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Eugene Sue and His Work.

The veteran critic and dramatist, M. Ernest Legouve, has recently published in the *Temps* some chapters of a forthcoming work, to be entitled "Etudes et Sovenirs de Theatre." In the last he tells us some curious anecdotes of Eugene Sue. He and Sue had the same sister, but were no relations. This little genealogical puzzle is thus explained: The original M. and Mdme. Sue had one daughter—Flora Sue. They became divorced, and both married again. M. Sue's son by his second marriage was Eugene Sue. Mdme. Sue's son by her second marriage was Ernest Legouve. Thus Flora Sue was sister to two men who were no relation whatever to each other. Neither M. Sue nor Mdme. Legouve cultivated each other's acquantance; but this girl, a beautiful and charming creature who died young, was equally devoted to both her brothers, and supplied the bond of union which brought them together. M. Legouve therefore knew Eugene Sue from boyhood to manhood, and was probably the most intimate friend that strange being ever had. The enthusiastic sympathy and admiration for Sue sometimes took strange forms. One evening as he was entering his rooms after a walk he knocked against some swinging object in the dark, which moved as he touched it. Sue lights a candle and what does he see? The two legs of a man who had got into his rooms, no one ever knew how, for the purpose of hanging himself there. The man, who was quite dead, had a bit of paper clenched in his hand, on which was written, "I kill myself in despair of the future. It seemed that death would be less hard if it came under the roof of the man who loves and defends us." A great compliment truly, but one which Sue could probably have done without.

In 1841 an enterprising Parisian publisher sought out Sue to show him an English illustrated work on the Mysteries of London, which had recently appeared. He suggested that a work of the same sort on Paris would have every chance of success, and asked Sue if he would write it for him. Sue was not much tempted by the idea of providing the text for an illustrated serial—which was what the offer amounted to—but finally decided to set to work. Shortly afterward M. Legouve received a letter from Sue, along with a little brown notebook containing about 200 pages of manuscript. The manuscript was the first part of "The Mysteries of Paris," and the latter was to ask Legouve's opinion on the story. "It has amused me greatly to write it; bnt will it amuse other people to read it? That is the question." Legouve read it accordingly. "The first chapter was a sort of prologue, which interested me but little. But when the real story began, when I read the first, the second, the third, the fourth chapter, I felt as if an electric shock. My hands trembled as I held the paper. I did not read the pages, I devoured them. There were Fleur de Marie, the Chourineur, the Schoolmaster—it was half the first volume of 'The Mysteries of Paris.' My answer may be guessed: 'Enormous success, the greatest you have ever had. Send me the continuation.' Sue wrote back: 'I am truly delighted with your answer; but as to the continuation, I should find it hard to send you that, as I don't know what it is going to be myself. I wrote what I sent you by instinct, without knowing where I was going. Now I must set to work to find my way.' An article in a newspaper put him on the right track. When the first instalment appeared in the *Debats*, M. Consideraut, editor of the *Democratie Pacifique*, hailed the new story as a veritable literary event. 'I see what are the author's intentions,' said he (he knew more about them than the author himself). 'He is setting foot on a road that has never been explored. He is undertaking to paint the sufferings and the needs of the laboring classes. M. Sue has been called the novelist of the sea; to-day his title is, "Novelist of the People."' I sent the article at once to Sue. 'Thanks,' he wrote back, 'I have had a talk with the author, and now I see clear.'"

A novelist of the people must be acquainted with the people, and this acquaintance Sue now set himself to obtain. He bought a blouse, a cap and a pair of big boots, and thus equipped haunted the workmen's quarters, the cheap restaurants of the barrier, and the drinking shops at night. In this way "The Mysteries of Paris" came to be written. Once he had taken up this idea of being the novelist of the people, it interested him, and he adhered to it; but it came to him in the first place from without, as a sort of accident. It was in this fashion that all his novels were written. His chief romances were written by instalments, "The Mysteries of Paris," for instance, appeared as the daily feuilleton of the *Debats*, and it often happened that he would put his personages into an extraordinary and impossible situation in the feuilleton that was to appear on the next morning without having any idea of how he was to get them out in the feuilleton that was to appear on the next morning but one. On these occasions Legouve would receive a note begging him to read a proof of the feuilleton enclosed, and to hit upon some way of continuing the story. Sue would be with him at 6, and they could talk over the matter. Legouve would read the feuilleton, and when Sue arrived would commonly be obliged to tell him that he had landed his story in a perfect *cul de sac*, and that there was no way out of it. "Bah!" Sue would say, "let us talk it over a little. Suppose my characters to be real people, and that they really were in this position. They would get out of it somehow, would they not? Well, we must find out how they would do it." Then would follow an animated discussion of about two hours' duration, each suggesting, arguing and making objections to the other's suggestions. Finally, after all this travail, Sue would see his way clear, and go off in high spirits to supply his next instalment of "copy" for the inevitable printer's devil.

At Birmingham, England, W. G. George, pedestrian, won the 1,000 yards handicap from the scratch in 2.18. This beats the best amateur record in the world, Myers having done the same distance in 2.18¼. George is coming to the United States to compete with Myers.

YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL ODE.

BY PAUL M. HAYNE.

[The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch publishes the following Centennial ode, which has been set to music by Prof. Mosenthal, of Philadelphia, and is to be sung by a chorus of 275 voices at the Yorktown celebration.]

Hark! hark! down the century's long-reaching slope,
To those transports of triumph—those raptures of hope!
The voices of main and of mountain combined,
In glad resonance borne on the wings of the wind:—
The bass of the drum, and the trumpet that thrills
Through the multiplied echoes of jubilent hills!
And mark! how the years, melting upward like mist,
Which the breath of some splendid enchantment has kissed,
Reveal on the ocean, reveal on the shore,
The proud pageant of conquest that graced them of yore.

CHORUS.

Where blended forever in love or in fame,
See! the standard which stole from the starlight its flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance—
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

II.

O! stubborn the strife, ere the conflict was won!
And the wild-whirling war-wrack half stifled the sun!
The thunders of cannon that boomed on the lea
But re-echoed far thunders pealed up from the sea—
Where guarding his sea-lists—a night on the waves—
Bold De Grasse kept at bay the bluff bulldogs of Graves—
The day turned to darkness, the night changed to fire,
Still more fierce waxed the combat, more deadly the ire—
Undimmed by the gloom, ah! behold where they ride,
In majestic advance, o'er the red battle tide.

CHORUS.

Those banners united in love as in fame—
The brave standard which drew from the star-beams their flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance—
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

III.

No respite! No pause! By the York's tortured flood
The gray Lion of England is writhing in blood!
Cornwallis may chafe, and coarse Tarleton aver—
As he sharpens his bread sword and buckles his spur—
"This blade, which so oft has reaped Rebels like grain,
Shall now harvest, for death, the rude yeoman again."
Vain boast! for ere sunset he's flying in fear.
With the rebels he scouted close, close in the rear!
The French on his flank hurl such volleys of shot
That o'en Gloucester's redoubt must be growing too hot.

CHORUS.

Thus wedded in love, as united in fame!
Lo! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame,
An type of all chivalry, glory, romance—
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

IV.

O! morning superb! when the seige reached its close!
See! the sundawn outbloom like the Alchemist's rose!
The last wreaths of smoke from dim trenches upcurled
Are transformed to a glory that smiles on the world.
Joy! Joy! Save the wan, wasted front of the foe,
With his bottle-flags furled and his arms trailing low.
Respect for the brave! In grim silence they yield,
And in silence they pass with bowed heads from the field.
Then triumph transcendent! So Titan of tone
That some vowed it must startle King George on his throne!

CHORUS.

O! wedded in love, as united in fame!
See! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance—
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

V.

When Peace to her own timed the pulse of the land,
And the war-weapon sunk from the war-wearied hand,
Young Freedom, upborne to the height of the goal—
She has yearned for so long with deep travail of soul—
A song of her future raised, thrilling and clear,
Till the woods learned to hearken, the hill-slopes to hear,
Yet, fraught with all magical grandeurs that gleam
On the hero's high hope, or the patriot's dream,
What Future, tho' bright, in cold shadow shall cast
The stern beauty that haloes the brow of the Past?

CHORUS.

O! wedded in love as united in fame!
See! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame,
The type of all chivalry, glory, romance—
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

Prince Kamoutsine was one of the most brilliant officers of the court at St. Petersburg. He was seen at every review, reception, and official ball. Everywhere, in fact, where a young officer of the guards could be seen with advantage to himself, and yet, in eight years, he had only a captain's rank, accompanied with the unenviable reputation of being the most incorrigible fellow in the way of practical jokes that ever wore a uniform. No one understood better than he the art of carrying out successfully the most astounding, audacious joke. Already he had been three times exiled from the capital for having gone a trifle too far, and had also received a severe reproof from a high quarter, with the advice to keep quiet and "efface himself," that he might be forgotten. This to a man like Kamoutsine was simply impossible; for even at the risk of losing rank, promotion and fortune, his jest was a necessity to him, and have it he must. All foreigners, provincial officers, and ignorant country people he scorned utterly, regarding them as quite unworthy his attention. The young captain flew at higher game, selecting his victims from the 'haute volee.'

Our hero had so far profited by this advice that the Emperor Nicholas, who appears to have been somewhat deficient in a sense of humor, and by no means appreciative of a practical joke, sent him one fine morning the order to retire to his estate and there to remain the space of one month, 'to give himself time for reflection,' as the order was worded.

Kamoutsine was allowed three days to make all his arrangements and to reach his destination. The place of exile was twenty-four miles distant from Saint Petersburg by post-chaise. He began by spending two days in bidding good-by to his friends.

He had been promised four gendarmes as a guard of honor; the antecedents of the young prince quite justified this precaution, apparently so insulting; he having passed his last period of banishment in a well known restaurant in the costume of a waiter, where he had been seen and recognized by all of his brother officers, who had laughed while keeping the secret, until the expiration of the sentence.

Kamoutsine went from house to house, receiving here the ironical congratulations of one, there the laughing condolences of another. Toward the evening of the second day he presented himself to take leave of the Countess Damerof, one of the most popular and charming of the court beauties.

'Will you not dine with us?' said the pretty countess, as he rose from his chair after a few minutes' conversation.

'A thousand thanks! but it is quite impossible, unless you extend the invitation to my gendarmes.'

'Your gendarmes? What can you possibly mean?'

'My body guard, for which I am indebted te the imperial munificence. They ought now to be at my house. In an hour we shall, all five of us, be rolling along the road to Kamoutska, the home of my ancestors. When I say we shall roll I am wrong, I should have said we shall glide; with this beautiful snow the sleighing is delightful. It will not be a long journey; I shall dine at home to-morrow.'

'Unhappy Prince!' said tlie Countess with a merry laugh. 'You are not politic in allowing yourself to be banished at the height of the carnival season. The Governor's ball will have to go on without you, it seems.'

'Ah! the ball—true enough, I had utterly forgotten it; you see, Countess, the depth of my disgrace. It is to-morrow?'

'To-morrow evening at 10 we shall all be dancing without you. Now, pray, do not go and hang yourself,' added the pitiless tease.

Kamoutsine stood silent, twisting his moustache with a thoughtful air.

'You are going?' he asked, abruptly.

'As if there were a doubt of it! All Petersburg will be there. The new Governor makes his debut. He is from Irkoulsk, you know, and his entertainments there were celebrated far and wide. It will be a superb ball. The imperial family will be there, and I mean to be on the spot to see them arrive.'

'Countess,' said Kamoutsine, tenderly, leaning on the arm of her chair, 'will you give me the honor of the first waltz?'

'Are you mad?' said the Countess, throwing herself back in the chair.

'No more than usual; but I repeat my question, for you have not answered me, will you do me the honor—'

'But, my dear Prince, you will be at home at that time. You will be sleeping the sweet sleep which always follows a winter journey; your housekeeper wil have made your tea, and you will have taken it, and—'

'All this little detailed interior, Countess, rests on the hypothesis that I shall be at home. But I am not at home, and if I am at the Governor's ball, will you give me the first waltz?'

The Countess, very much puzzled, looked inquiringly at Kamoutsine. She saw he was serious—a most unusual thing with him—and she was touched by it.

'With pleasure,' she answered gravely.

'You will not give it to anyone else. At the first sound of the music I shall be there to claim it.'

'Prince,' said the Countess, in a voice full of terror and tenderness, 'you are staking your head!'

'Which is hardly worth a waltz with you. I shall be more than paid if you only keep your promises' murmured Kamoutsine, as he rose.

"I hope all this is only a jest," said the Countess with a troubled smile.

"Will you lay me a wager that I will not be there?" said the young man with a low bow.

"No—yes—I do not know. One never knows with you."

"I trust to your generosity, Countess, and I like to think you will hold to the wager. Good-by till to-morrow;" and stooping he touched his lips to her hand and dissappeared, without giving her the opportunity of replying.

As he had prophesied, the Gendarmes were awaiting his return. A kibitka, a sort of close-covered sleigh, stood before the door, and he entered it without giving these four representatives of armed force any opportunity of dining, at which they grumbled a little, but quite in a respectful fashion, as became them in the presence of a superior; for, though Kamoutsine was their prisoner, he was none the less their superior hierarchically.

Never was a short journey so crowded with mistakes; the valet de chambre, who had gone on in advance, acting as courier, must have been either drunk or crazy—perhaps both, for at the first relay stations the horses were not ready, the positions were not prompt—in short the early part of the night was a series of misadventures, among which the absence of supper was by no means the least important.

Toward midnight the spell was broken. The kibitka, drawn by good, strong animals, rushed like the wind over the smooth, even surface of the snow, but no supper appeared. At last, long after midnight, the everlasting question 'Is there anything to eat?' obtained a reply in the affirmative. Kamoutsine, who up to that hour had been sleeping peacefully, awoke, rubbed his eyes, and invited his guard to sup with him.

It was a dainty, delicious meal. On the table were huge jugs filled with foaming *knass*, which had the sparkling effervescence of champagne—and, to tell the truth, it was champagne, slightly altered for the occasion by the addition of a generous quantity of the strongest alcohol, which in about twenty minutes produced such an effect upon the four gendarmes, after their prolonged fast, the extreme cold of the outside atmosphere, and the intense heat of the post-station, that they were all lying on or under table, snoring in chorus.

Kamoutsine, taking his pelisse and valise, quietly went out and jumped into a peasants's sleigh standing before the door. The wretched little animal broke into a rapid trot. Excellent relays were in readiness at every station, and at 8 o'clock in the morning our hero drove triumphantly into the capital, from which he had been so cruelly exiled.

Before the door of the restaurant, where he had once occupied the ostensibie position of waiter, was a travelling kibitka, sufficiently bespattered with mud to suggest the idea of a long journey. Kamoutsine entered the house quickly and changed his uniform for a civilian's suit, which was in readiness, came out and sprang into the kibitka. His faithful valet, who had not left him for a moment, gathered up the reins and drove at a furious pace which he never slackened till he brought up at the palace of his excellency the Governor-General of the fortress.

The servants rushed out, and treated Kamoutsine as if expecting him.

'Announce the nephew of his Excellency,' said Kamoutsine, calmly.

They hurried up the stairs with his valise, while he followed them without waiting.

The Governor-General hurried forward to meet him.

'My dear nephew,' he cried, holding out his arms, 'you are welcome indeed. I have been expecting you for a whole week.'

'I beg your pardon, my dear uncle, I have been unavoidably detained, but I will explain all later——'

'Yes, yes, I understand, but how you are altered! I should never have known you. You must be very tired?'

'I have been three nights on the road, to lose no time in reaching you.'

'Poor boy! Come and have some tea? I was just about taking my breakfast. Your aunt is still asleep. You know, of course, that there is a ball to-night?'

'Indeed! a ball! I did not know; I had not heard; but my traveling dress—I cannet, it will be impossible.'

'Then you have brought no dress coat?'

'Yes, but it is with my luggage, which I have left to be forwarded.'

'Ah! well, you can easily get one from a tailor—it is not as if we were in a little provincial town; one can get everything here; come and get some tea.'

And the General hurried his supposed nephew into the dining-room, and while serving the boiling tea, which Kamoutsine swallowed without waiting to be pressed, he asked a thousand questions about the family, his friends at Odessa, whence he was supposed to have just arrived.

Kamoutsine replied with perfect self-possession and assurance. He never allowed himself to be caught napping, and on this important occasion his resources did not fail him.

'Good heavens! how you are changed,' cried the General. 'I never should have recognized you. And yet you resemble your mother.'

'So they tell me,' answered Kamoutsine carelessly, not at all embarrassed. 'I, of course, am no judge.'

'You were about so high,' said the General, pointing to the table. 'I think you were only 5 years old.

'Four years and eight months, exactly, my dear uncle.'

'You are quite right. What an extraordinary memory you have! But tell me, is your Aunt Elizabeth—'

'I beg your pardon, my dear uncle, but I am nearly dead with fatigue; as I think I told you, I have been traveling three nights consecutively.'

'You did indeed tell me so, and I am very thoughtless in forgetting it. Your chamber is ready for you; go directly to bed. Your aunt will excuse you.'

'And if I should not wake till the evening?'

'That is of no consequence, if you are only in season for the ball.'

'But my dress coat—I cannot go out for one, and I confess—'

'Don't disturb yourself in the least, my dear boy. Hand your clothes to the servant, everything will be in readiness for you, and you will only have to make your toilet when you wake.'

Kamoutsine was conducted to his chamber, when he comfortably went to bed, after taking from his portfolio a letter he had received a day or two previous, and which had been his source of inspiration.

'We started day before yesterday,' wrote one of his brother officers on leave at Moscow; 'the nephew of our new Governor General has just arrived from Odessa, and the very first night he was thoroughly fleeced by some gamblers at ecarte. He has lost more than he has taken with him, and, as he is not at all a bad fellow, he has constituted himself a prisoner on parole till he receives funds from Odessa.

'We go in time to see him, and we all offer him our sympathy—repeating the same little phrases of condolence; but he has not even shown himself for forty-eight hours. The most amusing part of it is that he has a deadly terror of his uncle, the new Governor, and no one can imagine why, for he has never seen him since he was a child; but he would rather die than confess his escapade to him. There are still ten days or a fortnight of his voluntary seclusion, and he is just idiot enough to hold out to the end.'

'In ten days,' says Kamoutsine, folding the letter, 'I shall be quietly settled—where? Perhaps on the road to Siberia. Bah! we will go to sleep now—and after? *Nous verrons ce que nous verrons.*'

His dinner was served in his chamber, under the pretext of fatigue after which he made his toilet, finding the suit provided for him a capital fit. Setting himself in a comfortable easy chair near the window, he watched the arrival of the carriages as they drew up in line before the entrance. On the carpeted steps was a confused mass of velvet and satin drapery; there was the sparkling of diamonds, the fleecy glimmer of priceless laces, and the brilliant uniforms of his brother officers; he could even hear the tinkling of the plate as the supper was being laid in the adjoining room, and remembered with a tender melancholy that he should not be able to enjoy it. Then began the hideous sounds from the orchestra, the maddening noise which always precedes the music.

Exactly at 10 o'clock a servant entered hurriedly.

'Monsieur, his Excellency sends me to say that it is time for you to come down to the ball-room.'

As he descended the crimson-carpeted stircase—in a quiet, leisurely fashion, as became a member of the family—the national hymn announced the arrival of the Emperor. Mingling in the crowd, he entered the ball-room. In one quick glance he recognized the pretty Countess Damerof, who, somewhat pale and nervous, stood, with her eyes fixed on the door of entrance. In an instant he had asked his uncle to present him. The Countess hardly glanced at the young civilian; she was absorbed so in watching for a uniform of the Guard.

'Countess,' whispered the voice of Kamoutsine. With a start, she turned and looked into his face.

'Permit the nephew of the Governor to claim your promise.'

His arm was about her waist, and they were lost in the whirl before she could reply. At the first pause, she said, with a merry laugh, though evidently considerably agitated and excited:

'How absurd you are in citizens' dress!'

As they made the tour of the large saloon Kamoutsine met the astonished gaze of a pair of eyes that were well known to him, and before his evolution was half completed thirty persons had recognized him in spite of his disguise, and the little murmur of excitement which invariably accompanies a secret joke pervaded the groups gathered here and there.

As he led the Countess to her seat he lightly pressed her hand, saying:

'I have won my wager, and I shall return to claim it as soon as the high powers will permit me.'

The Countess blushed and was silent.

'I have risked my head, as you did me the honor to say to me yesterday. Will you prove yourself a *'bonne payese?'*'

'I will try, if you are not too unreasonable.'

'I will be generous,' he said with a laugh. 'Au revoir,' and with a low bow he turned toward the door, but was detained by the Governor, who immediately presented him to the Minister.

'Your Excellency, permit me to present my nephew, who has just arrived from Odessa.'

"Charmed,' murmured the Minister with an abstracted air, and raising his eyes—but Kamoutsine had disappeared.

'A little peculiar,' said the General, by way of apology; 'provincial, as you see.'

Suddenly an aide-de-camp appeared, hurried and excited.

'The Emperor wants you instantly, your Excellency,' addressing the Minister, 'His Majesty is furious!'

'What is it?' in vain asked his Excellency, as he followed the messenger.

'Kamoutsine is here,' said the Emperor, in not the most gracious tone.

'Your Majesty! can it be possible?'

'He is here, I tell you! Have him arrested instantly and find out how he came here.'

The Minister rushed off to the host.

'Kamoutsine is here!'

'Who is he? who is Kamoutsine?'

'The young man who has just received sentence of banishment. Make haste! The Emperor is furious!'

'Heavens and earth!' cried the Governor, gesticulating violently.

Suddenly turning to the first functionary he saw he exclaimed:

'Kamoutsine is here. Arrest him instantly and learn how he came.

The order was transmitted, and everybody was questioned.

'Have you seen Kamoutsine?'

'Certainly,' said somebody; 'I saw him waltzing with the Countess Damerof.'

'Madame, you have been seen waltzing with Kamoutsine. The Emperor is very angry; he desires to know with whom he came.'

'Not with me, most certainly,' answered the Countess, carelessly. 'I have only waltzed once, and it was with the Governor's nephew from Odessa.'

The Governor General hurried up, half distracted. Touching him on the arm with her fan, the Countess said:

'General, did you not present your nephew to me?'

'Certainly, certainly, Countess; but that has nothing to do with the present question. I am in search of Kamoutsine. The Emperor is most indignant, and is determined to know who brought him.'

The Countess turned her back. At this moment the court minister appeared, repeating, 'The Emperor is furious.'

'I know it only too well,' exclaimed the Governor.

'Are you not ashamed to involve me in such an abominable hoax?'

'But, your Excellency, I do not understand how.'

'I tell you the Emperor is furious!' and the Minister rushed off in a rage. Finally a young aide-de-camp, taking pity on his confusion and despair, whispered:

'Your Excellency, it is you who are responsible for his appearance.'

'I indeed!' really this was too much—a mere aide-de-camp to presume to jest in this fashion with the Governor General!

'You presented him to the Countess Damerof!'

'Indeed I did not. I presented my nephew to her.'

'But, your Excellency, your nephew is not your nephew; he is Kamoutsine, and you can now see why the Emperor is so angry.'

Throwing himself on a seat, the General held his head in both hands.

'What an idiot I am!' he exclaimed, 'and all the time I saw he bore no resemblance to any member of the family.'

A last it was known who brought Kamoutsine, but to arrest him was a more difficult matter; he had evaporated in his haste, taking with him the dress coat the Governor had taken the trouble to procure for him.

He had, however, the generosity to leave in his chamber the letter which fully cleared the Governor from any complicity. This letter was immediately taken possession of and shown to the Emperor, who condescended to laugh; certainly the trick had been well played. But there are limits to imperial endurance. The police were dispatched in every direction. Twenty-four hours had passed before it occurred to them to seek him in his place of exile, where he was found at last in the home of his ancestors, quietly reading a foreign review and taking his coffee.

'You have failed in respect to your sovereign,' said the Chief of Police.

'I! in what way?'

'In allowing yourself to be seen at the Governor's ball.'

'Come, now this is cruel! how can any one have the heart to make game of an unfortunate exile? It is now nearly forty-eight hours since I obeyed the order of banishment!'

'You have intoxicated your gendarmes?'

'A libel! they intoxicated themselves. Do you really believe that it is a difficult matter to intoxicate gendarmes.

'But you intoxicated them in order to escape.'

'Another libel! When I saw them sleeping so heavily I came here by myself. It is rather humiliating this being led about by gendarmes.'

'But you presented yourself at the residence of the Governor after receiving your sentence of banishment.'

'Who has told you this story?'

'Thirty persons, at least, saw you there.'

'Then thirty persons have been the victims of a most extraordinary illusion, for you can see for yourself that I cannot have left this house for two days.'

'That may be so," said the chief, who began to ask himself if he were losing his eyesight; 'but my orders are to take you to St. Petersburg.'

Kamoutsine scanned him with a haughty expression.

'This must be a joke, and a very poor one it is; but it seems that I must obey.'

During the journey he maintained so well this air of injured dignity that the guards were thoroughly convinced of his innocence.

The Emperor had laughed, therefore Kamoutsine received no severer punishment han three months in the fortress; but not this time in the palace of the Governor, who remained his bitter life-long enemy.—*New York Evening Post.' from the French of Henry Greville.*

Wm. Gale, the English pedestrian, finished his great feat of covering 6,000 quarter miles in 1,000 consecutive ten minutes at New York and continued on the track until he had added fourteen additional quarters to his wonderful record. All through, from the beginning his condition was normal, except once when he took cramps. The fastest quarters was made in 2:07; the slowest in 9:12. At the finish Gale wanted to bet $500 to $1,000 that he could "begin right off" and cover 500 miles in seven days.

The wife of a manufacturer tn Elgin, Ill., hearing that her carriage horse, which was being used in a team, had been overloaded and beaten witn a board by the driver, called the teamster into her husband's office and soundly horse-whipped him till he begged for mercy.

Personal Notes.

A correspondent of an Eastern paper says that General Robert C. Schenck, "now racked with pain, spends most of his time upon a sick bed."

Gen. Grant's brother Orville who died recently in an asylum, lost his reason after the Chicago fire in which he lost a large property.

A bust of Gerrit Smith, by Cushing, of New York, has been presented to the Oneida Historical Society of Utica, on the part of a daughter of the philanthropist.

The united weight of two Vienna dwarfs recently married in Vienna is thirty-eight pounds. He is thirty-one years old, and twenty-eight inches high; she twenty-nine inches high.

John Miller, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has heroically saved from drowning at different times nearly 100 persons, has been presented with a gold medal worth $150 by the Cleveland Board of Trade.

The inventor of the modern bicycle and tricycle, Mr. James Starley, who was a gardener in early life, has just died in England. He gave the world the "spider wheel," which is said to have made a complete revolution in the wheel world.

The Empress Eugenie was at Darmstadt on July 4th in the strictest privacy as the Marchioness Brennes. She visited the mausoleum of Princess Alice, on which she laid a wreath. She is now at Baden, living in complete retirement.

A paper in Chicago having said that that city uses 70,000,000 gallons of water daily, the Baltimore American remarks that "half of that amount as made into beer, and the other half is used to scald the bristles off of hogs." The American editor has evidently never been there, for he seems to have lost none of his bristles.—*Providence Press.*

President Chadbourne, of Williams College, is rather a lively gentleman. Besides attending to his presidential duties, he has during the past year edited three volumes for the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, superintended the construction of an eight-mile canal in connection with North Carolina gold mines, and run a cotton mill.

Three years ago Lieutenant-Governor Tabor, of Colorado, was only the proprietor of a small supply store in a mining camp, and provided two miners with food and outfit for a prospecting tour around Leadville, stipulating for a certain interest in any claim they might find. They soon discovered the Little Pittsburgh Mine, from which Mr. Tabor derived a large fortune, since which he has been so successful in mining operations that he is estimated to be worth several millions.

Francis Scott Key's grave at Frederick, Md., is shabby and neglected. Jacob Englebrecht, once Mayor of Frederick, and a much honored citizen, kept up until his death, five years ago, a curious ceremony in memory of the poet. Every Decoration Day he would go to Key's grave and, standing beside it, sing "The Star Spangled Banner." The tones always attracted a large number of people, who, catching the inspiration of the old singer, would snatch up the refrain and send it ringing among the vaults and tombs of the cemetery.

Corporations Have Souls.

A certain class of journals are continually harping upon the "crushing monopolies" which they assert are "grinding the poor." It seems to us that these writers overlook much that is of importance in dealing with this subject and studiously ignore the benefits that are derived from the vast enterprises that our leading capitalists project. It is patent to every observer that the so-called monopolies are the means of opening up the vast resources of our country to a degree that would be impossible without their aid; thus making desirable homes for our rapidly increasing population in localities that are not already overcrowded, and where industry may thrive without being hampered by the crystalization that marks our older settlements. Our grand railroad system furnishes the means of a ready market for every manner of productions. The farmer upon his farm, and the artisan in his shop—all located at points remote from the market centres where living is expensive—may avail himself of the help of these "monopolies" to procure the higher reward for his labor that he can secure in our large cities. That our capitalists receive an unequal compensation for their outlay is a mistaken idea. Capital must be remunerative as well as labor, and the men who invest their millions, in fact receive but a small percentage in comparison with the ample reward of the producer; and to secure an eventual profit they must invest largely in directions that are often unremunerative for years. The rivalry among our great projectors often stimulates them to undertakings that involve serious risks. One of the greatest railroad projectors on the continent, Moses Taylor of New York, never realized even a fair percentage on his investments, and the same may be said of many others. In forwarding these schemes skilled labor finds its largest reward and reaps the first and often the only benefit, except that which is derived by the country at large from the permanency of the plant. Thousands upon thousands of common laborers are employed, and houses are built for the toiling masses from the fruits of our great enterprises. The example of many of the most wealthy citizens of our country, who have risen from poverty to affluence, is a stimulus to the young men of our land, and serves as a beacon star to light the way and encourage them to greater endeavors. Our corporations and our millionares are most of them generous in their treatment of the poor. Not a day passes but they are called to relieve the unfortunate, and worthy claims upon their bounty are rarely treated with inconsideration. We do not deny that instances to the contrary can be pointed out, but we confidently assert that they are the exception rather than the rule. Let this subject be treated reasonably and it abuses have crept in let them be fairly presented, and they will be cheerfully considered and speedily remedied by the corporations and capitalists who command these schemes. The interests of capital and labor are mutual and can never be divorced.—*Marine News.*