

TREASURES.

A maiden sitting at the close of day... Within the shadow of a rose-wreathed bower...

On a two little shoes of bright pink... On the top of the head she had a crown...

But soon the fond one sees in her despair... That in his love and wisdom God hath given...

An aged man, with waving silver hair... A royal child asleep upon his knee...

The child is all unconscious as he sleeps... That he's a link in that great golden chain...

Katie's Requirements.

BY ELOISE.

"I'd be a butterfly... Born in a bower... Slipping away... From flower to flower."

A fair young girl sat at a desk looking over a pile of compositions. She was alone in her small, but bright and pleasant school-room.

"Such a piece of news, Moll!" she exclaimed. "Grandy is dead, and there is no will; so the whole property is ours."

"Katie, how can you speak so grandfather's death! Poor old man! When did he die?"

"Oh, he died yesterday; and the reason why I can speak so, baby, is because I am not a prim little goose. Why should we pretend to be sorry, when he kept us away while he was alive? You have never seen him live or twice; as for me the money I stand in his house was a torture, with all his grim oddities; the same to him, I suspect, for he seemed more than willing to have me go away. As to his educating us, decency compelled him to do that, you know; and his allowance to mother is begrudging. Just think of the grandchildren of that millionaire being obliged to keep this odious little school! But that is over now, thank fate! So give me those rubbishy papers for the kitchen fire. I'd be glad to make a bonfire of the whole concern."

"Why Katie!" exclaims Mary. "I never knew you disliked the school."

"You dear little goose! Do I look like one to make a wail over what is unavoidable? No, indeed! I love my own ease too well; and what must be done, I choose to get as much pleasure from as may be. So I just determined to charm the girls into making of me an idol, and think I succeed. Don't you, innocent little Moll?"

Her sister nodded assent, and thought how easy this magic would ever be to Katie. As she stood there, leaning against the window, looking down at Mary, her exceeding beauty seemed to her sister something ever new and wonderful. A perfect flower-face, where white and rose blended in exquisite proportion. Eyes of golden hazel, eyebrows as lashes; black, while every feature was beautifully modeled. The hair was the crowning glory. It was not golden, but a deep yellow color, shining like satin; very long and abundant. Her figure was elegant and graceful; but after all there was something wanting, of which one felt the lack more and more in turning from this brilliant face to the paler, more quiet loveliness of Mary. Her seemed the transparent vase to hold the beautiful intellect. While Katie (more fitted in intellect than Mary) in her accomplishments and accomplishments with quickness and ease to make wonder) was like one awaiting the awakening of hers, caring only for the present pleasure and ease.

"Of course, Moll, you will give up Jack Richmond now? I told you it was a silly affair," said Katie.

"Of course I shall not, Katie, and I wonder you should think me capable of it; but you do not mean what you say."

"Indeed I do. He is no match for an heiress—an architect, who just earns his bread! Why, Moll how delightful it will be to hear ourselves called 'the two beautiful heiresses of old Cameron the millionaire!'" And she clapped her little white hands, laughed, and tried to twirl her sister into the joyful dance she was performing.

"Do be quiet, Katie; my mood is not so gay as yours, and I don't know what you mean by two heiresses; mother has just as much right to a share as we."

"You don't know anything about it, baby. The law would give her one cent, as grandy outlived papa. The whole sum (nearly four million) is ours."

"Katie, how can you?" exclaimed Mary. "One would think you hard and mean, which you are not. If what you say is the law, it is not justice, and I for one will not consent to it. My mother shares equally with me, or I do not touch one cent."

"Now, baby, do be sensible. You know it is only for the grand appearance of the thing I care. Of course my mother will never want for cash as long as there is any in my purse. To be dependent on her daughters will not be disagreeable, I am sure."

"I am not so certain of that, Katie," replied Mrs. Cameron, who entered the room while her daughter was speaking. "It is not natural, and I think will not suit my disposition."

"Of course it is not natural, mother," said Mary, "and it never shall be. I will not touch the money unless you share equally with me."

"But Katie interrupted. 'Why, mother, I should think you would rather be dependent on us than on grandy!'"

"I was not, Katie. Your grandfater made me an allowance, and I always felt it was his duty to do so; it was much less than he paid your father, who spent all the last years of his life in attending to his father's property and business, and had a promise from his father when he was dying that he would provide for us."

"Well, mother dear, you know it will always be joy to me to provide everything you can possibly want; but I do wish to keep that noble property from being cut up into little bits. But there is baby, she

is so headstrong she will not understand me, and thinks dreadful things. Then, too, she means to keep her promise to Jack."

"I fancy mother will not be surprised to hear my decision. But, Katie, I wish you were not so fond of calling me baby; it comes quite too often; I don't like it."

"Oh, but you are one you know," laughed Katie. "I am twenty-one, my own mistress" (and she made a grand courtesy before her mother). Then, as if the better spirit came to her, she suddenly knelt down and laid her bright head in her mother's lap, looked up with a winning smile, and said, "But always your own little girl."

For Katie was not hateful, only thoughtful, only a lover of self. Indeed, she was quite captivating even to a mother and sister, who felt her faults more keenly; ever sweet-tempered, she was (as we have just seen her) always frankly outspoken and absolutely truthful. Affectionate as sister and daughter, any warmer emotion was to her only a matter for curious, half-credulous speculation; therefore she could not appreciate Mary's constancy. The homage of her many gentlemen admirers she received as the natural tribute to her aristocratic beauty, and a laughing gift was her only response to their professions of love.

The next day they arrived at their grandfather's late residence, a somewhat dreary old house, built when New York was a province, but surrounded by a beautiful estate. Here they remained for a few months, during which their prospects assumed an aspect entirely satisfactory to Katie. She took her portion without any apparent quail of conscience, and to postpone all division of hers until she was of age, but insisted that that time all her income should be paid to her mother.

These weeks of quiet enjoyment were soon broken up by Katie's resolve to go abroad. Her mother at first hesitated upon this new change, but when Katie airily announced that she need not go, as she "could make up a party of girls, and it would be very easy to find some married lady friend to chaperone them," Mrs. Cameron objected no longer, but determined to follow, as she could not lead, her whimsical child wherever she might go, hoping that ere long some good man's love might conquer her strange heart.

Mary would not let her mother go without her, much as she disliked to forsake Jack Richmond just at this time; he took a rather gloomy view of the contrast between his own struggling fortunes and Mary's wealth, and was, Mary told him, "in a very proud and ungrateful state of mind," which culminated in utter discouragement when he heard their plans. At the same time, he nobly told Mary he felt sure it was the best thing for her.

"You are so young, Mary," said he, "that perhaps you do not know your own heart. You must go free from all engagements, then; if you come back to me, I shall have no objection to hesitation in taking you and your fortune. If otherwise, remember, love, this: your happiness is more precious to me even than your love."

She scolded him well for what she called his "wicked doubts," though she really loved him all the more.

Katie contrived to learn from poor Jack (whom she teased and snubbed in her good-humored way) of his renunciation of the money which she had inherited, until Mary told her she did not need it, "I can't understand you, Moll," she said. "Jack is all very well in himself; indeed, I rather like him. But what do you expect to gain by marrying him?"

"I expect happiness, Katie."

"Happiness!" exclaimed Katie with a puzzled look. "Are you not happy now? I think I am always happy. How I expect a great deal more. I must have much more money, the best of gay society, and, above all, every pleasure my heart desires."

"And yet you may find that all these are not happiness, my Katie." But this was an unknown language to Katie for which she had no key.

Well, they went away, and soon, through letters of introduction and acquaintances formed abroad, the were in the midst of the gay scenes and society in which Katie delighted. Both girls were much admired, and wherever they went, the soon had her train of suitors; some enslaved by her beauty and wit alone, others, alas! doing homage to her wealth. Many of her admirers were of rank and wealth, it would seem, to satisfy her expectations; but ambition was not apt to grow by what it feeds on, which was the case with Katie's.

She had dragged her mother and sister along with her, in her butterfly progress, to the first time that in Europe had persuaded them to be presented, with her more than one crowned head; until at last, while visiting one of the gay Continental cities, she was the prospect of an alliance, which seemed to her worthy of serious attention. A count, in possession of a marvelous rent-roll, high in diplomatic position, and with a person eminent by handsome, he was to Katie the realization of her day-dreams. That he could inspire her with love entered no into her thoughts, I suppose. She would like any one, sufficiently for her own peace, who would give her all things her heart desired, provided he was gay, good-natured, and no fool. He must, of course, be very much in love with her, and these, she gaily told her mother and sister, were her requirements for a marriage which would separate her from home and family for life. She met the count for the first time at a fancy dress ball, for which occasion she had chosen to assume the character of "Undine."

One time, when her mother had been sorely tried by her thoughtless Katie overheard her murmur, "My Undine!" and from that time she had fancied her name.

Her dress was a pale green silk, almost the shade of aqua-marina, with puffs of white like sea-fan, festooned around it with long grasses of sea-weed. Around her waist, loosely tied, was a thick rope of opaline gleaming shells. Her satiny-yellow hair hung down in great waves below her waist, half uncurled, and bound around it was a chaplet of pearls and water lilies. In her hand she held more of the flowers, while at her girdle hung, from a string of pearls, a small mirror in its setting of brilliant shells. Her little satin boots were encased with the same ornaments, and were beautiful creature she looked as she glided with airy grace through the brilliant illuminated rooms. Mary personated an American autumn.

Katie was in a mood of freakish brilliancy. She was "Undine," bubbling over with wit and repartee. With the mirror at her girdle, she pretended to read fortunes and character; telling saucy truth with the merry audacity of a child, while the victims were forced to join in the laugh at their own expense. All through the night, dancing and sitting, she was surrounded by a group, who seemed aware of her presence only.

The count was certainly the most favored of her train, but neither to him was she all sweetness. Most of her dances, however, were given to him; and as the night wore on, one would scarce have recognized him as the impressive personage with cold, critical eyes, he

generally chose to appear in society. Meanwhile Mrs. Cameron looked on with an anxious, disturbed sensation. There was nothing in Katie's conduct ever verging on impropriety; but so rarely beautiful as to be always conspicuous, the perfection of costume and the character which she assumed, made her too much the object of admiration for her mother's comfort. After one or two efforts unsuccessfully made to persuade her to leave, Mary, in desperation applied to the count, begging him to bring her sister to the cloak-room, as their mother desired to return home. No gentleman could have resisted that sweet, earnest pleader, and before they dare hope, Katie was brought to them in a sort of triumph, to be bundled up and led to their carriage by the radiant count. Time went on. Each day saw Katie and the count more or less in each other's society; he with admiration in every look and action, which she repaid with an easy, good-natured sweetness or saucy audacity; but still affairs did not seem to approach that climax Katie had resolved upon in her mind.

All this time Mary had remained faithful to her home love. She persisted in writing to him long, sweet letters, although he sent no answer back for weeks and months; but last he could hold out no more; her love triumphed over her resolves, and he allowed himself to be happy. He was prospering, too. An invention of his promised success, and no little wealth also, so that life began to look quite bright with Jack at last.

About six weeks after the memorable ball (during which the name of "Undine" had been given to Katie by their acquaintances) there came a letter to Mrs. Cameron, which was a surprise to her. It was a letter from Jack, proposing to read a few extracts from the volume. His offer was accepted gladly; it seemed just the story for such a scene; then, too, the reminiscences of the late ball were still fresh, and gave zest to the episode, which, however, terminated abruptly and with dramatic success quite unexpected. The count was a fine reader and as he portrayed that most pathetic scene of Undine's death, his own devotion, the attention of his audience hung rapt upon his words.

Katie had for sometime, in perversity, been sitting on the side of the boat, leaning back, in her fearless way, against the sail. Whether it gave a sudden lurch, or how it happened, no one knew; but just as the count was reading of Undine's being drawn under the waves, Katie with an anguished cry disappeared, and was never seen again.

All was dismay on board, every body of the flotilla, for the accident had been foreseen from all; while the exclamation, "It was Undine!" came from many white and quivering lips; for none knew the fact that Katie was a perfect swimmer and utterly fearless.

The count had no sooner seen her go than he plunged in after her; but there was another before him.

George Heyward had been watching Katie's position from his boat. She was his idol, though he knew all too well that she was in vain; and the instant she was in the water he was there also, and bore her with his strong arm, in triumph to her boat.

I believe Katie would have hated him, as nearly as her nature allowed, if she had not seen, through her languidly closed eyes, the expression of disappointed vexation with which the count regarded her. Upon receiving it, she called out to George Heyward, a sweet devotion of gratitude, a winning kindness that uplifted the poor fellow into a heaven of sweet dreams, arousing the deliberate count to most unmistakable jealousy, giving Katie full occupation, and raising her spirits to frolic pitch.

Not for one moment, after she had heard the full version of Katie's adventure, did Mrs. Cameron believe it to be anything but a hoax. She had no idea of an actress as well as a swimmer; she had no utter fearlessness. She was filled with anxiety, and felt that she had come to the end of her resources in the guidance of this wayward child. She was almost ready to hail the prospect of even the count as a husband for Katie, although she could not but fear that his love had no deeper source than admiration of her wonderful beauty, her wit, and grace; and that he would be tender and considerate with her she had no doubt, and so made another and last effort to withdraw her from his neighborhood, but without success.

"Very well, Katie," she concluded; "but if you indulge in any more freaks, such as your so-called accident, I shall carry you off to some place where I can shut you up safely until you learn discretion."

"Oh, but you can't. You know I am my own mistress."

"That makes no difference in this country, Katie. A parent has control over a daughter until she marries."

"You can't do it," persisted Katie, laughing. "I will run away to the American Embassy, claim their protection as an American citizen. I will, truly, and you know how much you dislike a scene."

"O Katie! what shall I do with you?" exclaimed her mother, who was whipped. "Katie, you distress my mother so!" said Mary, indignantly.

"Why, mother! Please don't weep. There, I will kiss away those tears," pleaded Katie. "I will be a good girl, mother, and get into no more scrapes."

But when she had petted and coaxed her mother into smiling again, she turned upon Mary. "I am poor Jack," she said. "I am half inclined to write her and show her what a little shrew he had engaged to marry."

"Mr. Richmond would rather marry the 'little shrew,' who is capable of loyally, than the yellow-haired beauty, while at the same time she laughs to scorn the sentiment of love."

"Girls, girls!" exclaims Mrs. Cameron. "I cannot have you quarrelling."

"You are right, mother; I am very naughty," penitently replied Mary.

"No, mother, let her be what she will. No, no, no, I don't mind her little bits, they do not hurt one mite; and with this parting shaft she turned in high satisfaction to receive the count, who was at that moment announced.

Katie played her cards so well, before another week she had raised the count so far out of his usual self-esteem, that it

was with some doubt as to the result he offered to Katie a share in his possessions, and as much of his love as she could spare from himself. She accepted him, but not too eagerly. True to her nature, she frankly said that she would like him as long as he was gay, good-natured and kind—allowing her to do just as she pleased, and have everything she desired for her mother's comfort.

Nothing daunted by the unromantic conditions the count promised, with a fervor of love, which grew with Katie's gay indifference, and even proposed that, besides the settlement he should make on her, all her property should be entirely in her own hands.

Now this was just what Katie liked, and had determined should be done; but even she was glad the proposition should come from him. Notwithstanding all this, do not think Katie a monster of greediness. So far from that, it was her delight to shower gifts upon those she loved; while for the poor and suffering her money and kind words were even more eagerly ready. Any trouble which Katie could comprehend found her a ready and kind helper. But she was thoroughly self-indulgent, and was resolved to keep in her own power the means of pampering this weakness.

When once engaged, the count quite discarded all his bold reserve and hauteur. To both Mrs. Cameron and Mary he was cordially affectionate, almost devoted. He was utterly fascinated with his new possession; he was charmed equally by her tormenting caprices and her sweet, winsome grace, she gave him an endless variety, of which he never tired. He was impatient, however, that the marriage should take place; and it was important he should return to his home to transact the necessary business. Nearly every day in his absence brought to Katie letters and beautiful gifts. She was quite convinced that she had acted wisely even if George Heyward's eyes did look bitter reproach, and his haggard face fell of sleepless nights. Her self-satisfying remark, "he should never have supposed I would marry him!" seemed all the attention she bestowed on his case.

They were married, and marvelous was the display of gleaming jewels, wonderful lace and all the rest of the bewitching catalogue required to change Katharine Cameron into a countess. It calls for an eloquence beyond mine to do the splendor justice.

The years went on—one, two, three, since Katie bloomed into a countess, and life of pleasure was pursued with as much zest as ever. One beautiful boy was hers; but after the novelty of this possession was passed, she allowed the count to convince her that she was far too beautiful to assume any care, even for her child; so he was established with nurses and attendants in the most approved style, affording a very pretty thing for the small leisure of Countess.

All this time Mrs. Cameron and Mary had remained in Europe, for the mother could not yet recover from the shock of the thought of leaving Katie. Jack Richmond grumbled at their prolonged absence, but finally joined them and was soon after married to Mary; very magnificently, according to the programme Katie insisted upon. Almost immediately afterward Mrs. Cameron returned home with her youngest daughter.

To all appearances, Katie's life was as quiet and happy as ever, yet every one who had seen her in her youth, and who had committed against his father; and in her loneliness there, and helplessness, she first knew what it was to love—in that anguish of remorse. What happiness could pleasure afford if her child should die, and his father turned from her in loathing and hate?—and his magic charm was broken in that hour. In writing to her mother she said, "Your 'Undine' has found her soul!"

Rarus the Coming Horse.

From the Spirit of the Times.

Rarus is entered through the septilateral meetings, and as he is a trotter that is exciting more interest than any other present, Gen. Smith being barred from all but social purses, a brief sketch of his career cannot fail to be interesting.

The lay gelding Rarus by Conklin's Abdallah, bay by Telegraph, is owned by Mr. R. R. Conklin, of Greenpoint, L. I., and is now generally considered to be the fastest horse on the turf. He began his trotting in 1874, and his march to the high honors of the turf was very rapid.

In the first year he won several races, and made a record of 2:28. In 1875 he made the circuit in the 2:27 class, and some of the greatest flyers of the day succumbed to his prowess. He won at Cleveland, getting a record of 2:23; won at Rochester and Utica, and at Hartford won in straight heats, and also carried off a gift purse of \$2,000, getting a record of 2:20. Last year he had the softest kind of a thing in the 2:20 class of the Septilateral Circuit. He was beaten at Cleveland by Max Queen, but won at the six remaining places as handsomely as possible, without reducing his record, though it was evident he could do so whenever forced. At Fleetwood Park, October 26, he beat a very fast party, and won a fifth heat in 2:20, and closed the season with that mark against him. Last winter he spent in California, and his races there with Goldsmith Maid are matters of recent history. In one race he lapped the mare in 2:14; and best her in another, getting a record of 2:19. Since leaving the Pacific slope he has won several free for all races out West without injuring his record, but in an exhibition trot showed 2:17 on a half mile track. He is now entered only in the 2:19 class, and bids fair to have as easy a time as he had in 1876, though some of his competitors may force him into the free for all.

A Pathetic and Unusual Army Scene.

The Seventh United States Cavalry, commanded by the gallant General Sturgis, were, a short time since, ordered to go into camp in the vicinity of Fort Lincoln, D. T. They marched in column of four. Commanded by the gray horse troop, commanded by Lieutenant C. C. DeRudio, forming the head of the column. They were passing in review before General Sturgis' quarters, when that brave officer came out of his house and walked up to the gate with a garrison in his hand and ordered the command to halt. Lieutenant DeRudio brought the battalion to a "present sabers," displaying a mounted and approached the general, when the following scene transpired: On the porch were congregated the members of the General's family, consisting of his beautiful wife, his pretty daughter Ella, another little girl, and their only remaining son—a boy of very promising qualities. The General, with his eyes full of tears, addressing Lieutenant DeRudio, said: "I am charged by my wife to present your company with this garrison in remembrance of our dear son, who was struck by lightning and killed. I hope you will appreciate it; take good care of it, and honor the memory of our dearly loved boy." The Lieutenant took the garrison in his hand, raised it, and replied in the following words: "Dear General, I thank you and Mrs. Sturgis in the name of my company. This garrison will guide them and myself to revenge the blood of your son, and I assure you that nobody shall capture it while a man of my command lives, for we shall defend it with the last drop of our blood."

During this scene Mrs. Sturgis was in tears, and the sight of this interesting family, all dressed in mourning for the lost son, caused many a good mother's eye to moisten, for they all worship their gallant General, and have every confidence in him as an experienced and brave commander.

Young people, this is a good time to get married. A new kind of bracket is made out of paper, looks exactly like walnut, and only costs \$1.80 a dozen. And you don't need anything beside a good assortment of brackets to go to housekeeping with.

and he heard Katie's voice—"Eugene, O Eugene, look us!"

Could that be Katie's flower-face? So ghastly almost. Yet there were the great waves of glittering yellow hair, and he sprang up the stairs towards her. He found her at the open door; she drew him in, and shut it; then she threw herself on her knees before him and cried, "Eugene, forgive me, for I am wicked, wicked!"

She laid her bright head down on his feet and groaned aloud, but he took her by the arm and dragged her roughly to her feet.

"Woman, why should I forgive you? What have you done?" and his eyes glared fiercely at her out of his almost livid face.

"O I have killed him, Eugene! Our boy is dying, dying!"

"Is that so?" asked the count. "Who brought you here?"

"Is not that enough, Eugene? I came with my maid and baby alone. I was going home to mother. O Eugene, I have been a wicked, silly fool!"

Eugene almost laughed, he looked so pleased.

"Why I thought you came with Heywood," he said, with a blush.

"Is he here?" Eugene had not seen any one but the doctor," said Katie.

"Katie, forgive me, I thought you loved him," the count replied.

"I never cared for him at all. But, O Eugene, come to the baby! You do not know how ill he is; he does not know me."

"Oh, he will get well, I am sure he will, Katie! I am so happy!" and, notwithstanding his dying child, he could not but think, with a thrill of delight, how often he had called him "Eugene," and for the first time; never once the "Count," which sounded so cold from her lips.

When he stood by the side of his child he realized something of Katie's misery. The little creature lay in a stupor.

"Speak to him, Eugene," whispered Katie.

He leaned over his child and called, "Genie, Genie, here is papa."

A ghost of a smile rippled over the lips of the child, and a quiver quivered.

"Call him again," said the physician, after a few moments.

The father called, and with the same success; then he called again and again, until he brought his child safely out of the Shadow Land, and he opened wide his eyes, whispering "Papa." Soon after he fell into a healthy sleep and the danger was over.

As for Katie, she had come to a new birth. In that fearful battle with death, her child, and the crime she had committed against his father; and in her loneliness there, and helplessness, she first knew what it was to love—in that anguish of remorse. What happiness could pleasure afford if her child should die, and his father turned from her in loathing and hate?—and his magic charm was broken in that hour. In writing to her mother she said, "Your 'Undine' has found her soul!"

Bulleys That Burst.

The inventor's efforts and failures in Russia and Brazil.

M. Pertuiset is the inventor of the explosive bullet which bears his name, and of which a good deal was heard at the time of the last international exhibition at Paris. In the year following he was invited to Russia by Gen. Miljutine, the czar's minister of war, and remained five months in the country. One day he was experimenting with his powder in the presence of Gen. Barantoff (Adjutant to the Grand Master of Artillery), when the latter said to him, "Don't you think that if shells were to be charged with this powder we might obtain some great results against the plates of armored ships?" "I am sure of it," said M. Pertuiset, "but having no cannon at my disposal, I have been unable to make the trial." "There need be no difficulty about the cannon," replied the General, "but with a charge of thirty pounds of powder wouldn't the shock make you projectile burst?" "I don't think so; but I could not accept the responsibility."

"Well, I will give orders for the delivery to you of two eight inch Krupp shells; you will charge them according to your system, and this evening I will ask the Emperor for authorization to risk a gun." The Emperor gave his consent in these words: "If the gun busts it will bust." On the morning the experiment was made; the shells were fired and the gun remained intact though the target plates six inches in thickness, strengthened with forty inches of wood. M. Pertuiset's remarks deserve to be given verbatim. After that, the members of the Russian military commission seemed to be astonished at the result, he adds: "The trials, which I have since renewed, led me to make an important discovery—that of retarding at will, the explosion of a projectile without a fuse. This invention, joined to the extraordinary potency of my powder, will, I am convinced, bring about the speedy end of iron-clad fleets. To prove my assertion I only ask a nation willing to place at my disposal the guns and projectiles required."

During his residence at St. Petersburg M. Pertuiset was invited to a bear hunt with the Emperor and the hereditary Grand Duke. The first bear was killed by the Czarewitsch, after which a brilliant collation, of which I partook, was served up on an immense carpet of snow. After lunch the Emperor suddenly turned to M. Pertuiset, pointing to a fir about four hundred metres (440 yards) off, "I want you," said his Majesty, "to aim at that tree and not to miss it, to try the effect of your explosive bullets at that distance." The judicious reader has already guessed that M. Pertuiset fired, and that the upper part of the fir went the way of the iron target. It flew to pieces. Every one applauded, and the Emperor, smiling, complimented the marksman on his discovery. By and by a second bear was killed (by the Czari) and the party returned to St. Petersburg. A few days later his Majesty sent M. Pertuiset a magnificent emerald ring. He is careful to explain that this success with fir-tree was not so much due to his own natural skill as to the confidence with which the prediction of "a lucid subject" had inspired him. On the day preceding the hunt she had told him to go by all means, for that things would turn out well for him. Her prophesy flashed across his mind just as he was taking aim, and helped to steady eye and arm. It was a fortnight after this incident that Prince Gortschakoff addressed his well-known circular to the Powers, inviting them to send delegates to a conference to be held at St. Petersburg for the purpose of interdicting the use of explosive bullets in warfare. The Russian proposal was assented to by the nations of Europe, while those of America declined to send representatives to the congress. The Russian Government, however, by way of making some compensation to M. Pertuiset for the loss thus occasioned him, bought the secret of fabricating his explosive bullets for a considerable sum, and on the eve of his departure presented him with \$10,000 besides as a free gift. This generous proceeding "touched him deeply," "ruined the decision of congress never to allow the use of explosive bullets in warfare for America. At Rio Janeiro he met an audience of the Emperor of Brazil, who, like his brother of Russia, was anxious to test M. Pertuiset's powder. With this end in view, he ordered him to fire at a given mark. M. Pertuiset shot well. "That is a good shot at two hundred metres," said his Majesty. "I beg your pardon, sire, at four hundred," he answered. "Oh! that is not possible," replied the emperor. "Sire, I am certain what I say is true." The distance was measured by the Emperor's own yardstick, and it was found to be four hundred and twenty metres. "I was wrong, I think," adds M. Pertuiset, "not to have shown myself a perfect courier. In spite of the success of my experiments I did no business in that quarter; all I gained was the cost of my journey, and the chance of catching the yellow fever."

Ethan Allen.

Parson Jedediah Dewey, who preached a war sermon the Sunday before the battle of Bennington, was the first pastor of the first church in Vermont. His strict theological views sometimes brought him into contact with Colonel Ethan Allen, the hero of Concord, who lived in some of his sermons. Preaching on the character of God one Sunday, Colonel Allen arose in his prominent pew and disputed one of the parson's statements. Pointing at the disturber, Mr. Dewey retorted: "Sit down, thou bold blasphemer, and listen to the Word of God!" During the Thanksgiving service for the surrender of Ticonderoga, Mr. Dewey had been ascribing the glory of the victory to the Lord rather than more sweetly than was agreeable to Allen, who called out in the midst of a prayer, "Please mention to the Lord about my being there."

Hard Times in New York.

New York Dispatch to Baltimore Sun.

As evidence of the closeness of the times, the largest down-town restaurant, excepting Delmonico's, near the Stock Exchange, and running through from New street to Broadway, has closed up the present week. This restaurant occupied two floors of the entire street, and was so prosperous for years that on Christmas it threw open its wine cellar to its customers and allowed them to call gratuitously for anything from a glass of sherry to a bottle of Heidsieck. That the generous act was availed of by hundreds may well be believed. But, to-day, all is blank—the once prosperous restaurant is closed for want of support, and the keeper is at his wit's end to take care of himself.

A LUNATIC was arrested a few days since in Fontainebleau forest, where he had killed a woodman by chopping off his head. He was found sitting by the corpse's side. "What are you doing there?" "I am waiting to see the wry face this fellow will make when he wakes, and finds he has no head on his shoulders."—Paris Letter.

"I don't mind your fanning me," said she, "but please don't blow all my frizzes out." He blew gentler.

Twilight.

The purple twilight, stepping down, In closing out the wry day, Which came in a red and crimson gown, But steals away in somber gray, Beautiful twilight, mystical twilight, Hold her short but stable way, Beautiful twilight, mystical twilight! Holdest part of all the day.

Purple-robed and starry-eyed, With gleaming and a golden hair She comes to the honied of man, And brings peace, like a whispered prayer, Beautiful twilight, mystical twilight, Hold her short but stable way, The hour that God to man hath given, To brush the tears and cares aside, And lift his thoughts and prayers to heaven.

RANDOM NOTES.

INDIANA will raise a tremendous crop of tomatoes this year—a new venture. AMONG the gifts at a late Chicago wedding was a deed for a \$5,000 house. It costs about seven dollars to send a ton of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool. THERE are 150 Normal schools in this country.