MEN WHO HAVE BEEN.

No longer, rose embowered and bright,
Pale memory flags her portals free
To fairy scenes of golden light
And sparkles of the summer sea,
The arches green are overgrown,
The trellised vines are sere and thin,
Where through the vistas shadows alone
The shadows of the Might Have Been.

When once the jocund hours in troops
Sped lightly on, with jest and laugh,
The pilgrim form of sorrows stoops,
And falters on his feeble staff.
Dark troubled care a-muttering sits,
And folly, hand in hand with sin,
Now ghost-like o'er the threshold flits,
To mock us with the Might Have Been.

From ruined tower and shattered fane,
Reproachful, the solemn raven croaks,
And bat-winged messengers of pain,
Beat the dull air with ceaseless strokes,
The fatal gulfs we blindly crossed
Again in the pathway rise we see,
And phantoms of the loved and lost
Smile sadly from the Might Have-Been.

Close, Memory, close thy portals gar,
And over my soul oblivion cast.
Or send dark tears to blot away
The vistas of the bitter past!
Wild, wild regrets, but all in vain,
For the sunrise we never may win!
Oh, spare thou heritage of pain—
The anguish of the Might Have Been.

THE WOMAN IN RED.

A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER XX.

HIS CONFERENCE—A NEW FACE.

Late in the afternoon of the third day the same superb horse which had borne the mysterious Count Donati on some days previously, dashed sudden-ly down the road, and reached the outer gate. Half mg beyond the *dancer* of Donati, who sat on the pa za himself, and saw every movement of the trav-eler, the rider took from his breast-n paper, which he examined, and then turning his steed, he came slowly back.

Having ridden up to the terrace steps, he inquired, in a low and mod-est tone of voice, if one Count Donati dwelt there. Upon re eiving an an-swer in the affirmative, he alighted, handed the reins to the slave in wait-ing, and approached the lordly pro-prietor, who received him with marked and chilling coldness. As the tall Count Donati turned towards him, however, the color fled from the Ital-ian's face, and he had no words for al-terance.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to the proprietor of this fair residence?" asked the traveler, advancing to the old Count's side.

"Sdeath!" exclaimed Donati. "Am I deceived?"

"I think not," responded the stran-ger calmly.

"Are you from Rodolpho?"

"I am Count Cando," continued the traveler, in the same modest and quiet tone; "a gentleman you were formerly acquainted with, I think."

"Yes, yes," said Count Donati, quickly rising; "I see, yes; come in—come in—this way, Count."

Now, Donati had not the most re-mote suspicion that Rodolpho would first call upon him in person. He sup-posed that his emissaries would come when he hoped to make out a case of evasion, and compromise the matter. So, when he beheld Count Cando be-fore him, his thoughts turned to the bedroom interview, and he was not prepared to speak with Rodolpho him-self. Forgetting what he was doing, therefore, in his excitement, he pan-vanced at once to the reception-room, in-tead of preceding his visitor, as the intendant of his house. A few steps and ere he could recover from the mis-take, he found himself in the pre ence of his wife and Francesca.

The fair lady rose, and curtsied with grace, as Count Donati bun-lingly said—"My friend, Signor Ro-dolpho Cando, my wife."

That was a happy circumstance for at least one heart. The visitor at once entered into an easy conversation, and his particularly agreeable manners had the effect of restoring the disturbed nerves of the Countess, in a measure, who soon afterwards, pleaded fatigue as to excuse him and with his guest he ur-tired to transact some pressing mat-ters of business in his library.

As the stranger rose to go, he took the hand of Francesca in his own, and said—"Good night, lady!" only when a thrill shot through the frame, on the instant, and she tuggered back nearly fainting, to the couch as they de-parted. This incident was unobserved by Count Donati; but the effect was not lost sight of by his friend, Signor Ro-dolpho, who said nothing, however, but followed his former leader into his private apartment.

"Now, Rodolpho,"

"Now, Bernardo," quickly respond-ed his guest.

"Donati here," suggested the old Count, coldly.

"Donati, then, or Bernardo, or what-ever you will, so that I am not mis-tained here for want of the gold you promised."

"But, you said you would send a messenger?"

"I thought better of it and came my-self."

"I have thought better of my prom-ise."

"And what do you decide upon?"

"That I cannot submit to your de-mands."

"What if I increase the amount?"

"Not!" exclaimed the Count, en-raged. "Would you rob me of every ducat?"

"No, good Count Donati, no; I have only asked the loan of twenty thous-and ducats—one half of which I have received of you. But, Count, my time is money; and you have unnecessarily delayed my schemes, and I must charge you for the detention. Give me, then twenty thousand ducats, in addition to what I have received, and I cry quits with you—not else, however, by St. Mark!"

"Never!" cried Donati; "never will I submit to such extortion."

"Extortion! Come, I do not like such words. Who put this gold in your grasp? Who aided and backed you in your plans to gain what you en-joy? Who risked his life and limbs a hundred of times to defend and en-rich Bernardo, now the lordly Do-nati?"

Count Donati was silent; for the old days came back to his memory when he had been in worse predicaments than this, and had contrived to escape unscathed. His mind, which had been inactive for many a long month, was now glancing at the chances in his fa-for in this uncomfortable emergency, and he made no reply.

He had already parted with ten thousand ducats. The price of silence on the part of Rodolpho was twenty thousand more. This was too much. He had determined not to pay it. When this was obtained, he saw that he was indebted to the power of Count Claudio for evil as great, and he would avoid the pecuniary penalty.

The Dog was roused. The cunning of Count Donati, which had lain dor-mant for years, since there had been no occasion for its exercise, was once more in active motion within him; and he very quickly decided upon his future course in the matter.

"Turning again to Rodolpho, he said: "At least, Count Claudio, you must afford me time to obtain this money."

"Bah!" replied, Rodolpho, at once; "would you attempt such trifling with me, Bernardo? Think you that I shall give you time and leisure to betray me, instead of fulfilling your promise? No, no!"

The countenance of Count Donati fell, for he was guilty in his own heart, but he quickly rallied and asked with some feeling:

"Did I ever betray you, Rodolpho?"

"No, Bernardo; because you never had motive so to do. Circumstances are now reversed."

"And you dare not trust me?"

"I do not fear you, Bernardo, but I cannot delay this matter. My engage-ments are peremptory."

"I must have time,"

"How much will accommodate you, then?"

"Until to-morrow," said Donati.

"At what hour to-morrow?"

"At noon."

"You are in earnest, then, 'and will not play me false?" continued Ro-dolpho, looking into his eyes curi-ously.

"You may rely on me."

"Twenty thousand ducats in Italian gold, at noon to-morrow?"

"Yes, on my honor."

"It is well! I agree to that."

"In the meantime," continued Do-nati, calmly, "be my guest. I shall ne-gotiate the money through a friend; I will not leave you alone, lest you may suspect my intentions."

"Enough," said Rodolpho; "I think I may venture to trust you. But, mark me, I must not be deceived. To-mor-row, at the hour of noon the gold must be forthcoming, and if it wants one ducat you should suggest to you, in the inter-m, to do me injur, or play the knave, again beware! For I swear to you, Bernardo, I will not cannot, you be balked. If you will provide this mon-ey, I tell you, on my honor, it shall be returned to you. If you relent, and aim to entrap me, your house shall be sacked, and your head shall pay the forfeit for your perfidy, within the week ending. Do we understand each other?"

"There is no need of threats, Rodol-pho. I have determined upon my course."

These were Donati's words, and shortly afterward the traveler, who declared he was weary of his long journey, partook of a cold collet of wine and some dried fruit, and was shown to his sleeping apa tment.

Rodolpho said, "Good night, Count. When the clave appeared at the door to conduct him to his room, but Donati only moved his head as he lounged in his chair.

The once robber chef, now the lord-ly owner of uncounted thousands, the depraved and wicked-hearted Bernar-do, sat alone in the library half an hour afterward, with his head resting between his hands, and his dim but vicious eyes glaring fearfully at va-cancy as he muttered:

"He has made his last seizure," mutterd Bernardo muttering, as he sat there with the cold drops of perspi-ration trickling down his trembling and extended hands. "Ha! ha! ha! this last cup of wine he has ridden the last journey he will ever ride in this world! Ever! ever! I have to for-get that I am Bernardo—that I was Bernardo! Well, he may as well die, as that I should be cursed by fifty thous-and ducats! He may pay for his brav-eerity. I am equal to it yet. Rodolpho will go hence no more!"

Such was the Italian's resolve; and though he did not care to have the blood of a companion upon his hands, yet he loved the wealth too well to shower gold in thousands to Rodol-pho. He determined to remain in his private apartment, and when all was still he would proceed to the cham-ber of his guest and dispatch him as he slept. His purse of gold might eas-ily be placed under the pillow of one of his slaves, and the blame of the ac-tion from suspicion and throwing himself back in his easy chair, for the remainder of the night, he actually slept.

While this diabolical plan was being matured in the mind of Count Donati, the stranger was in his bedchamber. Seating himself at a table covered from his breast a stiletto, which he placed before him, and then turning to his cousin, who had a pistol and a barreled pistol, the priming of which he scrutinized with more than ordina-ry care, he said, "Now, Pierre, take out his watch, he glanced at it, and placing his light against the lower pane of a glass in the window, he waited aw-kwardly for the hand to point to the hour of twelve o'clock. The signal had been previously agreed upon; and Rodolpho awaited the arrival of a con-fidant at the hour of twelve, to trouble him with a ladder by which to descend from his chamber, for he had an ap-pointment which he Count Donati little dreamed of. Rodolpho did not sus-pect the intentions of Bernardo toward him, but he nevertheless prepared himself as he called it, for contin-gencies. He believed that Count Do-nati slumbered, and he hoped to ob-tain his gold on the following day. Little did he surmise what was in store for him within the next few hours.

Bernardo continued to doze in his chair. The dog had been dispatched already. Francesca had retired to her boudoir, but sleep was furthest from her eyelids. The old German clock in the great hall of the house struck the midnight hour, and a low whistle was quickly heard below the traveler's window.

In an instant the light was extin-guished, the sash was softly raised, a ladder fell against the wall and Count Claudio descended—all in the twinkling.

"Now, Pierre," he said, "the gui-tar."

"It is here, captain."

"Good. Retire, Pierre; but remain within call."

The attendant fell back, and Rodol-pho disappeared alone beneath the shadow of the mansion.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NIGHT'S EVENTS.

When Count Donati took leave of Francesca before he retired, it will be recollected that an unusual emotion was suddenly exhibited by that lady, who, as he went out staggered back in astonishment at a discovery she sud-denly made. It was a singular fact; but as he presented in a hand to her she saw upon h s finger *her diamond ring;* and when the door closed behind him as he went out, she discovered also a gold mole near her hand, and it was the same handwri ng that a previous one had been, and which was directed to herself.

Both these circumstances were cu-rious, but both of them were quickly unraveled as Naomi opened the note, and read as follows:

CHARMING LADY,—Do not be sur-prised that the humble magician should resort to such a *ruse* as this to com-municate with you, after your kind re-sponse to his first appeal.

"Ah, lady, you cannot conceive the joy which that brief sentence has created in the stranger's heart. We had met before, and you will not have forgotten Claudio, who years ago had the misfortune to fall under your displeasure, nor him, per-haps, who had the honor of meeting you, at an opportune moment, when your personal safety was endangered.

"The poor ne romancer, the dusty traveler, your fortunate deliverer from peril, and Count Claudio, are one and the same person. Do not start at this announcement; all shall be satisfactorily explained to you. In your palm grove, near your favorite arbor, grant me an interview with you to-night. Trust all to the honor of him who loves you with adorat on, and know me only for the present as "Yours devotedly,

"RODOLPHO."

Thrice did Francesca peruse that singular note, and as its contents, on being digested in her mind, she could scarcely bring herself to realize that the half of it was true. She had not forgotten the gallant service that some one had rendered her a few day pre-viously during a morning ride, when her horse had become unmanageable, and her servant was not in attendance as usual upon her. She remembered that act with the deepest gratitude; and, when she compared the fine gen-tleman who had so bravely served her on that occasion by riding at a desperate gallop to her relief, her gallery having taken fright, and dashed off at full speed with her against her will)—when he overtook her, endeavored in vain to check her crazy steed, and finally lifted her in safety from her saddle to the ground, and probably saved her life—when Francesca thinked the stranger with her hole heart for his gallantry, she little dreamed that she should meet with him again so soon and, least of all, under the present circumstances.

Rodolpho was then in search of old Donati, and he had traced him to the vicinity of the place where he chanced to meet with Francesca, who was en-joying her customary morning ride, when the above incident occurred. She invited the gentleman to return to her guardian's mansion, only three miles distant, the dwelling of Count Donati. This put Count Claudio in a fine fix, for the right scent; but he was not then well prepared to meet his former as-sociate. He But Francesca in charge of one of her neighbors, who was ly-ing at the time, and then galloped away in an opposite direction. Very soon afterward, Count Donati, the traveler called upon the Count on other business. Francesca did not then recognize him; but now she saw it all.

As we have stated, it was the hour of midnight had struck, and Count Donati still reposed in his library. The gray moon threw a pale light over the garden and foliage which sur-rounded the dwelling of the old Count; and Pierre had crept from his sleeping apartment, and, at tended by one of his faithful followers, was now quietly and softly wending his way to the upper wing of the villa, fronting along the outer and walk that led to the vinery, guitar in hand, for the purpose of offering his sweetest serenade in song, at which he was as accomplished as in most or-dinary affairs.

A midnight serenade was common a matter in the vicinity of Rodolpho's habitation, that had he overheard it, he would only have cursed the singer for some other reason than that it had not been chosen for their compl ment to Francesca, rather than have sup-posed it singular. But he still slept, and heard nothing.

Francesca had not retired. She had again perused that letter, and her re-membrance had led her to respond to it without hesitation, but her maiden pride and feelings of female delicacy forbade her to be too hasty. She thought of Count Donati—she turned over in her mind all the chances, good and bad, that seemed to present them-selves; she reflected upon her present position and her future hopes—she be-lieved that—he was deeply in love—that she was as deeply pleased; and the stroke to argue herself into the be-lief that such a meeting might not be indecorous or improper under all their circumstances. While she thus pondered, the midnight hour struck, and she was on the point of throwing her veil upon her shoulders to repair to her own pri-vate bower beyond the terrace, when her motions were arrested by the sound of a guitar beneath her latti-window, the sods of which were evi-dently being trodden by a tread.

Naomi retired instantly to a divan in the recess of the window, where she had been hidden in shadow be-neath the heavy drapery, and there, unobserved, she could listen to the serenade. In tender, passionate strains the lady sweetness of a woman, but manly and noble in sentiment, the singer told his story to his fair ima-ginary mistress. He recounted the dangers of his life, his happiness in the fortu-nate meeting with Italy's fairest daughter; and while the strings of his guitar were crying out his troubled, re-coursed a choice and heart-touching accompaniment to his plaintive, beau-tiful song, as he concluded:

"Maiden, fair, oh, prithee listen,
Listen to the lovelorn lay,
While the silver moonbeams glisten
Through the cypress grand grove—
Lies we wander, lads hitch
By the moonlit silver light,
Neath the shadow of the grove—
Lady, listen to my lay.

"Let hist," said a voice near the singer at this moment, and he ceased quickly round, Rodolpho observed his faithful Pierre advancing stealthily, and motioning him to retire within the shadow of the wall.

"There is some one stirring—the old fellow himself, I think," said Pierre, in a low voice. "I watched a light moving at the further end of the building a few moments since, and noticed it was carried in the direction of your sleeping room. The old count will miss you, Captain."

"How can he? the door is fastened."

"Exactly, but I thought to caution you."

"Thanks for your promptness; will be careful. You may retire, Pierre; but be near me. Where is An-tonio, and the rest?"

"In the lime-grove."

"How many are we?"

"Twelve in all, Captain."

"It is well."

Scarcely had this brief dialogue passed, when a light streaming at the window of the piazza behind Rodolpho arrested Rodolpho's attention, and a veiled figure stepped lightly out upon the walk. In a moment longer that figure disappeared beneath the shade of the vine-clad arbor, and in the next Rodolpho was kneeling at Francesca's feet.

"Lady," he said, as he seized her snowy hand, "a thousand thousand times, in one sentence, let me thank you for your condescension! You have taken from my heart a load of fear that even Rodolpho could not sustain bear; and I know you in joy for the permission this to kneel at your feet and swear eternal honor and fealty to you, Francesca, the beautiful—the only woman to whom I ever bowed the knee."

The rapturous manner of utterance which characterized this brief but earnest declaration, though it was sub-dued in a cautious tone, lest there might be some other listener to it, was highly flattered to her sensitive heart and romantic disposition of the beauty thus assailed; but Naomi contrived to conceal her delight with becoming grace under the peculiar circumstances.

"Signor," she said, "we are strang-ers."

"Say not this, sweet Naomi," ar-dently responded Rodolpho, "say rather that Fortune has again thrown us together, that our cup of joy should be filled to the brim at once."

"Rise, Signor Rodolpho," continued Naomi, "and be calm. It scarcely be-fits an honorable lady's reputation thus to meet at midnight, and hold converse with one of whom she knows so little. But Francesca rejoices to say to him whom she now permits to kneel, in her, that an unknown passion guides her. Until we meet again, Rodolpho, the world was blank to me in comparis-on. You have stormed the citadel like a valiant soldier, and you may de-serve to occupy the heart that thrill now has proved invulnerable."

"Thanks, sweet Naomi; ten thousand thanks for words like these. But we must be strangers no longer, and you shall see how deserving I will be of your love. But not now, Naomi; at some other fitting opportunity I shall be explained. Suffice it, that fate pre-sented me the opportunity of being serviceable to you, and by that means subsequently brought me nearer to you. Suffice it, that I love you with an ardor that words are incapable of expressing. Let me repeat, in accord-ly all that I possess, by all that I hold sacred in life, by my fortune, my hon-or, by the purity of my intents and hopes and objects are your happiness, now and hereafter."

Thus passed nearly an hour. The honeyed words of the eloquent and passionate lover sunk deeply into the heart of the beautiful girl to whom he addressed them; and when they parted Naomi permitted her gallant to raise her hand to his lips. Rodolpho was in rapture. Naomi was happy in the consciousness of having thus loved, and the interview ended with a promise to meet again at an early hour.

The magician's professional busi-ness at Groena was completed. He ap-peared there no more.

As stealthily as he left his sleeping room, so did the traveler return to it. Pierre was at the place where the hang-ing ladder, on which Rodolpho mount-ed once more to his room intending to remain quietly till morning, awaiting Count Donati's action in regard to the anticipated loan which he had prom-ised to be paid on the next day at noon.

"Say so Antonio," observed Rodol-pho, as he was about to descend to his chamber, "that I should not need his services, probably, with them next day; he may retire to the wood at Concha, and I will meet him to-morrow night."

"Yes, Captain."

"And let them get away slowly home lest they may be overtaken, as they came. Before daylight they can have all retired, by twos or three. Bid An-tonio bring up the rope."

"Coming, Captain."

"Good night, Pierre."

"Adieu, Captain," said his compan-ion, as Rodolpho sprang through the broad window lightly, and reached his sleeping apartment again.

Curse those love sick swains, say I!" muttered Count Donati, an hour previously, as he awoke from his nap and looked about him for the conclu-sion of Rodolpho's song was just audib-ble, in the distance and gardens. Who found those fellows! they are eternally singing to Francesca about her eyes and her mouth and her beautiful locks. Had I that fellow now by the throat, I would compel him to sing another tune, or I am not Bernardo."

This was the second or third time, however, for Count Donati was well aware that such serenades were by no means extraordinary in the vicinity of his premises, though he had not suc-pected who was the performer on this occasion.

Arousing himself from the stupor in to which he was wont to relapse, what-ever he might have to do, or of how-er great consequence was his subse-quent business, he arose and sat up approached a closet beyond him, from which he drew forth a poniard, and then placing a huge pistol in his breast, he moved softly out into the corridor.

His mind was made up. He had re-solved not to pay Rodolpho another ducat, and he deemed it safer for his own future weal that his former lieu-tenant, who, he believed, was the only one in the clan who knew of his pres-ent whereabouts, should not be suffered to leave his house again alive to relate any suspicious stories. Moreover, he believed, if he should pay his preseu-demand, that Rodolpho would find oc-casion to come again. He had been guilty of such a practice for two years; but the time had long since the shedding of innocent blood did not an-noy his conscience, and he was now fully prepared for anything that might be deemed his safety, out of the way.

But it was he-cesary for Count Do-nati to move with caution in this un-dertaking. He was well aware that the chara ter of Count Claudio, and he therefore knew that his life would not be held without a struggle. In a hand-to-hand contest, Count Donati ver-well knew who would be likely to con-quer. So he must destroy him as he slept, or his purpose. So, h, then, was his intent as he emerged in the darkness from his own private apart-ment.

Securing an old leathern purse, he dropped into it a respectable amount of gold, and moving up silently to the bedroom of his slave, he entered one of them and slipped the bag of gold beneath the pillow of Copo, who was snoring away lustily, little sus-pecting the perpetration of any evil in the vicinity. Returning as he came he hailed at the door of Rodolpho's cham-bed. The light was extinguished, and all was silent. So far well for his plan. He gently tried the door, but it was fastened on the inside. This was unlucky; but Count Donati had caused this room to be built and arranged to suit his own convenience, and he knew how to enter it by another way.

All this manoeuvring occupied time, however, and lest he should cause alarm, the hardened ingrate was obliged to proceed slowly and cau-tiously.

Half an hour had elapsed, and at length all was still again. The seren-ade had ceased. The blackened lower or crack-trained swain, whoever he was, had gone; the moonlight shone faintly into the chamber, and sudden-ly a secret panel in the wall was noise-lessly by, and the figure of an athletic man passed quietly into the apartment and quickly drew the door in place. It was Count Donati who entered the bedroom of Rodolpho.

For an instant the old robber halted in his tracks, as if his heart quaver-ed him, or his courage failed him at the last moment. But it was too late to retrace his steps. Rodolpho, in his sleep, was a formidable foe, and he knew it. He would rob him by piecemeal. He knew his secrets—he must die.

With the crafty step of the panther he advanced to the bed side and threw back the curtains. His upraised stil-etto was ready to strike, the moon's pale rays, and then descended on the murderous stroke. *But Rodolpho was not there!*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Irishman who was sleeping with a negro all night had his face black-ened by a practical joker. Starting up in a hurry in the morning, he caught sight of himself in a mirror; puzzled, he stopped and gazed at his image, ex-claimed: "Begorra, they've awoke the wrong man!"

Two girls in Sacramento, Cal., who thought it would be fun to black their faces, unfortunately got a coloring preparation that wou'd wash off. It acts like dye on the skin, and we can say it will not probably wear off for months.

Prof. A. S. Hill, speaking of the te-dious mediocrity which characterizes the compositions of college students, says that one year, after reading two or three hundred essays, on the Tempest," he found himself in such profound ignorance of plot and character that he had to read the play to set himself right again.

If men do us an evil turn, we write it in marble; if a good one, in dust.

Hidden virtue is often despised, inas-much as nothing extols it in our eyes.

Sunshine.

A reporter from China says that the French, after being defeated at Lang-Son, with three to Chu. Well, the heathens gave them something to Chu on, no mistake.

An hen in a neighboring town has just died at the age of fifteen years. Aha, that accounts for all the way-worn, early-gravy eggs I have met at the breakfast table during the past de-cade.

The weight of a bushel of beans has been fixed by law at sixty pounds. Reckoning from that basis a Boston girl must be full ninety pounds heavier on Sunday evenings than at any other time during the week.

A telegraph report says that the daughter of a New Jersey farmer ran off with one of her father's hands. It does not state which hand, but if it was the one the old gentleman used to slap mosquitos with it was a most unfilial act.

A Massachusetts boy recently swal-lowed a large five-cornered jackstone and at last accounts was doing well. The boy continues to evolve at this rate he will soon supplant the ostrich and billygoat in the affection of humorists.

According to the eternal fitness of things negroes shouldn'tdrive coal carts, cross-eyed men should be detectives, natural born maids should run pickles factories, deaf mutes should be lecturers, and go-ahead boys should be district messengers. But somehow it is other-wise ordained.

The explosives used by the insur-gents of the United States of Colombia must be very mild. During the siege of Cartagena a shell entered a bed-room and burst without disturbing the slumbers of its four young lady occu-pants. It would take more than one duelling a can of Chicago beef with my strong right arm.

An ostrich egg weighs nearly thrity times as much as an average hen's egg, but to hear the hen's remarks af-ter laying an egg one would suppose she had laid the ostrich out of sight. It is a good deal the same with some human beings. Some will make more fuss and brag over their little thim-ble-full of accomplishments than others do over an invention or work that be-comes historical.—*Boston Sun.*

A Falsehood Nailed.

An irresponsible penny-a-liner recently set going in a New York Daily news-paper a malicious statement that the Superintendent of the Louisiana State Lottery Company are paid to persons in its em-ploy, and not honestly drawn and paid.

This lie has been copied here and there into Journals ignorant of the Company, and readers not aware of the facts are likely to be affected by them.

An Ohio correspondent clips it from a local weekly and writes the Company on the 6th inst. to ask if there is any truth in it.

Let Generals Beauregard and Early, who have the entire charge of all the Company's Drawings, answer not only this correspondent but all who put faith in the lie that has been disturbed by his and similar calumnious paragraphs, in the exact language of General Beauregard and Gen. Early in the following statement, to which their names are signed:

The charges, insinuations and in-endoes contained in said publication are false in every respect, so far as they affect the fairness of the drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery, or the integrity of the acts of the Lottery Company. When the undersigned had charge only of the semi-annual drawings they counted the tickets contained the numbers previous to each of those drawings to be certain that all were put in the wheel. Since they have had charge of the monthly drawings also, the wheel has been un-der their exclusive control, and after each drawing they have restored all the drawn numbers to the wheel, shook it, and sealed it in such manner as to rend-er it impossible for the numbers to be reached or interfered with without their knowledge. We have always and al-ways certain that all the numbers were in the wheel at each drawing, and they alone are responsible for the integrity of the drawings.

The intimation that persons have been paid to allow their names to be published as the winners of prizes in this Lottery is also false and without the slightest foundation in fact. Mil-lions of dollars have been paid out by the Company at its office through the banks and express agencies, as can be ascertained from the bank officers in New Orleans, and the express agents in New York, Washington, and all over this city, as well as from the winners of the prizes whose names have been given to the public.

Signed. G. T. BEAUREGARD,
J. A. EARLY,
Commissioners.

NEW ORLEANS, July 11th.

Chicago bellies complain that their pet pups are sticking to their ribs. Pup dog-roasted are said to be good eating.

The population of Europe has increased in century from 175 to 300 millions. The Irish-men have multiplied twofold, the Russians threefold, and the Germans less than threefold, while Frenchmen and Spaniards have added only about 50 per cent.

Spelling Match.

Can you spell? Well, yes; almost any-body can spell. Then spell this, and make out what it means. If you can't, then pass it on to your next neighbor:

B-B-E-E-I-I-N-S-O-O-R-R-R-S-S-T-T-W.

Don't say it out loud, but just whis-per in your pretty neighbor's ear, that it is the well place before her, in proper position she will have the world's great tonic, which will enri h her impover-ished blood, put roses on her pale cheeks and make her eyes sparkle with joy. Go to the nearest drug store with a dol-lar in your hand, and ask for Brown's Iron Bitters

Philadelphia is to have a crematory.

Quinsy troubled me for twenty years. Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, have not had an attack. The Oil cures sore throat at once. Mrs. Maria Conrad, Standish, Mich., Oct., 24, '83.

English schools are sadly in need of new and improved geographical text books.

NEVER NEGLECT a constipated con-dition of the bowels, or serious results usually follow, such as piles, impure blood and many chronic complaints. Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy.

Colored men serve as pall-bearers for the dead members of old St. Louis families.

FOR COLDS, CROUP, ASTHMA, BRON-CHITIS and Sore Throat use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, *and get the genuine.*

It costs about $5,000 in fees to get one's self decorated with the order of the garter.

My physician said I could not live, my liver out of order, frequently vomit-ing gallons of green mucous, with small dry humors on face, stomach would not retain food. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me. Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, 372 Exchange St., Buffalo, N Y.

The purchase of real estate in England and Wales, to the value of $750,000 is ordered by Earl Cairns' will.

"BROWN ON CATARRH."

Correct effective odors at once. Complete cure of worst cases, with instructions and gargle for Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Foul Breath, &c.

There are no white servants at the White House.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and feeble, use "Wells's Health Renewer."

Parisian belles now carry pistols.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.

Stinging, Irritation, Inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu Pults." $1.

Everybody's Air-Brake.

"Yes, sah," said Uncle Zach, "I've watched it forty years in the air, I see. I'e foot of May an' Christmas day of de same year allers comes on de same week day."

Further conversation proved Uncle Zach a most nervelulous person. Changing to mention Dr Carver's feat of breaking glass balls with a rifle, he said:

"I heard 'bout dat shootin' and knowed right off it wasn't squar'; dat was a Yankee trick, boss; she's you born."

"What was the trick?"

"Dar wuz loadstone put into the glass balls, an' likewise onto de bullets; so when de bullet fly outen de gun, it an' de ball jes drawed together, which, in course, brokes de glass—dis de trick."

Later, Uncle Zach observed a rope running along the side of the car.

"Boss, what's dat fur?"

"To apply the air-brake in case of accident. Then we had further to explain how the force of the brake was obtained, to which Uncle Zach re-sponded:

"Look a here boss, you shody don't spect me to believe dat fo' sickness? Why, de biggest hurricane whatever blowed couldn't stop dis train, runnin fo'ty miles an hour. An you think I g'ine to believe a little puffy wind, wind under de kyar, can do it? No, sah-ree!"

There are a great many Uncle Zachs, who judge everything simply by ap-pearances. The air-brake does not seem to be a very powerful thing, but it does stop the train, and is practically equivalent to bigness and pretense.

Philip Lewis, Esq., who resides at 1 The United Service Club, New York city, and is engaged in a long series of lectures on the New York Herald distributed pedestal fund, was once unbraided by a distinguished physician who was a physi-cian, for commending in such enthus-iastic terms, a remedy that cured him of a bright's disease eight years ago. He said: "Sir, has the medical profes-sion with all its power and experience of thousands of years, anything that cures this terrible disease?" No, sir, that is true, there is no mistake about it, but Warner's safe cure is really a wonder-fully effective preparation. That reme-dy is an air-brake that every man can apply and this fact explains why it has saved so many hundreds of thous-ands of lives. *Copyrighted and by permission of American Home.*

A Sensational Fraudulent Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, resolvent to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted human system, Hepatic, Bile and Pancreatic in its treat-ment and cure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. One Dollar a Bottle.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO GO TO DUQUESNE AND HAVE YOUR EXAMINED AND FITTED WITH SPECTACLES OR EYE GLASSES AT ROEHM & WRIGHT'S, IMPORTERS, JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS, 140 WOODWARD AVE. THEY MAKE NO CHARGE FOR TESTING EYES. AND SELDOM FAIL TO GIVE RELIEF.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS THE BEST TONIC. Uncle Zach QUALITY PURITY QUANTITY Every Bottle

NERVOUS DEBILITY. Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Abuse or Excess, Insomnia, Pains in Back, Premature Old Age, Impotency, Nervous Prostration, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Syphilis, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Piles, Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Loss of Power, Blood Poison, Consumption, Insanity, Epilepsy, Fits, Premature Decay, Wasting Diseases, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Nervous Neuralgia, Leucorrhœa, Sterility, Loss of Sexual Power in either sex, Impotency, Lost Manhood