

How. Thos. McDowell

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North Carolina Gazette.

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A DOWNSHIP ON THE TURF. The Paris correspondent of the New York Times describes the downfall of a gentleman who has just been detected in a bad action at Deauville. This sportsman, who ordered his jockey to "pull" his horse, was the Comte Stanislas de Clermont-Tonnerre, a member of one of the oldest and best of the noble families of France.

MADNESS WITHOUT A METHOD IN IT. "This is a mad world, my masters!" A French gentleman has recently paid \$15,000 for a collection of postage stamps.

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"I am going away," he said suddenly. "He had come to the conclusion that he would not trust himself any longer. He would get away from the sound of her voice and her haunting eyes."

FALLING FROM A BALLOON. Glade Springs, in this county, was on Monday thronged by Virginia farmers from all parts of the surrounding country, to witness the balloon ascension.

"The world never judges anything from a fair standpoint." "What is the opinion of the world worth?" she asked, turning her face to him. "If those who are so intimately concerned understand each other, it matters very little or nothing at all what other people say."

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"By the way, did you ever hear of the 'Row at the Lyceum'?" I think it was one of the funniest things ever done on the New York stage, and thoroughly in keeping with the reckless yet peculiar humor of John Brougham. The curtain rose on a crowded house on a scene at rehearsal. The actors and actresses were in their ordinary street dresses, apparently gathered in a green room preparatory to their daily labors.

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"Once upon a time a young man was convicted of a crime in this city and sentenced by Recorder Swift to the State Prison for three years. He made an A No. 1 record in prison, and was pardoned by Gov. Bagley a short time before the expiration of the term for which he had been sentenced. On his return to Detroit he found employment at \$5 a week in one of the largest wholesale and retail houses in the city. He conducted himself in an exemplary manner, and he began to believe that his lines had really fallen in very pleasant place, until one morning an ominous message came, informing him that he was wanted in the proprietor's office.

A DOWNSHIP ON THE TURF. The Paris correspondent of the New York Times describes the downfall of a gentleman who has just been detected in a bad action at Deauville. This sportsman, who ordered his jockey to "pull" his horse, was the Comte Stanislas de Clermont-Tonnerre, a member of one of the oldest and best of the noble families of France.

"During the evening, however, the book-makers heard that M. de Clermont-Tonnerre was betting against his own horse, and they immediately 'hedged,' but the outsiders went on laying their money at odds. Some of the friends of the owner of Mercaderie remonstrated with him for his conduct, and showed him the folly of his course in view of the rules of the Jockey Club, as well as of loyalty and honesty. The Count appeared embarrassed, but replied that the race would be a fair one. Yet he continued to bet against his horse, and half an hour before the start the employees were so well convinced of the intentions of the Count that they refused to saddle Mercaderie. The trainer retired and two or three of the jockeys with him, for fear of the regulations, but Goddard finally consented to the bargain proposed by the owner. Mercaderie was so much the superior that the jockey had to use visible efforts to keep him from winning up to the very last. M. de Bosta, who saw the prize won by his horse by fraudulent means. The social position of M. Clermont-Tonnerre is now completely ruined."

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"This is a mad world, my masters!" A French gentleman has recently paid \$15,000 for a collection of postage stamps. Another collection, containing 17,000 varieties, has been sold in London for \$4,000, and one of the Middlesex magistrates has refused an offer of \$4,500 for his postage stamps. A domestic Englishman presented himself, a fortnight ago, at the gates of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and in a state of uncontrollable excitement, shouted to the police officers that the Russian fleet was coming up the Thames, and not a moment was to be lost. The officers assured him that the newly-constructed batteries on the river were very strong, and that no danger was to be apprehended from the enemy. The poor gentleman was an army officer who had been acting as private secretary to a member of Parliament. Pop Milo, a relative of Prince Nikita, could not resist a morbid impulse to curse the Turks. He left the Montenegrin camp, rode down the hill, armed only with a sword, challenged the garrison of Niesitz to send out a champion whom he could meet in single combat, exposed his breast to show that he wore no armor, and swore at them up and down, right and left, forever and five minutes. While he was cursing his enemies, a bullet entered his heart. The Turks washed his face, combed his hair, cut off his head and sent it to the Montenegrin camp with the compliments of the season."

Correspondence.

NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL. Messrs. Editors:—During my residence in Paris one branch of my business was of such a nature that it was necessary for me to have intercourse with most of the influential journals of that city. The arrangements were unlike anything of the kind in this country, and as I have never seen or heard any written or verbal description of them, perhaps it will not be uninteresting to know that on the north side of the square or Place La Bourse (Exchange Square), in the row of fine, six-story buildings, there is a large house, over which is the sign "Bureau des Journaux."

THRILLING INCIDENTS.—Miss Jennie Frost of Council Bluffs, Ohio, who had a marvelous escape from the train that was wrecked on the Rock Island railroad last week, relates that one woman heroically rescued her six children, and then went to the aid of other sufferers, while another lady was terribly exercised over the loss of her cat, and could think of nothing else. One lady, who was in agony from a broken wrist, and a compound fracture of one of her legs, would not consent to have morphine injected into her arm because she feared it might hurt her. Another lady who was severely injured was offered a glass of brandy, but refused to swallow it, stating that she was a strict temperance woman and meant to stand by her principles, even if she died in the attempt. A little child clung to a window sill and kept her head above the surging waters until she was saved. A little girl lay for four hours with only her face out of the water, the corpse of a large man being stretched across her little body. It was supposed that she was dead, but a man who was "chopping out" the wounded thought he saw the little one's lips tremble. She was taken out covered with blood, her little stockings as red as if they had been dyed, and in a few hours she was as lively as a cricket, asking if anybody had seen her doll.

GLADSTONE'S MEMORY.—Mr. Gladstone's memory will compare with Macaulay's. Addressing the students of the Harward Grammar School the other day, he said: "When I was myself a very small child I went with my mother to visit a person very famous in her day and of known excellence—Mrs. Hannah Moore. I believe I was four years old at the time, and I remember that she presented to me one of her little books—not uninteresting for children—and that she told me she gave it to me because I had just come into the world and she was just going out."

BELONGED TO THE CHURCH.—One day Donald, a "Heilander," heard the swift notes of the bagpipe, and at once broke to dance in the most hilarious manner, but, curiously enough, on one foot. "Why, man," said a neighbor, "what is the matter with the other foot? Are you lame, Donald?" "O no; not lame," he answered, "but that foot belongs to the church." It has occurred to us at times, when we have observed rather peculiar transactions on the part of professing christians, that there must be a large number of one-legged church members in the world.

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LOVELY OBSCURITY FOR WOMEN.—The proposition to admit women to a voice in the election of vestrymen seems to have met with no favor in the Illinois Episcopal Convention lately, the subject having been laid on the table indefinitely. The fair sex in the church in that State is thereby relegated to what Mr. Canon Knowles called "that lovely obscurity which the true soul alone can appreciate," and to the congenial occupation of "rearing babies for the glory of God." If the ladies ever have a vote, and Canon Knowles ever becomes a candidate for Bishop, he'll be sorry he made that speech.

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A RIGHTIOUS JUDGMENT.—Judge Smith of New Orleans, has recently delivered an extra judicial, but recently righteous decision. James Cazenore, who has a wife and several children, courted Maggie Kern's younger sister, assuming the name of Joe Wagner, and representing himself as a single man. When the older sister heard that he was a married man, and was going about among his friends boasting of his conquest, she lay in wait for him, threw lime or flour in his face, and then knocked him down. The gay deceiver applied for an order of arrest, but the judge discharged the assailant with these words: "You have done just what you should do. As for this man, I have seen much of human meanness, but I never in my life have seen so much meanness in one of God's make. There is a man who assumes a name and represents himself as a single man, to make love to an unprotected young lady, and when her sister discovers that he is a fraud she punishes him herself, because she has no one else to do for her. He has the impudence to call in a court of justice and ask for redress. I am sorry that the law does not permit me to punish him as he ought to be. If you had beat him more severely he would have got just what he deserved."

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