

FOUR-FOLD VENGEANCE.

The Death-Dealing Carabino of Jeanne Bernier in Champagne.

Leading Father, Husband and Son—A Thrilling Story of the Franco-Prussian War—A Woman who Forgot Her Sex in Her Terrible Sorrow.

This is not a tale. It is a souvenir that I retrace.

It was in 1870, in a farm house of Champagne on the edge of the forests. Over the mantelpiece hung three guns with massive butts and glistening barrels.

Near the window a woman of vigorous and rare beauty was spinning on a spinning-wheel. She was not yet forty. She was the daughter-in-law, the wife, the mother.

The three men took down their guns and went out fervently from the house after having first embraced the woman, who afterward leaning from the window, sent them a stout-hearted salute.

Where were they going? Is it necessary to say? The Germans had just invaded the country.

Left alone, Jeanne Bernier, her arms crossed upon her breast, gazed sadly at a carabine that stretched along the wall between a pewter crucifix and an image of the Wandering Jew.

But why was it there, that useless carabine, at rest while the three guns were about to go to work and make the powder talk? What was it waiting for to make the powder talk also?

Five days had elapsed since the death of the Captain, but she was still braving the heroic but wretched life of the woods. One day she dined on a cup of milk given her by a goatherd; another time she, the rich farm owner, shared with an old mendicant the bread of beggary.

Lying one morning amid the heath and broom that bordered the highway, Jeanne Bernier perceived a mass of soldiers waving about on the sunlighted road. Was it a company, a regiment, an army? They were more than five hundred, more than a thousand strong, and behind these foot soldiers the cavalry pressed onward in a cloud of dust.

At the head of that formidable column rode, stern and impassible, an old chief with a long white moustache and a scarred visage. He was enormously stout, and at each movement of his horse his huge body swayed like a barrel; but his vigorous hand firmly held a naked sword that shone in the sun.

But instantly, straddle full in the breast by a bullet, the handsome Jeanne Bernier fell in her turn upon the golden broom, murmuring: "I have avenged my country!"

THE WOMAN DID IT.

Joaquin Miller's Way of Accounting for Financial Disasters.

Joaquin Miller has not a very savory reputation for kindness to the female persuasion, especially so much of it as his own wife represented; and hence it is not strange that we find meanness mingled with sense in the following extract of a letter of his to the Chicago Times:

Crack! Crash! Smash! Above and over all the noise and rattle of the Presidential car and thunder of conventions is heard the crash and tumult and dismay of tumbling banks.

Who will save us? Will a Republican President save us? Will a Democratic President stop all this? Nonsense. The papers will tell you so, if committed to this party or that. The politicians, red-mouthed and loud as cannon, will thunder it out from now until November, but no party, no President, no man at all, can stop this crash and universal calamity which is breaking up so many homes, breaking so many hearts, crushing out all confidence of man in man.

Who can help us? Woman. And who then has brought us to this beggary? Woman. The old story of Paradise, "The woman tempted me and I did eat." Adam was an honest, well-meaning man, I think, a good neighbor, and was content with what he had, worked on in his garden and tried to lay up something. A brownstone front, three-story frame house, a season at Saratoga—he did not care for them, I know. It was the woman who wanted to live beyond her means, to dress up, to a lieutenant bred at that charity school on the Hudson, and to speculate.

We are in the garden of paradise over here on this side of the Atlantic. How happy we ought to be. But we are all very miserable. We are tempted of the devil. And that lady woman, who ought to have been at work in the garden, still goes gadding about and getting us into trouble with her extravagant and meddlesome notions as of old. There has been a disposition of late years to call citizen Adam had names for putting the blame of all the bother on Mrs. Adam. I take the responsibility of saying that he was quite right. Adam would have been quite content to live on in his cabin, wear his year's clothes, and let his feet cleave solid and safe to the honest earth that he grew from if only his wife had not gone into speculation and got that new dress.

Oh, woman, woman! Don't talk so much about your rights, but think something more of your duties. Man is so weak, so worthless, without your smiles, your approval, and your indorsement to all his deeds and notes of promise. And if he sees, or even suspects, that you don't admire him for his patient toil and long waiting for honest rewards, he will not have the heart or the will to persist in it. If he sees that you value diamonds above the honest sweat of his brow, he will drop his work and go and get you diamonds if he has to go through burning hell to get them. Man will throw away honor, truth, integrity, all that is good and glorious to have, and bring you baubles if he baubles you prefer.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The total number of species of Australian fish thus far described is reported to be 1,291.

Rabbits are said to be increasing in Australia with astonishing rapidity, and they have become so destructive to crops that schemes for their extermination are now being discussed.

The perceptible earthquakes of the civilized world are estimated to average in number 110 per annum. Slight tremors, detected by delicate instruments, are everywhere numerous.

Mr. W. J. Knowles has exhibited to the London Anthropological Institute a chipped flint implement, which he found in undisturbed boulder clay in Ireland, and which he therefore regards as evidence of the existence of man in the glacial period.

A Cylinder of Gas.—At a recent meeting of the Berlin Physical Society, Prof. Landolt exhibited a solid cylinder of carbonic acid, which he had made an hour before by hammering flakes of the solid acid in a cylindrical vessel. The hammered mass of solidified gas resembled common chalk, and could be touched by the hand.

Mr. C. Reid, of the British Geological Survey contends that the formation of soil cannot have been wholly due to the weathering of the underlying rocks, since a good soil must contain a mixture of materials from different rocks. The mixture must have been effected, in high places at least, by the action of winds in distributing dust.

Mr. S. H. Trowbridge has described a shovel-nosed sturgeon, taken from the Missouri river, whose eyes were concealed by a complete overgrowth of skin. Mr. Trowbridge suspects that the entire species is becoming sightless, as these sturgeons now have eyes smaller than those of most fishes; while their life in mud must make sight as unnecessary to them as to the blind fishes of the caves.

FOOD FOR BABIES.—The manufacture of artificial human milk is growing into an industry in England. It is made from pure cow's milk, which is first boiled to destroy all germs, then treated with a digestive ferment called pancreatine, by which artificial digestion is produced, and is finally brought to the same constitution as human milk by the use of diluted acids for precipitating the excess of albumen. Sick children in hospitals have been fed on this product, and have gained most rapidly in health and weight.

Fairy Rings.—The dark green circles of grass known as "fairy rings" have been a puzzle to scientists, but Messrs. Lawes, Gilbert and Warrington, of Rothamsted, England, believe that they can now correctly explain the phenomenon. The rings appear to depend upon the growth of fungus plants, which abstract from the soil a large amount of nitrogen, and it is supposed that the grass derives from the fungus an extra supply of nitrogen, giving it a very luxuriant appearance.

Lightning in France.—Reports to the Paris Academy of Sciences on the lightning-strokes in France during 1883, show that such accidents were largely confined to the months of June and July, the number reported for July being 145, resulting in thirteen deaths. Most of the persons struck occupied positions near a tree, a chimney, or a house on an elevated site with trees around it; but there were cases of death in an open field and on a roadway. Several accidents from lightning happened to persons carrying umbrellas.

The Sun-Spot Cycle.—Astronomers have found reason for believing that the activity of the sun, as indicated by the dark patches on its disc, waxes and wanes in a pretty regular period, and have concluded that eleven years may be taken as a close estimate of the time which must elapse between one season of greatest disturbance and the next. To accord with this theory, a season of greatest disturbance—that is, a sun-spot maximum—should have been reached in 1882 or early in 1883, but, instead, the day-god still continues to show increased activity, and it even appears probable that the maximum of spots has not yet arrived.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Some interesting facts concerning our National Obelisk. Washington Letter.

The obelisk, being plain and chimney like, composed of square blocks of white marble, the lapidarium in which are deposited the gift stones is the most interesting feature about the place. They are of all sizes and qualities, and come from all parts of the globe; forty of them have already been placed in the interior walls and eighty-three are stored in the lapidarium. It will require an ingenious mechanic to arrange them properly within the walls.

LITTLE LOVERS.

With little care, A little pair Of lovers fond and true: A little kiss, A little whiff To blow them o'er the blue.

A little way Out on the bay, A little "frill" they feel; A little squall— A little law!— The girl clings to the keel.

A little yelp, A little cry, Soon lands them wet and cool; A little spat, The little cat Calls him a little fool.

THE PATHFINDER.

A Talk With General John C. Fremont on Other Times. N. Y. Mail and Express.

On lower Broadway, within the shadow of Trinity Church and the new world's financial artery, an elderly man may be seen every day edging his way through the crowds of men, some of whom turn to look at him. Occasionally a hat is lifted and the elderly returns the salutation. The recipient of these attentions is Gen. John C. Fremont, whose office is close by. The seventy-one years that he has just completed have dealt tenderly with him. He walks with the elasticity and vigor of a man whose life has been confined to but half a century. His complexion retains the ruddy glow of earlier years, and his eye still sparkles with its old-time brilliancy.

The general, full, but thin, beard and mustache and his once raven, curly hair have turned snowy white, but his face is as thoughtful, his voice as musical and his manner as engaging as in the days of his youth when he was prominent in the affairs of the nation. The career of Gen. Fremont affords a striking illustration how the brilliant intellect, the indefatigable worker and the man of intrepidity often fails to achieve that prominence which so frequently attaches to the less meritorious and less deserving of public adoration.

"Of the practical benefits arising from your expeditions I presume there is no doubt?"

"None at all. We bore in mind this fact that the region through which we passed would thereafter be trodden by thousands of new-comers. It was necessary that those for whose benefit we led the way should have an abundance of grass, wood and water. In our progress we accordingly kept a sort of atlas or map on which we marked the various roads and noted where these three essentials could be found. This important information was subsequently printed and distributed by Congress. Only last month I received an application for a volume containing this information, but I presume they are long since out of print. These facts assure us that the work of these explorations must have been of immense benefit to mankind."

"Have the developments of the country west of the Mississippi surpassed what you looked for many years ago?"

"The changes have been something wonderful, of course. It was plain to see that the acquisition of California, however, led to the necessity of connecting that country with the east."

"Have you ever regretted your withdrawal as a presidential candidate in 1846?"

"No. It was a well-considered movement. It became quite evident, as the campaign progressed, that if both Mr. Lincoln and myself remained in the field Gen. McClellan would be elected president. Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, was then sent to New York to meet me at the request of President Lincoln, and an interview took place between us in the office of David Dudley Field, of this city. Mr. Chandler's proposition was that in the interest of the republican party I should withdraw from the field, and I was promised certain advantages if I consented."

"Did Mr. Chandler speak for President Lincoln?"

"Yes, for Mr. Lincoln personally. I took a few days to consider the proposition and then withdrew from the field in accordance with Mr. Chandler's suggestion."

"Do you think now that McClellan would have carried the election had you not withdrawn?"

"I have not the slightest doubt of it." "What intercourse did you hold with Gen. Grant during the war?"

"While I was in command at St. Louis Grant, who had been appointed brigadier-general, called upon me there with the request to be given a command. I assigned him to Cairo, where he relieved General Prentiss. I had heard something of Grant and what I knew was satisfactory. I entertained a high opinion of him. He has the essential qualities of a great general."

"Do you know Gen. Sherman?"

"He too visited me at St. Louis during the early part of the war. I had met him in California in early years. A bill is now before congress proposing to place Gen. Fremont on the retired list of the army as major-general. Senator Sherman, of Ohio, and Representative Dorsheimer, of New York, have charge of it and Gen. Fremont's friends are energetic in efforts for his passage. Gen. Fremont is silent on the subject of politics and cannot be induced to talk in that direction. When asked regarding the stability of the republican party, he replied: "My fealty to the republican party is best shown by my withdrawal as a presidential candidate in 1846. This I did in the interests of the party at that time, and I am still in hearty accord with it."

THE GENERAL AT HOME.

Gen. Fremont resides on Staten Island. Here on the pretty ocean green the old hero is passing the closing days of his eventful career in quiet and contentment. By his side is the charming and accomplished partner with whom he has happily journeyed for forty-three years, and whose individual history is, too, one of romantic interest to all Americans. From the windows of his peaceful home the Pathfinder views the outlines of the great rearing city in the dis-

THE THEOSOPHIST.

A Sober English Journalist's Opinion of the Woman of Mystery.

Who is Mme. Blavatsky? Mme. Blavatsky is a woman of mystery. Of her life in the past no one can speak. All that is known is that she is the niece of Gen. Fadyeff, the well-known Slavonic leader, who died the other day at Odessa, and is related to the Dolgorouki family, which is one of the oldest in Russia. Mme. Blavatsky, however, is noble, not on account of her aristocratic origin or high descent, but from the part she has played in the establishment of theosophy in India. There is something inexpressibly bizarre and paradoxical about the strange religious movement of which Mme. Blavatsky is the founder. That a woman—and that woman a Russian—should be appointed agent for the revival of occultism as a practical religious faith in our Indian empire, is one of the strangest phenomena of our time.

Altogether apart from her peculiar claim as leader of a religious movement, which within the last few years has displayed an astonishing vitality, and while numbering its followers in every capital in Europe, is rapidly extending in Hindostan, Mme. Blavatsky is a figure well deserving attention. One of the greatest travelers in the world—there is hardly any country which she has not visited—there are few languages which she does not speak. Her English is not less fluent than if she had been born in Westminster, and probably a good deal more correct. Her reading is extensive, and her knowledge even of the minutest details of English speculative and religious controversies is extraordinarily exact. Her book, "Isis Unveiled," is written in English and displays a vigorous grasp of our language as well as a very great controversial vehemence. She is contributing to the leading Russian character, and she has long been known as a learned correspondent of "The Moscow Gazette."

But all these mundane distinctions are as nothing compared with those mysterious attributes which, in the opinion of believing theosophists, she is invested. For Mme. Blavatsky is a woman who has stood nearer than any other among mortals to the secret of the universe. She is who, after passing through a long and toilsome novitiate, has been selected as the chosen vessel by which their mysterious Mahatmas have determined to communicate some portion of their jealously-guarded hoard of spirit-lore to a generation which has yet dimly perceives the need of it. If we believe one-quarter of the stories confidently repeated by those who have the honor of Mrs. Blavatsky's acquaintance, she lives in constant communion with the unseen. Time and space have no existence for her. While she is sitting on the divan in Mr. Sinnett's drawing-room, smoking her accustomed cigarette, she is holding converse with her chiefs and teachers who in actual flesh are residing in the remotest gorges of the Himalayas; nor is this communion purely spiritual. At times the message of the Mahatma will be committed to writing, and a small triangular note neatly folded, bearing the strange Thibetan characters will flicker into existence from the impalpable air and fall at her feet.

To talk to Mme. Blavatsky is like reading "Zanoni," with this difference, that Bulwer Lytton's hero is the creation of the romancing brain, whereas Mme. Blavatsky in flesh and blood stoutly asserts that she herself has witnessed or exercised all the mysterious powers after which Zanoni sought. As for vril, the fatal essence with which the coming race was to be endowed, Mme. Blavatsky is aware not only of its properties and the conditions under which it can be employed, but she sees potential vril on every side and can employ it should the need arise for any beneficial purpose. To the uninitiated and to those who as yet are groping darkly about the outer portal of the Theosophic temple, Mme. Blavatsky can necessarily speak but in enigmas. Even to Mr. Sinnett, the chief Theosophist of the London branch of the true believers, she is not allowed to communicate in part. Secrets too vast to be communicated to him lie hidden in her soul, nor dare she venture to unfold those occult mysteries which, if grasped by persons whose fitness for such powers has not been tested by a long series of probationary stages, might prove disastrous to the world. She moves among men much as one who knew the secret of dynamite might have lived in the middle ages, and she trembles as she thinks of the possibility that this dread secret may some time fall into unhalloved hands.

FISHING WITH ELECTRICITY.

A Dazzling Light Under Water Used to Lure Fish to the Hooks and Nets.

N. Y. Sun.

I've just been experimenting with electricity as bait," said a gentleman interested in fishing and fish culture. "How did it work? Well, we caught fish, but I am afraid it's too expensive. My method was to have an electric light attached just above the baited hook, and so attract the fish; but the people who fished with the light caught more than any other class. It was a curious sight, however. The light illuminated the water around the bait, so that you could see the fish approaching it. But there is the point that people who get up these things are apt to forget, namely that light under water is not so much of a novelty as you would naturally suppose. You see, all the jelly fish are luminous, and throw out beams of light almost equal to any lamp we can get up; so the electric light does not surprise the fish very much, after all. I have noticed, too, that they soon get used to it. That can be seen in Fulton Market, where Blackford has an electric light in the water, and the fishes do not notice it at all.

"Since the perfection of the electric light, it has been adapted to almost everything; but probably in water it will prove more useful than in any other class. Several nets have been invented with electric lights so arranged as to attract the fish into the meshes."

WILKIN'S STAR PROVERBS.

Whitehall Times.

Talk is the froth of action. A man without enemies is like a gun without powder. The only time a dead man leads is in a funeral procession. The mouth is too often the sewer of obesity and vulgarity. A small soul has plenty of elbow room in a narrow minded man. Character is to intellect what a locomotive is to a train of cars. Time wasted in fault-finding can be better employed seeking profit. Genius can erect a temple, with integrity and enterprise as foundation walls. Prosperity is a mask for hypocrisy; adversity reveals the virtues of the truly good. The pages of history record no greater victories than the victory of man over himself. The man who earns his bread by persistent hard work is the man who urns it. To bring up a child in the way he should go, take care he doesn't see where you go, dear parent.

With Four Letters. Arkansas Traveler.

"Father," said a young man who had charge of the paragraph department of a college magazine, "Falstaff was a very fat man, wasn't he?"

"Yes." "He was what you might call corpulent, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he was corpulent." "Corpu-lentness sounds big, but it can be spelled with four letters, can't it?"

"No, it can't. Have you lost all your sense?"

"Oh, yes, it can. What's the matter with o b e t?"

The father will bring suit against the college for dwarfing his son's mind.

Tackled the Wrong Girl. Bardstovon (Ky.) Record.

One day last week a young man, who resides in the country, invited a young lady of Bardstovon to take a buggy ride with him. When several miles from town he attempted to kiss her, and she resented by slapping him on the side of the face. The blow knocked off his hat, and it fell to the ground. When he alighted to get it, she whipped up the horse and drove home without him. He sneaked through the woods to town, and about 12 o'clock that night recovered his horse. He tried to kiss the wrong girl.

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Legal Note.

A young man of about eighteen years of age had occasion to shoot a friend with whom he had a personal difficulty. He was arrested and brought to Austin for trial. As he had no money to hire a lawyer, the court appointed a member of the Austin bar to defend him. As the jury was being selected, the lawyer asked his client if he knew of any cause why any of them should be challenged. "Not yet," was the whispered reply; but if they find me guilty, I've got a brother who will challenge the last one of them. You can challenge the judge if you want to, but I want to attend to the sheriff myself."

Plantation Philology. Arkansas Traveler.

I don't know how smart er man is, dat part o' him what puts on de strut is er fool. De mistakes o' a fool sometimes does er much good er de calculations o' er wise man. When yer 'spites er s'er word an' he knocks yer down, orter be particular arter dat how yer talks ter him. Makes no difference how smart de mudder an' foder is, some o' de children will be smarter den de mudders. Makes no difference how rich de groun' some o' de co'n stalks is taller den de rest.

Almost Brought Tears. Philadelphia Call.

I don't want to interfere in your family matters, my dear friend; but I would advise you to watch carefully your old-est daughter and your coachman. "What have you seen," he asked anxiously, "to arouse your suspicions?" "Nothing tangible," was the reply; "but you had better keep a sharp eye out."

How Method Have Changed.

Philadelphia Times.

The first seven presidents of the United States, covering a period of forty years in the history of the country, were elected without the intervention of either a state or national convention. The system, or rather the lack of system, which could bring Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Jackson to the front cannot be called wholly bad in spite of the fact that conventions have now become no less important than the popular elections for which, in theory, they are only a preliminary preparation.

Washington became a candidate by universal consent and demand. On his first election he had every electoral vote but four and at his second all but three, these exceptions representing blank ballots in both cases. At the first election votes were cast for eleven other men, the one receiving the highest number becoming vice-president, under the system in vogue until 1804. John Adams, who became vice-president. Again 11 other candidates received votes in the electoral college, varying from 1 to 59 each. Among these were Thomas Pinkney, Aaron Burr, Samuel Adams, Oliver Ellsworth, George Clinton and John Jay thus showing that there was no lack of talent in the candidates or aspirants.

Brother Gardner's Sentiments.

"De man who has manhood in him needs no savin'. He saves hisself. 'Heaps o' tears an' bein' shed ober dis or dat unfortunate, as folks calls 'em, an' dey am being coaxed, advised, flattered an' dey am bribed into leadin' sober lives. Don't you suppose dat every man who drinks knows what whisky leads to? If it am weakness on his part he will stay sober only as long as somebody holds him up. If it am because he has no moral standard, den de sooner he drinks hisself into de grave de better for de rest of us."

"Isartin citizens want to hand to gether to fight de saloon business, let 'em hand. No man who likes beer, or whisky will drink one drop de less, while some may drink de more. Dar' am not a boy in our city to-day 10 years of age who don't fully realize de evils of drink. He knows dat it will rob a man of his character—dat it brings poverty and degradation—dat it means sickness, rags, and a grave in potters' field. On de odder hand, he realizes just as forcibly dat sobriety means happiness, respectability, friendship, an' mo' or less wealth. Let him choose. If he prefers to get under dat's his own look-out, an' I am perfectly willin' to let him go his way."

"I tell you, my frens, de man who can't lib plumb up an' down becase dat am de lawful an' moral way—who can't lib a sober life widout a law to force him—who can't be a good naylor an' a square citizen on his natural moral natur—can't die any too soon. I have no tears to shed ober him; I have no words to waste on him. He rolls into de gutter becase dat is his level. He goes dar of his own choice. When any party tries to make me believe dat it am my duty to interfere wid him he states a case I can't accept. Let us now proceed."

Legal Note.

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"Great St. Dennis!" murmured the old gentleman, "is it possible that Maria has found a lover at last? It seems too good to be true."

An Ohio physician is preparing a medical lexicon in forty-two languages. Just think of a sick man being compelled to swallow a nauseous prescription in forty-two languages. If he recovered after that it would be a miracle.—Norristown Herald.