



A MORMON MASQUERADE.—A QUARTETTE OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS DRAW THE KING OF THE CARNIVAL IN HIS CARRIAGE TO A MASKED BALL AT OGDEN, UTAH TERRITORY.

**A Mormon Masquerade.**

AN Ogden correspondent of the Salt Lake Tribune writes:

"I want to tell you in brief about our Mardi-Gras Masquerade ball at the Keeney House, last evening. About 100 couples participated, masked, besides many who enjoyed the festivities uncovered—that is to say, they had their store clothes hanging around them. The mere mention of a mask ball in this lively burg started every lover of fun and harmless amusement to try to outvie his friends in absurdities of dress.

"Among the most prominent pretty costumes and appropriately carried out, were Winter, by Mrs. Marks, having snowballs on hand, and delivering them with a precision that might be envied by the finest pitcher of a professional baseball club. All the seasons were well represented by other ladies, among the most pleasant being May and the Flower Girl, by Mrs. A. W. Brown, who is a petite and graceful lady naturally; she mastered her part to perfection.

"Mrs. William Cook, as Minnehaha, the dusky maiden of Longfellow's immortal 'Hiawatha,' was simply immense, dressed and carried out true to the poet's idea.

"Joe Wright, as the 'King' was drawn in a carriage from his fine residence by four beautiful girls to the hotel. He filled his places on the throne as naturally as though he had been Henry VIII.

"We had no Falstaff, but mine host, Monsieur Zeigler, was omnipresent, doing the grand to all his guests, while Brother Keeney was dispensing the liquid that cheers and not inebriates."

**A Child's Comedy.**

CHILDREN'S theatricals should have parental supervision. At some country house the other day, where the children had some afternoon theatricals, the scene went thus: Enter a knight-crusader, after ten years' absence at the war. "See, dear," he says, to his wife—"see the honors and decorations I have attained." "Thrice welcome, my lord," answered his tiny spouse. "Look!" holding up a curtain, showing her ten dolls, the smallest in a cradle—"look; I, too, have not been idle!"

**An Awful Picture.**

The following ghastly and sensational picture of Hell is from a sermon delivered in England by Rev. J. S. Furnis, and which was actually published and commended by the Church of England authorities for the instruction of the young:

"The roof is red-hot; the walls are red-hot; the floor is like a thick sheet of red-hot iron. See, on the middle of that red-hot iron floor stands a girl. She looks about sixteen years of age. She has neither shoes nor stockings on her feet. The door of this room has never been opened since she first set her foot on this red-hot floor. Now she sees

the door opening. She rushes forward. She has gone down upon her knees upon the red-hot floor. Listen, she speaks. She says: 'I have been standing with my bare feet on this red-hot floor for years. Day and night my only standing-place has been this red-hot floor. Sleep never came on me for a moment, that I might forget this horrible burning floor. Look at my burnt and bleeding

feet. Let me go off this burning floor for one moment—only for a short moment. Oh! that in this endless eternity of years, I might forget the pain only for one single moment.' The devil answers her question: 'Do you ask for a moment—for one moment to forget your pain? No, not for one single moment during the never-ending eternity of years shall you ever leave this red-hot

floor.'" Truly, the doctrine of eternal damnation must be a shaky one if it requires such rot as this above to prop it up.

**Mrs. Lincoln's Strange Pets.**

Two Lions in a House Living as Peace with the Inmates.

Most ladies choose a dog, a cat, a canary, or pony for a pet; but rarely does one hear of a lady's attaching herself to such strange pets as are now to be seen at Mrs. Lincoln's, 54 Howard Street, Boston. Living in the family are a couple of lions, twenty-one months old, brought up by the hand of Mrs. Lincoln. They are African lions, a species not easily reared in this country, but Mrs. Lincoln has succeeded, by the exercise of great care, in rearing them to their present age and size. The male weighs about 250 pounds, and the female perhaps fifty pounds less. They have been at the house on Howard Street since last September, and until within a month have had the "run of the place," going about the rooms with considerable freedom.

As a measure of caution the police thought the creatures should be restrained, and their quarters are now more limited than formerly, although they have a safe outdoor run and a room adjoining the kitchen, with only a strong wire-door separating the apartments. Mrs. Lincoln is as free with her pets as ladies are with their poodles. She plays with them; feeds them from her hands, and has taught them various tricks. They will kiss her at her bidding, jump through a hoop, etc. Before the police restrictions were placed upon them, the animals were accustomed to walk into the kitchen or parlor among guests, and go back to their quarters without offering harm to any one. A year ago the lioness used to occupy the same couch with the lady at night, but now she has grown too large to be taken upon a common bedstead. The animals are quite a curiosity, and, in their gentleness how plainly how potent is the law of kindness, even with the brute creation.

**A Fiend's Confession.**

The account by Gustave Labutat of the circumstances under which he lately killed his wife at New Orleans on account of unfounded jealousy, is one of the most horrible confessions on record. "I then told her," he says, "Your fate is sealed, but I will give you time to pray; and, God bless her, she did pray. After she had prayed, I put my arm around her waist, and, taking the knife from my pocket, I stuck it to the hilt in her stomach. I thought the first blow had killed her; but on finding she was not dead, I picked her up, kissed her, and said: 'God bless you, I love you; you are not dead; pray again, because I am going to finish you.' She placed her arms around my neck and said, 'Gustave, I love you.' Oh, God! it was the happiest moment of my life! I saw she was suffering, and, as I could not stand and see her suffer, I took the knife-blade, the handle being broken, and cut her throat."



MRS. LINCOLN'S STRANGE PETS.—A PAIR OF LIONS LIVING AS HOUSEHOLD PETS WITH A LADY IN BOSTON.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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**AN UNHAPPY MOTHER.**

Few persons are aware of the inner history of the scene that occurred in front of the New York Foundling Asylum upon Saturday last. A young *roué*-looking man in the garb of a gentleman, accompanied by a pale, interesting girl who held a babe tightly clasped to her bosom, alighted from a carriage which drew up near the asylum. It was evident that the infant was destined for the sad position of a foundling, and when the man snatched it

from the arms of the mother, the situation to the few lookers-on became dramatic in the extreme.

Yes, it had come to this. She had consented to part with the offspring of her shame, her child. Great Heaven, her child! The wily tongue that tempted her to the ruin of her young life, had urged her to do this.

Who can gauge the ghastly agony of a mother's feelings when compelled to part with her living child—compelled to deny herself its sunny smile, its winsome ways, its ecstatic ownership?

Mary Fanshaw was a bright, earnest, loving, confiding girl, when Harry Templeton first encountered her in a Broadway stage. It was a case of the old, old story. Their glance met by accident, her beauty inflamed him, he kept his eyes fixed upon her until she again encountered his gaze. She blushed, her heart yielding with one wild throbb. He quitted the vehicle when she alighted, followed, addressed her—respectfully, as is the tone of the seducer—and implored permission to see her again.

Poor child, this she accorded him. She a clerk in the drygoods store of Silktext, he the son of Templeton the Wall Street banker. At their subsequent meeting a visit to the theatre was proposed. Mary was charmed with the performance, and with the easy, refined elegance of her admirer, whose re-

spectful devotion was that of a pilgrim at the shrine of a saint. The theatre was again visited, and then came quail on toast, and champagne, and then — But why dwell upon man's perfidy and woman's trust. She fell as others fell, and fell every hour, despite warning strong as Holy Writ, vivid as the writing on the wall.

Satiated, her lover would have got rid of her, but she clung to him with all the passionate power of a woman's loving nature, clung to the man who gained her young affections, clung to the father of her child.

Harry Templeton, at first reckless with his money, as his passion cooled grew more careful, until at length he informed her that if she was desirous of retaining his affections, she must leave her brat, a lovely little dimpled cherub, with eyes like stars, and a smile of sunlight, at the Foundling Asylum.

This proposition filled the soul of the unwedded mother with horror and loathing.

"Never!" she gasped, white to the lips. "We shall see," was Templeton's rejoin-

der, as he brusquely quitted her. He remained away while she suffered unendurable torture. To part with her child! oh, the fire of agony in the thought! And yet he came not. He, her love, her idol, had asked her to do this.

Templeton, to whom the beauty of the wrecked girl was still a source of pleasure, resolved upon putting the child out of the way. Once in the asylum, any responsibility that might have rested upon him would cease.

After a lapse of several days he came to visit his victim. Came when her last letter informed him that she was willing to obey him in anything, even to surrendering her child to the unfeeling hands of strangers. "No whimpering," he sternly cried, "but bring the brat right along. Now!"

"Now!" gasped the miserable mother.

The babe was asleep in its cot, smiling as though the angels were whispering to it, when Mary, a mist of unshed tears in her eyes, and with a heart tortured unto death, tenderly lifted it, and, wrapping it in its little coverlid, clutched it convulsively to her breast.

She rode in silence beside her betrayer, sob after sob shaking her delicate, tender frame. There was no assuaging grief like this—solemn, sacred, profound. The hot tears like rain-drops fell upon the face of the babe who still slumbered, slumbered upon the breast that was its haven of refuge.

Upon arrival at the Foundling Hospital, Templeton snatched the infant from its mother.

Then came the wreck, the deadly awful wreck, and she uttered the stifled cry of some wretched animal.

She frantically staid his hand, and with a gaze with which her very soul seemed poured, she plunged her eyes upon the child so wildly loved, and now so soon to be parted with for ever. Who could gauge the depths of that



AN UNHAPPY MOTHER, FORCED BY HER BETRAYER TO ABANDON HER BABY AT THE DOOR OF THE FOUNDLING ASYLUM.



awful despair! "Harry, for God's sake leave me my babe!" she moaned, stretching forth her arms in soul-subduing supplication.

He heeded her not, and turned to deposit the infant upon the steps. With a wild shriek she sprang upon him, and ere he could realize the suddenness of the movement, she had snatched the child from his grasp, and, with the fleetness of a startled hind, had sped away out of sight.

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Any subscriber sending for five copies of either of our publications, at the full rates, to be sent to different addresses, will be entitled to an extra copy free.

OUR NEW OFFICE. We take pleasure in announcing that, having outgrown its present quarters, FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE will, about the middle of April, be removed from Pearl Street—where it has long been one of the landmarks of New York City—to Nos. 53, 55, and 57 Park Place, on the northeast corner of College Place, a point more convenient of access, and in every respect more eligible.

For several years the building—large as it is—which we now occupy has been so wholly inadequate, that removal to a vastly larger structure—one in which can be concentrated the multifarious branches of our enormously increased business—is not simply a matter of economical expediency, but one of absolute necessity.

A FEMALE ENOCH ARDEN turned up in Piedmont, N. Y., a few days ago in the person of Mrs. David Holzworth No. 1, who was deserted in Germany twenty years ago by her husband, who came to this country, married again, made and lost a fortune, and raised a second family.

THE WEEK. CAPITAL PUNISHMENT for murder has been restored in Iowa by a law just passed.

ANOTHER BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR, the *Eurydice*, has gone to the bottom with three hundred souls on board, and the usual verdict has been rendered by the coroner's jury: "Nobody to blame."

IT IS NOW ASSERTED that Judge Leonard, whose romantic trip to Cuba in pursuit of his lady-love and supposed death by yellow fever were reported some weeks ago, really died by his own hand in a fit of despair caused by the lady's rejection of his suit.

THEY HAVE A POETICAL PRISONER, Charles R. McGill, in jail at Cleveland, Ohio, for killing his mistress, Mary Kelly. He is writing his memoirs in which he graphically describes the murder, and quite frequently drops into poetry of a kind about equal to that of the Sweet Singer of Michigan.

THE LATEST DANGER to which working-girls are subjected is poisoning by the absorption of Paris green in making artificial flowers. Mary Ann Dougherty, aged thirteen, died a few days ago, in this city, from this cause; and some others, employed in the same factory, are suffering with similar symptoms.

It WOULD BE INTERESTING to see how the teetotalers would try to get around the following passage from the Bible, which is to be found at Proverbs xxxi. 6, 7: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more."

FOR THE PAST FIVE MONTHS there has been a vagrant named Alexander Campbell in the Tombs in this city, who, although only committed for ten days, has found himself so well pleased with prison life that he has managed to get overlooked when prisoners were being discharged and so has kept in his voluntary imprisonment. At last, however, he has been forced to leave, but he will probably soon turn up again on another commitment.

THEY HAVE A MINISTERIAL "lock-out," in Trenton, N. J., where the Clinton Avenue Methodist Church refuses to admit to the sacred edifice the Rev. W. H. Pearne, who has been regularly assigned to the church by the Conference. The power of the Bishops and the Conference in this denomination has hitherto been almost despotic, and it will be an interesting question to see if a congregation can maintain its own freedom of choice.

A NOVELTY IN THE ELOPEMENT of Mr. John Damon and Miss Sue Mers, of Aberdeen, Ky., a few days ago, was the planting of a couple of bullets in the prospective father-in-law by the impetuous Damon. The wounds were not serious, but they were enough to operate as a stay on the old gentleman's proceedings until the young couple were safely married. Then followed the usual programme of tears, supplications, and, finally, paternal benedictions.

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A NOVEL SORT OF BROKERAGE was undertaken by a miner, who was encountered at Kansas City a few days ago. He had prospered in the mines and was coming east to marry the girl he left behind him, and had agreed also to pick out a wife for his partner, who could not leave their joint property. He was asked what kind of an article he had been requested to select, and he replied in the language of his partner: "Harry, bring me a good, honest, sensible girl, who has no foolishness or show about—a girl what'll make an honest man an honest wife." These partners evidently mean business.

ANOTHER FRIGHTFUL lynching has disgraced the State of West Virginia. John Wallace, who had brutally murdered his sister-in-law, Mrs. George Wallace, her baby, and a young lady named Mary Church, was taken from jail by twenty-five maskers, dragged at a run for nearly a mile by a rope around his neck and then hung to a tree. It is supposed that he was dead before he was hanged, as his back was broken and he was frightfully mutilated. His crime was a horrible one, and he richly merited death; but still the authorities owe it to themselves to see that his illegal butchers are promptly taught that vengeance belongs to the law and not to them.

ONE OF THE LATEST EXPLOITS of the "finest police force in the world," is to be credited to Sergeant Woodruff of the Tombs Court squad. Having orders to raid a disorderly house and arrest the inmates, he executed the order in such a very literal and thorough way as to include in the arrest a very respectable carpenter, named Herman Benson, who happened to be doing some repairs in the attic. Mr. Benson then had a night in a station-house cell, a march through the streets with a gang of

the vilest criminals, and, finally, the satisfaction of being gruffly told by the magistrate that he could go home. He intends to sue for damages, and should be awarded an exemplary amount.

OCCASIONALLY, but it must be confessed, only once in a great while, is some good found in a tramp. About two years ago one of these nomads applied to a lady in Fort Wayne, Ind., for work. She very kindly furnished him with work, and, finding him a good hand, used her influence with her friends, who also gave him employment. This was the starting-point in the young man's life. A few days ago a nicely-dressed gentleman, wearing a silk hat, called at the lady's house and requested an interview. On being brought into the lady's presence, he made himself known as the tramp she had furnished employment, and said he had called to thank her for making a man of him.

A SOCIETY SCANDAL of the liveliest kind is expected soon to occupy the courts of London. A certain noble Earl has discovered the improper intimacy of his fair Countess with a certain gallant officer of the Horse Guards.

The scene opens in the wilds of Africa, where Mathilde, to search for his brother-in-law, a naval officer, who has chosen that continent as the theatre on which to effect a mysterious disappearance. As they advance they out-Stanley the Livingstone discoverer in slaying natives, and finally fall in with Sir Edward Stone, an Englishman, who is also journeying through the wilds (to rid himself of the spleen, presumably) with a large umbrella as his sole companion and weapon of offense and defense.

Sir Edward falls in love with Mathilde, and the savages obligingly kill her husband, leaving the road to her heart clear for himself and his umbrella. The newly-made widow accepts the Englishman's escort, and he guides her safely back to France, leaving the brother to search for himself if he insists on being discovered. The third act opens in France, and introduces to us some new characters. The Count de Varga, proprietor of a number of oil-wells, his son Carlos, a Doctor Morel, who gives more care to the science of aerial navigation than he does to his patients, and his daughter Alice. At this point things begin to get rather mixed. Carlos falls in love with Alice, but his father, for no apparent reason, refuses his consent. Sir Edward, with as little reason, is anxious the marriage should take place, and offers to settle upon Alice as a dowry a sum equal to that which the Count may consent to give his son. If the Count gives nothing, Sir Edward vows he will give twice as much. Mathilde perceives that Alice bears a striking resemblance to her lost brother, the naval officer. A locket, which she wears around her neck, has never been opened, and it occurs to her that this locket must surely contain a solution of the mystery. Ordinary people would suggest taking the locket to a jeweler; but our dramatist is not an ordinary man. He introduces a crazy woman, widow of a miner who has been killed at the wells. This woman sets fire to the wells, an explosion takes place, ten men are killed, Alice is almost killed—but the locket is open. To everybody's great joy it is proved that she is not her father's daughter, but the daughter of her mother's friend, the missing naval officer. Next comes the discovery that Carlos is not his father's son. Then it is learned that the Count de Varga is not the Count de Varga at all, but an ex-brigand, who had carried the refining influences of his art to the hitherto uncivilized regions of Central Africa, where he has slain the naval officer. When this is discovered, Sir Edward seizes the ex-brigand, throws him into the basket of Doctor Morel's balloon, and gets in himself.

"Where are you taking me to?" asks the brigand, with pardonable curiosity. "Up, up to the throne of eternal justice!" cries the Englishman.

Before the throne is reached, however, the brigand dies of apoplexy, the balloon bursts, and Sir Edward falls into the open crater of Vesuvius. Fortunately, the volcano is in a state of eruption, and he is cast forth in time to return to France and marry Mathilde before the curtain falls.

On another, and more serious stage, there has recently appeared a woman named Roxa, whose infamous career has been brought to a sudden end by the exertions of the police. Ordinarily she was an employment-broker, but her real business was that of a procuress. An album containing 300 photographs of young girls, together with a list of names and addresses, were found in her establishment. The majority of these, of course, were aware of her real character, and figured as regular clients, but many had no suspicion of her infamy, and applied to her in good faith to aid them in obtaining employment. A room adjoining her office, furnished in most luxurious style, and called the blue-room from the prevailing color of its furnishings, figures prominently in the complaints brought against Madame Roux. One of her victims was a young girl who had studied for the stage and had been promised an engagement. In the blue-room she was introduced to a stranger styling himself a theatrical manager, and the result is but too plainly told in the complaint made by her parents. Nor is this the only case. How many victims have been sacrificed to this woman's greed for gold will never be known, but the public is to be congratulated on the fact that her power for evil has been brought to an end.

A rather curious case has been brought to the attention of the police the other day. Two young girls, the eldest of whom is not over eighteen, were

her chisel is preparing for the Exposition; then the palette is taken up in turn, and painting succeeds sculpture. Her memoirs, her notes, her correspondence and rehearsals fill up the intervening time, and in the evening she appears before the crowded audience her genius has attracted, and ends the day amid the plaudits she has so nobly won. But a short while since, it is true, she was obliged by a dangerous hemorrhage from the throat to resign her rôle in "Hernani" to another, but at the Bressant farewell she again appeared, and her graceful, tender, gentle, and pathetic *Duclenona* won all hearts. At the Porte-St.-Martin we are promised the production of "Les Misérables" in the course of the next fortnight.

FLANBUR.

The rehearsals of "Balsamo" at the Odéon are progressing vigorously, and it is probable that the piece will be produced in the course of the present month. The costumes have been in preparation for over a year, and have cost \$10,000. It is rumored that Leonide Leblanc as Madame Dubarry will wear a *parure* of diamonds valued at \$50,000.

At the Theatre Historique there has appeared a drama which merits more than passing notice. It is called "La Ballon Morel"; or, "Morel's Balloon," and to call it extraordinary is to feebly depict the impression it creates on the spectator.

The scene opens in the wilds of Africa, where Mathilde, to search for his brother-in-law, a naval officer, who has chosen that continent as the theatre on which to effect a mysterious disappearance. As they advance they out-Stanley the Livingstone discoverer in slaying natives, and finally fall in with Sir Edward Stone, an Englishman, who is also journeying through the wilds (to rid himself of the spleen, presumably) with a large umbrella as his sole companion and weapon of offense and defense.

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acosted in the street by two strangers. They at first refused to pay any attention, but were finally induced to listen. The result was that they accompanied the man to a hotel where they remained until morning. The men had told them that they were Englishmen, boasted of being wealthy, and had promised each of the girls 2,000 francs. The story was told to the Commissary of Police at the station in the Rue Villiers by the girls themselves, who came there to seek the aid of their law in recovering the money which the "Englishmen" had failed to leave behind them when deserting. Signs of repentance can be heard issuing from behind the bars of the station in which they are now imprisoned.

FLANBUR.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Great London Show.

Fifty years have vanished in a twinkling, and I feel again a lad.

In brief, I have been to the circus, the Great London Circus at Gilmore's Garden.

And I met there a number of old fellows who were stars behind the footlights and under canvas a quarter of a century ago.

The scene opens in the wilds of Africa, where Mathilde, to search for his brother-in-law, a naval officer, who has chosen that continent as the theatre on which to effect a mysterious disappearance.

As they advance they out-Stanley the Livingstone discoverer in slaying natives, and finally fall in with Sir Edward Stone, an Englishman, who is also journeying through the wilds (to rid himself of the spleen, presumably) with a large umbrella as his sole companion and weapon of offense and defense.

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rolled over, climbed stairs, formed a pyramid, and did tricks which it would seem almost impossible for such clumsy animals to perform.

But the star of the evening was the bare-back riding monkey. He rode his horse with a ease and self-possession of an old performer.

The tumbler was numerous and of the proper india-rubber make, and all the accessories are complete.

After the performance was ended and the audience gone, it was amusing to see the veterans of the show-business gather around the great red iron stove, and by the light of a solitary lantern, which only served to make the darkness more intense, surrounded by restless hyenas, lions, tigers, elephants, wildcats, chattering monkeys, and all manner of strange beasts and birds.

When I left at midnight they were still at it.

FLIGH BINTVE.

DRILLING.

Swart Kitty asked with pleasing eyes— "Dear Charley, teach me, will you?"

"What, little one, you take command?" "I'm very sure I'm willing!"

"Stand over there, and sing out clear, like this: 'Squad, stand at ease!'"

"Present arms! Well, it does look odd; you don't believe I'd drill!"

"Now say, 'Salute your officer!'" "Oh, Charley! for shame, how can you?"

How Mexican Girls Dance.

A FEATURE of society in Presidio is the fandango, or evening dancing party, which is a characteristic of the population of all the rural districts of Mexico.

A QUEER STORY of Mesmerism. The Indianapolis Journal prints the following story in its correspondence from the town of Rensselaer, Ind.

Mr. WILLIAM F. HOWS has been appointed by Judge Donohue as the guardian of Mabel Leonard, a place of Frank Girard, resigned.

Mr. E. A. SOTHERN, accompanied by Linda Dietz and Mr. Holland, will leave for London, April 27th.

OUR late London files report that "Twelfth Night," with Miss Nelson, has failed at the Haymarket, and has been replaced by the "Hunchback," which the critics regard as better suited to the capabilities of Miss Nelson and the company.

FRANK J. HOWES, Joseph Cushing, and Andrew Cup, are using Jacob Lorillard, of this city, for money, and circus properties, which remained in his hands after the failure of the play to her mistress.

THE SUPERINTENDENT of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum has sent a handsome letter of thanks to Mr. Henry Abbey, of the Park Theatre, for the free theatrical entertainment given to the children of the institution.

ONE of the highest compliments Edwin Booth ever received was paid him by an old negro woman, a family servant, who went to see a performance of "Richard III." during Booth's visit to Savannah.

THE FOLLOWING story is told of Mr. Cha. Pope: "He was playing as the second gravedigger in 'Hamlet.' He had got into the grave, and while the first gravedigger was discussing skulls and decomposition with Hamlet, Pope slipped out under the stage to get a glass of beer."

MR. CHARLES POPP, on being called before the curtain at the Virginia City (Nev.) Opera House, said: "Ladies and gentlemen—I thank you kindly for your applause. To one who strives conscientiously to serve the public such a recognition of his efforts is both pleasing and desirable."

THE PAPERS in the suit of Mr. F. F. Mackay against the Chestnut Street Theatre Company have been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Common Pleas Court, and in a short time the case will be called for trial.

MISS MARGIE MITCHELL'S engagement at the Standard falls for a time longer. On Monday evening last she appeared as *Fineon*, and received a warm, cordial welcome.

THE FOLLOWING are the whereabouts of the parties named below during the present week: Frank E. Joray's company, with Genevieve Rogers, "Mad Mother," Philadelphia; Joseph Murphy and company, "Kerry Gow," Jackson, Mich.; Colville's Folly Company, New Orleans, La.; Grover's "Our Boarding House" combination, Jamestown, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, "Mighty Dutch," Leavenworth, Kan.; Augusta Daly's company, with Frank Davenport, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. J. "Franklin" combination, New York; Jarrett & Palmer's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe, Harrisburg, and Lancaster, Pa.; Union Square Company of New York, under Shook & Palmer, Chicago; John Thompson and company, Pittsburgh, Pa.; "Celebrated Cast" company, under J. W. Collier, Worcester, Mass.; "The Broken Pot," under J. W. Williamson, "Struck Oil," W. R. Palmer, manager, Buffalo, N. Y.; Kate Claxton and company, Mount Vernon, Ohio; John T. Raymond and company, Baltimore; Milton Nobles and company, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Robert Franz Panomime Company, Cincinnati, Ohio; Bryant's Minstrels, "Diana and Graciosa," N. Y.; "The Harrow of St. Louis," New Haven, Conn.; Emerson's Minstrels, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW opera, "Golden Cross," by Ignaz Brill, of Vienna, which has been produced by Carl Rosa's company at the Adelphi, has drawn very well. The scene is laid at Melun, near Paris, in 1812, at the period when Napoleon was about to lead his armies against Russia.

MR. ROBERT HELLER will give the last exhibition of his second night wonder this evening. It will be the last opportunity this season to see Miss Heller in her phenomenal performance. On Monday evening there will be an entire change of bill and a totally different style of entertainment.

P. T. BARNUM'S OWN and only greatest show on earth will have a grand opening at the American Institute building to-night. During the Winter Mr. Barnum has spent money lavishly in redecorating and reorganizing his immense establishment.

MR. ROBERT HELLER will give the last exhibition of his second night wonder this evening. It will be the last opportunity this season to see Miss Heller in her phenomenal performance. On Monday evening there will be an entire change of bill and a totally different style of entertainment.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE closes his engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre to-night, and on Monday evening demands the cross, and upon this scene the first act opens. There takes her brother's place. But they have many who still take the honors of war that, though Christina is a pretty girl, they will never receive the last of it for some time to come.

BRIGNONI and company are singing to large audiences in the Western cities. Di Muska has been engaged by De Vivo and is about to join the troupe.

with the golden cross. However, all the men of the village have returned, and none claim her promise, and the maiden is again delighted to find that *Contra* is her brother's substitute; but *Contra*, believing himself to be fatally wounded, had given the golden cross to a comrade, telling him that *Christina*, by his death, would be free from her promise. While *Christina* is agitated by conflicting emotions *Sergeant Bonnard* comes to the village with the golden cross, and justifies offering himself as a bridegroom. But soon the claims of true love assert themselves, and *Contra* and *Christina* are made happy. The opera was founded upon a little French comedy popular in Germany thirty or forty years ago, written by Brazier and Moitteville, and entitled "La Croix d'Or," and more than one adaptation of the story has been performed upon the English stage.

THE METROPOLITAN STAGE.

THE SAN FRANCISCO Minstrels present their usual excellent bill. Bobby Newcomb was added to the company on Monday evening and had a very pleasant reception.

ELVES are in great demand for George Fawcett Rowe's "Elves," and as these animals are scarce, small mules with antlers strapped to their heads have proved admirable substitutes.

AMONG the English actresses who are coming over next season are: Ada Cavendish, Agnes Robertson, and very probably Adelaide Neilson, who is said to have made in England \$12,000 this season, against \$7,500 she made in this country last season.

J. A. MEADE, a good comedian, has left the Rigold-Henry V. party; driven out of it, as he alleges, by the bullying brutality of Mr. Rigold.

"A CELEBRATED CASE" still attracts large audiences at the Union Square Theatre, and will probably hold the boards for some weeks to come.

THE coming week should be a lively one in the dramatic world. The theatres are offering bright and varied attractions, and all tastes can be gratified—sad, romantic, emotional, or simply laughable.

JOSEPH NORRIS, known as Mr. Norcross, of Bryant's Minstrels, has married on the 17th inst., Miss Mary A. Wambold, niece of N. S. Wambold, of the San Francisco Minstrel. Her father was formerly Superintendent of Police in that city. Mr. Norris joined his troupe with his bride at Poughkeepsie the next day.

MISS MARGIE MITCHELL'S engagement at the Standard falls for a time longer. On Monday evening last she appeared as *Fineon*, and received a warm, cordial welcome.

THE trained Broncho horses are still the attraction at the New York Aquarium, and are drawing good houses every afternoon and evening. The great crush is over, and people can sit comfortably while witnessing their remarkable performances. The Chimpanzee has entirely recovered from its recent sickness, and is now bright and lively. All the rare fishes, birds, and monkeys remain, and are on exhibition daily.

TONY PASTOR is rapidly organizing his company, and will soon start out on his usual Summer tour of the country. Tony is popular everywhere, and wherever he stops, no matter whether the town is large or small, is sure of crowded houses. During the few weeks left him in New York, he will offer a succession of particularly attractive bills, charging regular every Monday. He has, without exception, the best organized and best managed variety show in this city, and his great success is due entirely to his untiring energy and excellent managerial judgment.

MR. ROBERT HELLER will give the last exhibition of his second night wonder this evening. It will be the last opportunity this season to see Miss Heller in her phenomenal performance. On Monday evening there will be an entire change of bill and a totally different style of entertainment. There is no more select and fashionable place in the city than the cozy, handsome hall in which Mr. Heller performs his wondrous tricks, and the audience is always well pleased, satisfied, and anxious to come again. His superb piano playing is one of the most delightful features of the entertainment, and his feats of prestidigitacion are always fresh and new.

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A RAY OF SUNSHINE IN PRISON LIFE.

VISITORS' DAY AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.—A MOMENT OF CHEER FOR A CONVICT AND HIS FAMILY.—SEE PAGE 407.

MY LOST LOVE.

Is my heart there is a feeling o' unrest,  
A longing for something I cannot find;  
And ever there's a burden on my mind;  
A secret sorrow hiding in my breast.

A sorrow, which I dare not now reveal,  
Which, though oft bidden, still will not depart;  
Nor can I banish from my aching heart  
The feelings of unrest which o'er it steal.

In vain I seek from sorrow a respite;  
I strive in vain, my heart from care to free;  
But peace, alas! I find is not for me,  
Nor does the future seem for me more bright.

I have lost that I prized all things above;  
It vanished like the spirit of a dream;  
Now does the earth a dreary desert seem,  
Since I cannot reclaim my lost, lost love.

THE EXILES.

Translated from the Celebrated Russian Novel written by the PRINCE JOSEPH LUBOMIRSKI, upon which the Drama of "THE EXILES" is founded.

CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR MULLER DE MULLERHAUSEN.

The heavy fog had by degrees become a pouring rain. The large, half-frozen drops splashed upon the pavement.

Without his hat and without his spectacles Schelm turned into the first street he came to, after leaving his house, along which he pursued his way pale, haggard, and seemingly regardless of the direction he took.

The terrible blow which his self-esteem and his vanity had received had aroused all the evil passions within him, and so full of burning rage was he, that he had no power to concentrate his thoughts upon any plan of revenge, although a general and undefined idea of some terrible retribution filled his heart and his brain. He knew that the surest way to bring about this retribution would be through the Ministry of the Interior, and mechanically he bent his steps toward his lair.

The water rolled from his bare head and saturated his garments; his thin hair hung in greasy, ragged patches; his throbbing temples, large drops of water streamed from his eyes and mingled with the rain, and his despair rendered him more hideous and repellent than ever.

It was not before he had accomplished half of the distance to the Ministry that his excitement had passed sufficiently away to enable him to partly collect his thoughts.

"Such is life!" he muttered bitterly to himself. "But last night I hoped to be rich and powerful! To-day, within two hours, all my dreams have vanished, all my plans have crumbled to dust!"

The thought increased his excitement, and he once more quickened his pace.



THE EXILES.—"ALL AT ONCE MULLER, WHO HAD NOT SPOKEN UNTIL NOW BUT QUIETLY WATCHED ALL THAT HAD OCCURRED, WENT OVER TO NICHOLAS, AND, ARRESTING HIS HAND, SAID, 'STOP, NEIGHBOR! EVERYTHING IS NOT LOST YET. DON'T BE DESPERATE!'"

"Lanine!" he went on muttering. "Lanine, aide-de-camp to the Emperor! Lanine married to Mademoiselle Verénné! Lanine! That name is a stumbling-block in my way!" and a wicked smile curled his thin lips as he spoke.

"The 28th of October," he continued to himself, "is an unlucky day for me. I shall remember it. Yes, and I shall remember their names as well. Curse them!"

He strode on now, more rapidly still, repeating to himself as he went along:

"Lanine! Palkine! Verénné!"

Suddenly he was recalled to himself by hearing his name spoken.

A low voice close by had given utterance to these words:

"Zounds! It is he. It is Schelm. Ho, Schelm!"

Schelm, who had few friends, was astonished to hear himself called so familiarly, and gazed around him in the darkness.

He was opposite the Ministry, and after a moment his eyes distinguished in the dim light the form of a man leaning against the building under a part of the wall which, projecting over the sidewalk, formed a sort of balcony.

He was miserably dressed; his coat was faded and weather-stained; so were his trousers, much too short; so were his dilapidated boots; so was his lean and attenuated figure, his pale and eager, yet not unhandsome, face.

As he saw that the Chief of the Bureau of Justice had recognized his presence, he cried, with a smile of affected gaiety:

"Yes, I am not mistaken. It is really Schelm. What a meeting!"

Schelm made a gesture of disdain, saying:

"Who are you? I do not know you!"

"What do you know me!" the man exclaimed.

"Bah! To be sure, it is ten years since we saw each other before, but you can't forget your old college chum, and only friend—Müller. Not remember me! Müller of Müllerhausen? Come, come, Schelm, that won't do."

The Chief of the Bureau of Justice was evidently anything but delighted at this unexpected interview, and he seemed determined to cut it short by abruptly turning away toward the entrance of the building.

But this did not suit the purpose of Monsieur Müller, for as Schelm passed him he reached out his arm, and, seizing him by the skirt of the coat, drew him, not roughly, beside himself against the wall and under shelter from the rain.



A MURDERER'S TRAGIC FATE.—SCENES OF THE FLIGHT AND SUICIDE OF AH-SAM, THE MURDERER OF MR. AND MRS. SARGENT, AT AUBURN, PLACER COUNTY, CAL.—SEE PAGE 407.



"Now, don't be in such a hurry, Schelm," he said coaxingly. "I know that in the condition you seem to be in, it is scarcely pleasant to be recognized by old friends, but never mind, Schelm, I am as badly off as you! Just look at me! Look at this hat, these pantaloons, this coat! I am a ruined man, Schelm, completely ruined. I suppose you are delighted to hear it, for we were always alike in our sentiments. It really made me happy to see you as unfortunate as myself, for I thought, 'I am not the only miserable devil among those who began life with me.' My friendship for you is greater than ever, now that I realize your misfortune, and I suppose you are animated by the same sentiments!"

Schelm still felt far from being reconciled to the meeting, but he resigned himself to it, though his resignation was like everything he did, coarse and brutal.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"To shake you by the hand!" was the suave, yet half-ironic reply. To tell you my history since we left the law-school; to hear yours, and then to say good-by again for ten years more, perhaps. Alas! my poor friend, life has been no great shakes for either of us. I inherited a fortune, and I enjoyed it, while it lasted. I lost it, and I have since then lived in a state of wretchedness. This happy state of affairs continued five years. Then one day I woke from my pleasant dream to find myself alone, without a penny, without friends, without connections, without a future. Since then, for five years I have tried everything, and the result has been—nothing! I have endeavored earnestly and honestly to better my condition by legitimate means, but I have done so in vain. I have been guilty of no action not scrupulously honest! Perhaps it is this which has closed the door against me. At any rate, for three days I have eaten nothing but dry bread and cucumbers. To-day I am ready for anything. I believe that if I saw an opportunity to rob, I should rob! If I could gain anything by lying, I would lie! If murder would serve my turn I would be an assassin. Hunger is hard to bear."

Schelm listened with attention to this tirade of his ex-school-fellow, and when he had finished the chief shrugged his shoulders, looked him keenly in the face, and brutally asked:

"What is all this to me?"

"You were always an amiable creature," Müller responded. "I thought that the relation of my little story would give you a certain pleasure. And then as all kindness is not yet dead within me, and as I really would not do evil unless I were well paid for it, I felt a particular pleasure in meeting an old friend as badly off as myself, whom I could take by the hand; for my dear Schelm, if I had met you rich, successful, and happy, I should never have thought of accosting you. But your looks, your dress, gave me assurance—"

"What!" Schelm exclaimed. "Who informed you that I was poor, unsuccessful, or wretched? Bah! I occupy a brilliant and high position, and I have fifteen thousand roubles a year. If it gives you any pleasure to know this, why, enjoy it!"

"Bah!" Müller cried. "That is quite another thing, and you can lend me twenty-five roubles?"

"Twenty-five roubles! What for?"

"I'll tell you," Müller replied coolly. "The annual supper of the old students of the law-school takes place to-night, of which I suppose you, like myself, have received notice. I know you won't go, Schelm, you never do. But I never miss one of them, for the reason that it is the only place I can go to where I am sure of meeting kindness and sympathy. Every position I have ever obtained I have got through the influence of my old comrades whom I have met there. 'Now,' he continued, putting his hand familiarly upon Schelm's shoulder, "I wish to go to-night for the last time. It will cost me twenty-five roubles to pay for my supper and hire suitable clothes. Will you lend me the money?"

Schelm disengaged himself brusquely, and replied, in a frigid, calm, and chilling tone:

"My dear Monsieur Müller, every one for himself in this world. That is my motto, and I adhere to it rigidly. I never do a service for any one who cannot be useful to me in return. Now, what can you do for me? Nothing! You could not even pay me back the twenty-five roubles. Your request proves you to be a beggar. I don't like beggars! Go about your business, and never recognize me again in future."

And leaving Müller very much crestfallen, he entered the building.

"Charming man!" Müller muttered. "Well, there is nothing left for me but to apply to Vladimir; for go to this supper I must," and streaming with wet and shivering with cold, Müller left the place and turned into a side-street.

Meanwhile Schelm, his anger rather increased than diminished, mounted the large staircase. It was nine o'clock at night, and but few of the clerks were still in their offices. The old decorated soldier still slept in his bench.

Schelm traversed the gallery rapidly, and taking a key from his pocket, opened the door of his cabinet.

The lamp had been extinguished, and the fire was smoldering upon the hearth, so that the immense room was dark and icy cold. He looked around him, uttered a formidable oath, and then rung his bell and waited a few seconds. No one came. Then, exasperated, Schelm rang again, violently.

The soldier, only half awake as yet, appeared at the door. The eyes of Schelm shone in the obscurity and the outline of his figure was vaguely seen in the dim light of the corridor. The soldier evidently took him for some frightful apparition, and made the sign of the cross.

"What is the reason, brute, that you have not lit my lamp and attended to my fire?" vociferated Schelm. "You know that it is your duty, and that I come here often at night!"

"I received no orders from the attendant, Your Excellency."

"Call him! Tell him to come here instantly!" The soldier seemed to hesitate.

"Why don't you obey me?" Schelm thundered. "Rebel! Miserable wretch! A hundred lashes! Go at once, or you shall die under the lash!"

"But, Your Excellency," the old soldier stammered, "the attendant has not yet come back from dinner."

"What! So, so! This is the way the Ministry of the Interior is served! Who is on duty to-day?"

"Monsieur Popoff, Your Excellency."

"Very well! Popoff, eh! I know him. Send the chief of his department here immediately—department No. 7; do you hear? Then come back immediately and light the fire and the lamp, or this time you shall not escape a whipping!"

The soldier disappeared on the run, while, like a gnome, Schelm remained in the darkness, which was now complete, and, throwing himself into a chair, began to reflect. Alone, face to face with himself, all his past life seemed to pass in review before him. He thought of his youth, of the law-school, of his old companions.

"What has become of them?" he asked himself. "Ah, they are more happy to-day than I!"

These memories which ordinarily soften men's natures seemed to provoke Schelm's exasperation still more.

"Oh, if I could make them suffer as I have suffered to-day!" he groaned through his set teeth.

The soldier returned, bringing a light, and with him entered the Chief of Department No. 7.

"Ah, it is you, monsieur?" Schelm cried. "Your men behave themselves well, truly? It is nine o'clock and they have not returned from dinner! I shall strike your name from the list of rewards. As for Popoff, you will discharge him at once."

The Chief of the Department was about to speak to excuse himself and palliate the neglect of his subordinate, but Schelm closed his mouth by exclaiming brutally:

"I will listen to nothing. Go!"

The lamp which the old soldier had lighted, now lit up the room, and the flames began to roar upon the hearth, and though Schelm was cold and ill at ease, he sat at his desk and essayed to work. He took up a paper and began to read it, but his thoughts were not on it, and a shiver ran through him.

Laying down the paper, he muttered:

"No, I cannot. What if I went to this supper Müller spoke of," he said, after a pause. "Now that I think of it, I have not dined to-day."

He reflected a moment, and then rang his bell. The old soldier appeared almost instantly.

"It is impossible to work in this room," he growled. "Send for a carriage."

The restaurant Dusanx was brilliantly lighted, for the grand dining-room had been engaged for the annual supper of the graduates of the law-school.

The servants making a great do, were running from salon to kitchen and from kitchen to salon, carrying plates, bottles, and glasses. The grand dining-room was occupied by forty persons sitting at a long table. The conversation was lively and animated. A few places were still unoccupied. Müller, who was the last comer, had an empty chair by his side, and next to him on his left sat Vladimir Lanine.

The report had just commenced when Schelm entered and cast his suspicious and lynx-like eyes over the group at the table, while in return all eyes were directed toward him.

His mean appearance and repugnant face seemed to make a blot in the midst of the brilliant assemblage and the richly-decorated room.

The gathering was for the most part composed of young men, elegant and refined, and they examined with no little curiosity the newcomer for a few moments, and then each, turning away with a disdainful smile, seemed to consign him to forgetfulness.

Meanwhile his hasty glance convincing him that he knew no one present whose face he could see, he advanced and seated himself in the first vacant chair which he observed.

Müller, who was engaged in a lively conversation with his neighbor, had not looked up upon Schelm's entrance, and as his chair was placed with its back to the door, he had not perceived him; but when his attention was attracted by the noise which Schelm made in taking his seat, he turned suddenly toward him, their eyes met, and both started simultaneously in surprise.

"You here!" Müller exclaimed. "So you have remembered at last that you are a graduate of the school."

"And you have managed to obtain the money," Schelm answered.

"Yes," Müller replied, in confidential tones, "from one who is not, however, an old comrade or classmate, but who came to my aid, and here I am. But never mind, let it go. Eat and drink—I say, Lanine," he continued, turning to his neighbor, "pass me the champagne."

Schelm, trembling in every limb of his body, seized Müller by the arm, and whispered in his ear:

"By what name did you call your friend?"

"Oh! It was he who advanced me the money," Müller answered.

"Yes, yes," Schelm replied impatiently; "but his name! What is his name?"

"Lanine, Vladimir Alexandrovitch."

"Do you know him well?"

"He is, I may say, my only comrade, and the only friend who would help me in the world."

Schelm lowered his voice still more, and placed his lips still closer to Müller's ear as he murmured:

"I was wrong to treat you as I did to-night, and I was wrong in supposing you could not be useful to me. You can. We can serve one another. You acknowledged that you were willing to do anything if you were well paid, and I have need of you. It will be a thousand, and, perhaps, two thousand roubles in your pocket, if we are agreeable, and I shall shake his hand warmly."

But Müller withdrew his hand, saying:

"What I said to-night I said when I was hungry and cold. Now I find myself in this elegant, well-lighted, warm room, with a good supper before me. That makes all the difference. So before I promise, I must know what you want me to do."

"Bah!" Schelm answered. "Come and see me on Friday at the Ministry of the Interior. We

can talk there more at our ease, and I will tell you what I expect of you."

He will not have a penny from now till then," Schelm thought to himself, "so he will be sure to come, and he will not be so independent."

"I will come," Müller answered; "but how shall I find you?"

"Ask for the Chief of the Bureau of Justice, at the Ministry of the Interior."

"The devil! Are you attached to the cabinet of His Excellency?"

"I am the Chief of the Bureau of Justice in the Department of Political Affairs."

"Oh, that makes all the difference. I'll be sure to come."

"Will you present me to your friend?"

"Certainly," Müller replied, and tapping Vladimir upon the shoulder, who turned at once toward him, said:

"A gentleman desires to make your acquaintance. Monsieur Ouzre Schelm, the Count Vladimir Lanine."

"Oh, if I could make them suffer as I have suffered to-day!" he groaned through his set teeth.

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A STARTLING RECOGNITION.—AN ACCEPTED SUITOR RECOGNIZED AS THE BETRAYER OF A YOUNG GIRL, AND REJECTED BY HER MISTRESS.—SEE PAGE 407.



A TERRIBLE TALE OF A TRAIL.  
SAD CASUALTY ON A LONDON STAIRWAY—A LOVELY WOMAN'S SKIRT STRIPPED OFF BY A CLUMSY GENTLEMAN WHO TROD ON HER TRAIL.—SEE PAGE 411.









A FLY-BY-NIGHT COMPANY AND ITS UNFORTUNATE ENDING—A PARTY OF ACTRESSES DISPOSSESSED OF THEIR LODGINGS AFTER A PERFORMANCE.

**A Fly-by-Night Company.**

The ups and downs of an actress's life are well shown in the history of the brief career of a dramatic company which left this city less than two weeks ago, to play spectacular pieces in towns and small cities through the Eastern States. For the first two or three nights all went well, and the party were in high glee, anticipating lots of fun and a very profitable trip; but suddenly business fell off, the receipts did not meet the daily expenses, they lost confidence in the manager, and gloom took the place of merriment.

Finally, when salary-day came, the treasury was empty; but, urged by the manager, they consented to play for two nights more in another piece, hoping their luck would change. It did, and the second night they had a well-filled house. At the close of the performance, though, the manager did not appear, and it was soon learned that he had run away with all the funds, leaving his company without five dollars between them, and over one hundred miles from home.

The young ladies, sad and disheartened, returned to their boarding-house, but here a worse disappointment assailed them, for the landlady, not receiving her money when it was due, and all promises made to her having been broken, thought it was all a plot to swindle her, and in her anger had put their trunks on the sidewalk and locked the door on them. There they sat on their trunks, crying and sobbing, until morning, when some gentlemen, who had seen them at the theatre, chanced to pass that way. Their sympathies were aroused. They went among their friends, and in a little time collected money enough to give the poor girls a good warm breakfast and pay their fares back to New York. They do not propose again to try their fortunes with a fly-by-night company.

**A Negro Sold at the Block.**

The Legislature of Kentucky have revived the institution of slavery in a modified form, by an

act which is now a law in that State, and which decrees that the services of any person convicted of being a vagrant shall be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for six months.



A NEGRO SOLD AT THE BLOCK AT HICKMAN, KENTUCKY, IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE VAGRANT ACT.

The first instance of the application of the new law was witnessed a few days ago at Hickman, Ky., where the services of a negro named John Cooper were sold by Mr. James Barksdale, auctioneer. As the poor vagabond was critically examined by the assembled planters, and afterward placed on the block while the auctioneer's voice rose and fell announcing the bids, it would have been easy for a spectator to imagine that he was back in the ante-bellum days before the Emancipation Proclamation was ever heard of, and when the "domestic institution" was in the height of its glory.

It is probable that the action of this law will be confined to colored vagrants, but it would be a curious example of "Time's strange revenges" if a white man, or still worse, a white woman, should some day be put up to be thus legally sold into slavery, and be purchased by some coal-black negro who might happen to have money enough to indulge his fancy in that way.

**An Unsteady Ghost.**

Every effort had been made to keep the story quiet, but it was too good to be lost and naturally leaked out. A young gentleman who was of the party, while in the restaurant of the Sturtevant House, and a little mellowed by wine, a few evenings since, in an unguarded moment, told it all.

Within the sacred precincts of Murray Hill, a dramatic association was formed last Fall, composed entirely of the elite of that exclusive locality. They would not have modern society plays, light frivolous comedies, or anything of that sort; nothing would suit them but good solid Shakespeare. For a long time they were uncertain

which play to select. They met, read, and exchanged opinions, but could not decide, until finally Edwin Booth came to New York to play an engagement at the Theatre he built. They went to see him in a body and were captured. His romantic rendition of the character of the melancholy Dane at once settled the question, and at the next meeting it was unanimously agreed to open with the play of "Hamlet."

Rehearsals were at once commenced, but held during the afternoons, so that the to-be-actors and actresses could visit the theatre in the evening, and a goodly number of dollars dropped into the box-office of Booth's Theatre nearly every night, paid by members of the association who went to study the plays.

At last the all-important night of the first performance arrived. The theatre was brilliantly lighted inside, but on the outside only one light was burning, for it was for the entertainment of only those who belonged to the aristocracy, and they did not wish to attract the attention of the multitude. A young broker, well-known in Broad and Wall Streets, assumed the part of Hamlet, and a Thirty-fourth Street belle that of Ophelia. The Queen was played by a comely matron, the mother of several accomplished and marriageable daughters, and the part of the Ghost was assigned to a jovial, genial gentleman, not unfamiliar with the coal-trade and the hallways of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It so happened, too, that the Ghost was in love with one of the Queen's daughters, all of whom were on this occasion clustered in a stage-box, and the young lady smiled upon his suit.

The play commenced and all went smoothly



A BABY'S ADVENTURE.—DROPPED IN LOSS CREEK, ALA., AND FLOATING FORTY MINUTES WITHOUT INJURY.

wings, and, most unfortunate of all, since that night the young lady has refused to see her unlucky lover, and the match is broken off.

**A Baby's Adventure.**

A FEW days ago two ladies were crossing Loss Creek, Ala., on horseback, one of whom carried a baby. When toward the middle of the stream the mother became dizzy and dropped the infant into the water. Both ladies screamed for assistance, but, none coming, they rode off to the nearest house and got some men out. The baby was found floating a mile below the crossing, after an exposure of forty minutes, with its face upward, fast asleep. It was well wrapped up, and the clothes had kept it from sinking.

**A San Francisco Ghost-Story.**

THE boys in the upper part of San Francisco have a good joke on a well-known citizen who saw a ghost while walking along a lonely highway at midnight. The ghost stood exactly in the middle of the road, and the wayfarer, deciding to investigate, poked it with his umbrella. The next instant he was knocked twenty feet into a mud-hole. Moral—Never poke an umbrella at a large white mule when its back is turned.

**Mexican Ladies.**

A GLANCE at Mexican social life, considering the uncertainty and anarchy that prevail, is interesting. The people dance and sing, fast and pray,



AN UNSTEADY GHOST.—THE MELANCHOLY TERMINATION OF AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF "HAMLET."

until it was time for the appearance of the Ghost, then there was a long wait. Finally he did appear, walking very unsteady, and a not immediately Hamlet was heard to say:

"Great Heaven! he's drunk." The Ghost tottered forward a couple of steps and commenced: "I am thy—hic—father's g—hic—gho—"

The sentence was never completed, for at that moment the poor Ghost lost his balance and fell over backward plump into the arms of his fair innamorata.

The girls screamed. Hamlet fled, the Queen forgot her part and rushed to the box, the audience burst out in roars of uncontrollable laughter, and in the midst of the confusion the curtain fell.

The Ghost, encased in his tin armor, could not rise until four stage hands entered the box, lifted him up, and took him to his dressing-room.

During the rest of the evening the box was empty, and the part of the Ghost was read from the



INVESTIGATING THE "GHOST."



THE "GHOST" OBJECTS TO THE INVESTIGATION.

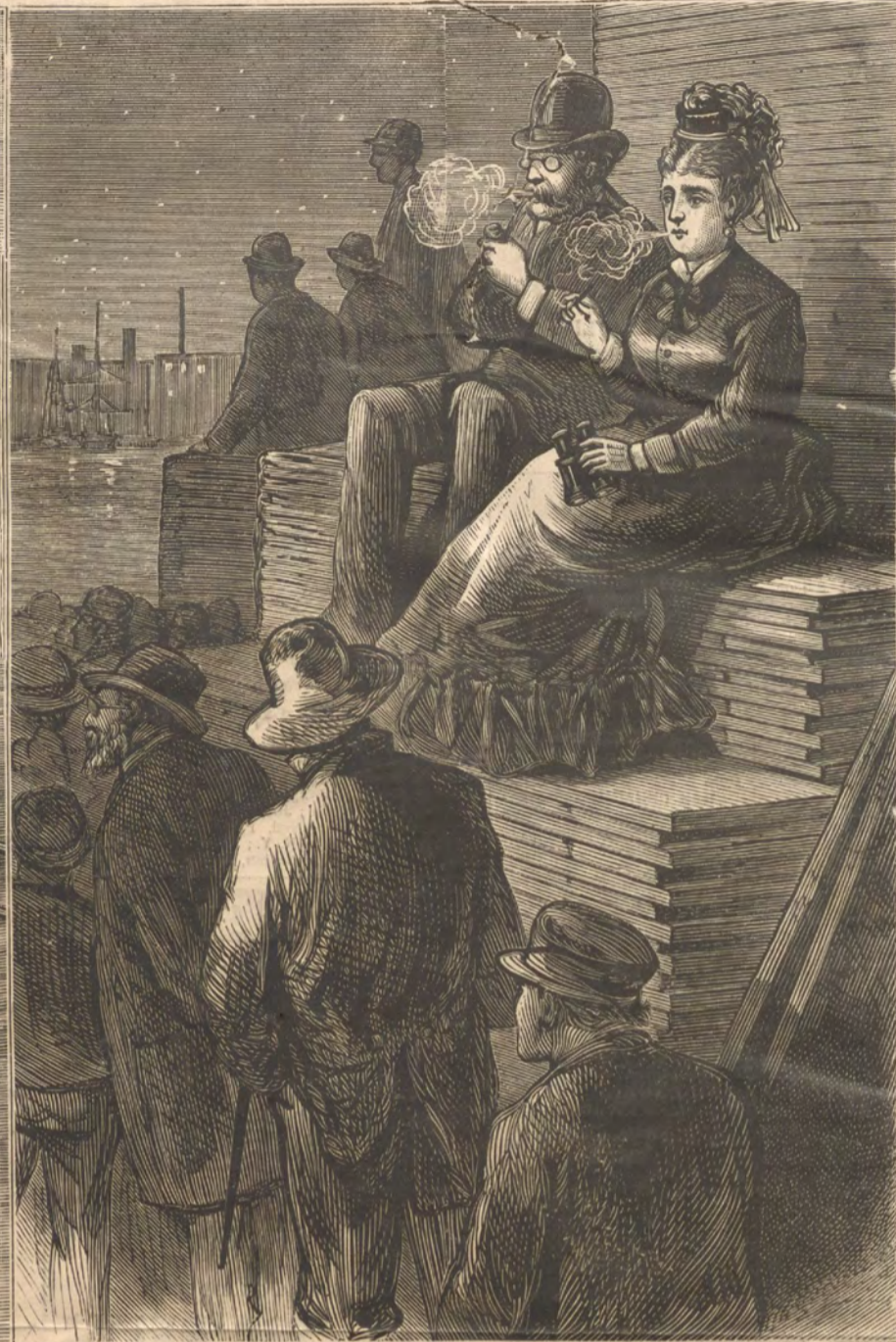
A SAN FRANCISCO GHOST-STORY.

as if the world knew nothing but peace. Every night the Plaza is filled with people, young and old. The senoritas walk up and down with that grace and queenly stateliness which none other but Spanish women, or Spanish-American women, are capable of. Even the Indian women who are just tintured with Spanish blood walk with an air of ease and elegance that fascinates the beholder. Their shawls are thrown gracefully over their shoulders and around the head, and the rich, large, black eyes peer out with tender glances. The more one sees of these Spanish women, when they are young, beautiful, and unsophisticated, the better he likes them. The war spirit does not seem to affect them; for they are as kind-hearted and as loving as if they were brought up in the garden of paradise. They sometimes sit together on the seats in the Plaza, at the twilight hours, and chant soft and sweet Spanish love-songs with a pathetic tenderness which would infatuate the most stony-hearted person. In their homes they are









THE CAPTURE OF "OLD SHEP'S GHOST" BY THREE OFFICERS OF THE RIVER POLICE OFF EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET.

MEMBERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY WATCHING FOR "OLD SHEP'S GHOST" ON THE THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET PIER.

AN EAST RIVER GHOST MYSTERY AND ITS SOLUTION.

An East River Ghost Mystery.

There was a lively sensation in this city last week over the discovery of what was reported to be a genuine ghost. The fact that the apparition was vouched for by a number of policemen who ought to be the last to be deceived on such a subject, and was gravely watched for by some leading members of the Theosophical Society seemed to give importance to the mysterious event, and for a time there was no little excitement and curiosity in regard to it all along the East River front.

About a month ago a night-watchman, named Joseph B. Sheppard and familiarly known as "Old Shep," was found drowned in the East River at the foot of Thirty-eighth Street, near which place his boat had been. Soon after it was reported that he or his spirit had been seen walking his old boat as naturally as when alive. Officer Thomas Kilbride of the Twenty-first Precinct was certain that he had seen the ghost one night while he was on duty, and that it faded into thin air when spoken to.

The ghost had also been seen, as was certified by many persons, in the shape of a cadaverous human figure, emitting a brilliant but unearthly light, and hovering above or floating upright on the river.

Officer Kilbride said that he had himself seen the wonderful light about the pier at midnight. He described it as about double the size of the light of a street-lamp, flying about on the edge of the water at midnight, then making suddenly for the middle of the river and disappearing. The officer was as positive about the man and the light as possible. He has been on the force a long time, and Captain Murphy says that he is a brave man.

While the excitement over these mysteries was at its height, the two leading spirits of the Theosophical Society—Colonel H. S. Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky—determined to make an investigation. They drove in a carriage to the Thirty-first Precinct Police Station, and from thence, accompanied by Captain Murphy and half a dozen reporters, they drove to the wharf.

At 11:50 the party reached the haunted pier, and in a few minutes a great crowd had collected. None of the neighboring watchmen, however, could be coaxed to approach the spot. It is a fine place for a ghost-walk. A narrow lane, between two great rows of tall lumber piles, leads from the street to the river-side. The bank, which is washed into drifts and tunnels, runs abruptly down to the wharf, which is eight or ten feet lower than the surrounding ground. All around are tall lumber piles. On the left, jutting out from the wharf, is the skeleton of an old pier, about twenty feet square. The planking long ago decayed and dropped off, and the timbers only are left. It was under this skeleton pier that the body of the watchman was found lying upon its face on a great rock, the back of the head entirely out of the water. His hat lay upon the bank. It is from under the old pier, too, that the lights are said to have come.

When questioned about her experience in the

returning of departed spirits to the earth, Mme. Blavatsky replied that the spirits of men of great genius might return to invest the spirits or souls of their friends.

"But this man was not a genius," was replied. "He was a decrepit old man, and a bummer."

"That is just the reason," said Mme. Blavatsky, deftly rolling a cigarette between her fingers and lighting it, "why his spirit returns in this shape. If he had been possessed of a great mind, he would not have returned in bodily shape; he would have come mentally. You mustn't laugh while you're

waiting for the ghost," Mme. Blavatsky continued. "Seriously, you never can see any spirits when you laugh. This is a good night for a phenomenon. The moon helps it, and it is dry. You never can see any sights on a wet night."

Col. Olcott improvised a seat, from one of the lumber piles, lit his pipe, and smoked away patiently. Mme. Blavatsky kept him company with the cigarettes.

The ghost, however, insisted upon not coming out from under the wharf, and it kept itself shaded from mortal eyes that night. It was one o'clock in the morning when the party left the wharf, and it was as ghostless and chilly a party as ever hunted an ignis fatuus.

The night after this unrewarded vigil of the Theosophists three officers of the river police, Mints, McCarthy, and Parks, lay in wait in a little boat at the foot of Thirty-fourth Street and saw the mysterious beacon dancing on the water.

Officer Parks thought that the light ought to be captured, and the rowboat was pulled silently and as swiftly as possible to the dancing beacon. It was a stern chase. Now and then the light disappeared, and then in a second or two showed itself as bright as ever. It seemed to float upon the waves. By hard pulling they gradually gained upon the light, and at last came within a few feet of it. This kind of a chase was kept up for some time.

At length the three river policemen got the strange thing cornered off the pier at East Seventeenth Street. Officer Parks stood in the bow of the rowboat, leaning over. Then he suddenly reached forward with a lurch that almost upset the rowboat. His hand touched something cold and clammy, which he grasped, and the next instant he had "Old Shep's" ghost in the little rowboat.

Officer Kilbride was right in saying that at times the light showed the form of a man behind it. There is such a form. It stands about twelve inches back of the light, wears a grenadier cap, very black and heavy, has a ferocious expression on the face, which is very pale, has on a red coat and striped trousers, and holds one arm up as if in salute. The lamp appears to have done service on some night-vender's stand. It is tin, filled with kerosene, and is fastened to a thin board, which is broad enough to ride on the water without upsetting.

Probably the boys who rigged it all up and set it afloat from the foot of Thirty-fifth Street near the spot where "Old Shep" was drowned, anticipated the effect which its discovery by Officer Kilbride or any one else in the vicinity would cause. The tide had carried it back and forth, one night through the Rips, and once it narrowly escaped landing near the wharf of the Mutual Gas Light Company, where is much inflammable matter. The waves of the ferryboat *Maryland* upset the raft Tuesday night, but the boys went out in a boat soon afterward and recovered it. Thus, by three brave policemen, the ghost of "Old Shep" was lastingly materialized.



DANIEL O'LEARY, THE CHICAGO PEDESTRIAN, WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL SIX-DAYS' MATCH AT AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON, ENGLAND.—SEE SPORTING RECORD, PAGE 414.