NAPOLEON'S VERSION.

How Waterloo Was Lost According to an Unpublished Paper.

Bonaparte Attributes the First Error in the Battle to a Movement of Impatience, Frequent in Military Annals.

It appears that Napoleon in no wise differed from many other Generals who came after him in his desire to rush into print, and the London Globe has published extracts of the Little Corporal's version of the battle of Waterloo, of which the entire story will appear in the next number of the United Service Gazette, having never before been published in the English language.

After detailing the preparations for the battle Napoleon says: "The cannonade commenced; the enemy supported the troops he had advanced to guard the wood by thirty pieces of cannon. We, on our side, also posted some artillery. At one time Prince Jerome became master of the whole wood, and the whole English army retired behind a ridge. The Count d'Erlon then attacked the village of Mont Saint-Jean; he supported his attack with eighty pieces of cannon. He commenced there an overpowering cannonade, which must have greatly harassed the English army. The whole action took place on the plain. A brigade of Count d'Erlon's First Division took possession of the village of Mont Saint-Jean; a second brigade was charged by a corps of English cavalry, which inflicted upon it great loss. At the same moment a division of English cavalry charged Count d'Erlon's battery on its right and dismounted several guns; but General Melhand's cuirassiers charged this division, of which three regiments were routed and fled."

IN THE AFTERNOON

The Prussian division became engaged with Count Lobau's skirmishers, and the whole strength of the reserve was held ready to assist Count Lobau and crush the Prussian corps when it should advance. He continues: "This done, the Emperor intended to make an attack in the direction of the village of Mont Saint-Jean, which it was expected would prove a decisive blow, but by a movement of impatience, so frequent in our military annals, and which has so often been disastrous to us, the cavalry in reserve, perceiving a retrograde movement of the English to place themselves under shelter from our batteries, from which they had already suffered so much, crowned the heights of Mont Saint-Jean and charged the infantry. This movement, made at the right moment, and backed by the reserves, ought to have decided the day; made separately, and before the operations on the right were completed, it proved fatal. Having no means to countermand it, the enemy showing large masses of infantry and of cavalry, and the two divisions of cuirassiers being engaged, the whole of our cavalry started at the same moment to support their comrades.

"There during three hours they made numerous charges, by which we gained the breaking of several squares and six flags of the British infantry, an advantage hardly commensurate with the losses sustained by our cavalry from grapeshot and musketry. It was impossible to use our reserves of infantry until the

ATTACK OF THE PRUSSIAN CORPS

On our flank was repulsed. This attack still continued and directly on our right flank. The Emperor sent there General Duchesne with the Young Guard and several reserved batteries. The enemy was checked, was repulsed, and retreated; he had exhausted his forces, and there was nothing further to fear from him. This was the moment suitable for an attack on the center of the enemy. As the cuirassiers were suffering from musketry fire four battalions of the Young Guard were sent to support the cuirassiers, to hold their position, and if it were possible to disengage and withdraw a part of our cavalry to the plain. Two other battalions were sent to hold the eminence on the extreme left of the division which had maneuvered on our flanks in order that there might be no cause for uneasiness in this direction; the rest was placed in reserve, one part to occupy the eminence in rear of Mont Saint-Jean, the other on the plain behind the field of battle, which formed our line of retreat.

"Under these circumstances the battle was gained; we occupied all the positions that were occupied by the enemy at the commencement of the action; our cavalry having been too quick and badly employed, we could no longer hope for a decisive success. But Marshal Grouchy, having learned of the movement of the Prussian corps, marched in rear of that corps, which insured us a splendid success for the next day.

AFTER EIGHT HOURS OF FIRING

And of charges of infantry and of cavalry, the whole army saw with satisfaction the battle gained and the field of battle in our power. At 8:30 o'clock the four battalions of the Young Guard, which had been sent to the plain beyond Mont Saint-Jean to support the cuirassiers, being inconvenienced by the enemy's grapeshot, advanced with bayonets fixed to sweep off its batteries.

"The day closed in; a charge on their flank by several English squadrons broke their ranks; the fugitives repassed the ravine; the neighboring regiments who saw some troops belonging to the Guard in disorder thought it was the Old Guard and gave way. The cry arose, 'All is lost! The Guard is beaten back!' The soldiers even maintained that at several points wretched renegades cried out, 'Sauve qui peut!' Be that as it may, terror and panic immediately spread over the whole battle-field; all fled in the greatest disorder along the line of communication—soldiers, gunners, wagons hurried on! The Old Guard, which was in reserve, was pressed back and carried away. In an instant the army was only a confused mass—all the arms were intermingled and it was impossible to re-form a corps. The enemy perceived this astounding confusion; sent forward columns of cavalry; the disorder augmented, the confusion of the night prevented the rallying of the troops and showing them their mistake."

TO REFORM HIM.

A Chicago Woman's Method to Kill the Liquor and Tobacco Habit.

That women of refinement do not wage war against liquor and tobacco as a mere matter of taste, to say nothing of the moral aspect of the habits, is simply another proof of the marvelous patience of the gentler sex. "I like the scent of a good cigar," said a young married woman at an informal gathering the other day. "Do you?" retorted a wife of twenty years. "Well, I don't believe it. The fresh smoke of a cigar is not particularly unpleasant, but I can't understand how any healthy person can enter a room in which tobacco smoke has grown stale and escape a nausea, and the breath of a smoker is something to which I simply cannot become accustomed. Some years ago my husband complimented me upon the tolerance for tobacco which I had acquired. I told him it wasn't tolerance, but merely that sort of martyrdom which accepts the inevitable in silence. That made him angry, and we had a few words which are seldom seen in romantic novels. That night just before his time to return from the office I ate a good, large, strong onion. When he came, I smiled, put my arms around his neck, kissed him and asked his forgiveness for my previous impatience. I noticed on his face a struggle between a look of disapprobation and one of kindness, but he is a generous man, and he kissed me and didn't say anything about the onion. The next afternoon I boiled cabbage and purposely left the doors open between the kitchen and the sitting-room. When he came in the air was dense with the odor. I had on my prettiest dress and welcomed him a true honeymoon tenderness, but the cabbage was too much for his patience, and he crossly inquired whether I hadn't better move the kitchen-range in the parlor and do my cooking there. However, I was all patience and sweetness, and shifted responsibility for the vegetable atmosphere upon the carelessness of the cook. The day after this my husband sent home a mess of frogs' legs, a dish of which he is especially fond. I saw that the cook prepared them exactly to his liking, and when he entered the dining-room they were on a big dish near his plate, crisp and brown and garnished with water cresses. But he didn't eat any of the frogs' legs. Why? Well, at great inconvenience I had secured from the grocer a packet of German cheese which was so redolent that one could almost see the odor. That cheese reposed in a pretty glass dish in the center of the table. The poor man got as far as 'What in the name of ——,' when I burst out laughing. When I was able to control myself I explained to him. 'I've just been trying to give you a little object lesson,' I said, 'in the punishment a woman has to endure with a husband who uses liquor and tobacco. At present I am not very fond of onions, cabonge or Limburger cheese, but the habits of men teach me that one can acquire a taste for anything that is naturally objectionable if time and patience are devoted to the task. I hope that you'll get used to it, dear, and that in a month or two we may enjoy our tobacco and beer and onions and cheese together, and create a home atmosphere which will be the envy of all the neighbors.'" "I suppose he gave up liquor then," said the young woman, cheerfully.

The married woman of twenty years did not answer directly. "After you've been married ten years," she said, "you try to break your husband of something. However, nothing so irretrievably destroys the romance with which every bride regards the man of her choice as the recognition of the fact that he is the slave of habits which render his presence unpleasant in the extreme. Such a man wouldn't think it strange if his wife should object to his constant appearance in dirt and rags, and yet in the matter of household happiness and content the sense of smell is about as important a factor to a woman as that of sight.—Chicago Herald.

REBUKED BY THE DUKE.

An American Citizen Who Was as Guilty as the Prince of Wales.

Robert Anderson, who sells cutlery on the great bridge in this city, was nearly cashiered from the British army for exactly the same offense for which the Prince of Wales apologized to the English Parliament a fortnight ago.

Upon Anderson's breast glitter, when he is in full dress, the medal for distinguished service in the field, the long-service medal, the Turkish medal and the Legion of Honor, the latter conferred upon him by Louis Napoleon at the instance of Marshal Canrobert, commanding the French contingent in the Crimea.

Corporal Anderson was serving in the Thirty-third Regiment, the famous fighting corps of which the Duke of Wellington was Colonel in his less distinguished days. Anderson was fond of a game of cards, and he would often take a pack with him into the trenches before Sebastopol. He did not play baccarat, but he was an expert in the humble game of twenty-fives. The stakes were of course small, for a corporal's pay at that time was only a shilling a day, and he needed that and more to buy things which the commissariat should have supplied.

One day when the Russian redoubts let up some of the fire from the trenches were reduced, and Anderson among others was relieved.

That afternoon he strayed into the Turkish lines and entered a regimental canteen, where he found a bajildar from Kars who could play twenty-fives.

The Methodist and the Mohammedan sat down to play, and the bajildar lost all the contents of his haversack, for they had nothing but food to stake.

The bajildar howled over the hunger in store for him, and, unlike Sir William Gordon-Cumming, he tried to make it appear that his stakes were less.

Anderson hated a cheat, and he punched the bajildar's head. A row ensued, and blood would have been shed but for the arrival of two officers of rank.

One of the officers was Omar Pasha, commander of the Turkish army, the other was an English General of Division.

"I see one of these men belongs to my command," said the latter. "Come forward, that Thirty-third man," and then Corporal Anderson found himself in the presence of the most illustrious prince of the house of Hanover, George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge and General of Division.

"Explain this disturbance," said the Queen's cousin in his most imperious tone.

The corporal told the story.

"Gambling, eh? and with a soldier of inferior rank." (A bajildar is something between a private and a corporal).

Anderson ventured to remark to Cambridge that he didn't think he was doing any harm.

"Harm, sir! There is always harm in violating the Queen's regulations. You have violated the articles of war and you will go back to your regiment under escort a prisoner."

The royal moralist looked and acted as if Anderson's innocent game for a ration of mule meat had jeopardized the success of storming the Mihlakoff, and had imperiled the entire army and that of the allies.

Between a brace of red-skirted Turks Corporal Anderson was led to the guard tent and was made close prisoner until the will of his Royal Highness should be made known.

Next day an order came to him to be tried by regimental court-martial, but before the rising of the next sun the Russians had advanced and every fighting soldier was needed.

The forts were stormed and taken, and Corporal Anderson had most gallantly won his medal for bravery.

"I don't think the Prince of Wales committed any less sin than I did in carrying my pack of cards into the trenches," said Anderson, on recalling his experience. "I didn't get any chance to apologize, though. The Duke had me between a file before I could say Jack Robinson. I wouldn't have apologized to that infernal bajildar, anyhow. I fairly won the stakes."—Providence (R. I.) special to N. Y. Press.

HIS FIRST ICE-CREAM.

He Thought the Pudding Was Really Touched With Frost.

Abner Dungrass, from away up beyond the White Mountains had penetrated to the Hub. It was Abner's first visit to the city—in fact, his first trip away from home.

A relative doing business in the metropolis had spent the previous summer with Abner's parents, and in return for many kindnesses he had invited his friends of the country farm to visit him in his city home.

And thus Abner chanced to be in Boston and w as now dining at a hotel with his host.

At first our countryman hardly knew what to do with himself at the wondrously laden table. His relative observing his hesitation whispered to him:

"Don't be backward, Abner; help yourself to just what you like."

By and by a gentleman sitting opposite directed a waiter to bring him a plate of ice-cream.

The cream was brought and the gentleman set it down before him while he finished a dish of scallops. Abner looked up and saw the delicate looking mass in the plate not far away. It was tempting and he reached forth and took it. He had put a spoonful of the frozen mixture into his mouth and was hesitating between surprise and delight when the gentleman opposite rather abruptly and not very pleasantly spoke:

"Well, my friend, that's what I should call decidedly cool!"

"Yaas," responded Abner, innocently, when he had swallowed a frigid morsel, "it's about the coldest pudd'n I ever tasted. I swan to man! ef I don't believe it's really teched with frost!"—N. Y. Ledger.

TRAVELING CUSHIONS.

Some That Are Constructed With All the Modern Conveniences.

Women do not have pockets in their dresses, but they must appreciate pockets, for they put them into their traveling cushions. Moreover, women are known to like closets, and what is a closet but the pocket of a house?

The new cushions for summer journeying are made in various shapes—some round, some square and some oblong—some are made in shape of hearts and some are quartered like melons, but all are of small size. They are useful to fill up spaces and corners in the backs or arms of uncomfortable chairs and benches, or to put under the head when a rest is needed. They are stuffed with the finest down, which makes them very light, and covered with almost any material which suits the fancy. Those which have silk or embroidered covers are usually protected from dust by an outer covering of linen in white or colors, plainly made.

A loop is always attached to one corner for ease of carriage, and the pockets alluded to are made, with buttoned flap in one corner, to hold the handker-chief, salts or any article that would go into the dress-pocket if dress-pockets existed.—N. Y. Recorder.

Ice-Cream Mixed With Glass.

A prominent and well-known young society lady recently met with a peculiar accident that might have resulted fatally. During the evening the daughters of Mr. William A. Neil were entertaining some friends. A servant served ice-cream which had been made in the house, and while eating it Miss Marion Neil bit upon a hard substance, which was discovered to be a piece of glass. She immediately after began to cough, and it was then found that a piece of glass had lodged in her throat. The coughing, which was very violent, loosened the glass and it came up. Miss Neil suffered great pain, but is now thought to be out of danger. A gentleman who was a guest also got some of the glass in his mouth, but escaped anything more serious. The servant-girl admitted that while serving the cream she broke a glass vessel near it, but thought she had picked out all the pieces.—Columbus (Ohio) special to Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Ghost Story Wins a Case.

In a case tried before Judge Tuthill a ghost story figured as evidence. Landlord Downey owns property at Harrison and Gold streets. Erwin Hopkins lives near, and Mr. Downey says his neighbor keeps a dirty alley, and the nuisance damages his property by driving away tenants; hence he sued Hopkins for $5000; but Hopkins in defense said that a ghost had driven away Downey's tenants. A murder was committed in the house in 1884, and Hopkins testified that since that time ghostly visitations have enlivened the place. Hopkins told a few ghost stories, and then introduced several former tenants of the Downey house to corroborate them. They all admitted acquaintance with the ghost, and the jury brought in a verdict for the defendant.—Chicago Herald.

NOTED ESCAPES.

Criminals Who Succeeded in Regaining Freedom.

Cartouche, the Famous French Thief, Who Robbed a Prominent Police Official.

Many and marvelous are the escapes that have been effected by noted criminals when in the hands of the law. Not many have had the nerve to run directly into its hand, like a famous French thief. The Lieutenant of Police had offered a reward of 100 pistoles to any man who would bring this thief before him. Shortly a noble Marquis in a coach and six drove up to the hotel of the police; and the noble Marquis, desiring to see M. de la Reynie on matters of the highest moment alone, the latter introduced him into his private cabinet. When there the Marquis drew from his pocket a long, curiously shaped dagger. "Look at this, M. de la Reynie," said he, "this dagger is poisoned."

"Is it possible?" said M. de la Reynie.

"A prick of it would do for any man," said the Marquis.

"You don't say so?" said M. de la Reynie.

"I do, though, and, what is more," says the Marquis in a terrible voice, "if you do not instantly lay yourself flat on the ground with your face toward it and your hands crossed over your back, or if you make the slightest noise or cry out, I will stick this poisoned dagger between your ribs as sure as my name is Cartouche!"

At the sound of the dreadful name of the thief he had advertised for, M. de la Reynie sank incontinently down on his stomach and submitted to be carefully gagged and corded, after which Mr. Thief laid hands upon all the money which was kept in the Lieutenant's cabinet.

There is a good story of an escape from prison that was effected by two prisoners of war. Getting control of a pair of cutlasses, they beguiled a sentinel at guard relieving and presently jumped from the wall. One dislocated his ankle and begged his companion to dispatch him and make his own escape. The companion, however, hoisted him on his back, and before the alarm was sounded reached a neighboring river running full of ice. This he had to swim with his disabled friend. Reaching the other side they fashioned a rough crutch. They now heard the alarm sounding, on which the well escape cuts his finger, smears his face with blood, binds up his head, has his hands tied by the lame one, and in this plight they approach a farm-house. Here the lame one explains that he has taken the escape, but is himself lamed and requires horses. These are cheerfully furnished with the loyal husbandman, and the pair ride gayly beyond the enemy's lines.

The examples of digging out of prison are many and various. One case is complicated with a side tragedy. This prisoner made friends with one of the keepers, who furnished him a plan of his cell. His proposition was to dig through the wall into his next cell. This was unlocked, and if he could procure a boat at a convenient point he would have a fair show to escape. He got some irons out of his furniture. With these he picked the mortar from between the bricks of the casing that lined the cell. He ground this to powder on the floor, made a brush from his hair, and when inspection was due would smear over the spot he was working at to look like whitewash. On one occasion, to hasten its drying, he had to strip and clap his back to it. Next he came to a wall of stone, but he picked all the mortar out in time. To get rid of it he would put it on his window sill, and when a fresh breeze had risen whisk it out with the brush made of his hair. In all he got rid of some 300 pounds of mortar and waste stuff.

There was an old Jewish merchant in the prison, whose daughter used to visit him. Our prisoner got speech of her as she went along the corridor, and as a result she smuggled him some writing paper. He gave her two money orders, one for $600 on his sister, the other for $1000 on his agent. With the first she was to provide his boat and help; the second was for her reward. The agent betrayed the scheme. Then they flogged the old Jew to draw a confession that he, too, was in it, so that in a few weeks the old gentleman died. This was one of the adventures of that famous Baron Trenck who, nine years later, did dig his way out of another part of the same prison, and secured his escape.—N. Y. Press.

DYING FROM THE SHOCK.

A Mother Sees Her Baby in the Coils of a Snake.

Mrs. Jacob Conroth, a farmer's wife, who lives ten miles from this town, is lying at the point of death from a nervous shock received recently, says a Lawrenceburg (Ind.) special to the New Orleans Delta. Her husband and several neighbors who were assisting him had gone to the harvest field. Mrs. Conroth went into the orchard near the house to pick berries.

She laid her four-month-old baby in the carriage near the berry patch, and left her daughter, a little girl 6 years old, to watch over the infant. The child sat close to the baby's side for some little time, but as her mother disappeared among the berry bushes the child relaxed her vigilance and finally wandered out of sight of the baby's carriage. The baby lay kicking and cooing beneath the shade of a clump of bushes, sucking at a rubber-tipped nursing bottle. Suddenly Mrs. Conroth heard a frightened wail from the infant, which was followed a moment later by a horrified scream from the little girl.

"What's the matter with the baby?" screamed the frightened mother as she made her way with all speed through the entangling briers of the berry bushes. "A snake! A snake!" came the reply. "It's biting her."

With scratched face and hands and torn garments Mrs. Conroth emerged from the bushes to see something which froze her blood with horror. Her baby was buried in the hideous folds of a huge snake, and the reptile's horrid jaws were pressed against the baby's lips to catch the milk which trickled from the mouth of the gorged and choking infant. The shock was so terrible that the mother fell screaming, half-fainting to the ground. Her cries reached the ears of her husband, and, followed by the harvest hands, he came running to where his wife lay. He saw her apparently dying, and noticing nothing else picked her up and started to carry her to the house. She barely managed to make him understand that she was not in danger herself.

"The baby! the baby!" she said. "Save the baby!"

By this time the little girl had called the harvest hands to where the snake was slowly choking the baby to death in its coils. No one knew how to save the helpless infant. To strike the snake would be equally dangerous to the child, and not a man among them could bring himself to touch the reptile. They called Conroth and he carried the half-fainting woman toward the baby's buggy. She saw her child still unreleased from the reptile's horrible embrace. With a scream like that of an animal in agony, the hysterical woman rushed forward and seized the snake by the neck, close to the head. With all her strength she choked the reptile, and its folds about the baby relaxed. Through its whole length it squirmed and struggled in an effort to throw its folds about the woman. With a scream of repulsion and horror she threw the horrible thing from her, and, seizing her baby to her breast, ran toward the house. The snake was quickly dispatched by the men, and was found to be nearly ten feet in length.

When Mrs. Conroth reached the house she fainted completely away, and after reviving was violently hysterical. The baby's face was blue from suffocation, and the marks where the pressure of the snake's coils had been exerted could plainly be seen. A physician was hurriedly summoned and both patients were made as comfortable as possible. The baby soon was better, but Mrs. Conroth is still completely unnerved, and the visitors cannot be permitted to see her. Serious mental derangement is feared.

YOUTHFUL FOOTPADS.

Emulators of Jack Sheppard Gathered in by the Police.

A couple of juvenile emulators of Jack Sheppard turned up in Harlem last night and piled their bold traffic in the darkest spots of Central Park. Neither of the highwaymen were of very fierce appearance, and as each was only 15 years of age it seems incredible that they should have been daring enough to "hold up" two grown men at the revolver point. Still, the spot chosen for their work was near the Fifth-avenue wall at One Hundred and Sixth street, where the adjacent paths are darker than almost anywhere else in the park, barring a few well-known lovers' lanes, which are so much frequented that highwaymen with revolvers would have no show against Cupid and his arrows. The youthful highwaymen are James Russell and James Byas. As the hour when graveyards yawn drew nigh it found young Russell and Byas well armed and concealed behind a bush in a by-path near the darkest part of the wall mentioned. Russell had a big, old-fashioned revolver of 38-caliber and the doughty Byas was armed with a seven-shooter of the latest pattern and of an equally heavy caliber.

From what followed it is fair to suppose that the two kindergarten highwaymen had put their heads together and exchanged ideas as to what would be the best plan by which they could raise money enough to celebrate the Fourth in a manner fitting to residents of Harlem. However that may have been, as Park Policeman Sweeny was strolling home in citizens' clothes, accompanied by Park Policeman Williams in uniform, they were surprised to see a very small boy holding up a very big man by pointing a large revolver at his head. In the deep shade the small boy did not look nearly as diminutive as he really was. The small boy with the big gun was Russell and the man who stood in front of him, wondering if he had struck a new race of warlike dwarfs, was Edward Kelly. The policemen interfered at this point and took Russell's game away from him. His old revolver was also confiscated. When the policemen got under way again with their prisoner and his victim they headed for the police station. They had gone but a few rods when on turning into another path they were surprised to find a second infant highwayman also in the act of holding up a man. It was Byas, Russell's chum, and his intended victim was Joseph Cowles. Highwayman Byas was taken along with Russell and they were both locked up in the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth-street Station.—N. Y. special to the Globe-Democrat.

ORLOFF'S STRANGE STORY.

If It Is True He Has Had His Full Share of Adventure.

A little over a week ago there came to Boston a man whose history was probably never equaled by anybody, and probably never will be. The man was Ivan Orloff, a Russian, who was born in St. Petersburg about thirty-eight years ago. One of the most important things in the history of his wonderful career is the fact that he is one of a few who have escaped from the coal mines of Siberia.

Orloff arrived, as above stated, in this city a little over a week ago from New York. A week ago Tuesday, one of the hottest days of the year, he was overcome by the heat at the North End. Some passers-by who noticed his condition came to his aid and gave him some whisky, while another stole from him a new electric battery, which he had bought recently.

On regaining consciousness he inquired his way to the nearest police station, and was directed to Station 1. Upon his arrival there he asked Captain Cain if he could not lie down and rest for awhile. The good-natured officer of course said yes, and the man, soon after sitting down in the guard-room, began to dose. The Captain, noticing his condition, sent for Dr. Elliott.

The stranger was then taken to the surgery-room and examined by the doctor and his assistant, Dr. Dunn, who applied the usual restoratives. The doctors told him to keep quiet and that he would soon be all right, but he appeared to be so nervous that he excited the suspicions of not only the doctors but the police. In his pockets Captain Cain found a lot of instruments. Upon being questioned he informed the people in the room that they were musical instruments.

"Can you play?" asked Captain Cain.

"Well, a little," was Orloff's reply.

He was then invited to go to the parlor of the house and shown the piano. The first piece he played was a selection from Mendelssohn, and never before, and probably never again, was such music heard inside the walls of the station. After he had played numerous fine selections the officers and doctors became greatly interested in him and began questioning him. As a result he told a story, which was as follows: He was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, and was a student in a medical college in that place. One day the rooms of the students were raided and a lot of inflammable documents and seditious papers were found in his room. However, he would not admit that they belonged to him. He was arrested and sentenced to Siberia, where he was put at work in the coal mines, from which he managed to escape.

Assuming the role of an Englishman—this he long after to do, as he speaks English very fluently, as well as the other languages—he was easily enabled to work his way through the country without being detected, as he was penniless. After a good deal of traveling and suffering he managed to reach Western China. Arriving there he was arrested on the charge of stealing food.

"The students of this portion of China are exceedingly barbarous, and without trial I was sentenced to have my head chopped off. However, luck was again with me, and by some hook or crook an English official heard of my predicament. After a great deal of hard work he managed to secure my release.

"I started across China again, all the time being afraid I would be arrested and sent back to the awful mines. However, I finally managed to get a job aboard a vessel and shipped to America, landing at San Francisco.

"During the Franco-Prussian war I was in the French army commanded by McMahon, but I was directly under Marshal Bazaine."

He then branched from his own history and told of the surrender of Metz to the Germans and the escape of Bazaine to England.

Continuing his story, he said:

"During the war, while the Germans were besieging the city, two companions and myself were sent up in a captive balloon (one which has a long rope tied to the ground), to ascertain the number of the opposing army. When in mid-air the balloon was struck by shell, causing the air-ship to explode.

"My companions and myself fell to the ground; the other two were instantly killed. I was knocked senseless, and the bones of my arms, feet and hands were broken in several places. My skull was also fractured.

"I was in the hospital at Metz for over a year. After leaving Metz I traveled considerably, and was in Alexandria at the time of the siege by the British early in the eighties."

Like the man, who must bear a charmed life, showed the doctors and the police his body, which, to say the least, was a "sight." His arms, hands, legs and feet plainly showed that they had been broken. Upon examining his skull the physicians found inserted in his head a piece of platinum or silver, where his scalp was missing.—Boston Record.

WANTED TO MAKE A SNUG THING.

Tale of a Man, an Alarm Clock and an Irate Neighbor Who Hated Both.

It happened about 6 o'clock one morning. A man with a flushed face and attired in a white robe stuck his head out of a bay-window and yelled:

"Is that your alarm clock?"

A snore was wafted through the window of the next house and that was the only answer.

"I say!" yelled the man again, "is that your alarm clock?"

"Huh?" came a muttered response.

"Is it your clock that's waking the entire neighborhood?" shouted the man.

"My clock?" came the voice again. Then after a pause: "Hold on a minute and I'll see."

Then a draped figure carrying a clock appeared at the window of the next house.

"By George! it was my clock," it said. "It never seems to wake me."

"Well, it wakes me!" roared the first man.

"And then you get up and wake me," returned the other. "That's kind of you."

"Yes, I get up and wake you, and some time I'll throw a brick through that window."

"No necessity for that. You just swear at me and it'll rouse me all right. Suppose I leave this other window open, too. That would make it surer, you know, and I must get up at 6 o'clock. If you go away from home you just let me know and I'll put the clock where it'll catch the man in the house on the other side, so that he can yell at me. I want to make a sure thing of it with one of you, for I never hear the clock."

Then he pulled in his head and a bootjack whizzed by and shattered a lamp-post on the corner.—St. Louis Star Sayings.

Hysterical Fits That Paid.

"What's the matter with the lady?" inquired a reporter of a physician who was working with a woman at the Union Depot yesterday. She was lying on one of the benches, and apparently had had a fainting spell.

"Oh, she has had a hysterical fit," he replied carelessly. "She is all right, and nobody need be worried about her. This woman may be all right, but I have my doubts about it. I had hard work trying to open her eyelids, and she evidently held them. It is an old gag, you know, of some women to faint in public places, where they can excite sympathy and have a collection taken. I know of one who used to have hysterical spells with great regularity at hotels and depots. Invariably money was collected for her benefit, and she walked off with the stuff, only to faint away again in another public place. She always had a pathetic tale to tell, and it took the police a good while before they tumbled to her swindling game. It is an easy matter for a woman to become hysterical, and they can bring on the fit when they feel like it."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Unique Costume Worn by a Spartan.

Among the immigrants landed at the Barge Office yesterday from the Hamburg steamer Normannia were about 200 Greeks. One of those wore a picturesque costume that excited the attention of the people on lower Broadway, New York. He was a good-looking youth from Sparta named Alkanasis Zopafas, going to St. Louis. A red fez with a blue tassel crowned his dark hair, a black velvet and gold embroidered forma covered his body, encircled by a scarlet sash, a white linen skirt falling to his knees and the legs encased in red scalkas or leggins. The costume cost $150 in Greece. The young man will return to the Barge Office to-morrow and sit for his photograph for General O'Beirne.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SURGERY'S TRIUMPH.

A Very Remarkable Operation in a Philadelphia Hospital.

The Tongue of an Old Veteran Cut Out by a Skillful Surgeon—Food Given Him Through a Tube.

A remarkable surgical operation was performed at the Howard Hospital, Broad and Catherine streets. Joseph S. Ball, a veteran of the late civil war, and who has passed his sixtieth year, visited Dr. Edward Martin, who is surgeon-in-chief of the institution, several days ago for treatment of a malignant cancer at the base of his tongue. He was in a pitiable condition when examined by the doctor. The cancer had been slowly but surely eating the flesh away. The tongue was perforated from the effects of the disease. Ball could articulate only with great difficulty, and could not eat solid food of any kind.

The doctor, after consultation with the rest of the staff, concluded to make an operation, as it was the only way to save the man's life. The patient was informed of the extremely hazardous nature of the operation, as the deviation of the fractional part of an inch almost would cause instant death. After some hesitation Ball consented to submit to the ordeal.

The patient was laid on the operating-table and etherized by Dr. Wood, Mr. Martin's assistant. Dr. Martin then carefully made two longitudinal incisions in the patient's throat, one on each side of the maxillary bone, and then secured with silk thread both lingual arteries. This was a necessary process to prevent the patient bleeding to death.

The patient's head was then firmly fastened and Dr. Martin sawed completely in two the inferior maxillary, or lower jaw bone. Each half was separated gradually, but surely, until the gaping aperturem was big enough to place two clenched hands within.

Even the impassive physicians were now thoroughly on nettles over the spectacle presented. At this moment the patient showed signs of heart failure, and the operation was suspended for a moment while hyperdermic injections were administered.

Dr. Martin grasped the patient's tongue firmly with his left hand and drew it through the aperature in the left side of his throat. The tongue was then entirely removed at the hyoid bone, together with a number of diseased gland and tissue. After the bleeding was stopped by the usual medicants and an antiseptic dressing applied the two halves of the jaw were brought together and fastened with silver wire.

The wounds on the neck were then sewed up, after which the patient was gradually resuscitated, while the assembled physicians watched with anxious intentness for any sign of a surgical shock, but, to the surprise of all, Ball's temperature and pulse were about normal.

The patient was removed to a room specially prepared for his reception, and two nurses and the physicians alternated on noting the symptoms. He is now doing well, and the physicians express confidence on his complete recovery.

As the tongue has been entirely removed, the patient will never again be able to utter a sound or partake of any solid food. Liquid nourishment will be administered by means of a large silver tube, which will be inserted in his throat through the mouth. In taking his meals hereafter Mr. Ball will be compelled to throw his head far back on his shoulders while the food is poured down the tube.

The operation lasted two hours, and is said to be the second only on record in medical science.—Philadelphia Press.

WONDERFUL BEAD WORK.

The Gift of Signora Angelini to the Franciscans at Jerusalem.

The piece of Venetian glass bead work, shown only to the favored few who enjoy the friendship and confidence of the reverend commissary of the Holy Land, is the work of a Venetian lady of rank, the Signora Catarina Angelini, who sent it as a present to the Franciscans at Jerusalem. From thence it was sent to the Very Rev. Charles Vissani, commissary of the Holy Land, residing in New York. It is 7:6x7 feet in size, and some idea of the work as a specimen of feminine industry may be gleamed from the fact that there are in it 1,600,000 fine glass beads. That means there were 1,600,000 stitches taken to make the piece. It took the signora and two other ladies, incessantly working on it, two winters and one summer to accomplish the task. The beads are of the kind called "Margueritine," of that fine glass made in the manufactories of Murano, an island of Venice, to which the glass-makers were really confined, under pretext of protection, in the centuries when Venice had the monopoly of the glass industry of the world. Then the glass-blower who revealed the secrets of his arts was liable to have his property confiscated, with, perhaps, banishment added. And the dreaded Council of Ten, if it saw fit, might even condemn him to death.

The ground of the glittering parallelogram is pure white. Crystalline, pearly and opaline gleams of light flash from this field of white, on which are thrown, as it were, five wreaths of exquisitely shaded roses—red, pink and white—their rich color enhanced by the green of their foliage and a few other flowers, daisies, blue cornflowers and feathery sprays of mimosa. The largest wreath, in which are the largest flowers, is in the center of the piece. The four other wreaths are in the corners. A border of turquoise blue, headed by a garland of roses, lilies and other flowers, surrounds the piece. A delicate fringe of blue and white beads edges the border.

Given a fringe and tassels of red beads it might serve as a baldachino over the throne of an American cardinal in a cathedral as grand in its proportions as St. Patrick's in this city or the Cathedral of St. James in Montreal. When we know that our grandmothers' bead bags cost from $5 to $15 we may begin to estimate it probable value.—N. Y. Herald.

AVERTING A TRAGEDY.

Be Sure That You Are Right Before You Go Ahead.

So far as a casual observer could see, the crowd coming over on a Hoboken ferry-boat the other afternoon was sober and good-natured, and many were therefore surprised to hear a man suddenly call out:

"Sir, you have insulted me, and I'll knock your head off!"

The speaker was a big man, with bushy hair and a fat face, and he had a cataract in his left eye. The man shouted at was rather undersized and humble-looking.

"Yes, sir—I'll knock your head off," continued the big man, as he flourished his fists about.

"How did I insult you?" demanded the other.

"You have kept your eyes on me ever since I got on the boat! It's my misfortune to have a bad eye, but I don't want to be stared at as if I were a gorilla!"

"Who stared at you?"

"You have, and if it wasn't for raising a row in public, I'd make your heels crack!"

"I never even saw you!" retorted the little man, growing very spunky all at once.

"What! Wasn't I sitting right here, and you over there, and didn't you have your eyes on me all the time?"

"No, sir! I was reading that sign to the left of your head."

"Don't talk so—"

"Hold on!" interrupted a passenger who had pushed himself forward. "It's just as the little man says, and there's no occasion for hard feelings. Gentlemen, the little man is cross-eyed. Between the big man being blind in one eye and the little man being cross-eyed they got things mixed, and ought to shake hands and be friends."

"If I'm wrong, I beg your pardon," said the big man.

"You jumped on me with both feet, but it was through mistake, and I don't hold no grudge," replied the little man.

Then they shook hands and the crowd gave them a cheer and everybody said it was always the best way to be sure you're right before going ahead.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Boiled to Death.

John Million, a laborer, was literally boiled to death in East St. Louis. He fell into a vat of boiling meat at the National Stock-yards Beef Cannery and was scalded so that he died during the night. Million was employed to watch and stir a vat at the cannery in which huge chunks of meat are boiled to separate the flesh from the bone. While stirring the contents of the vat he slipped and fell into it. Other workmen saw him fall in and hastened to pull him out. He was in the vat only a few moments, but the water was boiling hot, and in an instant he was literally parboiled from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. His fellow-workmen pulled him out alive, but his sufferings were only prolonged thereby. He was removed to St. Mary's Hospital, where he died at midnight, after suffering terrible agony for hours.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Palatial Trains in Miniature.

The General Passenger Agent of the New York Central has contracted with Pratt & Letchworth of Buffalo for the manufacture of a large number of toy railway trains; cars to be made of pressed steel, locomotives of malleable iron, and to be facsimiles of the passenger equipment of the New York Central, with the name of the road on each car and locomotive, the whole train to be forty-five inches long. Mr. Daniels' idea is, that if you impress upon the minds of the children the superior facilities offered by "America's Greatest Railroad," they will patronize the New York Central when they make their wedding tours. The private compartment cars of the Central's "Chicago Limited" give each couple a perfect boudoir, and so popular are they that it is said there is scarcely a day in the year that the train does not carry one or more bridal parties.—Albany Press.

THE BRIDGE POLICEMAN.

Scotty Reveals Hidden Mysteries to M. Quad for the World.

"Now," said Scotty, as we stood at the pier steps yesterday, "don't pretend to notice that lady on the bench as we go up—the one holding the black and white parasol."

"Is she scared?" I asked.

"She's a jealous-minded woman, and is laying for her husband, and I hope she'll catch him. I know him well. He is a great masher, and he passes for a widower. It's about his time for coming over, and she's waiting here to see what she can see."

"Are there many such cases?" I asked.

"Well, some queer things happen here. Don't be looking straight at the lady that way or she'll get frightened and move on! Don't you see how nervous and excited she is? She is keeping an eye out toward the New York end, and she'll see her husband a long ways off. She looks pale and sick and worried, and he ought to be ashamed of himself to make her trouble. There he comes, and now do you be careful! We want no scene here!"

The man referred to was of middle age, well dressed, and carried a cane, and he came up the promenade looking self-satisfied and happy. The lady held her parasol to shield her face, and he walked right past her and never gave her a second look. He stopped to look down the bay, loitered around for two or three minutes, and then continued his walk, while the woman peered out from under the edge of the parasol with a very white and anxious face. When he was a hundred feet away she got up and followed him. As she rose up she dropped a small rawhide, which had perhaps been hidden in her sleeve, and as she picked it up Scotty whispered:

"The old man is in luck this time, and he can afford to donate $50 to the poor. Had she found him flirting she'd have used that whip on him, and then gone into hysterics and tried to jump over on the car-track. I would not mind if she caught him once, for I saw him sit down on that very bench one afternoon last week and slyly slip a weed on his hat, and rawhiding might help his case a great deal.

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