

THE STAR FOR THE SUMMER. THE DAILY STAR will be mailed to persons who may be absent from the city during the summer at the rate of fifty cents per month.

TO DAY is the twenty-third successive day that we have had rain.

The Herzegovinian rebellion is not such a small affair as Turkey tried to persuade herself it would be.

There is still a bare hope that Donaldson and his companion escaped Lake Michigan, and are wandering in the thinly settled regions of Wisconsin.

The foolishness of seeing in how small a boat the Atlantic can safely be crossed has again commenced. The crop of people who are willing to risk their lives in this way is equal to any emergency.

RISE-UP WILLIAM ALLEN had better sit down and let Sam Carry do the talking. Sam's speeches always sound well, and now and then he says something worthy of consideration. Sit down, William, sit down.

REV. GEORGE C. HARDING, of the Indianapolis Herald, is credited with having written the best account of the editorial excursion to Colorado that was published. He told his story without a "we," or an "our," or an "us."

Has Mueller dishonored himself and disgraced Cincinnati by sending to Chicago an inferior quality of Buena Vista stone? It looks very much that way. His friends should see to it, and if he is unjustly charged, defend him and make the truth appear.

The fire on Fourth street last night was a very destructive one, but the chief interest centers in the loss of life and the injuries sustained by the brave men who face danger in defense of our property, and whose courage, skill and promptness have given our fire department a prestige unequalled by any other in the country.

The report that Fisher is to be retained as U. S. District Attorney for the District of Columbia is not generally believed as positively as comes the announcement. Fisher is an able man, but he is too much tainted with corruption to be kept in such a position. The Administration can not afford a step of this kind in the face of protests from three members of the Cabinet.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS. Commercial and trade journals are now very naturally discussing the probabilities of the fall business. The conclusions are, as usual, widely different, but there is a general feeling of buoyancy and a belief that the worst of the dull times has passed. The reports of good crops in all parts of the country, and the prospect of a lively demand from Europe for breadstuffs, seem to be reliable bases for such conclusions. There will put money in the hands of the farmers, which alone can give a real impetus to all branches of business.

There is not now nor has there been a scarcity of money for the business of the country. The banks have usually been well supplied, and money has most of the time been easy. But there was no legitimate means of starting it through the only channel that could give a solid revival of business. With the money for the present heavy crops farmers will be able to pay their debts and purchase more largely for the coming year. This will enable the country merchant to pay his notes and renew his stock, and he and demand will make business good for the jobber and the commission man, who in turn will want the products of the factories as fast as they can be turned out. Thus will employment be given to those who have been idle or at work on part time, they will have money to spend, and so it will go on, one wheel turning another, till business is as brisk and much more solid than heretofore.

The general trade has been depressed for the last three years because there has not been a single harvest of really good crops. As long as the farmers were pinched for cash they bought sparingly, and slowly and kept the country merchant behind with his engagements. Good crops mean inflating the money in the hands of the farmer and producer, where it will at once find its way to the merchant, manufacturer, carrier, artisan and laborer, and where it alone can give a genuine impetus and produce results beneficial to all. Business is an intricate piece of machinery in which every branch of trade is a wheel. Put money in the hands of the farmers and you apply force to the main driving wheel that moves the whole with an easy and steady motion; put it anywhere else and you apply your force at the wrong point, and though you may succeed in moving the whole machinery, it is at great disadvantages and with a very unsteady motion.

A want of money by the farmers has been the trouble all along, and just here is where the advocates of an inflation of the currency make their mistake. An increase in the volume of money would not put more in the hands of people who would use it to push business, or give activity to any branch of trade. It is nothing to the manufacturer that he can get all the money he wants from the banks at six per cent. If he can not find a market for his manufactured goods. It does not meet the emergency to so fix matters that the merchant can borrow money on good terms—that is usually no difficulty here—but what he desires is that the people to whom he sells may be able to pay, and as far as possible, relieve him of the necessity of

borrowing. In times of war, when the Government is a heavy purchaser of supplies, an inflation of currency enlivens trade, because the money issued goes directly into the current of business.

When the Government buys beef cattle, horses, mules, clothing or guns, and pays for them by an increase of currency, it is enabled at once to place the money in the hands of the business community, where it will go on making other purchases and paying debts, just as that already issued is doing at the time. But how this can be successfully done when the Government is taking from the people in the way of taxes and duties all that it is paying out has not been successfully explained.

What therefore is needed is not more money, but such a state of things as will put in motion that which we already have, and those who conclude that good crops and a foreign demand will do this and prophesy a brisk fall trade, to be followed by a solid resumption of business actively, will not far miss the truth.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Building Permits. The following permits were issued since our last report:

Henry Faus, three-story brick, on Carr street, between Gest and Richmond; estimated cost \$8,000. John Kaepe, addition to frame, on Lower River road; estimated cost \$250. W. Mack, addition to school-house, on Mitchell street, First ward; estimated cost \$8,000. R. McKee, fence wall in rear of 154 Twelfth street; estimated cost \$38.

Base Ball.

The Ludlows played a picked nine yesterday afternoon, the former winning an easy victory by a score of 25 to 5. The game was uninteresting and one-sided.

The Ludlows to-day play the Blue Stockings at Cumminsville, and on Wednesday the St. Louis Reds.

The Red Stockings play the Stars this afternoon on the grounds of the latter.

The Fleetwoods in a second game with the Liberties yesterday were defeated by a score of 11 to 6.

In the game mentioned yesterday between the Fleetwoods and Liberty Boys, the ball was lost and the game closed at the end of the third inning, at which time the score stood 11 to 5 in favor of the Liberty Club.

Court Outings.

N. W. Queen, assignee of Charles J. Robbins, submitted an action in replevin before Judge Avery against James R. Kidwell, to try the right of possession to a horse, wagon and harness, which plaintiff claimed was part of the assets of his assignor. The jury rendered a verdict finding that the defendant was entitled to the property, and rendered damages in the sum of \$300.

In the Probate Court yesterday John Reese was appointed executor under the will of John L. Reese, deceased. Personalty, \$10,000; realty, \$600.

In the case of the State against Frank Wilder, charged with shooting with intent to kill Mary Riley last June 1st, is in progress this morning before Judge Cox in the Criminal Court. The case was commenced in yesterday afternoon's session of Court, and on the part of the State the jury, Drs. Kearny and Judkins and Mary Riley were the witnesses, but nothing new of general importance was elicited.

LAST DAY OF NEWPORT RACES.

The attendance at the Newport races yesterday afternoon was larger than was expected, on account of the rain that fell during the morning.

The 2:30 race was for a purse of \$500, \$50 to the first, \$100 to the second, and \$30 to third. There were six entries, but only three starters, viz: J. T. Biaga's sorrel gelding Jeremiah, D. S. Brown's sorrel gelding Professor, and C. B. Harvey's by gelding Lew Scott. Jeremiah was the favorite in the pool.

The three horses started off on the second trial, Lew Scott taking the lead, Professor second, and Jeremiah last. On the back stretch Scott failed and was sent to the rear, Professor in the lead, and Jeremiah close upon him. At the three-quarter pole Jeremiah shot ahead, winning an easy victory by three lengths in 2:38.

In the second heat Jeremiah won by two lengths; time 2:33 1/2. Scott came in second, being three lengths ahead of Professor. Jeremiah also won the third and fourth heats upon him. At the three-quarter pole Jeremiah shot ahead, winning an easy victory by three lengths in 2:38.

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This closed the meeting of the Newport Driving Association, the affair having been as successful as could have been expected under the circumstances.

John Thompson, of Algiers, near New Orleans, lives close to a railroad, and one day his dog was killed by a locomotive. The dog was a favorite with his master, whose resentment was aroused by his death. That night he misplaced a switch and threw a freight train off the track, and two days afterwards he repeated the act. Then a switch was kept, and he was caught fastening iron bars to cause a disaster to a passenger train. His trial is in progress in New Orleans.

GOSSIP.

A mule is a bad pun on a horse. Pittsburg has an "Anti-treating Society."

Spain has only twenty-four political parties. The just shall live by faith. Now, you try it.

Brevity may be the soul of wit, but the thing needs a body. M. C. Kerr, says the Columbus Journal, wants to be S. F. Kerr.

The market price of grasshoppers in Meeker county, Minn., is \$5 a bushel. The Pennsylvania oil trade is reported as light this season, and that is what oil is for.

What a good thing that the weather never complains, no matter how much it is abused. August will be the favorite month for lovers this year. There will be two moons in it.

The axiom says every tail should have a moral end in view. What is the moral end of a dog's tail? A young English lady, residing in Paris, has received over fifty lashes. She was born with them—on her eyelids.

A celebrated wit once said of his debts that it was neither his interest to pay the principal nor his principal to pay the interest.

Your high toned reporter can't bring himself down to talk about anything so commonplace as a dinner. It's a "gustatory affair" with him.

During the past year one million dollars worth of coral was issued out of the depths of the Mediterranean by the coral gatherers of Naples.

The grasshoppers are sitting on fences in Nebraska, spitting "tohacco juice," and begging the farmers, with tears in their eyes, to plant something.

The great West, having abandoned all hope of relief from other sources, has at last resolved to retain Mr. Everts to come out and talk at the grasshoppers.

The Crown Princess of Germany is thirty-five years old and very fat, but there is a correspondent who says she looks "like a snow-drop just burst into full bloom."

A young man in California began to read a paragraph about a mine to his sweetheart, commencing "Yuba Mine—" when she interrupted him with: "I don't care if I do, John."

Mrs. T. Whitman, of Manfordville, Ky., exhibits a common sewing needle which she allowed a needle, and two weeks ago she was extracted from her arm.

When a man in Syria has the hydrophobia they keep him in a dark room while and then drop him from an eminence into the sea. The authorities are silent as to what becomes of Fido.

A Burlington lass gave a wordy, egotistical gentleman a strong hint the other evening. She took advantage of a pause in his talk to say: "There is a leakage in the gas-pipe somewhere, I am sure."

When a boy falls and peels the skin off his nose, the first thing he does is to get up and yell. When a girl tumbles and peels herself badly the first thing she does is to get up and look at her dress.

A certain minstrel manager advertises in one of the sporting papers for a tenor singer "whose vocal abilities are first-class, and who knows how to work up a laugh when the end man is getting off a joke."

A story is told of a colored girl in Tennessee who has been kept in slavery ever since the war. She has been allowed no means of learning anything, and only recently learned that slavery had been abolished.

A town in Hungary has been taxed as follows by a contractor to debt due him for pavements: Each of its 1,800 inhabitants is to give him an egg daily during six years, paying him in all 4,161,000 eggs.

We clip the following from the Boston Post: Five bodies were picked up off Brooklyn last week and taken to the morgue. All were middle-aged men, and each had a copy of Everts' speech in his pocket.

An Illinois girl refused to be engaged until her lover first insured his life for her favor, and then traveled two years abroad to improve his manners. "If he survives," she sighed, "I shall keep my engagement."

Great curiosity was felt in Washington circles to see Treasurer New's autograph. Several of the clerks took it on each of their desks, the other morning, with a polite note, and then they didn't like it so.

Adolph Storkostromedrofsky was lodged in a New Haven station-house the other night for drunkenness. When they had shut him up in his cell the further end of his name was still trailing out upon the street.

A certain young gentleman of Evansville, Ind., recently accompanied a lady to a train to see her safely started on her journey. He carried her railroad ticket in his pocket for safety, and found it there when he reached home, some hours after the train left.

One of the peculiarities of the paper on which the Bank of England notes are printed is its strength. A bank note will support thirty-six pounds before being laid—Exchange. A dollar is of the large sized species, it will support a whole family for an indefinite period.

There is a masked political society in Charleston which calls itself the "United S. C. Avengers." The name is split up in this way so that the literate can pass it by, but outside of the State the letters are run together, and the company is known as the "United Scavengers."

The Omaha Bee charges that "citizens of Omaha" have organized what might be called a book and ladder sneak-thief company. The industrious citizen, it appears, goes up a ladder to an open window and fishes for clothes on the inside of the room with a regular fish-hook and line.

Professor W. Stanley Jevons, in a treatise on scientific method, asserts that "if the whole population of the world, say millions of persons, were to deal cards day and night for a hundred millions of years, they would not have exhausted the possible deals of a pack of cards."

THE DOLLMOUNT SHOOTING.

To Dollmount, the other day, The poet laureate, in the array, To see the men from Amerioy, Who strive with the Irish in shootin'.

There was Paddy O'Hara and Crowder Ned, And the Red-horn' Paper Ted, With Biddy and Nora, the sweet red-head, An' the devil's own parin' an' tootin'.

Philaloo, hubbahoo, whack, hurrah, Next-splunged Banner and Erango, The roughest time that I ever saw, Was Dollmount crackin' the rifle.

Oh! the way the sight on Dublin bay, While the waves roiled cool, and the azure sea, Was alive with boats, with their streamers gay, Skimming like birds over the water.

The roses they were filled, all the world was there, You'd thought 'twas the opoin' of Donnybrook Fair. In a coach and six rode the Old Lord Manor, His wife and them colleens his daughters.

Oh! the Irish team was fair to view, And they'd beaten the Scotch and the English, too; And the 'Merican boys—what a hullabaloo There was 'em the 'Merican!

We shouted hurrah for America, An' the best team here may it win the day, An' devil a fear of any foul play, While the Irish boys take a hand in.

Hurrah for the Yankee! the day they have Such shootin' there never was under the sun Since the days when the Old Boy first handled a gun.

And brought about death and destruction, And hurrah for Old Erin, for once in a way she rejoices to see the black gunpowder play In the hands of the stranger, by fair Dublin Day, An' bent in a friendly-loike rick.

THE FLOWER OF REMEMBRANCE.

It was in the spring of 1869. Napoleon had decided to lead his grand army into the heart of Germany. Among the officers garrisoned at Strasbourg was Col. St. Lo. Under the command of St. Lo was a Captain named Jules Le Preux.

Young in years, Le Preux was nevertheless a veteran in the service of the Emperor, having taken part in the battles of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau and Friedland, in all of which he had displayed great bravery. Le Preux rose by degrees to the rank of captain, and was well beloved by his companions.

Although he had passed through the campaigns already mentioned, and had often joined in the fervent cry of "Long live the Emperor!" he had never seen the great man whose mighty arm seemed at will to sweep all Europe, and who was destined to leave to posterity an immortal name and a crown of victories, the glory and brightness of which not even the folly of his nephew could dim.

One morning Colonel St. Lo had given orders that he should not be disturbed. He was engaged in writing, when his attention was attracted by hearing the corporal on guard warmly expostulating with some one, and remembering the directions he had given, and judging it best to discover the cause, he listened attentively. He soon recognized the voice of Capt. Le Preux, and rising, bade him enter.

"You desire to see me?" inquired St. Lo, who seated himself before the table on which lay the papers that he was writing. "Yes, colonel," replied the officer, with embarrassment.

"Well, well; be quick, my friend. Important matters demand my attention," was the impatient reply. "I wish to obtain leave of absence—a month, no more. I have just received a letter from my mother, and she is ill. I can not rest without seeing her."

"It is quite impossible, Le Preux," replied the colonel, with a look of surprise. "You know I would willingly grant your request, but we are waiting orders and may move at any moment."

The captain bowed submissively, and, seeing the audience was concluded, retired. Ten days elapsed when Jules again presented himself at headquarters. His face wore an anxious, troubled look, and was exceedingly pale.

"This letter is from the curate of my parish, and it announces that my mother is dying." The words were spoken abruptly, and his voice was even harsh, as he added, "I desire to leave." Colonel St. Lo was about to answer angrily, annoyed by the impertinence; but seeing the young man's evident distress, he rose and grasped his hand kindly.

softly drawn and a man, dressed in the uniform of an under officer, entered. The narrow room was lighted by the white moonbeams that stole through the barred window and rested carelessly upon the sleeper.

The officer advanced cautiously. Stand beside the bed, he bent over the condemned man. His long look at him attentively for some moments, he touched him gently upon the arm. Le Preux opened his eyes.

"Has the time come?" he inquired, rising. "Yes, Jules, the hour has not come; but it will soon strike," was the reply. "What, then, do you desire?" said Jules, seating himself.

"You do not know me, my friend," continued the stranger, disregarding the prisoner's words. "I saw you at the battle of Austerlitz, where you fought bravely, and won the Cross of Honor. Since the memorable 27th of November I have entertained for you almost constant remembrance. In the army you have been held as a dutiful soldier. On entering Strasbourg I heard of your crime and condemnation. The jailer of the prison being a relation of mine, I was able to obtain this interview. Those about to die often regret that there is not some friend near to whom they can confide their last wishes. Will I can I do for you?"

"Thanks, comrade. I have made my peace, and have no wish," Le Preux said briefly. "Have you nothing to say?" "Nothing." "Not even a farewell word to some young heart yearning for your return—no message to a sister?"

"No one watches for my return. I have not any sister—I never had one." "A father?" "He has been dead for years." "And your mother?" The stranger pressed each question earnestly.

"My mother!" reiterated Jules, bowing his face upon his hand, the tone of his voice deepening. "Mother, mother!" he said, tearfully. "Oh! do not even utter her name," he continued, fixing his eyes upon the man. "She is dead. I have only one hour or two of life; then we will meet, and before her I must lay a tarnished record." As he spoke his strong frame shook with suppressed emotion.

"Do you remember your mother?" Le Preux questioned, after a moment of silence. "Yes, I loved her, and was in return beloved," was the quiet response. "Then I can open my heart to you. It is a comfort in this hour to pour out my soul. Will you listen?"

"I am listening, said Jules, with deep sympathy and interest. "I was the only son of a widow; my native village was called Foix. I can only remember my father; he died many years ago, but I can still recall the pressure of his hand upon my head, as it rested there in his last blessing. I grew to manhood with but one affection, and that centered upon my mother. I was her sole companion; her life was one of piety—devoted to the poor who received her only visits. To the gentle teaching of that mother I owe my little store of knowledge. From early youth she had sought to instill into me a lofty sense of duty. I was called to serve my country. Filled with despair at the thought of leaving her, I protested; in my hour of weakness she strengthened and encouraged me. She bade me go for her sake. With a tender smile upon her white lips, she blessed me, telling me that my country claimed a higher duty of me than my holy duty to be self, adding to the will of God, I should do and die before me, my son, I will have strength to say, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. 'Go, and as you love me, be faithful to your duty.' These were her last words, and I departed. We had returned from Spain, flushed with the glory of conquest. I endeavored to obtain leave, but, owing to the determination of the Emperor to invade Germany, I was obliged to abandon the thought. I followed my regiment to Strasbourg. One morning I received a letter from my beloved mother, telling me she was ill. A great longing possessed me to see her, but I was forbidden to do so. I remembered her last words, 'Be faithful to your duty.' I resigned myself. A week or more elapsed when a letter from the curate of the parish reached me. It told briefly that my mother was dying—there was no hope. My reason took me. At all risks I determined to return home. The yearning to at least pray beside her grave, I might not look upon her dear face, tortured me day and night. Like many of the simple peasants of our mountain village, I am imbued with a superstitious belief—a belief that has strengthened with my years, and which I have cherished, and with no argument could I deny. This superstitious belief made me believe that the first flower that blooms above the grave of a loved one possesses a peculiar charm; the one who gathers and retains it is never forgotten by the dead. It was a sacred and comforting thought. With this belief in my heart, death seemed robbed of half its sting, and became only a sweet sleep, like rest after fatigue. This flower I desired to see bloom; that I might gather it, and with it the blessed assistance of immortal remembrance. The night the troops left Strasbourg I fled. I reached Foix to find, alas, only a grave. She had died before me. The earth was still fresh and soft beneath the green sod, but no flower had made its appearance. I waited; weeks passed. At length I rose at dawn one morning and weeded my way to the little churchyard. The sky was covered with fleecy clouds, and the sun rose in golden glory as I knelt beside the grave. There, amidst the green grass, I saw a flower; its tiny leaves were open, and on its blue bosom rested softly, like a sweet promise, a ray of the morning sunlight. It was the little blossom we call 'Forget-me-not.' My mother's soul seemed to look into my eyes pleadingly, while whispering, 'Remember me, Jules, remember me. Believing myself truly in the sacred presence of the dead, I gathered my treasure in silence, and with tears of gratitude and hope rose to depart. Nothing now detained me at Foix, and to your duty,' I seemed to hear at every turn, 'I will be faithful to you, and will set you to justice. I had violated commands, and was a deserter. I obeyed, accepting calmly, resignedly, the sentence awarded. I am about to die. You say you are my friend. I have but one request; if you will grant it, I can die without regrets, even if I find a little locket suspended around my neck, the little flower I perished in my effort to obtain. Promise that in death it shall not be separated from me.'"

"I promise," replied the officer, deeply touched. The condemned man grasped his hand warmly. "Comrade," he said, "may God bless you. If it was His will to grant me another life, I would dedicate it to you, and prove the affection your sympathy has inspired; but it can not be. Farewell!"

They separated. The dawn broke, and with it came the sound of the drum and the tramp of armed men, whose measured steps announced their mission. Le Preux greeted them with a stern bow, and then went calmly forth to die.

His arms were folded upon his breast, a soft breeze stirred the curls that clustered above his brow; his eyes were fixed upon the eastern sky, where a brilliant sunrise shed a golden glory, tinting the rose-leaf clouds that floated on and on, as though to chase the dark shadow of night, that was gradually fading in the west.

As he passed down the long line of soldiers, regrets and words of farewell were spoken in undertone; but deaf to all, and with not one last look that might have spoken his resolution, he moved on toward the place of execution. He reached the spot; his eyes, at his request, were left unbound, and still riveted lingeringly, wistfully upon the drifting clouds, he heard his death sentence read.

A moment more and the ramrods were drawn; then the dull sound as the charge was rammed down was heard, and the first words of the terrible formula were spoken: "Make ready." But ere the knell was uttered, a loud cry of "Long live the Emperor!" rang out upon the air. With a wave of the hand that stayed the deadly work, Napoleon vaulted from the saddle, and, with rapid strides, advanced toward the prisoner, who, seemingly lost in thought, stood motionless, waiting for the fatal blow.

"Jules Le Preux!" The young man turned quickly toward the speaker. His lips moved, yet no word escaped them; but the clear, steadfast eyes seemed to utter the recognition. Kneeling, he pressed his lips to Napoleon's hand.

"Do you remember the words you spoke last night in your cell?" "I said if God gave me another life I would dedicate it to you," was the reply, clearly spoken. "It is well. God gives you a second life; consecrate it not to me, but to France. She is a sad and worthy mother; love her as faithfully you love the one who now smiles upon you from yonder blue heaven. Arise." With these words he turned away, and a cry of joy rent the air as Napoleon ceased speaking, for all rejoiced at the welcome deliverance of "Le Bravo."

Some years after, Le Preux, promoted to the rank of colonel, fell upon the battlefield of Waterloo, mortally wounded. Radiant even in death, with the love of France and her immortal star of earthly glory, the soldier died with the flag he had served clasped to his breast, and, in a clear, ringing voice, crying, "Long live the Emperor!" "Long live France!"

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

Table with multiple columns listing railroad routes, stations, and departure/arrival times. Includes sections for Atlantic and Great Western, Cincinnati and Hamilton, and various other regional lines.