

**ESOP AND THE BEASTS.**

He sat among the woods; he heard  
The strains of music; he saw  
The humors of the best and bad,  
The pranks of donkey and a daw,  
And in the fog and the fog,  
In all the tribes of swamy and den,  
In deer and hare, in hawk and log,  
Marked the similitudes of men.

"From those, of these," he cried, "we come,  
Our hearts and brains descend from these."  
And lo the beasts no more were dumb,  
But answered out of brakes and trees.

And thus, perchance, their saying ran:  
"Nay, not from us your folly springs,  
O, deeply fallen race of man,  
Bewildered about empty things!  
For we have never hope nor dread,  
We look not forward nor behind,  
We lead the life our fathers led,  
We live like clouds, or streams, or wind.

"For we have neither doubt nor faith,  
For we are neither bond nor free,  
We hear the word that Nature saith,  
And high to Nature's heart are we.

"Behold, we neither laugh nor weep,  
Are well content with everything,  
But ye would cry that scarce can creep,  
And ye would speak that scarce can sing,  
Nay, were there cause for moan or mirth,  
"We, not you, should sigh or scorn."  
O, latest children of the earth,  
Most childish children earth hath borne."

They spoke, but that misshapen slave  
Told never of the thing he heard,  
And unto men their portraits gave,  
In likeness of beast and bird.

—The Independent.

**ATTACKED BY ROBBERS.**

**L**ONLY is the national road between the cities of Vera Cruz and Mexico and it has been from time immemorial invaded by robbers, who have been plundering travelers, whether native or foreign, mounted or on foot, in companies of their own forming on the regular diligencia for passengers, and so much of a matter of course had this become, that up to within a score of years, the natives generally prepared themselves with purses to beguile away at the first demand, and counted these forced contributions among their incidental expenses.

As a general thing the highwaymen were not blood-thirsty, if met in a spirit of peace and submission. They wanted money rather than life, and seldom took it except in cases of resistance, or in revenge for some former defeat. It was their custom, when attacking a diligencia, to order the driver to halt, and the passengers to throw themselves on their knees; and whenever this order was promptly complied with, they took their booty with a few merry jests or witticisms, wished the plundered party a safe and pleasant journey, and rode off as the best of good humor.

Whenever the highwaymen had only money to deal with, such was generally the result; for the Mexicans, more disposed to pay than to fight, were seldom without a purse, prepared beforehand, for los caballeros del camino, the gentlemen of the road; but when they encountered foreigners it was quite another affair, for the latter often preferred paying with the lead in their pistols to the more precious metals in their pockets.

The difference was, that whereas one bandit might rob nine Mexicans with impunity, it was often required nine robbers to make sure of one American or Englishman.

In the year of 1845, Capt. Jacob Williams and Lieut. Henry Simcoe, both Americans, who had been spending some weeks in the city of Mexico, took passage in the regular diligencia for Vera Cruz. As they had gone over the national road on their visit to the capital, and had learned a good deal of the Mexican manners and customs during their sojourn in the country, they knew exactly what they had to be prepared for, and, being strong, courageous men, they resolved, if attacked, to defend themselves to the death.

In the same diligencia four others took passage, two men and two women; and scarcely were they well on the road, ere they were subject of robbery and the robbers were started by one of the females, a rather pretty woman, who, addressing herself to Capt. Williams, inquired if he thought there was any danger of the party being molested by the bad knights of the road.

"I can't tell any more about it than you can," answered Capt. Williams, who was rather noted for his honesty than his politeness; "but I know one thing, Senorita; it will be as a blessed sight better for them if they don't."

At this the Mexicans looked horrified, and one of the men exclaimed, in a tremendous voice:

"Ave Maria, Purissima! God be merciful! You don't think of resisting, Senor?"

The captain, with an angry frown, surveyed the other from head to foot; and then, with an expression of contempt, turned to his own companion, and remarked, in English:

"Why shouldn't highway robbery flourish in this cursed country, filled as it is with such miserable cowards? Yes," he continued in Spanish, addressing the whole party, rather than the timid questioner, "I do think of resisting if attacked—I should count myself worse than a jackass if I didn't; and if you miserable poltroons would only learn to do the same, there would soon be an end of this detestable business."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other male passenger; "there would soon be an end of it, Senor. The knights of the road don't now kill those who don't resist; but then they would kill everybody—saints preserve us!"

"Well, in this case, in particular, you might as well resist as sit still," growled the captain; "for as both my friend and I are sworn to resist the scoundrels, we won't be able to tell where for them or who against them, and so you'd come in for the same treatment as ourselves."

Here the captain produced two brace of pistols, said his companion was equally armed, and remarked that there were eight good shots ready; and if the Mexicans would shut up courage, and swear to their duty like men, he would lead each of them a weapon.

The wretches held up their hands in horror, and shrunk from the acceptance of the proposition; whereupon the youngest female audibly declared their cowardice, and said if she only knew how to handle the weapons herself, she would take them and put the others to shame.

"Thank Heaven for some redeeming qualities in the race, even if in the sex where it least belongs!" said the captain.

"For which, ladies," put in the lieutenant, "we will protect you with our lives."

One of the two men now wanted to get out to speak with the driver, he said, but

**THAT HAMILTON AFFAIR.**

**THE ATLANTIC CITY TRAGEDY WHICH EXCITES THE COUNTRY.**

**A Name of National Reputation Dragged Into the Mire by the Mad Act of a Vicious and Unprincipled Woman. Some Facts About the Parties Connected With the Tragedy.**

Following close upon the Terry-Field tragedy in California, Atlantic City, N. J., the well-known and popular watering place, furnishes a sensation creating almost as much excitement throughout the country, owing to the prominence of the names connected with it.

It is not a pleasant thing to be a passenger in a coach through a wild, lonely region, that you know is infested with robbers, and be in constant expectation of an assault that may result in the loss of all your personal possessions, if not your life; and to a brave, determined man, the suspense, the uncertainty, the constant dread of attack, is really more trying upon the nervous system than the moment of actual assault.

So it was with our two friends, as they watched the gradual decline of day, till the night had set in, and then, minute after minute and hour after hour, waited with more anxiety for the crisis of their journey, if not their fate.

It cannot be said that the diligencia was slowly working its tortuous way a steep and dangerous hill, with a high, wall-like bank on the right and a dangerous precipice on the left, when a hoarse voice suddenly called out:

"Halt, and surrender your purses to the knights of the road!"

The diligencia stopped, and the two cowardly Mexicans inside groaned audibly.

In an instant our American friends were ready, a pistol in each hand.

"Make the slightest noise, you cowards," hissed the captain through his shut teeth, addressing the trembling wretches inside, "and you shall have the first bullets in your worthless bodies!"

"Come out and throw yourselves on your faces!" cried the stentorian voice of the robber chief.

As no one stirred inside—the Mexicans through fear of the Americans, and the latter because they intended to resist where they were—the robbers, becoming impatient, jerked open the door, with a threat to fire into the vehicle, although it was very dark without, the persons within could dimly perceive several figures standing beside the diligencia; and at these our heroes fired four shots in quick succession. Two of the bandits instantly dropped, and there were loud cries and groans of pain, and shouts of surprise and rage, with a quick flanking of the rest of the assailants. The next moment a whole volley was poured into the diligencia, creating a terrible scene of shrieking and confusion among the passengers.

"Ave Maria, Purissima! I am killed!" cried one of the men.

"Ah—! I am dying!" shrieked the other.

"Saints have mercy! they have broken my arm!" groaned one of the females.

"All right with me. How is it with you, captain?" inquired the lieutenant.

"A mere scratch," said the other; "a matter of a couple of fingers, that's all. It won't do, though, to be cooped up in here, for the scoundrels to riddle us; the chances will be better outside."

"So started up as he spoke, and was endeavoring to step over one of the men who was writhing and groaning on the bottom of the coach, when two more shots were simultaneously fired from without, and he fell down, exclaiming:

"God help me! I believe the thieves have done for me this time!"

His companions at once bent over him, vainly inquiring where he was hurt, and endeavoring to lift him up into a more comfortable position. The coach was by this time like a bedlam—shrieks, groans, prayers, and even curses, all commingled together. Before any one could get out, however, or the wild noise and confusion had in any degree abated, the door was slammed to, the animals were cut loose, and the vehicle and all its contents sent tumbling over the precipice to the left, down which it first dropped some distance with a heavy crash, and then rolled over and over down a steep hill, bringing up at last against a huge rock, split open and shattered.

For a brief moment or two and all was still as death, and then a few moans, still as the stars in the sky, were still there. Lieut. Simcoe was the first to speak. He was much bruised, but not fatally injured, and no bones were broken.

"Are you alive, captain?" he anxiously inquired.

No answer to the question, but a female voice feebly moaned out:

"I save me! Saints and angels, be merciful!"

"Senorita, can I aid you?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Help! help! for mercy's sake!" replied the same voice; but all the others were still.

Simcoe raised himself among the fragments of the vehicle, and felt about in the dark in the direction of the voice. He came in contact with a woman that covered it with blood, and he drew it back with a shudder. Then he passed his hand over the body, and discovered in his horror it was that of his companion, Capt. Williams. He spoke to him again, but received no answer. He felt for the pulse and heart, but found both still; and then he knew he was dead.

A further examination, conducted in the same manner, disclosed the thrilling fact that only one beside himself had escaped with life. This was the female who had prayed for help, and she had a leg and arm broken, besides other serious injuries. With great exertion he managed to get her out from the wreck, and fixing her in as comfortable a position as he could he left her, growling with pain, and crawled away some distance from the horrid scene, and hid himself in some bushes, not knowing but the robbers might pay their victims a visit, to plunder them and murder those they should find alive.

It was a fearful night that the lieutenant passed there in that lonely place under the trying circumstances, listening to the groans and prayers of the living woman, suffering a great deal of pain himself, and all the time in dread of some new horror.

But the brigands, satisfied probably with the revenge they had taken, did not approach their victims again, and early the next day a party of mounted police appeared in search of the diligencia, and thus the living were relieved from further fear.

Although at no time confined to his bed, Lieut. Simcoe never fully recovered from the effects of that dangerous fall and the shock the whole affair gave to his nervous system. He was able to attend as chief mourner at the grave of Capt. Williams, and a few days after he resumed his journey and got safely out of the country and home to his friends.

The wounded lady subsequently died of her injuries, and that he proved to be the only one who escaped with life from the vengeance of the thwarted robbers.

—N. Y. Ledger.

The city of St. Petersburg, which does not count 1,000,000 of inhabitants, consumes each day 10,000 bottles of wine, 1,600,000 quarts of beer and 1,600,000 glasses of an alcohol known under the name of vodka.

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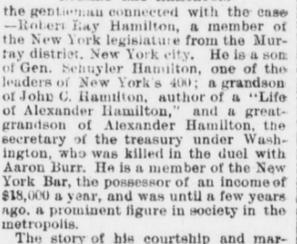
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ROBERT RAY HAMILTON.

the gentleman connected with the case—Robert Ray Hamilton, a member of the New York legislature from the Murray district, New York city. He is a son of Gen. Schuyler Hamilton, one of the leaders of New York's 400; a grandson of John C. Hamilton, author of a "Life of Alexander Hamilton," and a great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, the secretary of the treasury under Washington, who was killed in the duel with Aaron Burr. He is a member of the New York Bar, the possessor of an income of \$15,000 a year, and was until a few years ago, a prominent figure in society in the metropolis.

The story of his courtship and marriage is as romantic as the story of the tragedy itself. Hamilton is about 40 years of age, and his wife about ten years younger, and a hopeless victim of the morphia habit. About two years ago they were clandestinely married in New York. Some months ago he took his wife to southern California with the intention of locating permanently. Mary Donnelly, a nurse to his six-month-old child, accompanied them. He returned disgusted and then stopped at Atlantic City. Here Mrs. Hamilton's display of diamonds and magnificent costumes at once created a sensation, and the movements of the couple were noted with interest.

Many stories are afloat as to how the tragedy occurred that was finally brought to what at first looked to be a fatal ending, but the most generally accepted story runs about like this:

It seems that previous to Hamilton's acquaintance with his wife, she had formed an attachment with Joshua, or "Doty," as he was almost always called. Mann, and even after her marriage she still kept it up, meeting him at times and places when the knowledge of her doings could be kept from her husband, and also supplying him with funds. Hamilton finally noticed Mann, and also remembered the fact that at every place he and his wife had been during the season the same man had been about. He at first thought the man was a thief following them about for the purpose of robbery, but at last the real facts of the case broke upon his mind.

He said nothing for a day or two, but when his wife announced her intention of going to New York, his indignation overcame him and he grasped her rather roughly and said, "You are my wife and you remain here; let 'Josh' Mann take care of himself."

Mrs. Hamilton grew furious and desperate, and Mary Donnelly, the nurse, entering the room at that moment, she turned her wrath upon her. Snatching up a Mexican dagger, and with a cry of "you have exposed me," she plunged the weapon into the poor girl's abdomen.

**MAN AND WIFE.**

**In Birth, Taste and Character They Were Different in Every Respect.**

Robert Ray Hamilton is not the first man whose name and reputation have been sullied by this woman. In her comparatively brief career she has had many victims, some of whom have narrowly escaped ruin at her hands, while others have been glad to escape from her with their lives.

So far as the story of the prisoner's life has been known, she has lived in less than ten years under the following names: Miss Brill, Mrs. Parsons, Miss May, Mrs. Mann and Mrs. Hamilton, each time living under the protection of a man bearing the name she assumed, and Mr. Hamilton made her his wife two years ago.



MRS. HAMILTON.

It is said by his friends, Mr. Hamilton was regarded by all who knew him as a man of great promise and of undoubted honor and probity until he met, three years ago, the woman who is now his wife. Since then he has sacrificed family, honor, friends, fortune, reputation and his future to her. She, on her side, has spent his fortune, used most of the \$20 a week pin money he gave her to maintain another lover, and finally dragged an honored name in the mud.

Mrs. Hamilton is now about 32 years of age. She is very pretty, very selfish, depraved, passionate, uneducated, vulgar and vicious.

Not many Americans have a better line of ancestors than has Robert Ray Hamilton. Alexander Hamilton was his great-grandfather, his grandfather was John C. Hamilton and Gen. Schuyler Hamilton is his father. He has an independent annual income of from \$35,000 to \$40,000, which he got from his grandfather on his mother's side, Robert Ray. He is a member of the Union League, the University and Tuxedo clubs. He was graduated from Columbia college and the Columbia College Law school, and is a lawyer, but rarely practiced his profession. Politics were more to his taste, and wishing to be known in politics, he gratified that desire.

His record as an assemblyman and as a private citizen, was such that no man could point a finger at him and say that there was anything in it of which he need be in any way ashamed. He was always prominent in any movement looking toward the progress and advancement of his fellows.

He is a man of refinement—a cultured, studious man. His name and his fortune, together with his attainments, made him naturally a conspicuous figure in society, but he was not regarded as a "snarling" man nor as one who was reckless in his pursuit of pleasure. He was even to his intimates a quiet bachelor.

Within a few months after Mr. Hamilton's infatuation with Eva Steel began the fact became known to some of his friends. In fact, he seemed to take no very great pains to conceal it. While he never talked about the woman, he had no hesitation in being seen with her in public places, at the theater, in the park and other resorts, where he was morally sure to meet some of his friends, and to have attention attracted to him because of his companion. And, after a time, he came to notice that he did not have so many cordial friends as he once had had. His political associates, many of them, began to evince less pleasure in his society, and his family did not regard him as affectionately. However, the infatuation was absolute, and nothing seemed able to relieve him of the unfortunate passion.

Many of Mr. Hamilton's friends in New York believe that he married Evangeline out of a mistaken sense of chivalry to save her reputation, but nothing human could do that. Her record, now traced back for some fifteen years, shows her always irredeemably, hopelessly wicked. She grew from girlhood into womanhood the same creature of vicious habits and a passionate temper. She has lived under more names than she has fingers and toes, if she was ever an innocent child she hid herself of her childhood as early as possible and plunged into the dissipations of life, an abandoned woman at an age when other girls are yet in short skirts.

Mr. Hamilton's friends were not his wife's friends, and the apparent impossibility of his ever being able to introduce her into the society to which he had been accustomed drove him from the city and sent him traveling through the country. Gen. Schuyler Hamilton, the father of

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ter at what hour he had gone to bed. But he was so fast asleep that he never heard it, and the bell rang again still more sharply without any answer.

Then the door of the inner room opened, and out came a very strange figure indeed.

It was a small, lean, gray-haired old man in a shabby uniform coat and a pair of long riding boots, which looked as though they had not been cleaned for a month; and as if he were not unkindly enough already, he had smeared the whole front of his coat with snuff, which fell off in flakes whenever he moved.

"His face might have been carved in stone, so cold and hard did it look; but in the midst of it there gleamed an eye so large and bright and piercing that it seemed to go right through every one upon whom it rested. But for the staring, mandling glance one would most likely have taken him for a beggar, and have wondered what business such a slovenly old fellow could have in the palace at all.

But in reality this queer, shabby little old man was no other than King Frederick of Prussia himself, the greatest general and statesman in the world, and famous throughout all Europe under the name of "Frederick the Great."

One could see by the flash of his eyes and the set of his hard old mouth, as he came striding out, that he was very angry at being kept waiting, and that a terrible scolding awaited the poor little page, who lay sleeping there so peacefully, knowing nothing at all about it. But as the king's eye fell upon the old, unconscious face his mood seemed to change.

"Hum!" muttered he, with the very ghost of a smile flickering over his iron face. "How famously the young dog sleeps! I only wish that I could have such a nap now and then. One can see that he hasn't got to worry himself about governing five millions of men, or carrying on war against five nations at once. Ha! what's this?"



THE PAGE ASLEEP.

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**EMPEROR FREDERICK READS THE NOTE.**

A crumpled sheet of coarse paper, which seemed to have dropped from Karl's hand, was lying on the floor beside him.

The king picked it up, and these were the first words that caught his eye, written in the shaky, straggling hand of a very feeble old woman:

"I thank you very much, my dear child, for the money that you have so kindly sent me, which has been a great help. Take your old mother's blessing for it, and see that you always do your best to be a worthy and faithful servant to our master, the king, whom God bless and preserve."

As he read that simple message the soldier-king's grim face softened as no one had ever seen it soften before. Perhaps the memory of his own mother, dead years ago, rose up in his mind once more; perhaps he was touched by the old woman's prayer for himself, or by the discovery that this had been the boy's last thought before he fell asleep.

**"Old Black Joe" Dead.**

The original "Old Black Joe" died at Mount Holly, N. J., a few days ago in the little cabin where he has lived for years, just on the outskirts of the town. His proper name was Joseph Queen, and he was undoubtedly the oldest man in the state, being 112 years old. He was born in Virginia in 1777. "Old Joe" was a runaway slave and came to New Jersey in 1837, where he was taken care of by some of the residents of Mount Holly. For years past the townspeople have ministered to his wants and kept him in comparative comfort. He was very patriarchal in appearance, and his form was bent nearly double with the weight of years.—Exchange.

**"MOLLY MISCHIEF."**

Cur little Molly Mischief  
Her proper name is Rose  
Is always busy as a bee,  
And everybody knows  
The bees are full of business  
The liveliest summer day,  
And so is Molly Mischief,  
But in quite a different way.

Her little rosy fingers,  
To pretty in their place,  
Are often set together  
Behind her, in girgacee.

Because, if mamma leaves a thing  
For only half a minute,  
There's like something lost or stolen,  
And sure to set her on.

One Sunday, after meeting,  
She vanished from our sight  
But no one saw the going  
Of our little wandering sprite.

We ran around to seek her  
Among the girls and boys,  
And found her in the organ loft,  
"A-hunting for zo noise."

And once, when we forbade her  
To pick the currants red,  
We heard her in the bushes,  
And this was what she said:

"O little lonesome babies,  
Is you afraid to stay?  
Come to your own, dear nuzzer,  
I'll hide you safe away."

I leave my little readers  
To guess the hiding place,  
Perhaps it something had to do  
With the stains upon her face.  
—Youth's Companion.

**KING FREDERICK'S RUSE.**

One summer morning, a great many years ago, a boy was lying sound asleep on a bench in one of the rooms of the Sans Souci, the country palace of the king of Prussia, with all his clothes on. Very gay clothes they were, from the trim blue jacket, with its embroidered cuffs and shining brass buttons, down to the smart shoes, with their well-polished steel buckles. But the poor little fellow's face was not as gay as his dress by any means. It looked sadly pale, and as worn and tired as if he had been up all night.

So indeed he had, for tough old King Frederick, who could work from 4 in the morning till 10 at night without seeming a bit the worse, sometimes forgot that his poor little page-boy was not as strong as himself, and would often keep him on duty till Karl fell asleep from sheer fatigue, just as he appeared to have done now.

All at once a bell rang sharply in the next room. At that signal the page ought to have jumped up and gone in to receive his orders for the day, as he had to the first thing every morning, no matter what hour he had gone to bed. But he was so fast asleep that he never heard it, and the bell rang again still more sharply without any answer.

Then the door of the inner room opened, and out came a very strange figure indeed.

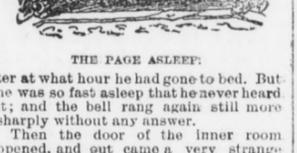
It was a small, lean, gray-haired old man in a shabby uniform coat and a pair of long riding boots, which looked as though they had not been cleaned for a month; and as if he were not unkindly enough already, he had smeared the whole front of his coat with snuff, which fell off in flakes whenever he moved.

"His face might have been carved in stone, so cold and hard did it look; but in the midst of it there gleamed an eye so large and bright and piercing that it seemed to go right through every one upon whom it rested. But for the staring, mandling glance one would most likely have taken him for a beggar, and have wondered what business such a slovenly old fellow could have in the palace at all.

But in reality this queer, shabby little old man was no other than King Frederick of Prussia himself, the greatest general and statesman in the world, and famous throughout all Europe under the name of "Frederick the Great."

One could see by the flash of his eyes and the set of his hard old mouth, as he came striding out, that he was very angry at being kept waiting, and that a terrible scolding awaited the poor little page, who lay sleeping there so peacefully, knowing nothing at all about it. But as the king's eye fell upon the old, unconscious face his mood seemed to change.

"Hum!" muttered he, with the very ghost of a smile flickering over his iron face. "How famously the young dog sleeps! I only wish that I could have such a nap now and then. One can see that he hasn't got to worry himself about governing five millions of men, or carrying on war against five nations at once. Ha! what's this?"



EMPEROR FREDERICK READS THE NOTE.

A crumpled sheet of coarse paper, which seemed to have dropped from Karl's hand, was lying on the floor beside him.

The king picked it up, and these were the first words that caught his eye, written in the shaky, straggling hand of a very feeble old woman:

"I thank you very much, my dear child, for the money that you have so kindly sent me, which has been a great help. Take your old mother's blessing for it, and see that you always do your best to be a worthy and faithful servant to our master, the king, whom God bless and preserve."

As he read that simple message the soldier-king's grim face softened as no one had ever seen it soften before. Perhaps the memory of his own mother, dead years ago, rose up in his mind once more; perhaps he was touched by the old woman's prayer for himself, or by the discovery that this had been the boy's last thought before he fell asleep.

**No Musical Ear in Horses.**

Recent investigations in France goes to prove that the horse has no ear for music, and only a slight understanding of time and military signals. Several circus men confessed to the investigators that they had never seen a horse with musical instincts. The popular conclusion that a trained horse occasionally waltzes in time with the music, they said, was unsupported by experience. The music was always played to suit the step of the horse, which was regulated by signs from the trainer. Most war horses were found to pay little attention to a signal for a change, save when aroused by the significant movements of a rider. A troop of riderless cavalry horses were unmoved by martial trumpet calls. Altogether, the investigations concerning horses on the field of battle went to prove that the traditionally intelligent war horse could not make a correct movement in a fight, save under its rider's constant guidance.

**Comptroller of the Currency Lacey.**

Comptroller of the Currency Lacey comes from Charlotte, a town in the western part of lower Michigan, which district he served in congress for half a dozen years. Mr. Lacey is a rich lumberman, a man of cultivation and a good speaker, and he is also clever with his pen. He is very painstaking and precise but simple in his manners and methodical in his habits. Notwithstanding his whitening hair and moustache, Mr. Lacey looks a young man, and is one so far as energy and enthusiasm go. The salary attached to the important office of comptroller of the currency is \$6,000 a year, less by \$4,000 a year than W. H. Vander bill pays his head clock.

The 125-foot English torpedo boat, carrying a load of twenty tons, makes a speed of 22 1/2 knots per hour.

"Were all my subjects like that," he murmured, "I should be the luckiest king in Europe. And so he has been saving money from his wages, and poor enough wages they are, I am sure, to send to his mother! Well done, my boy; thou'rt a true Prussan!"

At that moment Karl moved slightly, as if about to awake.

The king noticed it, and a new idea appeared to strike him, which must have been a droll one, judging from the momentary twinkle that lighted up his stern eyes.

"Yes, that will be the best way," said he to himself, "and a fine surprise it will be to him."

Stepping back into the room whence he had issued, which certainly had very little "royal luxury" about it, for it was almost as bare a cattle-shed, with no furniture save a battered old deal table



THE MONEY FALLS TO THE GROUND.

and a broken chair, Frederick hunted in the table drawer till he rummaged out a well-worn writing case, from one end of the pockets which he took three gold coins.

These he slipped into the page's pocket along with the letter, taking great care not to watch him in doing so. Then he rang his bell violently and called out:

"Karl, come here!"

The sharp, stern voice had the effect of arousing our hero, who started up at once, and drew back in dismay as he saw King Frederick's keen eyes fixed upon him.

"Pardon, your majesty, pardon!" he stammered. "I was—"

"Never mind about that just now," interrupted the king. "Come in here and get your orders."

As Karl sprang eagerly forward to obey, the money, which had been put loosely into his pocket, rolled out again and fell ringing and clinking upon the floor.

"Hello, young man!" cried Frederick, "you ought to be a good deal richer than I am if you can afford to fling your money about like that."

"Oh, sire!" cried the boy, imploringly, "I don't know anything about this money. I don't, indeed! Somebody must have meant to ruin me by putting it into my pocket, and then saying that I had stolen it."

"No," said the king, gravely, "that money is God's gift to you, to help you in assisting your mother. Write and tell her that I know all about her, and that I'll take care of her, and you too."

And King Frederick kept his word.

**A Roman Girl and her Doll.**

Some days since the workmen who are digging the foundation for the new law courts in Rome discovered a sarcophagus buried thirty feet below the surface. Immediately the telephone called to the spot the members of the Archaeological commission, scientific and literary men, who watch with jealous care all the excavations made in the Eternal City. Under their direction it was carefully raised and opened.

Within lay the skeleton of a young girl, with the remains of the linen in which she had been wrapped, some brown leaves from the myrtle wreath with which, emblematic of her youth, she had been crowned in death.

On her hands were four rings, of which one was the double betrothal ring of plain gold, and another with Filetus, the name of her betrothed engraved upon it. A large and most exquisite amethyst brooch, in Etruscan setting of the finest work, carved amber pins, and a gold brooch with small white pendants were lying about.

But what is most strange, as being almost unique, was a doll of oak wood, beautifully carved, the joints articulated so that legs and arms and hands move on sockets, the hands and feet daintily cut with small and delicate nails. The features and the hair were carved out in the most minute and careful way, the waving tress on the forehead and being bound with a fillet.

On the outside of the sarcophagus was sculptured her name, Tryphena Creperla, and a touching scene, doubtless faithfully representing her parting with