## GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

### The Curious Circumstances in the Case of Convict No. 4,820.

*Copyright, 1893, by Charles E. Lewis.*

Convict No. 4,820 was down on the prison register as Charles F. Johnson, aged 38 years, single, native born, and by occupation a public lecturer. He was a professor of phrenology, a spiritualist, a mesmerist, and a queer, strange man. He had been sentenced for fifteen years for assaulting a woman, but it finally came about that even the jury who brought in the verdict believed him an innocent man. Indeed the woman partly confessed that it was a put up job to blackmail the man, and before he had served two years she was in prison herself. From the first day that No. 4,820 entered the prison he exerted a peculiar influence over officials and prisoners alike. The latter nicknamed him "The Mystery," and the title was well bestowed. He was a quiet, gentle man, with a voice as soft as a woman's, but when he looked you square in the eyes you felt that he was a mystery with a strange power behind him. He had large blue eyes, with long lashes, and if you looked into them for ten seconds you forgot where you were and felt confused.

There is very little sentiment to be found in a prison, and yet the idea in most of them is to control the prisoners entirely by moral suasion. We looked upon No. 4,820 as a harmless man, and one who could shortly be made use of as a "trusty," and he got a place as a waiter in the dining room. He did his work quietly and well, as reported at the Warden's office, but at the end of the week all the help in the kitchen and dining room submitted a protest against his being kept in his place. The reason alleged was the queer happenings for the week. There were some twelve or fourteen men in the two departments, and all of them told the same general story. Three or four of them had felt a queer feeling come over them and lost all recollection of time or place. Cooking utensils had been moved about without the aid of human hands, and eight men solemnly declared that a batch of bread, consisting of fifty or more loaves just taken from the oven, moved at least fifteen feet along a table while all were looking.

We laughed at their stories, but took "The Mystery" out of the dining room and put him in the tailor shop. He made no objections, and after a couple of days the man in charge of that department reported that he was an adept with both shears and needle. In the course of a week, however, we had a different report. There were seven or eight men in the shop, and every one of them wanted No. 4,820 removed to some other department. The foreman was a free man and a very intelligent one, and I could neither ridicule nor contradict him. He said that several of his men had fallen asleep while at work, while all of them had acted strangely and spoiled more or less work. Needles, thread, and pieces of cloth had taken flight, and in one instance a coat which was lying on the table before him suddenly disappeared and was found on the floor twenty feet away. If I had not personally experienced the fact that No. 4,820 was possessed of a strange power, I should have laughed these stories to scorn. But as it was I changed him to the storeroom as an assistant to the official there.

A curious thing happened when this change was made. After breakfast "The Mystery" was returned to his cell to wait for the transfer. The cells were three tiers in height and thirty-two cells in a tier. The man had the first cell from the entrance on the ground tier and was in plain sight of the officer having charge of the corridor. The corridor was being cleaned as usual, and No. 4,820 was not locked in. Ten minutes after the prisoner's arrival in the corridor and two minutes after the officer had glanced at him the man was missing. There was the cell, with the door wide open, but it was empty. The officer was not alarmed, as it would be impossible for the man to get out of the corridor, but he was surprised and mystified, and called up all the men at work. Not one of them had seen him leave his cell. The stairway leading to the upper tiers was right there, and the officer was sure No. 4,820 could not have passed up.

A search was made, and he was found seated in the last cell on the upper tier. There were six or seven men to affirm this, and, though I was skeptical, it wouldn't have been just to declare that their imaginations had played them a trick. The official in charge of the storeroom was a young man of strong character and had heard nothing whatever about the strange prisoner. The assistant Warden took No. 4,820 over there and turned him over with a few brief remarks. He was to act as an under clerk in the office. The entrance and exit of the storeroom were in the main yard, within the walls.

It was about 10 o'clock when "The Mystery" was left at the storeroom. An hour later a report was made to the assistant warden that a prisoner who did not belong to the gang in the harness shop had entered the place and disturbed the workmen. When sent for he proved to be No. 4,820. A visit was at once made to the storeroom, and the official in charge was found asleep in his chair. It was more like a stupor than a sound sleep, and he could not be aroused until water had been thrown in his face and he had been roughly pulled about. If his breath had smelled of whiskey I should have said he was drunk. It was noon before he recovered his wits, and then all the explanation he could make was:

"After Mr. Phelps left I began to question the prisoner, and the instant his eyes looked fairly into mine I felt very queerly. I couldn't look away from him, and the longer I looked the more strangely I felt; and after a bit I knew I was going to sleep. For heaven's sake don't ask me to take him! I'd rather resign than have him about the office a single day."

While I believed the officer's statement I did not credit "The Mystery" with the powers attributed to him. About mid-afternoon I called him into my private office and rather roughly informed him that he was guilty of breaking the rules of the prison and must change his conduct, or I should put him in a dark cell on bread and water. He quietly replied that he had done his best to live up to the rules and should continue to do so, and as he finished the words our eyes meet. We seemed to have avoided each other for the three or four minutes previous to that. I felt something like an electric shock, and as I continued to look into his eyes I had a feeling of dizziness, the room whirled round and round, and it was a great relief to me when my eyes closed, and I realized that I was going to sleep. I thought I felt the man's fingers on my temples, but I might have been mistaken about that. I had arranged with the assistant warden to come into the room in case the prisoner did not reappear in fifteen minutes.

At the end of a quarter of an hour he entered to find me sitting in my chair at the desk in what seemed to be a deep sleep, while No. 4,820 stood looking out of the window on the opposite side of the room. It was ten minutes from the time he entered to my being fully aroused. I felt insulted and indignant, but what could I say to the prisoner? He had exercised a strange power over me, but that was no fault of his. After a talk with the prison chaplain I sent the man to the hospital to assist in waiting upon the half dozen patients in the place. The idea was that the doctor might study him. At the end of a fortnight it was demonstrated that the doctor was about the only official around the prison who could not be mesmerized, hypnotized, or whatever you may call it, by No. 4,820. One or two of the patients were soothed by his presence, but the others betrayed fright and distress. The doctor was satisfied that the man had the power of mesmerism to an almost unlimited degree, but scoffed at the idea of his disappearing from his cell as related. It was decided that No. 4,820 was a dangerous man, and that the only safe place for him was in the hospital. From there he had no show to escape. I called him to the office again, and after admitting that he exercised a strange power over most of us, I added:

"You were sent here to serve out a sentence. I am responsible for your safe keeping, and I will prevent your escape if I have to chain you to the floor of a solitary. There must be no further cases of mesmerism if you want a fair show here."

He quietly promised to make as little trouble as possible, and I noticed that he avoided meeting my eye. From thence on for several weeks the doctor and others noted the same thing. They have mentioned that the doctor refused to believe in anything beyond the mesmeric part, but after awhile a circumstance occurred to upset him badly. One afternoon he sat by an open window in the hospital inspecting a package of herbs brought from the storeroom. No. 4,820 sat beside the cot of a patient ten feet away.

The doctor laid the package on the window-sill while he turned his head for a moment to speak to a nurse, and during that minute the package was transferred to a vacant chair ten feet away. He sprang up and accused No. 4,820 of trickery, and the only excuse the man made was that he couldn't help it. He was very pale and evidently laboring under considerable mental excitement, and he begged the doctor to say nothing to me of the incident. It was reported in a semi-official way, and I confess that I was secretly pleased over it. For the next ten days the doctor was trying to figure out how that package could have been transferred from the window to the chair by natural causes, but he didn't hit it in a way to even satisfy himself.

I am now going to tell you of a still stranger incident, and one which somehow got into the papers and created no end of discussion and considerable trouble. Our prison was visited by a committee of three doctors, selected by the State Legislature as sanitary inspectors of public buildings. Nothing was said about No. 4,820 until they saw him in the hospital, when two of the three recognized him as a travelling professor of mesmerism. One of them had been mesmerized at one of his public exhibitions. Most of the incidents related above were then detailed to the visitors, and their curiosity being aroused, they were anxious for an exhibition of the man's mysterious power. I sent for him and told him what was wanted, and after some hesitation he expressed his willingness to comply. His mesmeric powers were not questioned, but my visitors wanted to see something like the corridor mystery.

After our noon lunch we entered the west corridor and sent all the cleaners out, and saw that every cell was tenantless and the doors wide open. Including No. 4,820, there were seven of us present. This was not the corridor where the other incident had taken place, but the cells were situated just the same. There was but one stairway, and we took positions within ten feet of it; and some of us could also look down the corridor and see every cell door on each side. No. 4,820 was pale and somewhat excited, and we all noticed that his eyelids drooped as if he was sleepy. He stood before us for a minute or two and then went down the corridor, asking us not to follow for five minutes. He entered a cell half way down and closed the door after him. At the end of five minutes we walked down there to find the cell empty. On calling to No. 4,820 to show himself he appeared from the upper cell exactly above.

There was a mystery about it, and yet there was not. One of our visitors and the prison doctor were not "susceptible," while the other four of us were. The four of us were ready to make affidavit that the prisoner did not leave the cell. We plainly saw him enter. The two doctors were just as sure that he did not enter it at all, but simply closed the door and returned and mounted the stairway. They were no doubt correct about this. As I told you, the affair got into the papers, was taken up by some overzealous members of the Legislature, and I narrowly escaped being bounced.

At this time we had about 500 prisoners in the institution, and No. 4,820 gave us more trouble than all the rest combined—that is, no shop or department would have him, and turnkeys, guards, watchmen, and nearly all other officials were afraid of him. Many of the prisoners threatened him with violence, and such a row was raised of nights that he had to be removed from the corridor. As a matter of fact I had to fit up a room for him and let him play the gentleman. To have forced him upon his fellow convicts would have been to put his life in peril. As he had always declared his innocence I assisted him in various ways to secure proofs, and after he had been incarcerated about a year and a half he was pardoned by the Governor.

It is next to impossible to keep news from circulating through a prison. It came to be known somehow that No. 4,820's case had been reopened, and later on that a pardon had arrived, and the rejoicing came near degenerating into a riot. The prisoner was to leave after dinner. He stood in one of the open windows of the hospital as the shoe shop gang came marching up. There were forty-four men in the gang, and all began yelling at him. He began making passes with his hands and mumbling some jargon, and the line was instantly and curiously affected. The march was stopped, every face turned up to his, and for half a minute there was dead silence. The guards then drove the mesmerist away and the gang continued its march to the dining room. When the convicts rose up after the meal they demanded to know if No. 4,820 had been pardoned. When informed that he had been, the whole crowd began cheering and yelling, and it was five minutes before order could be restored. It was always a pleasant thing for me to open the doors to a prisoner restored to the world, but I never felt so glad and relieved as when "The Mystery" shook hands with me, whispered his thanks, and passed out to be heard of no more.

### A Trail of Horror.

It was after the noonday meal, and I lay on a heap of new-mown hay on the barn floor, with the doors open and the gentle breeze blowing though. The horses, with harness still on, were munching their oats in the stable, and at the door was a load of hay to be drawn in by and by. Fifty rods down the dusty highway was a schoolhouse, and the shouts of children at their games came plainly to my ears. The swallows chittered and chattered under the eaves of the big barn—now and then a bumblebee came sailing about as if wondering what was going on—and from a hollow stump just back of the barn I caught the "cheep! cheep!" of young bluebirds as the mother brought them food.

It was an hour of peace and good will. Lying there half asleep and too lethargic to move a finger, I should have smiled in contempt had a voice whispered that there was danger to any soul in that peaceful neighborhood. Of a sudden there was a sniffing and whining at the open front doors. I lay facing them, and had but to open my eyes to see the farmer's dog standing there looking directly at me. He was a monster in size, and for two or three days had been skulking about in dark spots and uttering low growls of annoyance when any one came near.

At the first glance my heart choked me. I had once looked into the eyes of a mad dog, and I instantly realized that this was another case. If terror, distress, passion, thirst, hunger, and savageness can be combined in a look, you have it in the dilated eyes of the canine when the frenzy first comes upon him and he is undecided what to do. Clots of foam fell from the dog's breast and on the floor as he worked his jaws, and every hair on his body seemed to stand erect as he fastened his eyes on mine. He may have been blind for the moment, or he may have thought me dead. Neither of the horses could see the dog, but it was clearly remembered that they suddenly ceased feeding and even seemed to hold their breaths. Instinct must have warned them.

For a long minute the dog looked straight into my eyes, and had I not been lying down I believe I should have fallen. Then he suddenly raised his head, uttered a long-drawn howl, and I heard him growl fiercely as he sprang away. A cow was approaching the barn. He bit her savagely in the neck, and made straight for the house. The old farmer sat under the shade of a cherry tree by the kitchen door, smoking his pipe. He was suddenly assaulted and rolled to the ground and his right ear almost torn from his head. He knew that it was his dog, but when he rose up the beast had disappeared. It was only ten steps to the gate. Up the highway there was nothing in sight. Down the highway was the schoolhouse, with a dozen children on the grass in front. Between him and them was the dog, running with his head down and uttering no sound. The old man was helpless, except to pray. He shut his eyes as he saw the dog dash upon the first child. He heard the screams and shrieks of affright, and then his pain and distress brought him to the ground.

As you have seen a shadow flit across a field so sped this dog. None saw or heard him until he suddenly sprang into the midst of them. He snapped to the right and the left. The froth flew from his lips and fell in patches on the grass. Nine out of the twelve children felt his fangs once; four of them were bitten twice. He had marked his victim and gone before any one could realize what had happened. Faces, necks, cheeks, arms, hands, legs, the mad beast had snapped as he bounded back and forth. Half a mile below the schoolhouse a farmer stood beside his oxen in the highway as he talked with a man in the field. He saw the brute coming, but before he realized his peril one of his hands had been mangled and both oxen bitten. A traveler was approaching on foot. He heard the cry of "Mad dog!" and ran for the fence. As he reached it there was a sharp pain in one of his legs, as if he had been cut with a knife. He looked down from his perch and saw a pair of fiery eyes and a mouth filled with yellow froth, but next instant the object had vanished.

"Mad dog! Mad dog! Look out for him!"

So rang the cry from field to field and from house to barn and barn to house along the dusty highway. A few heard it in time, but only a few. Here and there the dog turned in to right or left—now and then he spared some one as he held to the road. At the toll-gate he passed a woman by; a quarter of a mile below he turned aside and let two hogs and a cow. At the bridge he bit a woman, but passed three men unnoticed. Straight on through the long main street of the village, appearing as suddenly as the lightning's flash, gone almost before the pain of his bite had felt, he marked a victim at almost every rod. Horses, oxen, sheep, hogs, dogs, men, women, and children—whatever living thing came in his way felt his sharp fangs, and yet he seemingly did not halt for an instant.

Ten long miles away from the barn where I had looked into his eyes the dog met his death at the hands of a farmer whom he had first bitten. Feel your flesh creep as you read the record: Forty-seven human beings, 32 head of live stock, and 16 dogs! A lion would have struck down a single victim and satisfied his appetite. A tiger hunted to frenzy might have killed two or three in order to escape. A mad elephant, breaking loose, has been known to kill half a dozen people before he could be shot or secured. Even the blizzard of mid-winter or the terrible cyclone of summer would have left no such trail of horror across the land.

### Saved by Its Song.

*From the Lewiston Evening Journal.*

A little thistle bird in Monmouth owes its life to its persevernance and habit of singing while in trouble. A man in that village had heard the small songster's persistent notes near his window for nearly a month, and at last called the attention of a friend who makes a study of birds and their ways to its song. This friend soon made the discovery that the bird was a prisoner to its nest. A ladder was brought and the bird and nest were taken down and examined. One leg of the little sufferer had become ensnarled in the wool with which the nest was lined, and it was only after twenty minutes of painstaking efforts with sharp instruments that the limb was loosed from the snarl. This done the spectators were surprised to see birdie fly away, apparently as well as though never tied to a near-by apple tree. The bird's parents or some other of his feathered friends had kept it supplied with food during its imprisonment.

M. DE S.

## FRENCH ROYALTY IN EXILE.

### Permitted Visits of the Comtesse de Paris to France.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—While the Comte de Paris, the head of the house of France, and his eldest son are, by the decree of expulsion, debarred from setting foot on the territory of the French republic, no such restrictions are imposed on her Royal Highness the Comtesse de Paris, and she cannot always resist the pleasure of revisiting the fatherland. She has this year, as the last, been spending some weeks at the Castle of Randan, near Vichy, while her husband was in Scotland. On her former visit she was accompanied by a much larger suite; she received and entertained more and lived, as it were, more officially than she does now. Whether she went to Randan especially for the benefit of her health or any other reason, it is certain that she has been especially desirous of leading a quiet, domestic, country existence, seeing only a few friends, making no deliberate appointments for visitors, and naming neither day nor hour for unceremonious interviews. Her spare time is given to the administration of the property, and as a business woman she finds that if care and surveillance were not exercised the output would frequently exceed the incomings.

The Comtesse has with her her second son, Ferdinand, the heir to the ducal title of Montpensier and the estate of Randan. The young Prince is now 9 years old, and has inherited from his mother a strong liking for outdoor exercise and sports, which she encourages. Princess Hélène, whose charm and beauty exercised so deep a fascination on the ill-fated Duke of Clarence, has quite lately joined her mother, after spending three weeks at Mont Doré. Together the family return this week to Stowe House to meet the Comte de Paris on his arrival from the north.

Randan is situated about nine miles from Vichy, in the picturesque country of the Puy de Dôme; turning to the right after leaving the city, the large forest stretching to the small, clean, and pretty town, is entered and affords the most delightful drives. The houses are of red brick picked out in black; the church, enlarged by Mme. Adelaide, has a square, battlemented tower and in the middle of the main street a sharp turning discloses a broad avenue of beeches and plantains leading in a straight line to the castle. The ancient Court of Honor has been transformed into a parterre and lawns surrounded by bright flowers and orange trees, divided from the avenue by wrought iron grilles starting from the pillars of the portico and culminating in tall gates surmounted by lions and serpents.

Randan, formerly an abbey, became the property of Etienne de Castreaq, who styled himself Lord of the Manor, and died in 1316. The large and magnificent domain was erected into a Duché-Pairie in favor of Marie Catherine de la Rouchefoucauld, first lady in waiting of Ann of Austria, and governess of Louis XIV. By this gift she became Duchess and Peeress of France. Her only daughter conferred the title on her first husband, Gaston de Foix, and although she married again at his death, the title passed to his brother, who left no descendants. The Duché-Pairie then became extinct, and the property, after passing through various hands, was bought in 1821 by Mme. Adelaide for the sum of 540,000 francs, chiefly because its lands touched the extensive domains of the Duchy of Montpensier.

The left wing is old; the right one was built by Mme. Adelaide. The façade of the central building facing the park is flanked by two round pavilions. The hall is paved in black and white marble, and at the furthest extremity a domed round inner hall leads to the reception rooms of the Princess, the furniture being of the correct style of 1830. The red velvet coverings have been embroidered by the Princesses of Orleans and the ladies of the court of Louis Philippe. The drawing room habitually used by the present family is an immense apartment, opening on a raised terrace from which beautiful and extensive views are obtained over the mountains of the Puy de Dôme and the magnificent plain of Limoges. Next to it are the rooms (still called) of "the King" and of "the Queen," although since 1830 Louis Philippe never entered Randan, but Mme. Adelaide always reserved these apartments for his brother on the chance that he should come to visit her. From his library the King could enter the chapel, where still stands the angel sculptured by Princess Marie, and at the lower end is a "Martyrdom of St. Felicité" painted for the Comtesse de Genlis, of which three of the faces are portraits of the Countess herself, her brothers and Louis Philippe. The chapel is open to the public, who are never tired of gazing on the replicas of the mortuary statues of Mme. Adelaide and two of her brothers. The stained windows proceed from the royal manufactory of Sèvres.

The reception rooms of the Comtesse de Paris include a huge dining saloon capable of accommodating sixty guests, and an armory, shaped like the old tower, entirely hung with stuffs into which the fleur de lys is woven.

The gardens of Randan are splendid, admirably kept and cultivated since the Princess entered on her life tenancy of the property at the death of her father, the Duke de Montpensier, who left it by will to Prince Ferdinand. The estate is not, however, so large as it was, for the woods that surrounded it were sold for three millions of francs in 1879, when the Duke left Randan and France to settle at Seville. The Comtesse de Paris is worshipped by the dwellers on the estate and the inhabitants of the small town of Randan. She supports the religious schools, subscribes largely to the Bureau de Bienfaisance, and to the hospital; she is the providence of the poor, aged, and infirm of the whole countryside, and even the Mayor—a rabid Radical—has succumbed to her influence and is obsequiously polite. Unfortunately her stay must always be limited, as her presence is required at Stowe House, which is very empty and dull without her active, energetic presence.

Stowe House, the habitual residence of the exiled Princes, is an essentially comfortable and aristocratic English home, with its leafy approaches, picturesque lodges, and wonderful lawns and gardens; the mansion has kept many of the mementoes of its owners, the Buckinghams, in ancestral pictures and busts scattered throughout the building and crowded into the hall; in the library of the Comte de Paris they elbow the portraits of the Orleans family with paintings of celebrated modern French artists.

Life at Stowe House is simple, busy, dignified, as becomes the banished heirs to a throne. The Prince rises at 5, and as soon as his toilet is performed he reads his letters, assisted by his secretary, M. Dupuy; the latter, however, only answers those on current affairs, all the others being entirely in the hands of the Prince. An idea of the labor entailed by this correspondence may be formed when it is said that on certain days the postman delivers over 100 letters at Stowe House. When this portion of his duties is accomplished the Comte de Paris reads the newspapers in German, English, Italian, and Spanish. The Princess helps him in that task, pointing out any paragraph of interest and of conflicting political opinions. They both of them have too much philosophy to be ruffled by the most virulent personal attacks, and bear the antagonism and wrath of their enemies with perfect equanimity.

The chief and perhaps the only amusement of the Prince is sport, and in this also he is in perfect sympathy with the Princes. His leisure hours at other times are given to botany and mineralogy, for, like all the members of his house, he is studious and scientifically inclined. Family life has great charms for him: Princess Hélène is his constant companion, and he superintends the education of his younger children. The Duc d'Orleans comes down every Saturday to Monday from London, and not only the royal Princes of Orleans but many faithful and devoted partisans frequently cross the channel to pay their respects to the head of their house and the representative of legitimate monarchy.

M. DE S.


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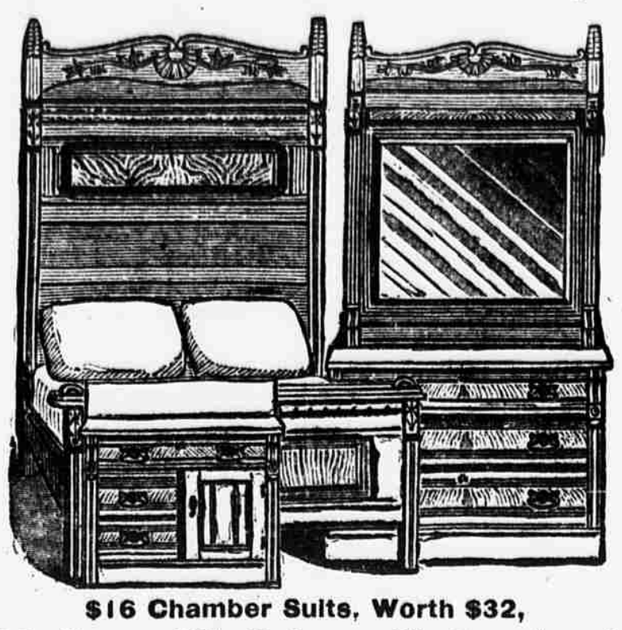

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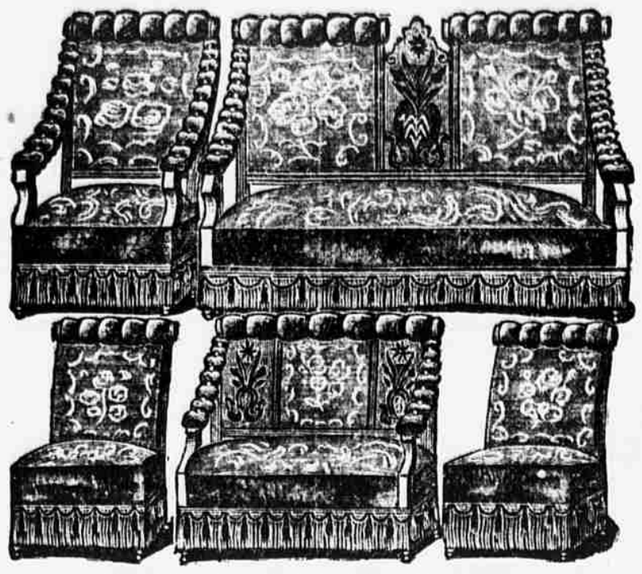

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## EMIN'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

### What Has Become of the Child Around Whom All His Affections Clustered?

When it seemed no longer possible to hope for the safety of Emin Pasha, the first thought in the minds of many people must have been: "What has become of little Farida?" This was Emin's little daughter, and she was idolized by her father and accompanied him in all his journeys.

While Emin was Governor of the equatorial province of Egypt he took unto himself as wife a beautiful Abyssinian woman. He was a devoted husband, and his wife was worthy of his affection. She was a woman of gentle nature and of superior position in her own country, and she and the famous Governor lived happily together.

Two children were born to them, a boy and a girl. The boy died soon after he was born, and, to the great grief of Emin, the mother died soon after giving birth to the little girl. When Emin welcomed Stanley and his relief expedition, on the shores of Albert Nyanza, Farida was about four years old. One of the best and smartest of the hundreds of Egyptian women in the province was her nurse and guardian; but all the time that Emin could spare from public affairs and his scientific pursuits was given to his little girl. Though she was living in the depths of Africa, there are many little girls in civilized lands who might well envy some of the educational advantages of Farida; for her father was a man of rare qualities and much learning, and Farida benefited by them when a little older, as far as a child could.

Mr. Mountenay-Jephson, who lived long with Emin before they went to the coast, says that Emin was very much devoted to the child, and was still feeling deeply his wife's death. "The little Farida is all that is left to me in the world," Emin said. Jephson says that Farida was a very pretty little girl, not darker in complexion than her father, and greatly resembling him. She lived in a large, comfortable, and nicely kept hut, surrounded by a pretty garden, in which were many orange and custard apple trees in full bearing.

Farida was a happy and contented little girl as long as her father had no great troubles to bear him down. But the day soon came when rebels arose in the province, and they finally took Emin prisoner, and for weeks they debated the question what they should do with him. It was in those troublous days, when the Governor was not permitted to send any word to his little daughter, that the poor child went to see Jephson, accompanied by her nurse.

"Why have you not brought my Baba to see me?" she said in her childish distress. She knew that something was wrong, but could not understand what it was.

A few days later Jephson, who had been released by the rebels on parole, was about to return down the Nile to the place where Emin was imprisoned, and Farida came to say good-by to him. Taking a necklace of beads from her neck she gave them to Jephson.

"Take them to my Baba," she said. "They tell Farida that bad men down in Dufile do not give my Baba much to eat. Tell him to take these beads and buy chickens with them."

"Poor little thing!" says Jephson. "What European child 4 years old would have thought of such a thing?"

Emin asked Jephson later if anything happened to him to take care of Farida. In the end, however, a part of the rebels relented and Emin was released, and soon after, with a small part of his followers, he started with Stanley for the coast. A hammock was extemporized out of two blankets, which were slung on a large, light bamboo and carried by two men. In this conveyance the child was carried all the way to the coast. While Emin was preparing to start he wrote a letter to Jephson, in which he said:

"I am greatly obliged for your kind remembrance of my girl; she is, of course, here and kisses your hand."

"Two of the most respectable Zanzibari chiefs," says Jephson, "had the honor of conveying Emin's daughter in a hammock to the coast, and several armed porters were detailed to help his servants to carry his luggage."

After Emin had begun to recover from the effects of his serious accident at Bagamoyo, Jephson went to the hospital to bid him good-by. "We sat and talked," he says, "over the experiences we had passed through together, of his future and of that of the little Farida. Emin said he had decided to remain in Africa, and that he would keep his daughter with him. He would like to educate her in Germany, he said, but nothing would induce him to part with her. There was time enough yet for her education, and, meanwhile, he could superintend its early stages himself.

So when Emin once more set his face toward the great lakes the little girl went with him; and, indeed, it would have broken her heart to be left behind. Central Africa was the only home she had ever known, and her father, though too overwhelmed with cares to give all the time he would have liked to his child, yet filled the most of her world. Emin took the little girl to Bukoba, the station he founded on Victoria Nyanza.

Did Emin leave Farida behind when he started on that last fatal expedition? There may be persons in Europe who know, but the facts have certainly not been published. If Emin left her at Bukoba, it was the first time in her life that he voluntarily separated himself from her. If he took her with him, no one can tell what her fate has been. She may have been killed with her ill-fated father and the rest of the caravan, or her life may have been spared, so that some day she may grace the harem of one of the Arab murderers. Perhaps her fate will never be known. If Farida is alive to-day she is about nine years old.

## HOW TO CONDUCT A RESTAURANT.

### The French Manager Tells of His Training and Methods.

In a popular French restaurant, whose proprietor is credited with having made an enormous fortune, there is a young man with blond hair and moustache who acts as manager during certain hours. He is the son of the proprietor, and, although only 21 years old, he has been educated to his present work by a very thorough experience in every branch of the restaurant business. After finishing his school education his father sent him to Paris with letters of introduction to a prominent restaurateur there. This man started the youth's training by making him a scullion in his kitchens. He cleaned the silver first and then the glassware. He was treated like any other scullion, and had his ears boxed more than once by irate cooks. He also learned how to wash dishes, scrub floors, clean ranges (the meanest work in a large kitchen), build fires, and be handy in assisting the cooks. Later he was instructed in the art of cookery, and after graduating from the kitchen became an assistant to the waiters. He learned how to set a table properly, to be quick without being awkward, and to keep himself in the background as much as possible. After a lengthy apprenticeship he was made a waiter. His father's friend watched him sharply, and corrected his mistakes unhesitatingly. Finally he was made assistant manager, learned how to check dishonesty in employees, to buy economically, to control men, to keep the restaurant clean and attractive, to see that there were no leakages, and, in short, to keep a watchful eye on the hundred and one details that are unavoidably attached to the management of a large restaurant.

After leaving the restaurant he travelled through the wine-growing districts and saw how the grape juice was made into wine. He also investigated the manufacture of brandies and liqueurs, informed himself as to the relative values of different kinds of wines and liquors, and laid the foundations for an expert knowledge of them.

"I worked ten, fifteen, and sometimes twenty hours a day," he said recently, "and it seemed hard at the time. Not many American-born boys are trained so rigidly, but I tell you it has been worth a great deal to me since. Having done every part of the work required in a restaurant myself, I know now whether it is done properly or not. When I go into the kitchens I know whether the dishes are being washed properly, whether the scullions are alert, whether the floor is as clean as it should be, and whether the cooks are wasteful or economical. If I had not been through it all I would not be able to criticise intelligently, but as it is none of them can fool me. I can also tell instantly whether the waiters are as polite and attentive as they should be, whether they pour the wine properly and keep the glasses filled. There are so many details connected with proper waiting that the average well-informed man would not notice the lack of a few, but my experienced eye will detect any neglect, however slight, instantly.

"In purchasing my experience is of inestimable value. I know at once whether goods are as they should be, I know exactly what results can be achieved from a given quantity, and I know how long they will remain in good condition. In every department of the business I feel at home, and never find myself groping in the dark, relying upon somebody else for information. In none is this more pleasing to me than in the department of wines and liquors. If a customer asks me a question about a wine or liqueur I can answer him satisfactorily and intelligently. Only half an hour ago a customer complained because the *crème de menthe* served to him was white instead of green. The waiter knew nothing of the subject, and, if he had been called, the customer would have gone away displeased and thinking that a spurious article had been served to him. When I explained to him that *crème de menthe* is always colorless, except when coloring matter is added, he was satisfied. I explained to him the manufacture, at which he was greatly pleased, and I know he will come here again."

"My father was called an old fogy when he made me serve my apprenticeship, but I tell you it would be well for the sons of business men if all who intended to enter their fathers' business could receive such initial training as I did. There would be fewer failures if such were the custom."

## THE ROYAL BONES OF FRANCE.

### Agitation Over the Bodies of the Ancient Kings that Now Lie on Storage Only.

A few months ago it was reported in some of the French papers that the bones of the Kings and Queens of France were left neglected in the store rooms of one of the public buildings of Paris, and the *Figaro* was the first to call, in the name of decency, for their respectful reinterment. The *Vie Contemporaine* now takes up the subject, and gives the first detailed account of the violation of the royal tombs during the Reign of Terror:

In the vaults of the Church of Saint Denis, resting under the statues which represented them, fifty Kings of France and fifty Queens slept the eternal sleep in the religious peace of the basilica. From Dagobert I. down to Francis I., Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., the Kings all reposed there in the ancient vaults. The tombs in the chapels and in the crypt became so numerous that there was no longer any room for one more royal corpse when the revolution burst out.

The Convention at first ordered the destruction of the tombs and afterward the violation of the coffins. On the 6th of August, 1793, conducted by the Mayor, the populace entered the basilica. This Mayor was formerly a priest, and sang the "Cadet Rousselle" and the "Hymn to Mars" in the pulpit in which a short time previously he preached the word of God.

They were supplied with cords and ladders and were assisted by a considerable number of workmen. The troop advanced up to the altar, and at first appeared somewhat surprised at the act that they were about to commit, not having as yet lost all respect for the sanctity of the place. They entered the chapel called the "Chapel of the Charles," where by the side of Du Guesclin and Louis de Saucorne were the remains of Charles V. and his wife, Charles VI., and Charles VII. They struck with heavy hammers the "detested faces of the tyrants," and they saluted with shouts of joy the skilful blows that shattered the marble to pieces.

They would not break the monument of Turenne because it had not been raised to the glory of an upstart king. But they did not spare that of Du Guesclin. When they had finished smashing the stones, when they had sufficiently, amid roars of laughter, broken the noses, the fingers, and the heads of the statues, they resolved to open the coffins, because, according to the legends, several of them contained treasures. All that they found, however, consisted of a few threads of bogus gold in the coffin of Pepin, and the seal of Constance de Castile.

Upon each coffin there was an inscription upon a plate of lead or copper. They were torn off. One of them, that of Louis XIV., was found again in 1820, in the shop of a brazier, who used it as a saucepan. Some of the bones were thrown into the cemetery, but the greater portion of them remained in the coffins. For three days, the 6th, 7th, and 8th of August, fifty-one tombs were destroyed. The news was announced all over the country and the event was celebrated by the feast of the 10th of August. For all that, it was considered that this "revenge" was not sufficient. They had broken the images of the kings; now they determined to avenge themselves.

A crowd of citizens of Saint Denis, joined by several politicians from Paris, stopped first before the tomb of Turenne. They found the coffin in a vault placed immediately under the marble monument. They opened it. The features of the hero of Salzbach were unchanged. The body presented the appearance of a dried mummy. It was placed in the care of a man named Host. He placed it in an oak box and deposited it in the sacristy, and for eight months he exhibited it as a curious relic and charged a fee of admission. Not being satisfied with his profits in the exhibition line, he took out the teeth of the great Turenne and sold them one by one. When this outrage was discovered the body was sent to the Jardin des Plantes, and two years afterward it was placed in the Temple of Mars, formerly the Church of the Invalides.

In the afternoon Robespierre arrived. He would not have any nonsense over the tyrants of the middle ages. What he wanted was to find the vault of Marie de Medicis. At last the entrance was found. It was situated before the altar and a little to the right. They descended into the crypt, and near the door they discovered the coffin of Louis XV. Further on, ranged side by side, were twenty-two tombs at the left, and on the right were those of Henry IV. and of Marie de Medicis.

The popular imagination was still full of the souvenirs left by that good king. It was he whom they exhumed the first. According to the records that have been left to us, a certain emotion came over the spectators when the workmen had at last placed in the light the royal corpse. Robespierre himself was filled with respect. The face of Henry IV. was in no way changed. One would fancy that he had just died. An eyewitness cited by Courajod testifies as follows:

"Any countryman who in his lifetime saw the image of Henry IV. on the Pont-Neuf, or anywhere else, would have recognized him in the midst of a thousand bodies, his features were so little altered. It looked as if putrefaction was afraid to approach his heroic remains, and that it wished to preserve them for all posterity. But profane hands took them from the tomb to drag them in the mud." And this eyewitness added: "I placed my hands upon the hands of the dead king with a certain respect that I could not overcome, although I was a true republican."

But soon the crowd became emboldened. A soldier who was present cut off a long portion of his beard. The access to the crypt by the staircase of the choir was very difficult, and a French hand to be made in the wall. The coffin of Henry IV. was in this way taken from the place where it had remained for two centuries. They placed it upright, resting it against one of the pillars. There every one could see it up to Monday, Oct. 14, 1793. The royal corpse was the object of the outrages of the populace.

The guard who had it in charge, a man named Desingy, recovered from a child two of the King's teeth, his moustache, and a portion of the linen that was in the coffin. Then a woman struck the face of the dead monarch, and the head dropped to the ground.

On the 11th of November, 1793, all the royal remains were removed from the Church of Saint Denis. In seventeen wagons they were brought in triumph to the Convention.

They still remain unburied.

### Elixir of Youthful Spirits.

"As I was walking up and down my room the other day," said a man, "wrapped in thought and absorbed in care, with head lowered and hands clasped behind me, I heard a tittering, and, looking back, I saw my children following me, each with bowed head and clasped hands; they had tried hard to be very solemn, but had found it quite impossible. I couldn't help laughing myself when I saw them, but I picked up my boot and walked on. Promptly the children fell in again and marched after me; when I turned a corner I saw them tagging on as before. We all laughed again, and then the children and I played soldier for a while. When we got through with that I found that my serious friend Care had gone away."

### It Would Stick to the Last.

"When I had my shoes fixed the other day," said a man, "I had to have one of them patched. You know they don't sew patches on nowadays; they paste 'em on in some way, and they stay. I knew this well enough, but when I went for my shoes and looked at the patch I was thoughtless enough to ask if it would stay on. The shoemaker didn't answer me in words, but in a look of about one second's duration he conveyed to me the intelligence that the uppers of the shoes might part from the soles, the soles might drop away, and the heels be left by the wayside, but that that patch would never come off."

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