

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Extraordinary Revelations of New York High Life.

AN HEIRESS GETS \$75,000.

Because She Was Deceived and Deserted by a Gay Young Swell.

A New York telegram of last (Thursday) night's date says: The Brooklyn jury in the case of Mary A. Livingstone vs. Henry Fleming, for breach of promise of marriage and seduction, returned a verdict of \$75,000 for the plaintiff, the full amount claimed. The verdict was received with a storm of applause by the spectators. The suit was an extraordinary one. Miss Mary Alice Almont Livingstone, of slender figure, lustrous black eyes and modest demeanor, was plaintiff. Henry Fleming, President of the Petroleum Exchange, was defendant. The plaintiff was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Evelina Bliss. Both were richly dressed in black silk, and they had with them a pretty infant boy, the plaintiff's son. Miss Livingstone was dressed very becomingly. Her hair, which fell in ringlets about her face, was covered with a bit of millinery from which drooped a pink feather. Her mother, who retains a youthful appearance, was painted and pencilled. Miss Livingstone is the daughter of the late Judge Robert S. Livingstone, of Dutchess county, who died owning much property in this city. In July last, when she became of age, she inherited a large fortune. She is related to ex-Surrogate Livingstone, of Brooklyn. She was educated at Mount St. Vincent Academy.

Mr. Fleming is about 33 years old, is tall and athletic, and has chestnut hair and light moustache. Recently he inherited a half million dollars.

Miss Livingstone blushed to the temples when called as a witness. Her mother had put the baby to sleep in her lap, and casting a motherly glance at it, the plaintiff made her way to the stand. She spoke so low that she could scarcely be heard, and her face seemed to glow hot and cold by turns. She testified that she was 21 years old, and that she first met the plaintiff in November, 1879, at her home in Tom's River; that he came to see her at times when she was home from school, and that on June 12th, 1881, he proposed to marry her. He sat upon a sofa in the hall of her home one day, and told her of his love. He asked her to become his wife, and she, confessing her love, told him to ask her mother. The latter said that she had no objection provided he loved her honestly. He said to her: "Alice, you are now my only little girl, and must not love any one else." He came to see her often, and in a few days her mother and she removed to the Grand Boulevard Hotel in this city. On the evening of June 22nd he called, sent up his card, and, after talking some time, proposed a walk. Then he asked her to ride down the elevated road. They got out at Twenty-third street, and she supposed that he was going to take her to Booth's Theatre. He complained of being hungry and wanted to go to a restaurant, refusing to go back to the hotel for the meal. He opened a door and went into a house, and a waiter brought some oysters and wine. She refused to eat or drink and arose to go. He locked the door and pocketed the key. He said that he meant her no harm, that he was going to make her his little wife, that he intended to be honorable with her. She begged him to let her go home, but he kept her there all night. He took her a part of the way home. Her mother had gone to Philadelphia the night before and had not yet returned. She met her stepfather, Henry Bliss, since divorced from her mother. He had been in her room and had discovered Mr. Fleming's card. He accused her of having remained away all night with Fleming, but she refused to speak to him and went to her bed. When her mother came back she told her what had happened, but did so reluctantly, as she had promised Fleming to be silent, and he had promised her to inform her mother himself and to tell her that he would marry her. At 11 o'clock that day, June 23rd, she wrote to Fleming as follows:

DARLING HEN.—Oh, God! how shall I tell you I am utterly, entirely hopeless. Bliss, "devil that he is, has deceived me all." He is going to meet mamma immediately and tell her all. I would rather die than say one word; but, oh, I feel as if my heart was breaking. Do you think it will kill me? I trust all to you. You know what would be right. Are you man enough to stand by me now that I am disgraced forever? Will you have the heart to go back on me and see me suffer? I am in misery. If you were only here to take my part a little. Mamma will never want to be friends with you again. She will say you have deceived her. Will you never come to Tom's River any more? I must say good-bye forever. I will pray God to let me die. What use is my life with this known disgrace clinging to it? Don't be unkind. Stand by me a little, and remember all I have given up for you, my only darling. Do I not love you better than honor, virtue, mother, all? This is the truth, so help me God. It rests with you whether my heart is broken or not.

Mr. Fleming did not come as he had promised that night. The next day she wrote to him at 9 West Twenty-fourth street, where she had called, only to find him absent. Of a scene that she had with her mother she wrote, saying that it would break her heart if he were not faithful, and would, she thought, make her desperately wick.

Be true, Hen, don't put all the blame on a young girl's shoulders—the burden is too heavy. My whole future lies in your hands to make it or mar it as you choose, and God forgive you if you mar it. Your feelings toward me can only judge of from your words; mine toward you are as true as heaven, which I have almost forgotten.

On June, the 23rd, he called, but she did not see him. She was then sent to the country. After she came back he met her in the street, but she refused to speak to him. He asked her whether she was angry, and she told him that she felt a good right to be angry. That evening he called, and said that he had acted like a loafer, and that he had come to his better senses and would make her his wife and marry her soon, but he did not specify any time. He expressed much sorrow for what he had done, and said that he would make everything right. He called frequently after that, and treated her lovingly. When she urged him to marry her and save her from disgrace, he begged for time, saying that he had business troubles and had to communicate with his parents. He gave her \$30 a week to pay her expenses.

He continued to go to see her until May, 1882, delaying the marriage for business reasons, as he said. At length he flatly refused to marry her, and said that he would take the consequences.

Miss Livingstone conducted herself with great modesty on the stand. At times she broke into tears, and then she hung her head and for a short time would not look up.

The defendant's counsel introduced a letter to Mr. Fleming from Miss Livingstone, dated Nov. 21, 1881. She says in this letter, "So help me heaven, I will never give you up, and if you do so to me God forgive you, for you would have more to answer for than you are aware of." The following letter was introduced, dated Oct. 15, 1881, addressed to her mother as "Naughty Mamma!":

You won't catch this chicken staying home waiting for people much longer. It's going to fledge its feathers and travel to New York on the new and blooming route. It's got a new beau connected with railways—a stunner, I tell you, who thinks nothing of running a mile to catch a lady, and if you and Hen think you are going to plant me down here and expect me to grow, you both are very much mistaken.

Florence, Harry, Mrs. Long and I went for a walk Friday, and Mrs. L. luckily chose a way that led to where "two paths met." It was near the R.R., and who should I spy flying along the railroad track, with satchel in hand and the speed of a locomotive, but Porgie D.? I stopped, I hesitated, I halted him, I blushed, I rushed. He threw down the satchel, flew over all surrounding obstacles, stumbled over a rail or two. Finally, we both reached the same spot at the same time. Mrs. L. declares we embraced and kissed, or seemed to do so, so gushing was the meeting. Oh, if you could only have seen my bangs.

"YOUR GRACE."

The Proper Way to Address a Duke—Some Amusing Cases.

The excellent people at Dalkeith on Saturday passed a resolution to the effect that "this meeting congratulates His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch on this the occasion of His Grace's birthday, and expresses the earnest hope that His Grace may long be spared to be an ornament in the high position of the society he occupies." Dalkeith recalls a story about another dukery. In Lady Blomfield's newly published "Reminiscences" she tells how on one occasion an inspector was examining the children at the schools at Belvoir. Among other religious questions he asked the meaning of the word "Grace," upon which the children all with one accord exclaimed that it meant the Duke of Rutland. No less an authority than the Queen herself is cited for another anecdote in the same place about the same august word. The mother of a girl who was going into service in a Duke's establishment gave her daughter strict injunctions to say "Your Grace" if ever the Duke spoke to her. A few days afterward the Duke met her in a passage, and asked her some question. Instead of answering it, the poor girl immediately began, "For what I have received," etc.

A Man Whose Breath Sets Things on Fire.

Dr. L. C. Woodman, of Paw Paw, Mich., contributes the following: I have a singular phenomenon in the shape of a young man living here that I have studied with much interest, and I am satisfied that his peculiar power demonstrates that electricity is the nerve force beyond dispute. His name is William Underwood, aged 27 years, and his gift is that of generating fire through the medium of his breath, assisted by manipulations with his hands. He will take anybody's handkerchief and hold it to his mouth, rub it vigorously with his hands while breathing on it, and immediately it bursts into flames and burns until consumed. He will strip and rinse out his mouth thoroughly, wash his hands and submit to the most rigid examination to preclude the possibility of any humbug, and then by his breath blown upon any paper or cloth envelope it will burst into flames. He will, when out gunning, and without matches, desirous of a fire, lie down after collecting dry leaves, and by breathing on them start the fire, and then coolly take off his wet stockings and dry them. It is impossible to persuade him to do it more than twice a day, and the effort is attendant with the most extreme exhaustion. He will sink into a chair after doing it, and on one occasion, after he had a newspaper on fire as narrated, I placed my hand on his head, and discovered his scalp to be violently twitching, as if under intense excitement. He will do it any time, no matter where he is, under any circumstances, and I have repeatedly known of his sitting back from the dinner table, taking a swallow of water, and by blowing on his napkin at once set it on fire. He is ignorant, and says that he first discovered his strange power by inhaling and exhaling on a perfumed handkerchief, that suddenly burned while in his hands. It is certainly no humbug, but what is it?—Michigan Medical News.

Marriage of a Sister of Charity.

An unusual wedding ceremony was quietly performed at the Archbishop's residence in this city, last Sunday, the particulars of which were only made public to-day. The bride is Miss Lizzie McDonald, who for eleven years has been a sister of charity. Previous to ignoring the world she was a belle in society here, beautiful and accomplished. The groom is Patrick Moore, of Washington, and the story of their love and the young sister's life is rather romantic. She entered the order of the Sisters of Charity when about twenty years of age, and during her sisterhood was engaged at different times in teaching music at seminaries in Mobile, Milwaukee, Chicago and Mount De Sales, Baltimore. Several years ago she became seriously ill, and her father obtained permission from the Church authorities to remove her home. She was ill for a long time, and on recovering at first announced her intention of returning to the sisterhood. Her father became ill, however, and she nursed him back to health. Then she went to visit a friend in Washington, where she met Mr. Moore. Friendship ripened into love. She concluded to leave the sisterhood, received a dispensation to that effect, though still remaining a devoted member of the Church, and was married by a Catholic priest.—Baltimore despatch to Philadelphia Times.

At a recent execution in Japan thirteen strokes of a sword were found necessary to decapitation. The edge of the instrument had been blunted purposely that the agony of the doomed might be as great as possible.

MILK AND DISEASE.

How Death May Lurk in the Milk Pitcher.

How the Lactical Fluid is Adulterated—Importance of Giving Pure Milk to Children.

Milk is perhaps the most important article of food entering into daily use, since it forms the entire, or almost entire, food of children at an age when they are but little able to resist any tampering with their nourishment; but the purity of milk (adds Professor P. A. Simpson, M.D., in an article in "Good Words") has also an important bearing upon the health of the community at large, since, in addition to adulterations which it occasionally contains, it is now known to be a ready absorbent of certain poisonous emanations producing disease or death in persons using it as food. The adulterations of milk are few in number, and for the most part easy of detection. It was formerly supposed that calves' brains were added to milk to impart richness and consistency to it. But apart from the fact that the supply of calves' brains would be wholly insufficient for this purpose, the admixture would require very clever manipulation to prevent detection by the purchaser. It is equally unlikely that chalk is a frequent adulteration of milk, for the chalk, from its weight and insolubility would at once sink to the bottom of the vessel, where its presence would easily be recognized. Practically the adulteration of milk consists in the addition of water or the abstraction of the cream in whole or in part, and the sale of the residue as new milk. But although by the addition of water milk is rendered less nutritious, it does not become poisonous, and we have therefore only to consider under what conditions it may become unsafe as an article of food. Milk sometimes becomes mouldy owing to the presence of a fungus—the Oidium Lactis, or Penicillium—and its use when in that condition has occasionally produced poisonous symptoms of a serious character. Whether the milk obtained from animals suffering from foot-and-mouth disease gives rise in man to any disorders is still a disputed point; at all events it frequently has been made use of without any ill effects being induced. It is certain, however, that pigs are almost invariably seized with the same disease in a few hours when fed with the milk of animals thus affected, and its presence in sheep and hares may be accounted for by their having fed upon herbage tainted with the saliva of diseased cattle. Various epidemics which have occurred in England and Scotland make it quite clear that milk is sometimes a means of conveying the poisons of typhoid fever and of scarlet fever. In the former case it has probably most frequently arisen from the watering of the milk or the rinsing of the milk vessels with foul water containing the elements of the disease; but sometimes it has arisen from the typhoid effluvia being absorbed by the milk. The scarlet fever poison would appear to get into the milk from the skin or throat discharges of persons affected with the disease who were employed in the dairy while ill or partly convalescent.

He Kissed Her on the Ear.

A pretty girl presented herself the other day at a clinic in one of the hospitals of Vienna and asked to be examined, explaining that she had suddenly become deaf in one ear, and none of her friends could account for the unexpected affliction. Professor Gruber kindly replied that he would see what he could do, and accordingly began to question her as to the circumstances immediately attending the appearance of her deafness. After much hesitation and with many blushes, or rather one prolonged blush, the girl at last confessed that when her lover returned after a long absence he took her in his arms, and pressing his mouth to her ear, conferred upon that organ a most intense and vigorous kiss. At that instant she felt a sharp pain, and had been deaf ever since. The professor made an examination, and found that the drum of the ear had actually been ruptured, and there is no reason to doubt that the kiss did it. The only consolation suggested after recording this painful accident is that it need never be repeated, if ardent lovers will only remember that a kind Providence has provided a feature far more kissable than the ear, and one which no amount of osculatory demonstration has ever been known to injure.

Lord Wolseley on Success in Life.

Lord Wolseley, the successful Commander-in-Chief of the British army in Egypt, in a letter addressed to the children of the National School at Woodville, Burton-on-Trent, says: "I believe success in life is within the reach of all who set before them an aim and an ambition that is not beyond the talents and ability which God has bestowed upon them. We should all begin life with a determination to do well whatever we take in hand, and if that determination is adhered to with the pluck for which Englishmen are renowned, success, according to the nature and quality of our brain-power, is, I think, a certainty. Had I begun life as a tinker my earnest endeavor would have been to have made better pots and pans than my neighbors, and I think I may venture to say, without any vanity, that, with God's blessing, I should have been fairly successful. The first step on the ladder that leads to success is the firm determination to succeed; the next is the possession of that moral and physical courage which will enable one to mount up rung after rung until the top is reached. The best man makes a false step now and then, and some even have very bad falls; the weak and pulling cry over their misfortunes and seek for the sympathy of others and do nothing further after their first or second failure; but the plucky and courageous pick themselves up without a groan over their broken bones or their first failures, and set to work to mount the ladder again full of confidence in themselves and with faith in the results that always attend upon cheerful perseverance."

Rev. Dr. Lowell Smith and wife, who were married at Brandon, Vt., in 1832, lately celebrated their golden wedding at Honolulu, where they have been missionaries for many years.

BAD MEAT.

Its Effects Upon the System and How to Recognize It.

Mr. John Gamgee expresses his belief that as much as one-fifth part of the common meat of the country—beef, veal, mutton, lamb and pork—comes from animals which are considerably diseased. His investigations go to show that horned cattle affected with pleuro-pneumonia are much oftener than not slaughtered on account of the disease, and when slaughtered are commonly eaten, even though the lung disease has made such progress as notably to taint the carcass; that animals affected with foot and mouth disease are not often slaughtered on account of it, but, if slaughtered, are uniformly eaten; that the presence of parasites in the flesh of an animal never influences the owner against selling it for food; that carcasses too obviously ill-conditioned for exposure in the butcher's shop are abundantly sent to the sausage maker, or sometimes pickled and dried; that some sausage makers will utilize even the most diseased organs which can be furnished to them. Fortunately, the appearance of good fresh meat is known to most people. It should be firm and elastic when touched, scarcely moistening the finger; it should have a marbled appearance from the ramifications of little layers of fat among the muscles, and no odor beyond that which characterizes fresh meat. When allowed to stand for some time the surface becomes dry. Bad meat, on the other hand, is wet and sodden, and continues so; it has, moreover, a sickly odor. When the flesh has a deep purple tint it is probable that the animal has not been slaughtered, or else that it has suffered from some fever. We may lay it down in theory at all events that it is only the meat of healthy animals that have been slaughtered which is fit for the food of man, and yet there can be no doubt that the meat obtained from sickly and even diseased animals has sometimes been eaten with impunity. It is beyond question that the eating of meat of this description has often been followed by poisonous symptoms, but it is equally certain that these are by no means the invariable result. This apparent anomaly has given rise to much controversy, and a solution of it is only to be arrived at by having regard to the exact nature of the disease, and the stage to which it has progressed.

It may be laid down as a general principle that meat, fish or poultry in a state of decay can not be eaten with safety, since symptoms of irritant poisoning have so frequently arisen from this cause. But a little consideration will show us the impossibility of drawing a hard and fast line upon this point. We relish venison which has partially undergone decay, while we at once reject beef or mutton in a similar condition. Again, poultry to be palatable must be fresh, yet we do not scruple to eat game far advanced in decomposition. There is no doubt that in many cases we are guided by our palates in determining what food is wholesome for in while many of us eat moldy cheese a Chinaman will swallow bad eggs, and some rascals enjoy fish which we should consider putrid. Even as regards oysters, which are generally relished in proportion to their freshness, it is sometimes a matter of taste. For example, it is recorded of the first monarch of the house of Hanover that he objected to the English native oyster as being deficient in flavor. It was privately suggested by a shrewd courtier that the native oyster should be allowed to become somewhat stale before being brought to the royal table. The King at once recognized the flavor which had always pleased him so much at Herrhausen, and gave orders that in future he should always be supplied from that particular bed. The absence of evil consequences after eating food which has undergone a certain amount of decay is doubtless due in many cases to the completeness of the cooking process, but this does not militate against the general rule that food in any state of decay is unwholesome and should be avoided.—Good Words.

Label Suits.

We observe our contemporary, the Hamilton Times, has been enjoying the luxury of a libel suit, and has been requested by the judicial authorities to pay into court the sum of \$300, as damages besides costs of the suit. We need not discuss the particular features of the case further than to say that our contemporary appears to have been perfectly willing to make a suitable correction after having found its statements to be erroneous. It is the interest, as well as the duty, of any newspaper worthy the name to give only intelligence of a reliable character. In cases where a public journal publishes in good faith something respecting an individual which after knowledge proves to be unfounded, the duty of the journal is to do precisely what an individual under the same circumstances might reasonably be expected to do, namely, to make a retraction as full and frank as the publication complained of. What more ought of right to be expected of any newspaper?—Toronto Globe.

Delicate Surgical Operation.

An Ottawa telegram says: Some months ago a young man named Kelly, of this city, found his teeth falling out through inhalation of sulphur fumes while employed in Eddy's match factory. On examination by a dentist it was also discovered his jawbones were decaying from the same cause. All his teeth were extracted, but the progress of decay not being stopped, a Montreal surgeon was consulted, and the latter decided that one of the upper jawbones should be removed and replaced by a silver plate. Mr. Kelly underwent the operation, which was successfully performed. Thirty-two doctors and medical students witnessed the operation. Mr. Kelly has returned home and is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

The Deepest Coal Mine in America.

Pottsville, Penn., claims the deepest coal mine in America. The shaft is 1,576 feet in depth. The cars, holding four tons each, are run upon a platform, and the whole weight of six tons is lifted in a little more than a minute by machinery that works as smoothly as a hotel elevator. The output is 200 car loads a day.

"My wife," remarked Fitzboodle, "is fairly crazy over the winter fashions. She's got the delirium trimmings."

SUNDAY PABULUM.

The Week's News in a Nutshell.

Rev. Dr. Hepworth writes in favor of preaching old sermons, provided they are good.

The smallest church in England is said to be Pilham, county Lincoln, 20 feet by 17 feet 9 inches. Population, 91.

The Methodists, by their characteristic activity, have, after twenty years' labor, gained a strong position in Switzerland.

"When once we see the cross," says the Rev. Joseph Cook, "it is no cross to bear the cross."

Over seventy students were matriculated last year in the Anglo-Chinese College at Foochow, connected with the Methodist Mission.

The English Presbyterians are taking steps to thoroughly equip a theological college in China for the training of native evangelists.

At Southampton, England, on a Sunday afternoon, the rain pouring down in torrents, from 3,000 to 4,000 went to hear Mr. Moody preach. About 1,000 men at the same time listened to Canon Wilberforce.

Rev. Dr. Titus Coan, known as "The Apostle of the Sandwich Islands," where he has resided for half a century and wielded a great influence with the people, is dead.

A poor Chinaman who had been helped by a missionary showed his gratitude by praying that Budha would turn him (the Chinaman) into an ass, so that the missionary might ride on him in the next life.

The confidence of the people in the Methodist missionaries in the Hok-Chiang district, China, is increasing so rapidly that the mission cannot supply the demand for aid in opening schools for girls.

There are no services at the grave in Scotland. This habit of dispensing with religious exercises had its origin, no doubt, in the Scotch horror of doing anything that might give a color to the charge of the custom of praying for the dead.

The foundation stone of the magnificent Church of the Saviour at Vienna, which has been under construction for twenty-six years, and is the expression of a national thanksgiving for the preservation of a monarch's life, is a block of marble quarried on the Mount of Olive, Jerusalem. The church will cost \$1,875,000.

In England and Wales there are 17 Roman Catholic prelates, 2,112 priests; in Scotland 6 prelates, with 806 priests. Most of the Roman Catholics in Glasgow, Leith, and Dundee are Irish. With the exception of Lord Lovat's family, there is scarcely one of rank in the Roman Catholic communion, but several ladies of high rank—the Duchess of Buccleuch, the dowager Marchioness of Lothian, and others—have joined the Church of Rome. The Episcopal Church in Scotland is very High Church.

Rev. Henry M. Souder writes to a Chicago paper in correction of a statement that he "indulges" hope for the sinner who dies in his sins. "This," he says, "does not fairly represent me. Will you, therefore, kindly allow me a word in your paper? 1. I believe and teach that there is no hope for a man who refuses the salvation which is offered to him in Jesus Christ. 2. I believe that Christ went down into Hades and preached to those who 'some time were disobedient in the days of Noah.' This is the only case of future probation that I can find in the Scriptures. 3. I think it right to hope that if there are similar cases there may be a similar exhibition of mercy."

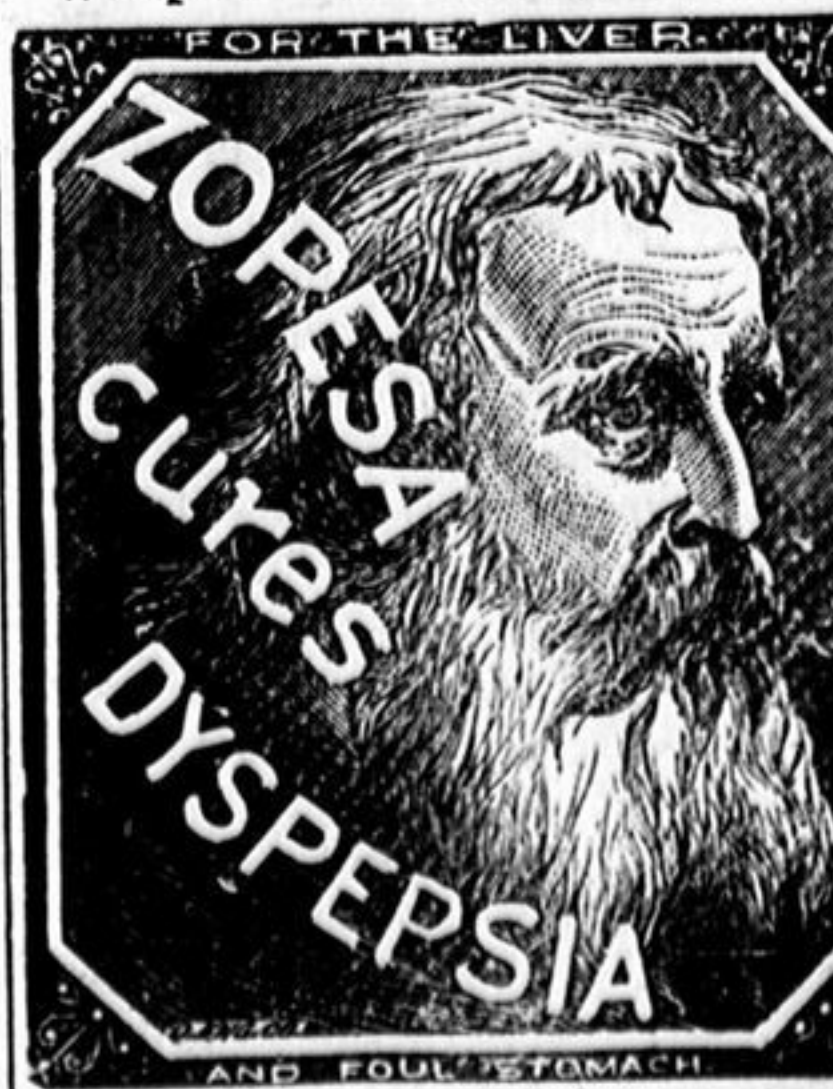
Late Hours.

It is a mistake to both rise early and late take rest. The rising early is good as a habit of life, if it does not mean robbing nature of her opportunity to recruit the exhausted strength of brain and body by prolonging sleep when that necessary luxury is at length enjoyed. There would appear to be some need of remonstrance on this score. The fashion of the day favors early rising and the manly "tub"; but those who rise early have, for the most part, sat up prodigiously late, and the tub is chiefly appreciated because it rouses the system, and makes it feel—and feelings are very deceptive—strong and vigorous. This is burning the candle at both ends. If we must sit up half the night, it would be better to sleep half the day than to rise betimes and go in for arduous labor after insufficient rest. Early rising is not good, but harmful, without early resting.—Lancet.

In the Clackamas, Ore., paper mills, about two weeks ago, rising water slacked a barrel of lime. The lime set fire to some paper, and the paper ignited a barrel of rosin. A big fire followed.

Game is so plenty in Minnesota that hotel guests are saddled with venison three times a day. What an idea!

Come all who wish white Teeth of pearl, To set off lips of cherry; A fragrant Breath for the boy and girl, Who purchases "TEABERRY."



It's EVERY ONE'S DUTY—To improve the opportunities presented for health, cheerfulness and comfort. See to it, that Zepes is used in your family for Dyspepsia and Biliousness. It is guaranteed to remove them.