

THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER X.

HE beer being done, the doctor chafed bitterly while Jean-Marie finished his cakes. "I burn to be gone," he said, looking at his watch. "Good God! how slow you eat!" And yet to eat slowly was his own particular prescription, the main secret of longevity!

His martyrdom, however, reached an end at last; the pair resumed their places in the buggy, and Desprez, leaning luxuriously back, announced his intention of proceeding to Fontainebleau.

"To Fontainebleau?" repeated Jean-Marie.

"My words are always measured," said the doctor. "On!"

The doctor was driven through the glades of paradise; the air, the light, the shining leaves, the very movement of the vehicle, seemed to fall in tune with his golden meditations; with his head thrown back, he dreamed a series of sunny visions, and pleasure danced in his veins. At last he spoke.

"I shall telegraph for Casimir," he said. "Good Casimir! a fellow of the lower order of intelligence, Jean-Marie, distinctly not creative, not poetic; and yet he will repay your study; his fortune is vast, and is entirely due to his own exertions. He is the very fellow to help us to dispose of our trinkets, find us a suitable house in Paris, and manage the details of our installation. Admirable Casimir, one of my oldest comrades! It was on his advice, I may add, that I invested my little fortune in Turkish bonds; when we have added these spoils of the Mohammedan empire, little boy, we shall positively roll among doubloons, positively roll! Beautiful forest," he cried, "farewell! Though called to other scenes, I will not forget thee. Thy name is graven in my heart. Under the influence of prosperity I become dithyrambic, Jean-Marie. Such is the impulse of the natural primeval man. And I—well, I will not soul; such was the constitution of reuse the credit—I have preserved my youth like a virginity; another, who should have led the same snoring, countrified existence for these years, another had become rusted, become stereotyped; but I, I praise my happy constitution, retain the spring unbroken. Fresh opulence and a new sphere of duties find me unabated in ardor and only more mature by knowledge. For this prospective change, Jean-Marie—it may probably have shocked you. Tell me now, did it not strike you as an inconsistency? Confess—it is useless to dissemble—it pained you?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"You see," returned the doctor, with sublime fatuity, "I read your thought! Nor am I surprised—your education is not yet complete; the higher duties of men have not been yet presented to you fully. A hint—till we have leisure—must suffice. Now that I am once more in possession of a modest competence; now that I have so long prepared myself in silent meditation, it becomes my superior duty to proceed to Paris. My scientific training, my undoubted command of language, mark me out for the service of my country. Modesty in such a case would be a snare. If sin were a philosophical expression, I should call it sinful. A man must not deny his manifest abilities, for that is to evade his obligations. I must be up and doing; I must be no skulker in life's battle."

"Here, quick, come near to me; I don't wish to speak too loud!" he continued. "Darling, we are wealthy!" "Wealthy!" repeated the wife.

"I have found the treasure of Franchard," replied her husband. "See, here are the first fruits; a pineapple, a dress for my ever-beautiful—it will suit her—trust a husband's, trust a lover's taste! Embrace me darling! This grimy episode is over; the butterfly unfolds its painted wings. To-morrow Casimir will come; in a week we may be in Paris—happy at last! You shall have diamonds. Jean-Marie, take it out of the boot, with religious care, and bring it piece by piece into the dining-room. We shall have plate at table! Darling, hasten and prepare this turtle; it will be a whet—it will be an addition to our meagre ordinary. I myself will proceed to the cellar. We shall have a bottle of that little Beaujolais you like, and finish with the Hermitage; there are still three bottles left. Worthy wine for a worthy occasion."

"The turtle, my adored, the turtle!" cried the doctor; and he pushed her toward the kitchen, lantern and all.

Jean-Marie stood dumbfounded. He had pictured to himself a different scene—a more immediate protest, and his hope began to dwindle on the spot.

CHAPTER XI.

HE rattled on copiously greasing the joints of his inconsistency with words; while the boy listened silently, his eyes fixed on the horse, his mind seething. It was all lost eloquence, no array of words could unsettle a belief of Jean-Marie's; and he drove into Fontainebleau filled with pity, horror, indignation, and despair.

In the town Jean-Marie was kept a fixture on the driving-seat, to guard the treasure; while the doctor, with a singular, slightly tipsy airiness of manner, suttled in and out of cafes, where he shook hands with garrison officers, and mixed an absinthe with the sticky of old experience; in and out of shops, from which he returned laden with costly fruits, real turtle, a magnificent piece of silk for his wife, a preposterous cane for himself, and a kepi of the newest fashion for the boy; in and out of the telegraph office, whence he dispatched his telegram, and where three hours later he received an answer meaning a visit to the morrow, and generally perched Fontainebleau with the first fine aroma of his divine good humor.

The sun was very low when they got down again; the shadows of the forest were stretched across the broad white road that led them home; the post-

trating odor of the evening wood had already arisen, like a cloud of incense, from that broad field of tree-tops; and even in the streets of the town, where the air had been baked all day between white walls, it came in whiffs and pulses, like a distant music. Half-way home, the last gold flicker vanished from a great oak upon the left; and when they came forth beyond the borders of the wood, the plain was already sunken in pearly grayness, and a great, pale moon came swinging skyward through the filmy poplars.

The doctor sung, the doctor whistled, the doctor talked. He spoke of the woods, and the wars, and the deposition of dew; he brightened and babbled of Paris; he soared into cloudy bombast on the glories of the political arena. All was to be changed; as the day departed, it took with it the vestiges of an outworn existence, and to-morrow's sun was to inaugurate the new. "Enough," he cried, "O this life of maceration!" His wife (still beautiful, or he was sadly partial) were to be no longer buried; she should now shine before society. Jean-Marie would find the world at his feet; the roads open to success, wealth, honor, and posthumous renown. "And oh, by the way," said he, "for God's sake keep your tongue quiet! You are, of course, a very silent fellow; it is a quality I gladly recognize in you—silence, golden silence! But this is a matter of gravity. No word must get abroad; none but the good Casimir is to be trusted; we shall probably dispose of the vessels in England."

"But are they not even ours?" the boy said, almost with a sob—it was the only time he had spoken.

"Ours in this sense, that they are nobody else's," replied the doctor. "But the state would have some claim. If they were stolen, for instance, we should be unable to demand their restitution; we should have no title; we should be unable even to communicate with the police. Such is the monstrous condition of the law.* It is a mere in-

*Let it be so, for my tale! stance of what remains to be done, of the injustices that may yet be righted by an ardent, active, and philosophical deputy."

Jean-Marie put his faith in Madame Desprez; and as they drove forward down the road from Bourron, between the rustling poplars, he prayed in his teeth, and whipped up the horse to an unusual speed. Surely, as soon as her character, and bring this waking they arrived, madame would assert nightmare to an end.

Their entrance into Gretz was heralded and accompanied by a most furious barking; all the dogs in the village seemed to smell the treasure in the noddy. But there was no one on the street, save three lounging landscape painters at Tentallion's door. Jean-Marie opened the green gate and led in the horse and carriage; and almost at the same moment Madame Desprez came to the kitchen threshold with a lighted lantern; for the moon was not yet high enough to clear the garden walls.

"Close the gates, Jean-Marie!" cried the doctor, somewhat unsteadily alighting. "Anastasia, where is Aline?"

"She has gone to Montereau to see her parents," said madame.

"Here, quick, come near to me; I don't wish to speak too loud!" he continued. "Darling, we are wealthy!"

"Wealthy!" repeated the wife.

"I have found the treasure of Franchard," replied her husband. "See, here are the first fruits; a pineapple, a dress for my ever-beautiful—it will suit her—trust a husband's, trust a lover's taste! Embrace me darling! This grimy episode is over; the butterfly unfolds its painted wings. To-morrow Casimir will come; in a week we may be in Paris—happy at last! You shall have diamonds. Jean-Marie, take it out of the boot, with religious care, and bring it piece by piece into the dining-room. We shall have plate at table! Darling, hasten and prepare this turtle; it will be a whet—it will be an addition to our meagre ordinary. I myself will proceed to the cellar. We shall have a bottle of that little Beaujolais you like, and finish with the Hermitage; there are still three bottles left. Worthy wine for a worthy occasion."

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CHAPTER XII.

HE doctor was everywhere, a little doubtful on his legs, perhaps, and now and then taking the wall with his shoulder; for it was long since he had tasted absinthe, and he was then reflecting that the absinthe had been a recommendation. Not that he regretted access on such a glorious day, but he made a mental memorandum to beware; he must not, a second time, become the victim of a deleterious hab-

it. He had his wine out of the cellar in a twinkling; he arranged the sacrificial vessels, some on the white tablecloth, some on the sideboard, still crusted with historic earth. He was in and out of the kitchen, plying Anastasia with vermouth, heating her with glimpses of the future, estimating their new wealth at ever larger figures; and before they sat down to supper, the lady's virtue had melted in the fire of his enthusiasm, her timidity had disappeared; she, too, had begun to speak disparagingly of the life at Gretz; and as she took her place and helped the soup, her eyes shone with the glitter of prospective diamonds.

All through the meal, she and the doctor made and unmade fairy plans. They bobbed and bowed and pledged each other. Their faces ran over with smiles; their eyes scattered sparkles, as they projected the doctor's political honors and the lady's drawing-room ovations.

"But you will not be a Red?" cried Anastasia.

"I am Left Centre to the core," replied the doctor.

"Madame Gastelin will present us—we shall find ourselves forgotten," said the lady.

"Never," protested the doctor. "Beauty and talent leave a mark."

"I have positively forgotten how to dress," she sighed.

"Darling, you make me blush," cried he. "Yours has been a tragic marriage!"

"But your success—to see you appreciated, honored, your name in all the papers, that will be more than pleasure—it will be heaven!" she cried.

"And once a week," said the doctor, archly scanning the syllables, "once a week—one good little game of bacarat?"

"Only once a week?" she questioned, threatening him with a finger.

"I swear it by my political honor," cried he.

"I spoil you," she said, and gave him her hand.

He covered it with kisses.

Jean-Marie escapes into the night. The moon swung high over Gretz. He went down to the garden end and sat on the jetty. The river ran by with eddies of oily silver, and a low, monotonous song. Faint veils of mist moved among the poplars on the farther side. The reeds were quietly nodding. A hundred times already had the boy sat, on such a night, and watched the streaming river with untroubled fancy. And this perhaps was to be the last. He was to leave this familiar hamlet, this green, rustling country, this bright and quiet stream; he was to pass into the great city; and his dear lady mistress was to move bedizened into saloons; his good, garrulous, kind-hearted master to become a brawling deputy; and both be lost forever to Jean-Marie and their better selves. He knew his own defects; he knew he must sink into less and less consideration in the turmoil of a city life; sink more and more from the child into the servant. And he began dimly to believe the doctor's prophecies of evil. He could see a change in both. His generous incredulity failed him for this once; a child must have perceived what the Hermitage had completed what the absinthe had begun. If this were the first day, what would be the last? "If necessary, wreck the train," thought he, remembering the doctor's parable. He looked round on the delightful scene; he drank deep of the charmed night air, laden with the scent of hay. "If necessary, wreck the train," he repeated. And he rose and returned to the house.

TO MELT SNOW.

A Simple Scheme to Clean the Numerous Streets of Large Cities.

Among those who have given considerable thought to the problem of quickly and efficiently disposing of the snow which falls on the streets of the city, and which the bureau of street cleaning is frequently unable to force street cleaning contractors to remove as rapidly and thoroughly as it should be removed, is Robert G. Mueller, an engineer and architect in the office of Otto C. Wolf, at Broad and Arch streets, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Mr. Mueller's plan involves the turning of the accumulated snow into water, which afterward runs off through the gutters into sewers. "This can be done," said Mr. Mueller, "both cheaply and successfully. In melting the snow I would use electricity upon such streets as have trolley lines running upon them. On other thoroughfares steam would be used. After the sweepers and snow plows have thrown the snow into a long pile between the tracks and the curb laborers could throw it into carts, which would haul it to the nearest corner. Here I would have the melting machine. It would be in the form of a radiator, say 9 by 3 feet, on wheels. A wire connects it with the trolley wire. The heat generated by the electric current will melt the snow as rapidly as it can be hauled up and thrown on the melting machine. The water runs out through a pipe at one corner of the machine into the gutter or sewer opening.

"I have calculated that with six men and carts all of the snow on a square like any of those on Market street between the city hall and the river can be gathered up and melted in half an hour."

Mr. Mueller estimates the cost of each machine at not more than \$250. The electricity he thinks the traction company would be willing to supply for nothing, as it would derive an equal advantage with the city in the rapid removal of the snow. Mr. Mueller has prepared working drawings of his plan and will submit them to the bureau of street cleaning.

A TEST OF FEALTY.

MADE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLES.

What Was Required of a Samoan Lover Who Offended His Family—A Growsome but True Story of Life in the Samoan Islands.

The following growsome though true story shows what a powerful lever family approval and tribal influence exert upon the Samoan character. The story is vouched for in every detail. A certain young Samoan, the son of a chief, who had reached that age when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," became deeply enamored of the taupo or belle belonging to a neighboring village, between whose "talking man," father of the taupo, and the suitor's family there existed a bitter feud. The attachment was reciprocal, but, as is customary in such important matters as matrimony, the question of eligibility was duly submitted to the aiga (a-e-no) or family council, which promptly returned a verdict of "impossible." Instead, however, of accepting the decree of his family and renouncing his inamorata, the young man rebelled and declared he would wed his dusky sweetheart in spite of all the code of Faa Samoa and the trammels of family and tribal disapproval that could be imposed. The young girl also asserted her independence and scorn for the obstacles which were put in their way, and, with the help of a few girl friends, began preparing her trousseau of fine mats and gaudy tapa, which brides in Samoa affect. The wedding day approached. The feeling between the rival villages ran high, and before the arrival of the date fixed for the ceremony culminated in open hostilities. Overwhelming pressure was brought to bear upon the poor lover, who was reviled and taunted with being a traitor, and all the curses of endless generations of ancestors were heaped upon his devoted head; family influence combined to exert its every wile to break the engagement, but still he stood resolute. He was driven from house and village, an outcast on the world, and his property confiscated and divided. The day came, and the bride sat alone, deserted by her family, waiting for her faithful bridegroom. The hours passed; he did not come. Suddenly a step was heard outside the hut where she anxiously awaited. She rose expectant. A curtain was thrust aside; something was thrown into the room and rolled to the feet of the horrified girl. She stooped and picked it up, and then screaming and laughing she fell upon the ground—a maniac. It was the severed head of her father, and before her stood her affianced husband, stern, relentless and cold as if turned to stone, in his hand the terrible mife-oti (head-knife), freshly dripping. Family persuasion had triumphed at last, and the ordeal which had been given him of proving his fidelity to tribe and family in order to be forgiven was the task he had just performed—taking the head of the bride's own father and throwing it at her feet. The shock was too great for the poor girl, whose reason, mercifully, gave way. She may yet be seen about Apia, homeless and wandering, a sadly pathetic figure, decked Ophelia-like in bridal wreaths, with a chaplet of vines twined around her head, singing her family song of victory, or crooning a love ditty. The young warrior—upon whose fealty so terrible a test had been imposed sought and found in war that oblivion which his poor afflicted bride-elect yet hopelessly awaits.—San Francisco Chronicle.

"PLEASE TOUCH."

The New Rule in Regard to Bronzes in Berlin University.

Until a very short time ago the bronze statues in some of the Berlin museums was most carefully labeled, "Please Do Not Touch," as it is in our own public museums. What happened in Berlin, however, may cause the guardians of some of our museums to leave out the word "not." It was observed in Berlin that those parts of the bronze statues which were surreptitiously handled by the public retained a good surface. This led to the conclusion that the fat exuding from the hand had something to do with it. An experiment was therefore tried for some years with four bronzes. One was coated every day with oil and wiped with a cloth; another was washed every day with water; the third was similarly washed, but was oiled twice a year, and the fourth was left untouched. At the end of that period the first looked beautiful; the third, which had been oiled twice a year, was passable; the second looked dead, and the fourth was dull and black. It is probably a fact not generally known that the ancient Greeks polished their statues by constant hand rubbing.

Bicycles in Church.

Cyclists pay a penny at St. James' church, Marylebone, and their wheels are ticketed and looked after during service by an attendant. Space for fifty machines has been provided by the Rev. H. R. Hawels, the incumbent, who says the arrangement has been made at the request of numerous cyclists. The Rev. Bernard J. Snell has a room for cycles at Brixton Independent church, and the Rev. W. Carlile of St. Mary-at-Hill, near the museum, also provides safe custody for the cycling worshiper's "bike."—Boston Traveler.

By meditating on our own tendencies we think we get the key to universal conduct.

BALLOON SPIDERS.

That Float Through the Air in Baskets They Have Woven.

The ordinary California buzzard, and the singular ravens of Santa Catalina Island, often give marvelous exhibitions of soaring or rising in the air without moving their wings, and when it is remembered that their bodies are reduced to a minimum weight, and that even the bones are filled with air, it is almost scientific and literally true that they are living balloons. As a stroller who had descended the bank by a little trail crouched low in the shadow of a wild lilac, he saw against the dark-green bank of the opposite canyon a cobweb afloat; then another, drifting down the aerial channel on the wind. Others followed—a procession of webs was passing; some were long and formed of a single thread of silk; others had a delicate mass of fabric attached. Presently one of them came so near that he put out his hand and caught it. It was a perfect balloon, and the aeronaut—a small spider—sat complacently on its basket, a fluffy mass of web half an inch in length, light as a feather, and supported by a long thread which reached away, undulating and curving upward. Scores of these aeronauts passed by, drifting up the little canyon, borne aloft by the upward current of the air. The stroller noticed a number of spiders on the leaves and branches in singular attitudes, and then it occurred to him that there was a spider migration and that instead of walking or crawling away, the insects were going, like Andree, by balloon. More on the leaves of the wild lilac were preparing for the journey across the chasm, forming, building and launching their balloons. A spider that had been actively climbing up a branch of a neighboring oak now stood on an outer leaf and prepared to make its balloon. It had a wonderful arrangement of spinnerets in which the balloon-making material, which is also employed to construct nets and traps, is stored. Some of the spiders have an additional spinning organ and a comb-like implement upon the hind legs, by which they comb out the silk, making a tangle of fine webs. Thus they are well prepared to make cables for balloons, guy ropes, net, and, by the aid of the comb, a fluffy platform web. Some of the spiders made little platforms of fluffy web as they went; others merely clung to the thread; but, in one way or the other, scores of them crossed the canyons and traveled through the air, aeronauts in all the name implies.

LARGE APPETITES.

They Produce Heart Trouble and Death from Over Eating.

New York World: In their way of living and way of dying Ingersoll and Roswell P. Flower were typical of a very large class. Both led sedentary lives. Both had a great deal of superfluous flesh. Both had large appetites and apparently superb digestions. Both died of "heart trouble." Almost invariably in men of this sort "heart trouble" means simply stomach trouble, the results of indifference to or unbelief in the simple laws as to eating and drinking. The fallacy that "nature knows what she wants, and by giving a man a huge appetite signifies that he must eat hugely," numbers its victims by the tens of thousands. Living up to this fallacy produces what appears to be and in some cases may be heart trouble. Then the man with the big appetite attributes all his sufferings from indulgence in food and drink not to his "robust appetite," but to his "weak heart." He takes care of his heart, but continues to overload his stomach. And if any one, even his physician, tries to warn him against indulgence of his "hearty, hearty appetite," he laughs or gets angry. It takes little food to provide all the nourishment the body needs. All above that little is superfluous, and man must constantly guard against the tendency to increase this superfluous. When age approaches the amount of nourishment necessary tends to decrease, but appetite tends to increase. Hence these untimely deaths of men in their physical and mental prime. Always leave the table hungry. And when you do not feel well do not eat at all.

An Indian Bridal Pair.

"Once I saw a pretty thing, a young bride of the Kickapoo, on a sort of wedding trip. She was tall and slight, and—so closely did the members of a tribe resemble one another—she looked like the twin sister of her young husband. At first they were accompanied by a stout old chief, but he left after circus day. It is odd to see an Indian chief patronize the peanut and lemonade stands, and sit unmoved at the performance, and yet stand enthralled before the cages of animals unknown on his native prairies. The bride and bridegroom spent three or four days in the town, wandering about as unconsciously as Adam and Eve in the garden, says Ainslee's. The man was already masterful and protecting, the girl shy and subservient. Day after day they walked hand in hand, looking at everything—people, shops, cattle—but never speaking to any one, never even to each other, yet deeply content in the consciousness of companionship. They were a living example of the happiness of simplicity, and, while they stayed in the bustling town, made many a civilized man and woman think of how far their own conduct as wives and husbands fell short of the standard of this unconscious Indian pair."

Liquid Air Crematory.

From the Medical Record: It is said that a company has been formed recently which will erect a crematory near Nyack, where the rapid consumption of dead bodies will be effected by means of liquid air.

TWO WORLD-FAMOUS BOOKS.

United States Has Purchased the Most Costly, China the Largest.

The most expensive book ever published is the official history of the war of the rebellion, which is now being issued by the United States government at a cost up to date of \$2,800,000. Of this amount nearly one-half has been paid for printing and binding, the remainder to be accounted for in salaries, rent, stationery, and miscellaneous expenses, including the purchase of records from private individuals. It has taken ten years to complete this work, which consists of 112 volumes. The largest book in the world is in the Chinese department of the British museum, and consists of 5,020 volumes. This wonderful production of the Chinese press was purchased a few years ago for \$6,000, and is one of only three copies in existence. It is an encyclopedia of the literature of China, covering a period of twenty-eight centuries—from 1000 B. C. to 1700 A. D. It owes its origin to the literary proclivities of the Emperor Kang-he, who reigned from 1662 to 1722. In the course of his studies of the ancient literature of his country, Kang-he discovered that extensive corruption had been allowed to creep into modern editions, and he conceived the idea of having the text and the originals reproduced, and preserved in an authoritative form. This was a mighty conception, and in its execution it remains unique down to the present day. For the purpose of carrying out the work Kang-he appointed a commission of learned men to select the writings to be reproduced, and employed the Jesuit missionaries to cast copper types with which to execute the printing. The commission was occupied for forty years in its great task. Before the work was completed Kang-he died, but he had provided that his successor should see the book completed. The book is arranged in six divisions, each dealing with a particular branch of knowledge. The divisions are thus designated: First, writings relating to the earth; third, writings relating to mankind; fourth, writings relating to inanimate nature; fifth, writings relating to philosophy; sixth, writings relating to political economy.—New York Sun.

PHILANTHROPY'S FIRST FRUIT.

Baby Gets a Home Through the Sophia Brauenlich Fund.

Mrs. Sophia Brauenlich, who died recently in New York, left a part of her estate as a fund by means of which infant girls of New York city might be provided with homes in the country. Mrs. Brauenlich was a firm believer in the transmission of the virtues or vices of the parents to their children and in order to remove the offspring of the vicious from contaminating influences she established this fund. The first child to receive the benefits of this fund was sent to a home in New Jersey last week. She and her mother had lived for weeks on crackers and water and the mother gladly gave up her child upon assurance that she would be well cared for. The mother is related to a good family, but her marriage was distasteful to her parents and she was disowned. She is now in the last stages of consumption and will be cared for until the end comes, which cannot be long delayed. The Sophia Brauenlich fund has been increased by other donations and will soon be of such dimensions as to enable the society having its control to care for nearly a hundred friendless little ones. For each girl sent out there is a fund put away at interest until she is 18 years old, so that in case anything should happen to her foster parents she will be provided for. There now is in Hasbrouck Heights a home waiting for a little girl that shall be found by the Sophia fund to answer all requirements. Meantime the fund is paying for the support of a beautiful Brooklyn baby, who is with its impoverished mother until the poor woman can bring herself to the point of giving up her child.

Costly Pipe.

Muzaffer-ed-Din Mirza, the Shahinshah (King of Kings) who reigns over the Kingdom of Persia, owns the most expensive pipe in the world. The Kallian, or Pipe of State, which he owns and smokes on high imperial occasions, is valued at \$400,000 and is set with diamonds, rubies and emeralds of the costliest kind. Not only are the mouthpiece and the upper and lower portions of the snake-like shank of pure gold, enameled and set with the finest gems, but the water bowl and pipe bowls are equally splendid and rich with lavish jewel work. The Prince of Wales visited the Sultan of Turkey in 1862, and was invited by the Sultan to smoke a narghah which was inlaid with diamonds (valued at \$15,000), and which was given to the Prince as a souvenir of his visit. A pipe made wholly of meerschaum and amber for Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria cost \$3,000.

The First Case.

New York Herald: Mrs. Robert Baird, of No. 159 Monroe street, Fairhaven, found the dead body of her husband, who had been missing since July 13, in the receiving vault of the Yale Medical School. She had supposed him in New York City, where he had been offered a situation. Baird had died from heart disease. Apparently he had stopped under a tree to rest and was just lighting his pipe when stricken. There is no other case on record of a body being claimed after it had been placed in the vault of the medical school.

Best Marksmen.

The best marksmen are usually those with gray or blue eyes.