and her daughter, Mrs. Patterson, took the lead of the social side of the White House. General Grant married ville, daughter of Hubert and Julie Del-Julia T. Dent, the daughter of a farmer, in 1848, and in 1852 he, after having benearly eighteen months previous to that of Edmund Hughes' marriage with Emily come a captain in the army, went to live with her father on his farm near St. Louis. Kerton, at St. Andrew's, Holborn, first Mrs. Grant at that time lived a very humdiscovered to have taken place there by ble life, her husband making part of his Lieutenant Lister and afterwards verified by Messrs. Jones and Son, of Bedford income by selling wood by the wagon load in the streets of St. Louis. Af-Row, who had at one time entertained strong doubts as to whether the alleged have been a device on the part of Hughes pursued the occupation of a tanner and who had the honor of giving a wedding to rid himself of a partner for whom he had conceived a strong aversion. To ascertain if the French wife was dead, and when, I at once hurried off to Grant never dreamed of preparing herself Versailles. M. Delville, who was wellknown and highly respected there-I did fell upon a family more suddenly nor more not see his wife-frankly answered my unexpectedly. President Garfield married questions. Their daughter, only child, Lucretia Randolph in 1856, while he was a teacher in a school. He was then thinking more of being a preacher than a politician, nonths after the marriage at St. Andrews, and his wife had no intimation of the cares Holborn, and eighteen months, consesequently, or thereabout, before Edmund Hughes privately espoused Caroline Sherwood, who was, therefore, incontestably, the wife to whom, by the atrocious bigamist's will, all his estates, real and personal, had been devised. M. Delville added, that several months previously an and their husbands would many a time English military gentleman had called and have been made happier if the latter had asked similar questions to mine. had better opportunities in life. There could be no doubt now as to the motives which had prompted the carrying off of young Lister, otherwise Hughes. How would it have been if the Demo-Should his father's will be set aside for cratic candidates instead of the Republiambiguity, he was the undoubted heir-atcan candidates had been elected Presilaw; and the audacious project had been dents during this time-that is from 1860 concocted of wringing, at a fitting season, to the present? Lincoln and Douglass from the mother's love for her son, a comwere both from Illinois, and there was a promise that would save Captain Burt, Emily Kerton, and her daughter from begmuch greater contrast between their wives than between the two men. Douglass did gary. The proposal, certain to be rejectnot marry till he had reached an eminent d, made to Mrs. Lister at Gloucester. position and Mrs. Douglass was distinwas, no doubt, a mere pretence, to be afterwards appealed to as a proof of Mrs. Hughes's tender regard for the boy, and impossibility, therefore, that she, of all persons, could have entertained the idea of kidnapping him. land. A great error that on my part. In and bushy eyehrows complacently raised be handsomely recompensed." He then civilly showed me out of the office.

WIVES OF PRESIDENTS AND WIVES OF CANDIDATES FOR PRESI-DENT. Glance Back to 1860-How Wives do Not Keep Pace With Their Husbands-The Misfortunes of Presidential Wives.

[New York World.]

When the American people proceed to elect a President they do not seem to trouble themselves very much about who is his wife, or what she is, or what his domestic relations are. Nothing could better illustrate the democratic character of our po- bany before her husband was nominated litical institutions than that every now and then a President's wife appears who has would have been a worthy successor of no social fitness whatever for the place she is expected to occupy. The wives of all the recent Presidents except one, Mrs. Hayes, never would have been selected to a Horatio Seymour, Jr., and a Samuel J. occupy the position they were compelled to assume when they went to Washington. Mrs. Lincoln shrank from the ordeal, was for whom they are named. Of the wife of never at ease while her husband was in the poor Horace Greeley, the ill-fated Demo-White House, and never recovered from the sad effects of her sojourn there. Mrs. Andrew Johnson was a very plain little didacy. If he had been elected his two woman who loved her husband as she daughters would have gone with him to ought to have done, but who never had a the White House. One of them has taste for fashionable society. Mrs. Grant is one of the most faithful of wives, but her side of two Presidential terms will be who was the Democratic candidate in forgotten a long time before that of her 1876, is a bachelor, as everybody knows. husband. Mrs. Haves was the first wife Gen. Hancock, who was the next in the of a Republican President to carry any line of unfortunate candidates, has a most strong characteristics into her reign at the cultured wife, but she is of a very retiring White House. She is a most amiable, in- disposition and was earnestly opposed to telligent lady, and is remembered with many more pleasurable emotions than her Russell, of St. Louis, when Gen. Hancock, husband. Mrs. Garfield was a loving wife and a good mother, but going to Washing-her. Her father was a man of wealth, ton came near being as fatal to her as to President Garfield himself. She was as unsuited to the responsibilities of the St. Louis. Her life was greatly saddened position she had to assume as Mrs. Lincoln or Mrs. Andrew Johnson. Pres-ident Arthur is more of a "society" man than any of his Republican prede-order, and has composed a number of cessors, and if his wife had lived with pieces of noticeable merit. About the him through his Administration she only place where she is seen in public is as would have been as highly esteemed by genteel people as the President himself is. Governor's Island. There might be a She was a most lovable woman, and thor- strong contrast drawn between the women oughly familiar with polite usages. Mrs. who were the wives of candidates for Lincoln, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Grant and President and those who were the wives Mrs. Garfield all married self-made men of men who have been elected President before they were made-that is, when they since 1860, but I shall leave that contrast

clusiveness, she is thoroughly Democratic in her ideas and her receptions take a wide range. Mrs. Horatio Seymour, whose husband was the Democratic candidate for President in 1868, was Miss Mary Bleecker. of Albany, before she married. Her father was a prominent and highly esteemed citizen, and had ample means to educate his children. Mrs. Seymour has always been greatly esteemed for her gentleness of manner and refined tastes. Horatio Sevmour was the heir to a large fortune when he married her, and her associations have always been among the foremost peo-ple of the State. Her husband was elected Governor of New York in 1852 and again in 1862, so she was twice the mis-tress of the Gubernatorial mansion at Alwould have been a worthy successor of Martha Washington. She has never had any children. Horatio Seymour, Jr., is a son of Gov. Seymour's brother. There is Tilden, Jr., but they are both nephews and not sons of the two great statesmen cratic candidate for President in 1872. I will not speak, as she died before his canwere young and poor and inconsequential. | to be drawn by the reader, begging to re-

make myself thoroughly master of the papers sent to me by Thomas, and that lone, forthwith place myself in confidential communication with two ladies: one, a Mrs. Hughes, whom I should find at the Clarendon, Bond Street; the other, Mrs. see me at any time, but it was requisite to make her his sole heiress, to the excluthat I should wait upon Mrs. Hughes before her dinner hour, seven o'clock. Above all, I was to be scrupulously careful that neither of the ladies should for a moment. suspect that I was in correspondence with the other.

"It's a tangled skein to unravel," remarked Thomas, after delivering the Commissioner's message. "There are, it seems, two widows of one gentleman, one son of both, and lots of 'tin' depending upon the result."

"Two widows of one gentleman! one son of two widows! You are jesting, of course."

"Not a bit of it. There are two sets of lawvers, too, in the case. Here are their names and addresses. Smith & Smith, of Gray's Inn, Mrs. Hughes's attorneys; and Messrs. Jones & Son, of Bedford Row, who are acting for Mrs. Lister. And mind, you must be as careful," continued the inspector, "to keep Jones & Son in the dark as to your being in consultation with Smith & Smith, and vice versa, as you will be with respect to the widows. You'll find, I fancy," Thomas went on to say, that you are expected to be a sort of second Solomon ; with this difference, however, that instead of ordering the boy, when you've got him, to be divided between the two mothers, you, after arriving at a settled conviction upon the case, are at once to go in, back and edge, against the party in the wrong, in conjunction naturally with the right party's attorneys. You must, however, the Commissioner insists, be dead sure of your game before showing your hand to the lawyers."

Thomas, who seemed to enjoy, in a mild way, the vexation which his errand at such a time caused me, added the compliments of the season and left me to the enjoyment of the bundle of papers he had placed before me. Indulgence in ill-temper would avail nothing, so, resolutely buckling to at the task assigned me, I had, by nine in the evening, fully possessed myself of the details of the affair as set forth in the papers, and by the viva voce additions and corrections supplied by the two widows, whom I duly visited at their temporary abodes.

In order to render the perplexing maze of circumstance, conjecture, and suspicion at all plain to the reader, I must begin at the beginning of the complicated involvement-about ten years, that is to say, previous to the Christmas Day when the agency of the Detective Police was simultaneously invoked by both parties.

cast by lordly proximate wealth between | committed under the pressure of an over-Sir William Hughes was a rich north-The word "children," inserted in the of which I with some difficulty made out guished for both beauty and all the acher and her lover. Then, the "Blonde" whelming apprehension of beggary-from along with the other recent President's country manufacturer, who had been complishments that adorn an attractive will at the testator's express dictation, re- to be Chateauroux, France, a considerable was about to be paid off. In those piping which one candid word of Miss Sherwood's knighted by the Prince Regent, and who, wives, has a burden to bear. Mrs. Hayes ferred, of course, to his daughter and Ed. post-town south of Paris. I had not to woman. At the time her husband was a times of peace it was very doubtful wheth- | would have relieved him-would at once soon after that accession of dignity, took seems to be peacefully settled in life, and wait long for the Captain's reply. It came mund Hughes Lister. As, however, the mother's natural right could not be supercandidate for President she was not more er the unfriended lieutenant would be vanish from the scene, if only for their lives quietly at a little village in Ohio. up his abode at Stone Hall, in the hunting next day: "Lieut. James, Chateauroux, than thirty years old and had all the freshagain employed in active service, and his child's sake. The letters, Miss Sherwood The greatest misfortune that has come county of Leicester. The old families ness of her youth. The failure of her hushalf-pay, to support a lady wife and a pos- had no doubt observed, were simply dated ceded by the appointment of Mrs. Hughes France: Poste Restante." to be his guardian, a friendly arrangement I reached Chateauroux Their nefarious tricks would be utterly band to be elected was a terrible blow to upon her is that she is the wife of a Presifought shy, as might have been expected, sibly large family, would have been con- from London; a wide place to seek a Mrs. I reached Chateauroux before the letter defeated now, I exulted to think, as I, her ambition, for she and her husband dent whose title was always held in doubt of the "cotton-fellow," notwithstanding siderably less than two pounds per week. Hughes in. All, in fact, that Miss Shertook place between the two widows, the and Laving, of course, supplied myself by a majority of the American people, and with all possible speed, returned to Eng- probably had the Presidency in mind at the costliness of his establishment. To Such was the chilling prospect of her fu-ture which presented itself from one point tion of his private correspondence was that substantial covenants of which were that with proper credentials, placed myself at who holds as ex-President a very insignifiovercome that repugnance. Sir William three hundred pounds per annum should once in communication with a Commis-be paid to Mrs. Lister for his maintenance saire de Police. The arrangement I sugthe time of their marriage. The wife of tion of his private correspondence was that less than two hours after I reached Lon- Gen. McClellan, who was the Democratic cant place in the public estimation set up as a sportsman; purchased a rare of view. A glance in the opposite direc- she was certainly not his wife. Thus it don I was closeted with Jones, senior, candidate for President in 1864, was a pack of hounds, and spared no outlay or would happen that, incapable of obtaining and education, and that on the day he be- gested was that I myself should remain J. R. R. tion showed a husband, still a young man, attorney-at-law. That benign gentleman | very young woman at that time. She was pains to afford sport to his aristocratic perdu within the post-office during the hours of delivery; and if a gentleman anslegal proof of the first marriage (the letcame of age the sum of five thousand prepossessing exterior and address. listened to my account of the important | the daughter of the late Gen. Marcy, who leighbors. His own appearance and ex-His Presence of Mind. whom she knew to be the undoubted heir ters, even Miss Sherwood must know. pounds should be paid over to his use. discoveries I had made, and received the was on the staff of Gen. McClellan while ploits in the field seem to have been de-So far the affair, though sufficiently wering the description of the individual complicated, was intelligible, but now who carried off the boy from Bristol callof more than eight thousand per annum in | were, as evidence, mere waste paper), she Philadelphia Press. documents I had brought from France, he was in command of the Army of the cidedly successful in that particular, and real estate, of Stone Hall and park, and a would be unable to successfully prosecute with a condescending, patronizing smile, Potomac. She was raised in Washington, the end was, that having one day venheap of personals; and who, moreover, him; still less, he was quite aware, could came a phase therein at the interpretation ed for the letter, I could sally forth, while A certain lady who is not unknown in tured upon the back of a high-spirited professed unbounded admiration of her she, with her knowledge of the real facts, of which I could only make the wildest the postmaster held him in parley, seize though I believe Gen. Marcy's home was Philadelphia society has been twice a hunter, which cost him the trifle of two in compliment to "my really very credita- in Connecticut. She and Gen. McClellan widow, but is now the pride of a third husband. The lady alludes to her hus-bands as her "first," "former" and "presand hand the culprit over to the French own sweet solf. Positively I am not sure consent to live with him as his pre- guesses. ble exertions in the case, which at the fit-ting time should, I might entirely depend, of the war and now have two children, a that I have ever known one young damsel tended wife. The upshot, then, of the who, constrained by the like circumstances, very unpleasant affair must infallibly be, daughter, mother, and father-in-law, Cap- allowed. All that the French police in hundred guineas, he was pitched with great violence over the high-spirited animal's head upon his own. This was the daughter, Miss May, and a son, the latter ent." She often relates pleasant memories being at school. If Mrs. McClellan had of husbands one and two. The latter she would have decided differently from Caro- that Miss Sherwood would herself incur tain Burt, a grim Indian sun-bronzed vet- such a case could permit was that Lieuline Sherwood. My acquaintance with the pains and penalties of the exposure, eran, of some fifty years of age, paid Paris tenant James should be followed to his last of his fields and though, after lying the better sex is, however, a limited one. without being able to inflict the slightest a visit about six months after the death of domicile, and if his explanation of the susdomicile, and if his explanation of the sus-picions attaching to him were not deemed satisfactory, he should then be required to satisfactory he should then be satisfactory he should the satisfactory he satisfactory he should the satisfactory he satisf for several weeks between life and death, he recovered his physical health, his mind Mr. Hughes, and did not return to Eng land—at all events, not to Stone Hall— satisfactory, he should then be required to The state of affairs which I have thus injury upon him. He should, when the broadly sketched was not, of course, hubbub—which after all he cared very remained permanently affected; but not to land—at all events, not to Stone Hall— till after an absence of eight weeks. A fortnight after their arrival Captain Burt went to Gloucester and informed Mrs. Lis-ter that his daughter-in-law, being anx-ious to more effectually carry out her hus-band's dying wishes with respect to the boy, Edmund Hughes Lister, so called, proposed that he should be forthwith dom-iciled at Stone Hall, and be there in all were tage are dong a before in all protosed that he should be there in all integrated are backford as before with a wore wore of the tage are the next day before a magistrate, staying at a hotel and were aroused in the was recognized to be the rightful Mrs. Hughes, and there, was restored to her, upon proposed that he should be forthwith dom-iciled at Stone Hall, and be there in all such a degree as to convince a jury sumstated to me in so many words by Mrs. little for-had subsided, live in splendor moned under a writ of de lunatico, issued Lister; but the essential facts it was neces- abroad with his true wife, whilst Miss at the instance of his only son, that he, sary to inform me of; and these told the Sherwood would have been deprived of Sir William Hughes, was incapable of story so plainly, that "We were married an honorable alliance or settlement by her managing his own affairs. privately at Leicester," seemed to be that story's quite natural sequel. own seuseless outcry. It must be admitted that there was a Sir William had been long a widower, story's quite natural sequel. and this, his only surviving son, Edmund, The marriage was scarcely a month old good deal of brazen ingenuity in the spehad been sowing a seemingly interminable when a paralytic fit extinguished all of cious scoundrel's way of putting the case, crop of "wild oats" in Paris, London, and mental or physical vitality remaining to Sir William Hughes, and the fourth day Sherwood, distracted by terror and surmental or physical vitality remaining to Sir William Hughes, and the fourth day from the attack he was a corpse. No will, valid or invalid, had been executed, and Edmund Hughes succeeded, by unques-the law to avenge the cruel wrong it had other prolific soils, for about the same length of time; and not yet thirty, had already reaped the harvest of such husness of spirit, and no end of debts. His attempt to obtain a judicial declaration of his father's insanity deeply offended Sir trust-a moral, and therefore equally ob-ligatory trust-for their future mutual to the post-office, on horseback, asked for & Son and Smith & Smith.

incapable of exercising the slightest superon for her husband, determined to by which time, through imprudent shipvision over Miss Sherwood's doings. He satisfy herself, at any hazard, by any ex-had no wish to do so. As his shaken in-pedient, as to the mystery of those hur-cuniary embarassment. Certain it is that was painfully real. The accusation, therehad no wish to do so. As his shaken in pedient, as to the mystery of those hurriedly-hidden letters. Mr. Hughes would tellect dwindled into utter childishness, his regard increased for the handsome soon take his morning ride; she knew where young woman, whose sweet voice and soft the key of his escritoire was kept: and Lister, who was staying at Osborne's Ho-tel, in the Adelphi. Mrs. Lister would was perpetually promising himself aloud to break open the desk, she would, whathand were so gentle and caressing: and he should she, the key being concealed, have ever the consequence, know who the wosion of his scoundrel son. man correspondent of her husband was,

Now, Caroline Sherwood, as she herself and what were her pretensions. told me in after days, did not for a moment suffer herself to be deluded into a belief that any will which Sir William left the key of his desk in the usual place. sould in his then state of mind make in She held the letters in her hand, read her favor would be worth the paper or them, and drank poison as she read. They

parchment it was written upon. It is were from Hughes's wife, not mistress; right to state this, because it seems to and in somewhat querulous tones insisted show that her kindness to the sinking in- that he should, being now his own master, valid was not prompted by selfish, un- come at once to London for the purpose worthy motives. Very certain it is, how- of conducting her and their child to Stone ever, that Miss Sherwood must have kept Hall. The second letter was to the same

her opinion of Sir William's testamentary | tune, with the addition that little Emily incapacity strictly to herself, and have was in delicate health, which a speedy rebeen, moreover, especially careful not to moval to the country, a physician had declared, could alone invigorate. Both letgive a hint to that effect to, or in the hearing of, the son and heir. An assurters were subscribed, "Your affectionate

ance of the kind would have been deemed wife, Emily Hughes." invaluable by Mr. Edmund Hughes, who, The strong will of Caroline Sherwood, as we must now again call the unhappy though forbidden to present himself at young woman, enabled her to go through Stone Hall, was kept pretty well au courant of his father's demonstrations and promis-es in favor of Miss Sherwood by the serthe terrible letters, sentence by sentence, word by word, till their genuine, truthful vants. These greatly disquieted him, fully character was impressed upon her mind; believing as he did that Sir William could then hope and strength alike forsook her, make a valid will. The verdict of the and she fell down in a swoon with such jury establishing Sir William's competency helpless heaviness that the noise was heard to manage his own affairs appeared to him by the servants below, by whose efforts she was restored to consciousness and deconclusive on that point.

spair. The letters were still tightly clutched in her grasp; and the moment Deeply impressed with that conviction. Mr. Edmund Hughes deemed it a grand stroke of policy to privately solicit Miss she had fully realized the position into which she had been entrapped by Hughes's Sherwood in marriage. As her husband he would be safe, however matters turned villainy, she resolved to invoke the vengeance of the law upon his guilty head. out. 'She was a fine, clever girl, too, and

he almost felt, and quite successfully feigned, a real passion for her. Aye, and the dazzled, facile fair one yielded to his her sullen acquiescence in his advice to suit, and became by a strictly private mar-

riage Mrs. Edmund Hughes. Whilst photographing by such feeble herself to a step which, whatever the consequences as regarded himself-conselight as I possess the actual features, mental or moral, of real people whom I have chanced to meet with in the highways and meet and defy-would irretrievably combyways of work-a-day life. I quite agree, promise her in the eyes of the world, and condemn her to a life of hopeless poverty in a transcendental sense, with the creative writers who draw fancy portraits of and cankering discontent. heroic, angelic, superhuman beings. No

found herself at that crisis and turning-Lister--to what owing I was not informed, a vast property; and upon the slightest was decreed upon this will, and Mrs. but I suppose to the cold shade inevitably hint that he was in jeopardy for an act Hughes became one of the richest widows

the Lieutenant and his wife lived most unhappily together after but a few months of wedded cohabitation; that he became inbrutal towards her. The hush-money which he compelled her to draw upon Hughes for was confiscated to further and uphold fresh speculations; and when, af-

The wife's purpose proved casy enough of fulfilment; her husband was gone; had worked upon the bigamist's morbid dread of exposure to fleece him to a large extent. Lister had by some means obtained legal proof of the marriage between Emily Kerton and Edmund Hughes, armed with which weapon he left the nervous master of Stone Hall no rest or respite from extortion. He also, actuated by some hazy. but no doubt selfish motive, insisted that -should accompany him on his latter predatory visits to Stone Hall. A prime result of that seeming caprice was that

the handsome boy, in reality, though not in law, as matters stood, his own son. Whatever castles in the air the Lieutenant might have built upon the basis of

those demonstrations of natural affection, he did not live to see the fruition or frustration of his views. He died at Gloucester, where he since his marriage had resided. a few months before Hughes was called to his account-of brain-fever, Mrs. Lister reported : the more exact designation would probably have been delirium

tremens. Thanks to Lister's persevering pulls at the purse of Edmund Hughes, Esq., his affairs wound up much more prosperously than had been anticipated. Mrs. Lister found herself in the possession of a suffi-She had not had time to leave Stone cient sum to purchase a comfortable lifeson, a safe if obscure haven from the bit- that. scene ensued, which nevertheless ended in ter storms of life, in which she had barely

sleep upon the matter before committing escaped from utter wreck. Edmund Hughes, Esq., of Stone Hall,

did not long survive Charles Lister, exquences which he was fully prepared to lieutenant of the "Blonde." Reckless

The substance of the man's specious question that Caroline Sherwood ought to harangue may be briefly given; he had lawyer, summoned in hot haste, and cau- mistress. have indignantly spurned the overtures of married a young lady about two years pre- tioned by the physician in attendance that of late arisen between her and Lieutenant she knew him to be the undoubted heir of would be both kind and just. Probate the inmates of that residence.

in Leicestershire.

spendthrift of health, as of less precious three miles distant from Stone Hall, and blessings, he had wasted in the heyday of upon arriving there, I, as good fortune life the sources of a vigorous maturity, would have it, obtained the use of a furdying an old man at less than forty. The nished bedroom at a general grocery shop, final warning came so suddenly that the kept by a widow, who was also the post-

The family at Stone Hall, and notably Mr. Edmund Hughes, and remained in-flexibly faithful to Mr. Charles Lister. I but where—the all-important point in a only time to pen a will of some twenty odor with the post-mistress or the village am very far from disputing that; still it is legal point of view-that marriage was lines, by which the dying man bequeathed folk generally; and I found no difficulty in but fair to consider for a moment the ex- solemnized, he would defy Miss Sherwood to "my beloved wife" the whole of his inducing the widow to permit me to inspect act position in which the young lady and all the lawyers in Leicestershire and real and personal estate; constituted her the addresses of the letters brought by a London to discover. The first wife had his sole executrix, and guardian of "my servant from Stone Hall, and the postpoint in her life. A kind of coolness had married him for himself alone, not because children," to whom he doubted not she marks of those which were addressed to

Three days had passed when a foreign-post letter arrived, addressed in an English hand to Captain Burt, the post-mark

do not see themselves about who a President's wife 1s.

The misfortunes of women who have

been the wives of our later Presidents is remarkable. Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield all became widows while at the White House, the two last under the most terrible circumstances. The first Mrs. Tyler died while her husband was President, and the second Mrs. Tyler, who is now living at Georgetown, D. C., was compelled to ask Congress for a pension in 1879. Ex-President John Tyler died at Richmond in January, 1862. and his property was destroyed by the war. Mrs. James K. Polk, who is yet living at Nashville at the advanced age of eighty-four, had a fortune left her and has long enjoyed the society of a rare circle of devoted friends, but the last days of her life have been much embittered by the disgraceful defalcation and subsequent imprisonment of her nephew, who was State Treasurer of Tennessee. Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Polk are the only women now living who were wives of ante-bellum Presidents, and it is rather odd that Mrs. Tyler is the younger of the two by twenty-five or thirty years, whereas her husband was President in 1843 and 1844, while Mr. Polk did not come into the office till later. Mrs. Tyler was not only a second wife but terwards he went to live with his married at the early age of eighteen. She own father at Galena, Ill., where he is the only Presidential wife, I believe, leather dealer. He was there when the reception at the White House. There are war broke out. The first ten years of his at least two people in New York who married life certainly gave no promise of danced at that reception-Mr. Henry his future positions and honors, and Mrs. Bergh and wife. I shall not attempt to recount the misfortunes of Mrs. Lincoln to go into the White House. Fame never and Mrs. Garfield, for they are well known to all the world. Poor Mrs. Lincoln survived her husband a dozen years or more. but she never survived the shock that his death gave her, and the latter days of her life were clouded by a disordered mind. Few and far between were the happy moand anxieties, to say nothing of the ments that fell to her lot from the turbuoverwhelming sorrow, that awaited her as lent hour that her husband became Presithe first woman of the land. Mrs. Lin- dent. The story of Mrs. Andrew Johncoln, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Grant and Mrs. son is almost as pathetic, but it is not so Garfield were devoted wives and mothers, well known. She was nearly sixty years and that was worth more to the nation than old when her husband became President. fitness for fashionable society. Still they and had been married over forty years. She was almost as little known at Washington during the Presidential career of Andrew Johnson as if she had not lived at all, and the American people know less about her than of the wives of any of the Chief Executives of their country. She died in 1876, six months after her husband had died. I do not suppose Mrs. Grant is by any means a happy woman, though she has the satisfaction of knowing that the American people will always hold her hus-band in the highest esteem for his great military services. The disaster that came upon General Grant and her sons who were in business in the firm of Grant & Ward told very heavily upon her and she,