

The Modern Gladiator.

A song of sluggers—
A belly full of guff,
Every pugilist on eart'
Talkin' fur de stuff,
When dere wind's exhausted
Dere will be a pause—
Isn't it a lovely sight?
Scrappin' wid dere jaws!

MARIE, THE BEGGAR GIRL.

During the "Reign of Terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed, even by women, and many noble examples of affection exhibited.

The very streets of Paris were deluged with human blood, but near the guillotine it ran in gushing torrents.

One dark morning an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth, and countless heads rolled from the block.

A gaping multitude stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude, that dreary morning, were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her, with which she kept her features nearly concealed.

But a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping.

Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a shudder passed over her frame as each shock of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the leaders.

The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen or eighteen years of age.

The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there



"WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME RICH."

was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell she would dance, and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaim:

"There falls another aristocrat, who refused me charity when I humbly sued to him!"

Each expression of the kind would create a laugh from those who heard her. But any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have become so depraved.

The first female watched this creature a few moments, and then pressing her way to her side, she laid her hand upon the shoulder of the wretch, and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh, and then replied:

"Of course I would."

"Follow me, and you shall be."

"Enough. Lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd: but they did so at length, and then the first female asked of the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh! I'm called the Beggar-Girl Marie."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes; but what's your name, and what do you want?"

"My name is Marie, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"It does not matter. If you know where we can find a room, lead me to it, and you shall have gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow and filthy street, then down into a cellar and into a dark and filthy room.

The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained she asked:

"Are you well-known in Paris?"

"Yes. Everybody knows Marie the Beggar-Girl."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to consent to remain here, and not to show yourself at all for a short time or until I come to you again. As recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs, and when I come back I will give you a thousand more. As security for my return take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger, and gave it to the beggar girl. Then she handed her a purse containing gold.

The girl appeared a little puzzled, and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on, and go where I first met you."

"Oh, I understand now. You want to see the chopping go on, and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me?"

"Yes. I want to look as near like you as possible."

"Well, that won't be very difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth, are like mine. Your face is too white, though. But you can alter that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes was clad in the rags of Marie the Beggar-Girl of Paris.

The history of Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had been victims to the remorseless fiends of the Revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her side but a few hours before.

After the exchange had been made the pauper looked on the stockingless and shoeless feet and ankles of the lady, and said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few moments Marie was prepared, and in the filth and rags she emerged into the street.

She now took her course back towards the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on.

Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold.

She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but those laughs sounded strangely.

She now stood within a few feet of the platform, and swept it with her eyes, but her brother was not there.

The cry was now raised:

"Here comes another batch."

Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed man approaching.

Her brother walked proudly and fearlessly forward and ascended the very steps which led to the block.

Up to this moment the strength of poor Marie had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution.

But now a sister's love swelled up in her breast and she recovered her strength.

She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guards, and ran up the steps.

Grasping her brother by the hand she cried:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocrats that are to die."

"Away, woman," exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No; I will not away until you tell me why my brother is here and thus bound."

"Your brother?" was the echo.

"Yes, this is my brother."

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Marie; don't you know me?"

"The beggar-girl?"

"Ay."

"But this is not your brother?"

"It is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful gaze upon the maiden, but a light passed across his face and he murmured:

"Oh, my sister!"

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed beggar, advancing near her.

"It is."

"But his name is down differently."

"Then you are mistaken. He is my brother. Ask him."

"Does Marie speak the truth?" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"And you are not De Nantes?"

"I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell us this before?"

"I attempted to speak, but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me."

"But your dress?"

"It belonged to an aristocrat. Perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes, and gazed earnestly into his face. Then he approached Marie, and looked steadily in her eyes for a short time.

It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend whose word was law, turned and said:

"Release the man."

The chains were instantly removed and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while the shouts of those around rent the air, for they supposed it was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Marie.

They had scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings.

The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again. She will be safe there."

"IT IS MY BROTHER."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper, and asked of her:

"Have you seen the female before?"

"Yes. I know all about it," returned the pauper. "She borrowed my clothes to save her lover. She has done it, and I am glad."

Before the noble sister returned to consciousness the brother had learned all.

When she did so they both sought secure quarters, after rewarding the beggar girl as had been promised.

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes.

"I think not," returned the brother.

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan. He admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case. But if so, it was a deed of mercy, and the only one that man ever did."

"You are right."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested, and lived happily with that sister who had so nobly imperilled her own life to save him by representing the "Beggard-Girl of Paris."

The immediate construction of the Hudson's Bay railway is said to be assured.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Warwick, England, has just chosen the Earl of Warwick to be its mayor for the coming year.

At Wells, in Upper Austria, natural gas fit for illuminating and heating has been discovered.

Two thousand frogs were recently imported into England by the Duke of Bedford to clear his ponds of parasites.

The world moves. A bill granting liberty of worship to all religious denominations has just been passed by the House of the Magnates in Hungary.

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, has just lost her last surviving son. Though a chronic invalid he held the place of sub-librarian at Windsor Castle, and wrote for the Spectator and other literary papers.

Charles Dickens' Gadshill collection of forty-eight prints by Hogarth, which he left by will to the late Edmund Yates, was recently sold at Brighton for \$1,150 in the auction sale of Yates' personal effects.

Tennyson's biography, now being prepared by his son, will not be ready for two or three years. A great deal of material has had to be sifted and arranged, including 50,000 letters, many of which have been lent.

Two guinea-pigs were born at Oxford recently, each of them with a well-marked droop of the left upper eyelid. They were the offspring of parents in whom the defect had been produced artificially to test the theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics.

A "tell-tale" milk jug has just been devised in England. It is a glass measure, graduated at every quarter pint. Below the pint and half pint marks three lines are etched showing the thickness of cream which should appear in milk of average quality, in good and in very good milk, thus measuring both quantity and quality.

Serum for the treatment of diphtheria has been obtained so far in France from old hack horses. The French Government now proposes to give the Pasteur Institute the first choice in the selection of horses condemned as no longer fit for the French cavalry service, the price to be paid being the average price of the other animals sold.

To repress drunkenness the Governor of St. Petersburg has just ordered that the names and addresses of all persons found intoxicated in the streets, regardless of rank or sex shall be posted in certain public places in the city and also printed in the Official Gazette. Fifty years ago they were compelled to sweep the streets for a number of hours, under the eye of the police.

A clergyman was recently explaining to the Crown Prince of Germany, who is 12 years old now, that all men were sinners, says the Ave Maria, whereupon the little fellow asked him if his father, the Emperor, was not an exception to the rule. "No, he is not," answered the clergyman; "the Kaiser is a sinner like every other mortal." "Well, I'm sure of one thing," said the little prince, "and that is that my mother is no sinner."

The Blake, the flagship of the British North Atlantic squadron, is to return to England early next spring, after an absence of three years. Her place will be taken by the Crescent, now in Australia. The Blake has not realized expectation. Her machinery gave trouble during her trials, and has not worked as smoothly as it should while she has been in commission.

In 1869, the year of the opening of the Suez Canal, the tonnage of ships entered at Hong Kong was 2,500,000; three years later it had risen to 3,800,000; last year it was 7,177,025; the total tonnage entered and cleared being 14,349,122. This places Hong Kong first in the lists of the ports of the British empire, though London and Liverpool run it pretty close. Fifty years ago, when ceded to England by the treaty of Nankin in 1842, it was a desolate island.

Mr. Mohun, the American Consular Agent to the Congo Free State, who recently brought to Belgium the details of Emin Pasha's assassination, explored the unknown stretch of the Congo, from Kassongo to Ankor, at the junction of the Luapula, a distance of 135 kilometres for 110 of which the river is impracticable for navigation owing to the rapids. In some parts the banks rise to a height of 1,000 to 1,200 metres. In one place the river narrows to 90 metres, rushing through great rocks of black granite, while giant needles of quartz rise from the bed of the stream. This place was named Hell Gate. Above the river becomes once more navigable. Mr. Mohun succeeded in reaching the junction with the Lukuga, which flows out of Lake Tanganyika, which had not been done before.

Not To-day.

An English lady, travelling in New Zealand, waxed enthusiastic over the beauties of the country, especially in its mountainous parts. She tells a funny little story about the sharp-witted driver of the public coach in which she made some of her expeditions.

At one point, where the steep road overhangs the river, Davis, the driver, always took the opportunity to lighten the load for his horses.

"Gentlemen," he would say, in an insinuating tone, "the Prince of Wales always gets out and walks here." It is to be presumed that he had usually found his "fares" quite ready to follow in the footsteps of so distinguished a predecessor, but one day a man, who had already heard the speech more than once, stole a march upon the wily Davis. The ground was wet, and the passenger was not in a mood for climbing; so as they approached the spot, he anticipated the driver's hint by remarking:

"Davis the Prince of Wales isn't going to walk to-day."

A Fool Man.

Husband—"Now, what is the use of buying that silver plated trash for a wedding-present? Why not send her something useful?"

Wife—"Huh! I suppose you'd like me to send her a cook-stove and a slop-jar and a dish-pan. They'd look well on the piano, with our cards attached, wouldn't they?"

The Methodists now own three heathen temples in Pekin, China.

ROMANCE OF A ROBBER.

His Wanderings After the Crime as Interesting as a Gaboriau Tale.

To find, after toiling for a lifetime to save up a provision against old age, that the little fortune has been stolen is a catastrophe that may well awaken sympathy for the victims. In Paris (says our correspondent there) a small shopkeeper named Lepicier and his wife were about to retire from business in 1891 and live on the interest of £2,800 saved franc by franc, when on returning home after a Sunday out in the country they found that the nest-egg, consisting of bonds, had been stolen. Mme. Lepicier went out of her mind, and her husband, notwithstanding his great age, was compelled to go back to work, and without any prospect of retirement or even ease. The police in course of time learned that the stolen debentures had been negotiated by one Colery, living at Melun, and a man called Dietrich, alias Ducacness, alias Darioux, et., of Zurich, Dietrich had disappeared without leaving traces.

The police were more lucky with Colery. The story of his adventures and wandering, is as romantic as any chapter of Gaboriau. Learning that the police were on his tracks he successively took the names of Leblance, Martin, Cordier and Saffrey and travelled all over Europe. His real name was ascertained to be Beliard, under which he had opened a bank La Banque Intermediaire, in the Rue Saint Marc. I remember it well. It had all the character of those bucket-shops which grew like mushrooms around the Paris Bourse. I remember one of his prospectuses, in which he invited investments from five francs upward to undertake time operations at the Bourse. Beliard lived with his wife, "La Grande Henriette," as she was nicknamed, in a sumptuous flat in the Rue Colbert. Henriette enjoyed an unenviable notoriety in the district, Beliard and his wife, who had disappeared, were tried by default for the robbery at Lepicier's and were sentenced each to thirty years' penal servitude. They received another sentence of twenty years for other robberies. Beliard learned of those sentences through the papers. He took refuge in America, where he became attorney's clerk, commission agent, victualler and household remover.

Later on, in Brazil, he made a fortune, in sugar plantations, having at one time 1,000 men under him. He was noted in Brazil for his generosity. He squandered his fortune, was ruined, returned to France, and passing himself off as an officer, swindled right and left. He set up as a trainer under the name of Henri Cler and ran a horse, Bel Espoir, on suburban race-courses. He made some money, kept a fine apartment in Paris and a villa at the seaside in Normandy. He fancied himself at last secure from the police and rode out in the Bois de Boulogne. He was recognized there the other day and was arrested.

MANY UNKNOWN WOODS.

Some of Rare Beauty That Are Valuable. Many of the finest woods in existence are yet unknown, or only slightly known, to the manufacturers of wood in the civilized world. The woods of Central and South America are, perhaps, the most remarkable, as well as the least known. In the yet untouched forests of this continent are many woods far finer than any of those now in use.

These woods range from pure white to jet black in color, and many of them are most beautifully marked and veined. Some of them are so hard that they turn the edges of axes, chisels and other tools, while the band saw cuts them only slowly.

In the Columbian Exposition there were many displays of little-known woods, and the finest of them were those from the Argentine Republic, Brazil and other South American countries. Some of these Southern woods yielded to the teeth of the band saw, not the ordinary sawdust, but fine powder, fine as the finest flour, so hard were the woods, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Some of them burnt but slowly. Others possess qualities that keep them free from insects. Some of them seem to be practically indestructible by air and water.

All along the eastern slopes of the Andes, up to the snow line on those great elevations, throughout all the great river valleys and in some of the wide areas of level country in South America are great forests of fine woods that are especially fit for the fine cabinet and furniture work and also for ship-building, carpentry and other industrial arts in which wood is the "raw material." These great forests are now an unknown quantity in the commercial world, but they will come rapidly into the knowledge of men and into industrial use when once the railroad has reached them. Before many years, it is safe to predict, the South American and Central American Republics will be threaded by railroads, and then those wonderful woods will be drawn upon in supplying the demand for new and fine woods in all the civilized countries.

His Explanation.



Miss Morgan—"How charmingly Mr. Allen talks. There seems to be no subject that he is not informed on."

Paddington (who is madly jealous)—"He says he inherited the gift; his ancestors were barbers, you know."

Two Merits.

The Hibernian gift for courteous speech was seldom better displayed than by a certain Irish boarder.

His landlady, a "pleasant-spoken" body, had poured him a cup of tea, and presently inquired if it was all right.

"It's jist to my taste, Mrs. Hallahan," said the boarder—"wake and cawid, jist as I loike it."

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Thimbles made of lava are used in Naples. The greatest salt mine is Wieliczki, near Carcow.

There is still an army of chimney sweeps in England.

Great Britain has 5,968 vessels engaged in the foreign trade.

In Italy 30 persons out of 10,000 die by the assassin's knife.

Indians comprise about one-half of Mexico's population.

The caliph of Khartoum has 700 watches and not one of them goes.

The London Times reaps \$45,000 a year by its births, marriages and death columns.

Australia has more places of public worship in proportion to population than any other country.

Some Chinese and many Africans use the ear as a pocket to carry coins and other small articles.

All Saints' church in Sedlitz, Bohemia, contains a chandelier made entirely out of human bones.

A new Government tax of one mark on each cat kept as a house pet has been imposed in Dresden.

The crows of Ceylon are protected by the people because they purify the atmosphere by acting as scavengers.

The national hymn of China is so long that the singing of it occupies half a day. Very few people care about listening to it a second time.

According to the Commander-in-Chief of India 50,000 out of 70,000 men composing the army have been sent to the hospitals within two years.

The flesh of forest rats is esteemed a culinary delicacy in parts of Cuba. Their main article of diet is Brazil nuts, which imparts a good flavor to them.

The Japanese have three different forms of salutation. One is for saluting an inferior, one for saluting an equal, and another for saluting a superior.

A peculiar disease of the will is more common in France than in any other country. The sufferer is unable to cross any open space like the city square.

Types are not used in printing Persian newspapers. The "copy" is given to an expert penman, who writes it out neatly. Then his work is lithographed.

Alexandra, Princess of Wales, is at her most winning best when she visits the sick and sorrowing in hospitals, and she is especially gentle to little children.

The late president of the Argentine Republic, Dr. Pellegrini, is now a partner in a firm of auctioneers, while the ex-minister of finance is very appropriately a money lender.

Tea culture in British India and Ceylon has proved quite successful from a cultural point of view, but its commercial success depends upon increased markets for the product.

Lord Duce has just sent a check for £500 to the Gloucestershire Infirmary, saying that his will contains that bequest, but that he preferred to save the charges made by the State.

The Chinese value an old pair of boots which have been worn by an upright magistrate, and the custom of wishing a friend a "happy foot" is still observed all through Europe.

M. Vuillot, the "cannon man," who gained celebrity in Paris and elsewhere by catching cannon balls as they were discharged at him from a large gun, is one of the deputies elected to the new chamber.

The Emperor of Japan is described as a very intelligent-looking man of forty years. His blood is the oldest of any ruling power in the world, descending in an unbroken line from the first Mikado, 660 B. C.

Gustav Wiliach, a Berlin shopkeeper, was fined twenty dollars by a police court two weeks ago for having called a telephone girl who kept him waiting fifteen minutes "a miserable, brazen-faced woman."

Every passenger landed in a French port from a steam vessel coming from a European port, by a decree just issued, is to pay a tax of fifty centimes (ten cents); from any other part of the world he pays a franc.

A disease peculiar to Japan is known as kakke, which is thought to be the result of a rice diet. The disease is a slow degeneration of the nervous system and steadily increasing weakness of the patient.

Three raspberry canes in the gardens of the London Horticultural Society were grown from seeds found in the stomach of a man whose skeleton was dug up from one of the old burial mounds in North Britain.

The war news of the hostilities between China and Japan is costing the newspapers of England a large amount of money. Every word telegraphed from China costs seven shillings and sixpence, and from Japan half a guinea.

The Rothschilds smoke the most costly cigars that are made—the "Henry Clay Sobranos," which cost nearly five shillings. These are wrapped in gold leaf and packed in little inlaid cedar-wood cabinets. These millionaire princes buy three cabinets at a time containing 42,000 cigars.

The Royal Road.