WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE.

A Horrible Incident in Connection with the Franco-Prussian War.

"I had just sold my commission in the British army when the Franco-Prussian war opened," said an Englishman a few days ago to some friends at the bar of the Hoffman House, New York. "I had still some pretty long girls should be courted" On stilts, of the narrow entrance on their way to pracstrong hankerings after an active military course. career, and as I had been disappointed in the business project that had induced me to relinquish the hope of seeing further service synonymous. with the red coats, I joined the Foreign Legion of the French army, and in the following year any craving I might have had for fighting was amply gratified. I had many adventures, some of them startling enough, but one, to which no personal danger was attached, stands out at times with unpleasant distinctness in my memory.

"A few weeks before all French hopes of final success were buried at Sedan a portion of my corps was detached to engage a party of Prussians that had been harrassing some how do you pronounce that word-reely or villages near Metz. We found the enemy reahly?" Rocky-"I don't weally know, readily enough, but they had been strongly | Fwed." reinforced, and though we drove them back after several hours of very hard fighting, we

suffered severely.

"Night had fallen before the firing ceased, and I was sent with an order to an officer on a distant part of the field. The moon was shining as I returned, and I was walking my horse, as the animal was very tired, when I reined him in quickly, because a feeble voice called to me.

Legion. You are an Englishman, I think. me she could think of. Will you do me a great favor, and a last

favor?' officer lying at my feet. His sword and to see you." pistols were gone and he was desperately wounded. His eyes were almost closed, tion?" asked one department clerk of another. the death damp lay cold and heavy on his forehead, and little specks of foam and blood were on his lips. One bullet had passed completely through his body, tearing the lungs in its passage, and he was gashed and perforated in half a dozen other places. "What can I do for you?' I asked

"'I am suffering horribly,' he gasped, and I may live for an hour yet. Will you brains and end my agony?'

"I looked very closely at the poor fellow. I knew something about gunshot wounds, and it was as clear to me as is the sun at noon that he had no earthly chance of living | there's going to be a change.' until the dawn.

" 'I cannot take your life,' I said, 'but if you desire it I will lend you my pistol and turn my head away.'

"'Thank you,' he muttered gratefully; that will do just as well. I have still enough, strength to pull a trigger. You will find a flask pocket of my cloak. They are yours, mon ami. Take them, I entreat you. Adieu!' "Silently I handed him the weapon and

turned away. A sharp report rang out. When I looked again at the Frenchman he had ceased to suffer. I took the pistel from his hand and rode away quickly.

"I have been condemned for the part played in this tragedy, but I have never blamed myself."

Census Troubles in India.

In one of the wilder districts of Bengal during the census of 1881, a curious rumor got about among the Dravidian tribes that the numbering of the people was merely the preliminary to the wholesale deportation of He mightn't like it when he growed up." the men to serve as camp followers in Afghanistan and of the women towork as leaf pickers in the tea gardens of Assam. This silly fable, embellished with characteristic but highly indelicate details, created a general panic. Many thousands deserted their villages and hid themselves in a range of forestclad hills, where they hoped to escape the official enumerators. The number of the fugitives was large enough to vitiate the census statistics for that area, and the day fixed for the final enumeration was perilously near. Something had to be done, but any would only have increased the panic. The to make the congregation keep their eyes on district official used his personal acquaint- me during the sermon." Little Tommyance with some of the tribal headmen or 'Pa, you want to put the clock right behind elders to induce them to meet him and talk | the pulpit." matters over. By explaining to them in simple language the real object of the census, and laying stress on the necessity of knowing, for the purpose of relieving famine, the exact population of a district which had within living memory suffered from two severe famines, he succeeded in inducing them to exert their influence to get the people back. So effective was their action and so readily were their orders obeyed that within three days the villages were again occupied and whatever may have been the defects of the census in that part of the country her neck at an angle of 891 degrees. they certainly did not lie on the side of

omission. The same thing was done, only in a more humorous fashion, by a district officer in the central provinces. Some of his tribes took fright and ran away, and he induced their headmen to listen to explanations. Relying on the fact that wagers of various kinds figure extensively in Indian folk lore, he solemnly assured them that the Queen of England and the Emperor of Russia, having quarreled as to which ruled over the most subjects, had laid a big bet on the point He went on to explain that the census was being taken in order to settle the bet, and he warned his hearers in a spirited peroration that if they staid in the jungle and refused to be counted, the Queen would lose her money and they would be disgraced forever, as nimak-haram, or traitors to their salt. The story served its purpose, and the tribes came in.

How to Wash Windows.

houses were talking recently about their can be easily touched by the hand. The whose windows always looked the brightest | clearly see the traces of the temporary passaid she selected a dull day for the work, or sage by which the Duchess connected her Mr. Tuttle?" to be dry streaked no matter how much one Hospitalieres in the Rue des Cendres. M. bewildering." rubs. The painter's brush is the best article | Vanginderachter, who succeeded Sismon, for this purpose; then wash all the wood- the coach builder at No. 40, is dead, and the glass simply use warm water diluted the har mer, the upset price being 192,000f. used.

FUNNIGRAMS.

As a child grows older he should grow stronger. Just like boarding-house but-

Father-"Weren't vou out very late last night?" Son-"No sir, I was in very late. A correspondent wants to know 'how a dozen torpedo boats came dashing out of

A good many people are coming to look upon original sin and original packages as

He (despairingly)-"I wish I could find something to take up my mind." She (soft-

ly)-"Try blotting paper." Cadley-"What is it your little boy calls you?" Marlow-"Pretty papa." Cadley-"Isn't he rather young for sarcasm?"

A writer says: "There are some things a woman doesn't know." There may be, but no man can tell her what they are. Give it Up .- Hoffy-" I thay, Gawge,

Cumso-"Young Gurley is a college grad-

uate, isn't he?" Fangle-"I think he must be. He doesn't know what he is talking about half the time."

eye left."

me?" he inquired. "Oh, yes," she answered. "I dismounted and found a young French | "He said he was going to wait up to-night "Have you read Longfellow's Resigna-

> 'No," was the reply, "I did not know he had resigned.

before I was born; but you remember him, cutwater is one of those famous figureheads, do you not, Edith ?" song carries me back to our home !" Mr.

\$3 for a carriage !" Rocks Ahead for the Lady .- "How your cook doing ?" "Rosa ?" "Yes." "Well, the whole house is sub Rosa just now, but

Decidedly Hot.-Cadsby-" When you asked old Richley for his daughter's hand, did he give you a warm reception?" Dingley-"Warm? It was hot. He fired me."

"Why is it that whenever a physician is sick he always call's in another doctor?" of eau de vie and a bundle cigars in the "Well I don't know, unless it's because he hates to fully realize what desperate chances he is taking.

Ernest-"I like that girl of yours. She always seems to take things cool," Jasper-"Take things cool! I should say she did! She took two ice creams and three glasses of soda the other night."

It is a mighty unfortunate man who hasn't something to be proud of. There's Smirkins who never wearies of displaying his collection of rare books, while Pimbly is quite as happy in showing his sore thumb.

Mamma—"I wonder what we shall call the baby?" Johnny-"I don't think we'd better call him any of those names papa called him last night when he was crying.

First Messenger Boy-"I say, yer there, wat fur yer runnin' down the street just now?" Second Messenger Boy-"Ah, come off. Some bloke guv me a push an' started me a runnin' an' I wuz too lazy to stop.

Must Have Been Small.—"Cholly had an idea yesterday." "What did he do with it?" "Lost it. He had his cane in his mouth at the time it occurred to him, and before he could get it out he had forgotten the idea."

Avaluable suggestion-Rev. Longnecker-

Not to be Frightened. -- He (as they pass drug store)-"Do you know, I read in this morning's paper about a girl who dropped dead while drinking soda water? She-"Oh, how romantic! Let's go in and die together!"

"Well, I do hope," said Mrs. Parvenu, as she strolled across her elegant lawn in Clifton, "if the cholera comes here this year, it won't assume an epidermis form," and she

Miss Jones- ' Professor Griddle, do you dare to look me in the face and then say that I originally sprang from a monkey? Professer Griddle (a little taken aback but equal to the occasion)-" Well, really, i must have been a very charming monkey.'

Mrs. Brown-" I'm ashamed when I among the brute creation." Mr. Brown-"Ah; but then you must remember that the human race are handicapped by the gift of speech."

That Waterloo Ballroom.

The approaching seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo will once more revive the interest awakened two years ago by Sir William Fraser in the upper story of \ "Rampart of the North." the now deserted brewery in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, Brussels, which was beyond a doubt the scene of the Duchess of Richmond's historic "revelry by night." The room is very large, but the rough beams supported Two servants employed in adjoining by a row of six wooden pillars in the centre Irons?" methods of cleaning windows. The one rubbish has been cleared away, and one can a day when the sun was not shining on them | improvised ballroom with her drawingroom because when the sun shines it causes them in the house, now occupied by the Sœurs work before the glass is touched. To cleanse | next month the building is to be brought to with ammonia; don't use soap. A small His wie ow a comely Flemish matron, such stick will get the dust out of the corners, as Jacques Jordaens would have loved to then wipe dry with a piece of cloth-do not paint, is inconsolable, for ever since Sir uselinen, as the lint sticks to the glass. The Williams Fraser's discovery she had been best way to polish is with tissue paper or honored with many visitors and has started newspaper. To clean windows in this way an autograph album. She fondly hopes the takes much less time than when soap is ballroom will find a purchaser among the Duchess of Richmond's compatriots.

At Malta.

A recent visitor to Malta sends the following interesting letter, describing the scenes he witnessed in that harbor :-Our approach to the harbor of Naletta, Malta was made amid one of the sights characteristic of an English naval station. Half tice with torpedoes. The sea was a little rough and the light, sharp boats cut into and through the water, now tossing it lightly aside, again breasting the waves till the combers climbing over the bows swept the vessel fore and aft. Once inside the harbor, we might have known without other evidence that we were in Malta on seeing the array of battle-ships supplemented by a fleet of smaller vessels, all flying the red cross of St. George, and forming the flower of Englands's navy, here assembled. Here are the Benbow and Camperdown, Colossus and Collingwood, Edinburgh, Temeraire, Australia, Agamemnon, Orion, Phaeton, Dolphin, Landrail, Polyphemus, Hecla and Crocodile battle ships, armored and unarmored cruisers, torpedo, depot and transport ships, together with a fleet of torpedo boats. Here are represented all the engines of war afloat; naval ordnance by all classes of guns from the smallest to those weighing 110 tons, firing a charge of 1,000 pounds of powder and a shell Modern Chivalry. - Awkward Miss (with | weighing 1,800. Here are vessels fitted out an umbrella)-"Beg pardon!" Polite gentle- with everything human ingenuity can devise man-"Don't mention it. I have another and science supply to preserve the life of friends, and destroy that of enemies; vessels "Clara Johnson says you and I are en which have cost over four million dollars "Sir," it said, in very good English 'I gaged, Ethel," said Chappie. "Clara Johnson each. Here are docks capable of receiving recognize you as an officer of the Foreign always did say every spiteful thing about the largest ships of war, stores sufficient for a fleet for years, a city and its environs so Doubted-"Doyou think your father likes surrounded by fortifications that the eye cannot at first determine where the gun-curtains end and the houses begin. And so Eng-

land is prepared to guard her Mediterranean route to India and the east. Lying moored in Dockwood Creek is the receiving ship Hibernia, with yellow sides, gaping with a hundred port-holes, each in time past harboring a gun, now devoted to Fair Rival. - Jack-"Do you remember the more peaceful object of housing the crews old Lord Gru.nly ?" Maud-"No. He died of men-of-war temporarily hulked. Over her emblamatic of the ship's name, such as the At the Orera. -Mrs. Gushly-" How that | vessels of old were proud to carry and in which they were personified-a fine figure of have the great kindness to blow out my Gushly (cooly)-"How lucky! It will save Neptune holding in his arm the harp of Erin. No contrast could be more quickly and strikingly presented to the eye than this old wooden three-docker affords alongside of one of the modern battle ships, say the

I Love Her.

Why do the birds sing so softly As they flutter to and fro? Why is nature so hushed and still? Because I love her so.

Benbow.

The brook as it flows at my feet, The whispering winds above Are murmuring, murmuring gently-I love her, I love her, my love.

The zephyrs kiss the grasses, And as they gently move They bend their heads and whisper: I love her, I love her, my love.

The sparrows perched around me, The robins chirping above, The humming bees, the whispering wind Are telling of my love.

Who, then, will bear my message? O, spread thy white wings, Dove, And fly with speed and tell her I love her, I love her, my love.

-[M. G. Hall.

Army Suicides in Russia.

Another of those mysterious suicides of army and navy officers which have been causing such sensation of late in the Russian capital took place the other day in the public baths on the Puschkin street, near the Nevsky Prospect. A well-known Captain of the Imperial Horse Guards, M. L-, engaged two rooms there, as if for the purpose of indulging in a Russian bath, but when the attempt to compel the tribes to come in | "Dear ' lo wish I could think of some way attendant offered his services, as is usual in such cases, he refused them and locked himself in. This aroused suspicion, but no further notice was taken of the matter. Ten minutes later a pistol shot was heard and several of the employees rushed up and tried the door, but were unable to effect an entrance. The police were then sent for, and after breaking into the apartment,, M. L. -was found dead in a pool of blood. No papers were found on his person. It is not yet known what documents were found at his lodgings, but the belief is current that this is another political suicide, although it is right to say that this is only a rumor-a very probable one, no doubt, but of which fanned herself till her chin stuck out above there are no positive proofs. The suicide will be announced in the papers.

Strong Henri Toch Killed.

A rival of the "strongest man on earth," named Henri Toch, who was celebrated as an athlete at French and Belgian fairs, has lately met with a fatal accident. He was firing think of it, but I believe there's more a cannon, which he carried on his shoulders, quarreling among the human race than when the gun exploded and killed Toch on the spot The departed mountebank was a great favorite at the Paris Gingerbread Fair which he generally attended in his capacity as a champion wrestler. He invariably threw his opponents, who included a powerful fel low called the "Man with the Iron Mask" and an equally herculean person named Bazin, both of whom had to bite the dust before the formidable biceps of Toch, who, owing to his prowess and muscle, was entitled the

His Litte Compliment,

Boarder-"Did you ever play chess, Mrs.

Landlady-"I never did." "You would make a strong player." (Highly pleased) "Why do you think so,

(Inspecting the hash and the chow-chow) "Your combinations, Mrs. Irons, are simply

A Hard Row to Hoe.

Now the garden is the target For the amateur's attack, But he doesn't very far get Ere a weakness strikes his back, And the druggist is elated At the rade there's to him sent, For at his time there's created Quit a boom in liniment.

TRAGEDY AT ST. HELENA.

Thousands of Tons of Rock Roll Down into Jamestown's Narrow Yalley.

A story comes from Jamestown, the only important village on the famous little island of St. Helena. The town is built along a narrow valley between two elevations that rise several hundred feet above the houses al talk about the expedition undertaken by on either side. The slope on the left of the him for the University of Christiania he town is considerably steeper than that on | said : the other side. One Thursday morning last month, before Jamestown had woke up, a the steep escarpment with frightful impetus. slope. They were crushed like egg shells,

happened. was 108 feet long 25 feet high and 11 feet a hut of palm leaves and lived just as the thick on an average. It tumbled down a natives did. Every night before going to steep hill about 500 feet. Most of the victims | bed I would shoot off one of the pistols. were so badly mangled that they were whol. That seemed to perpetuate the fear they had ly unrecognizable. Ten other persons were of me when I first mingled with them. For badly injured. They were in partially several months the natives were generous crushed buildings at the spot where the roll- and peaceful relations existed between us. ing monster finally stopped.

All the men in the town turned out with picks and shovels, and it took them two cut off their heads and ate the bodies. days, assisted as they were by the sailors from a British man of war, to recover the rescued in the first few hours.

of the British military establishment. One The palms of the hands and the thighs are part of the slope is called Ladder Hill because | considered the most delicate portions. The a very rickety sort of a ladder with 700 rounds | heads are cast away-thrownabout the camp or steps mounts the hill from the village to in every direction. Leeches are the only the fort. It is said to be as much of a spec- things an Australian native will not eat. tacle as any circus acrobatic act to see was with the natives for one year and had though they were walking along a level road. have to subsist on snakes, grubs, lizards, little mansion at Longwood, famous as the over thirty thousand in all Australia. home of Napoleon, and near by is the Valley of the Tomb where his body rested under a group of willows until it was removed to its present resting place under the dome of the Invalides in Paris.

Where is Lord Boyle?

A correspondent writing from Victoria, B. C., says: "I have been making diligent enquiries concerning the fate and whereabouts of Lord Boyle. I have received two letters which in my opinion indicate beyond a doubt that if Boyle is alive he must be somewhere in Alaskan mining districts, but the probability of his being still alive is not very encouraging. The first letter is from W. T. Manning, deputy United States marshal at Juneau, Alaska, dated May 12, and in answer to one I had sent to him requesting him to send me whatever details he may be in possession of regarding Boyle. He says the lord was there a year ago, and is supposed to have gone to the Yukon river, one thousand miles north of there, some Christians of having fired the city. This miners who came from there having heard of Boyle mining in that district and making which many perished by terrible and hitherplenty of money. Mr. Manning said he was to unheard-of deaths. The Christian conunable to learn whether he was still there or whether he had gone sonth by way of the mouth of the Yukon. The second letter is from Mr. Edward C.

Gardner, of Sitka, which I received the same day as the others. It is as follows: about Viscount Boyle, the rich lord who get in among some bands of Indians for the ately vanished. winter months just past he is dead. It was at the beginning of September that I last saw him. He was then with three other men who had formed a party to leave Kingsford down to Sitka for the rest of the winter. His stated. oompanions were James Keast, of Omaha; Richard P. Winter, of the same city, and James Hartley, of Regina, North-west Territory, who, I believe, came up to Alaska with Boyle last year. Nothing has since been heard, to my knowledge, of the whereabouts of any of the four men, except Keast, and although Keast was heard from some four weeks after they started by miners with him. "Both Keast and Winter were exis the only hope entertained that they may aged somehow to sail back and get down to the mouth of the Yukon in some craft of their own making, but even if that were the case they should have been heard from by this time. Boyle was commonly supposed to be making a lot of money and was undoubtedly always spending a good deal in the townships. He spoke a great deal about the prospects and expectations that he had voluntarily abandoned by (as he expressed it) burying himself alive and cutting off all connection with his family. He was very proud, however, of his title, and never lost

what he was.'

an opportunity of telling people who and

Asylum had such a romantic career as Flavia his dearest wish was to ride across the des-Raymond, one of the inmates of the furious ert on the back of a camel. He thought ward, who perished in the flames. She was such a ride must be very poetical indeed. a Canadian by birth, and in early youth "My dear young friend," replied the explormarried a travelling acrobat named Ray- er, "I can tell you how you can get a partimond, who was well known throughout al idea of what riding a camel on the deserts Canada. The young wife soon embraced of Africa is like. Takean office-stool, screw her husband's profession, and together they it up as high as possible, and put it into a used to do a trapeze act which gained them | waggon without any springs ; then seat both remunerative positions in Barnum's yourself on the stool, and have it driven circus. While performing in some Pennsyl- over rocky and uneven ground during the vania town the trapeze on which the Ray- hottest weather of July or August, after monds were performing broke, and, the you have not had anything to eat or drink acrobats being thrown to the ground, Ray- for twenty-four hours, and then you will get mond's neck was broken, and he died. The a faint idea of how delightfully poetic it is wife lost her reason, and was sent to Longue to ride on a camel in the wilds of Africa." Pointe. After remaining there a year or so, she was discharged apparently cured. A few months elapsed, and she again presented herself at the asylum, asking to be readmitted. Since then she has been discharged felt the attack of her affliction coming on. him."

AUSTRALIAN CANNIBALS.

They Are Now the Lowest Species of Humanity in the World.

Carl Lumboltz, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Christiania, Norway, is one of the first white men who ever lived among the Australian natives. In a gener-

"At the present time the Australian natives are the lowest known species of humangreat mass of rock, weighing thousands of ity. They have little or no reasoning factons, became detached from the upper part | ulties, and their only idea of a higher power of this west or left-hand slope, and rolled down is gained through fear. They are chocolate colored, wear no clothing, and their wea-In the path of the rolling mass were two houses, pons are crudely made from wood. I was built just a little way up the side of the possessed by two things which protected me during my sojurn with the savages. They and nine persons, who were sleeping in their | were deadly afraid of my revolvers and they beds, were sent to death in an instant. It would make every sacrifice for some of my is not likely that one of the victims ever tobacco. To pistols and tobacco is due my realized for a moment that anything had success among the wild men. I first went to the northwestern part of the territory, where The mass of rock that overwhelmed them | no white man had ever been before. I made I will never forget the first time they dragged in some captives from a rival tribe and

"The natives have no religious scruples. They like human flesh better than anything bodies of the killed, though the injured were else. Men, women and children partake of the food with great relish. They seldom On the top of this slope are the buildings eat a white man or one of their own tribe. women from the interior with heavy baskets | plenty of time to learn their manners and of vegetables balanced on their heads de- customs. I might have cultivated a taste scend this ladder as erect and easily as for rival savages, but it was bad enough to At the top of this same hill is the road that grasshoppers and roots. The natives are winds around among the mountains to the fast dying off. I hardly think there are

Foot-Prints of Our Lord

In the Church of Domine Quo Vadis, Rome, carefully preserved under a plate glass, bellshaped dome, three and a half feet high and four feet in diameter across the bottom, may be seen the last foot-prints made by Jesus on this earth; those made by Him the night He appeared to Peter when the latter was leaving Rome in hot haste on account of Nero's persecutions of the Christians. A. J. C. Hare in his "Walks in Rome," says (p. 267): "The foot-prints kept enshrined in the Church of Domine Quo Vadis are only copies of those said to have been left here by our Saviour, the originals having been removed to S. Sebastians.

St. Ambrose is the author of the story concerning the circumstances under which the celebrated foot-prints were made; a story quite interesting, whether fact or fiction. I quote from Mrs. Jameson: "After the burning of Rome, Nero accused the was the origin of the first persecution, in verts be sought Peter not to expose his life, and he started to leave the city. As he fled along the Appian Way, about two miles from the gates, he was met by a vision of, our Saviour traveling towards the city. Struck with amazement, Peter exclaimed: I hear that you are making enquiries 'Lord, whither goest Thou?' (Domine quo Vadis ?) to which Jesus, looking upon him was in the country mining. I knew him very with a mild sadness, replied: 'I go to Rome well, and I believe now that if he did not to be crucified a second time,' and immedi-

Peter, taking this as a sign that he was to submit himself to all manner of suffering for the sake of his religion, retraced his steps to the city. He told the story of Crossing, 1,500 miles from the mouth of the meeting with Jesus at the divide in the Yukon, and ascend the river mining for roads. Some of the fai hful repaired to the alluvial and nuggets for six weeks, and then spot, cut out of the damp clay the holy intending to return to Kingstone, and come foot-prints, and preserved them as above

Fertilizing in Midsummer.

The advice is sometimes given to divide the manure for Summer crops, applying a part early to give the plants a start, and the remainder at a later date to bring them to maturity. This advice is based on a theory that manures waste in the soil other coming into camp who had passed him, yet than as they are used by plants. This is a they state that he was quite alone and never | mistake. There is no place where barnyard told them anything about having had a party | manure can be kept through the Summer with less chance for waste than in the soil. perienced miners and thorough explorers, this | If it ferments then its volatile properties are absorbed and retained. Not only is yet be safe among the Indians. They could | this the case, but the contact of manure not possibly have survived last winter's cold with the soil benefits it another way, by without having substantial shelter, such as making soluble particles that the roots old Indian tribes in the region could afford | could not otherwise use. Every cultivation them. It is possible, but extremely unlike- of soil in which manure is placed increases ly that Lord Boyle and his companions man. the benefit from it. The nearest to double manuring that we have ever thought profitable was a double application of gypsum to clover, once early, and again after the first crop is removed. Gypsum is not exactly a fertilizer. It draws moisture and may help to fix ammonia. Therefore several applications in the season may be more advantageous than one. Some good farmers hold to this belief in applying gypsum to clover and

Destroying the Illusion.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer, was once the guest of a rich Hamburg merchant. The merchant's son, a One Victim of the Longue Pointe Tragedy. young man of a somewhat sentimental tem-Few of the inmates of the Longue Pointe perament, said, among other things, that

Laughter to Match.

Dumpsey-"What called out that hoarse laugh from Blobson, I should like to know?" and readmitted half a dozen times, always | Popinjay-"Oh, I suppose it was a horsecoming back of her own accord when she chestnut that Ponsonby was getting off to