

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

"Monsieur Gerard appears to be a little puffed up," said he. "He is too young to see things in their just proportion. As he grows older he may understand that it is not always very discreet for a subaltern of cavalry to give such very abrupt refusals."

I did not know what to say to this, but Lasalle came to my aid in his down-right fashion.

"The lad is quite right," said he. "If I had known that there was a promise I should not have questioned him. You know very well, Monsieur de Talleyrand, that if he had answered you, you would have laughed in your sleeve and thought as much about him as I think of the bottle when the burgundy is gone. As for me, I promise you that the Tenth would have had no room for him, and that we should have lost our best swordsman if I had heard him give up the Emperor's secret."

But the statesman became only the more bitter when he saw that I had the support of my Colonel.

"I have heard, Colonel de Lasalle," said he, with an icy dignity, "that your opinion is of great weight upon the subject of light cavalry. Should I have occasion to seek information about that branch of the army, I shall be very happy to apply to you. At present, however, the matter concerns diplomacy, and you will permit me to form my own views upon that question. As long as the welfare of France and the safety of the Emperor's person are largely committed to my care, I will use every means in my power to secure them, even if it should be against the Emperor's own temporary wishes. I have the honour, Colonel de Lasalle, to wish you a very good-day!"

He shot a most unamiable glance in my direction, and, turning upon his heel, he walked with little, quick, noiseless steps out of the room.

I could see from Lasalle's face that he did not at all relish finding himself in enmity with the powerful Minister. He rapped out an oath or two, and then, catching up his sabre and his cap, he clattered away down the stairs. As I looked out of the window I saw the two of them, the big blue man and the little black one, going up the street together. Talleyrand was walking very rigidly, and Lasalle was waving his hands and talking, so I supposed that he was trying to make his peace.

The Emperor had told me not to think, and I endeavored to obey him. I took up the cards from the table where Morat had left them, and I tried to work out a few combinations at ecarte. But I could not remember which were trumps, and I threw them under the table in despair. Then I drew my sabre and practised giving point until I was weary, but it was all of no use at all. My mind would work, in spite of myself. At ten o'clock I was to meet the Emperor in forest. Of all extraordinary combinations of events in the whole world, surely this was the last which would have occurred to me when I rose from my couch that morning. But the responsibility—the dreadful responsibility! It was all upon my shoulders. There was no one to help me with me. It made me cold all over. Often as I have faced death upon the battlefield, I have never known what real fear was until that moment. But then I considered that after all I could do my best like a brave and honorable gentleman, and above all obey the orders which I had received, to the very letter. And, if all went well, this would surely be the foundation of my fortunes. Thus, swaying between my fears and my hopes, I spent the long, long evening until it was time for me to keep my appointment.

I put on my military overcoat, as I did not know how much of the night I might have to spend in the woods, and I fastened my sword outside it. I pulled off my hussar boots also gaiters, that I might be lighter upon my feet. Then I stole out of my quarters and made for the forest, feeling very much easier in my mind, for I am always at my best when the time of thought has passed and the moment for action arrived.

I passed the barracks of the Chasseurs of the Guards, and the line of cafes all filled with uniforms. I caught a glimpse as I went by of the blue and gold of some of my comrades, amid the swart of dark infantry coats and the light green of the Guides. There they sat, sipping their wine and smoking their cigars, little dreaming what their comrade had on hand. One of them, the chief of my squadron, caught sight of me in the lamplight, and came shouting after me into the street. I hurried on, however, pretending not to hear him, so he, with a curse at my deafness, went back at last to his wine bottle.

It is not very hard to get into the forest at Fontainebleau. The scattered trees steal their way into the very streets, like the tirailleurs in front of a column. I turned into a path, which led to the edge of the woods, and then I pushed rapidly forward towards the old fir-tree. It was a place which, as I have hinted, I had my own reasons for knowing well, and I could only thank the Fates that it was not one of the nights upon which Leonie would be waiting for me. The poor child would have died of terror at the sight of the Emperor. He might have been too harsh with her—and worse still, he might have been too kind.

There was a half moon shining, and as I came up to our trysting-place, I saw that I was not the first to arrive. The Emperor was pacing up and down, his hands behind him and his face sunk somewhat forward upon his breast. He wore a grey great-coat with a capote over his head. I had seen him in such a dress in our winter campaign in Poland, and it was said that he used it because the hood was such an excellent disguise. He was always found whether in the camp or in Paris, of walking round at night, and overhearing the talk in the cabarets or round the fires. His figure, however, and his way of carrying his head and his hands, were so well known that he was always recognized, and then the talkers would just say whatever they thought would please him best.

My first thought was that he would be angry with me for having kept him waiting, but as I approached him, we heard the big church clock of Fontainebleau clang out the hour of ten. It was evident, therefore, that it was he who was too soon and not I too late. I remembered his order that I should make no remark, so contented myself with halting within four paces of him, clicking my spurs together, grounding my sabre, and saluting. He glanced at me, and then without a word he turned and walked slowly through the forest, I keeping always about the same distance behind him. Once or twice he seemed to me to look apprehensively to right and to left, as if he feared that someone was observing us. I looked also, but although I have keenest sight, it was quite impossible to see anything except the ragged patches of moonshine between the great black shadows of the trees. My ears are as quick as my eyes, and once or twice I thought I heard a twig crack; but you know how many sounds there are in a forest at night, and how difficult it is even to say what direction they come from.

We walked for rather more than a mile, and I knew exactly what our destination was, long before we got there. In the centre of one of the glades there is the shattered stump of what must at some time have been a most gigantic tree. It is called the Abbot's Beech, and there are so many ghostly stories about it, that I know many a brave soldier who would not care about mounting sentinel over it. However, I cared as little for such fables as the Emperor did, so we crossed the glade and made straight for the old broken trunk. As we approached, I saw that two men were waiting for us beneath it.

When I first caught sight of them they were standing rather behind it, as if they were not anxious to be seen, but as we came nearer they emerged from its shadow and walked forward to meet us. The Emperor glanced back at me, and slackened his pace a little, so that I came within arm's length of him. You may think that I had my hit well to the front, and that I had a very good look at these two people who were approaching us. The one was tall, remarkably so, and of a very spare frame, while the other was rather below the usual height, and had a brisk, determined way of walking. They each wore black cloaks, which were slung right across their figures, and hung down upon one side, like the mantles of Murat's dragoons. They had flat black caps, like those which I have seen since in Spain, which threw their faces into darkness, though I could see the gleam of their eyes from beneath them. With the moon behind them and their long black shadows walking in front, they were such figures as one might expect to meet at night near the Abbot's Beech. I can remember that they had a stealthy way of moving, and that as they approached, the moonshine formed two white diamonds between their legs and the legs of their shadows.

The Emperor had paused, and these two strangers came to a stand also within a few paces of us. I had drawn up close to my companion's elbow, so that the four of us were facing each other without a word spoken. My eyes were particularly fixed upon the taller one, because he was slightly nearer to me, and I became certain as I watched him that he was in the last state of nervousness. His lean figure was quivering all over, and I heard a quick, thin panting like that of a tired dog. Suddenly one of them gave a short, hissing signal. The tall man bent his back and his knees like a diver about to spring, but before he could move, I had jumped with drawn sabre in front of him. At the same instant the smaller man bounded past me, and buried a long poniard in the Emperor's heart!

My God! the horror of that moment! It is a marvel that I did not drop dead myself. As in a dream, I saw the grey coat whirl convulsively round, and caught a glimpse in the moonlight of three inches of red point which jutted out from between the shoulders. Then down he fell with a dead man's gasp upon the grass, and the assassin, leaving his weapon buried in his victim, threw up both his hands and shrieked with joy. But I—I drove my sword through his midriff with such frantic force, that the mere blow of the hilt against the end of his breast-bones sent him six paces before he fell, and left my reeking blade ready for the other. I sprang round upon him with such a lust for blood upon me as I had never felt, and never have felt, in all my days. As I turned, a dagger flashed before my eyes, and I felt the cold wind of it pass my neck and the villain's wrist jar upon my shoulder. I shortened my sword, but he winced away from me, and an instant afterwards was in full flight, bounding like a deer across the glade in the moonlight.

But he was not to escape me thus. I knew that the murderer's poniard had done its work. Young as I was, I had seen enough of war to know a mortal blow. I paused but for an instant to touch the cold hand.

"Sire! Sire!" I cried, in an agony; and then as no sound came back and nothing moved, save an ever-widening dark circle in the moonlight, I knew that all was indeed over. I sprang madly to my feet, threw off my great-coat, and ran at the top of my speed after the remaining assassin.

Ah, how I blessed the wisdom which had caused me to come in shoes and gaiters! And the happy thought which had thrown off my coat. He could not get rid of his mantle, this wretch or else he was too frightened to think of it. So it was that I gained upon him from the beginning. He must have been out of his wits, for he never tried to bury himself in the darker parts of the woods, but he flew on from glade to glade, until he came to the heath-land which leads up to the great Fontainebleau quarry. There I had him in full sight, and knew that he could not escape me. He ran well, it is true—ran as a coward runs when his life is the stake. But I ran as Destiny runs when it gets behind a man's heels. Yard by yard I drew in upon him. He was rolling and staggering. I could hear the rasping and clacking of his breath. The great gulf of the quarry suddenly yawned in front of his path, and glancing at me over his shoulder, he gave a shriek of despair. The next instant he had vanished from my sight.

Vanished utterly, you understand. I rushed to the spot, and gazed down into the black abyss. Had he hurled himself over? I had almost made up my mind that he had done so, when a gentle sound rising and falling came out of the darkness beneath

me. It was his breathing once more, and it showed me where he must be. He was hiding in the tool-house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NATIVE DANCE AT BULUWAYO.

Description of Some African Terpsichorean Orgies.

A correspondent in South Africa writes describing a visit he paid to Buluwayo. During his stay in that town the native commissioner, Mr. J. Colenbrander, sent an invitation to the various adjoining chiefs to bring in their men and hold a big dance in his compound, near this town, for the benefit of the ladies and other visitors.

Owing to the shortness of the notice, and the fact that the shortpox was raging among many of the kraals, only a few came in; but enough were present, including women and girls—to give an idea of what a native dance was like.

When all was ready first came two splendidly made Matabele warriors, of pure blood, dressed up fully in war costume, with ostrich feather headresses and shoulder capes, skin waist dresses, armlets and leglets, shield, assegais and battle-axe, who went through an imitation battle, accompanying their easily understood actions with war cries, shouts and horrible noises.

After this groups of natives, in every variety of native costume, with particular turbans and waist-belts of spotted calico or limbo, as it is termed out here—mixing somewhat incongruously with the more purely native portions of their dress—started dancing in separate groups, with only sticks and knobkerries in their hands, chanting meanwhile very melodiously a rather plaintive song and chorus, to the effect that they all wished the old times back again.

The dance lasted over an hour, and the scene at the finish, when each excited group had tried to outvie the others, was very wild and impressive, though to many of the onlookers there was something pathetic in the contrast between the dependent position of the men then dancing before them that day and what they were only a few short months ago.

As an encouragement to the men—for the dusky warriors are only men like ourselves, and always do better in front of their wives and sweethearts—the native women and children started a funny kind of dance and song among themselves on one side, stamping alternately with each foot, and swaying their bodies about in the most extraordinary manner, to the most unpleasant music of rattles, which were fixed to their ankles, and the beating of sticks, one of which they held in each hand.

Some of the married ones held their little black, glistening babies slung in a skin on their backs, and the tiny urchins seemed to quite enjoy the dance themselves as much as their elders. At the conclusion the whole lot of natives had several oxen killed for their refreshment; and the native commissioner and his servants looked well after the bodily welfare of chiefs and men alike.

BICYCLES NOW AND NEXT YEAR.

The Wheel of the Future May be of Wood—All Sorts of Prophecies, but Little Beyond Conjecture.

The flood of inventions that is being poured into the bicycle market is almost unprecedented. Bicycle tires, gears, lamps, stands and every part of a bicycle have been used as a basis of experiment. A clever Canadian offered to a manufacturer a neat and practicable little device to make bicycles stand. It could, he said, be carried on every wheel, and he wanted a royalty. He was met by the response that bicyclists were stripping their wheels of every ounce of superfluous weight, and that in the struggle for lightness many men went so far as to leave the tool bags off their wheels, and in case of breakdowns on the road they depended on kindly disposed bicyclists who carry theirs along. Several devices have been invented for facilitating the manufacture of wheels. It is said that the woman's machine is a difficult thing for the maker to produce and keep up to date, for the reason that the improvements are being made at a rapid rate, the needs of the woman bicyclist being better understood. Saddles are turned out at a terrific rate by a new machine. One machine cuts the leather into assorted sizes. These are passed into another machine, and when they appear again they are complete. The hub, washers, spoke nipples and all the other small parts are handled separately by skilled men. One authority maintains that the wheel of the future will be of wood, and believes that the hickory bicycle will lead all others in popular favor. There are all sorts of prophecies as to next year's bicycles, but so far there is little beyond conjecture. What is announced is that the wheel will be heavier by a few pounds and vastly stronger. The tendency is to reaction against the lightness and flimsiness of wheels that can not stand wear and tear. It is also said that the wheels will have a greater diameter, and the tire will be about one-half larger than that now in use. This increase in the size of the tire will be mainly in the thickness of the rubber tubing, which will lessen the liability to puncture; six-ply rubber will not tear as readily as two or three-ply. Makers are looking to expand their skill on lessening friction and increasing speed. Although the coming wheel is to be heavier, it will probably carry a rider much farther upon a like expenditure of physical energy than the wheel of to-day, and more safely. A large Western syndicate is to put wheels on the market next year for \$30 each. This cheap wheel will increase the number of riders, for many persons will buy it, and thus become prospective purchasers of a wheel that will last, who would not learn to ride for many years yet if they were compelled to pay standard prices.

THE FARM.

Fall Seeding for Pasture.

The early drought that has prevailed over many sections and the failure of clover and grass seed sown has placed many farmers in seriously close places as regards pasture. Permanent pastures show failing spots and have not yielded their usual amount of forage. Now the farmer who is short in amount of pasture and has failed to get a stand from last fall and spring's seeding is doing some solid thinking and planning as to how he shall prevent a similar occurrence next year and come out without too serious a loss. In many sections Timothy is grown as the pasture and hay crop, other grasses being indigenous to some extent, blue grass and red top. Where these latter do not come in naturally, Timothy is often the whole dependence. Without special care, top dressing with manure or other fertilizers, it will get poorer every year. If clover is sown with it the period of usefulness of the Timothy will be prolonged as it feeds on the nitrogen deposited by the clover.

Fields that the farmer intended to plow next spring will have to be held another year for pasture. Possibly they were poor this year, and will be less valuable next year without help of some kind to improve them. And many fields used as permanent pastures under dry weather conditions have shown sparse plots where it is naturally expected to find the best pasture. These pastures can be much improved by cutting up these spots where the grass has failed or is very thin with a disc machine of some pattern, working till a good seed bed is secured with the use of a drag harrow or roller. When the land is in prime order a light seeding of rye, three pecks or one bushel per acre, should be sown as soon as possible, and under favorable weather conditions will give a fair amount of pasture this fall. When cooler weather comes, the usual time for fall seeding to Timothy, at least four quarts of Timothy seed per acre should be sown. This will be sufficient quantity of Timothy if it is to be followed with other grasses, blue grass red top, and orchard grass. Such of these are suited to the locality and use for which it is desired. Blue grass naturally belongs to limestone soils, but will do well in the prairie soils of the west. It does well sown with Timothy late in the fall at the rate of one bushel per acre. One advantage in sowing rye as a protecting crop, it gives a quicker growth to forage than anything else that can be sown at this time of the year. The stock grazing the rye any time that the land is in condition for them to go on it will not injure the young Timothy; and the blue grass, as it is slow to start, will come on by the time the Timothy begins to fail.

Many places in pastures where the land is spouty or wet, red top will thrive better than Timothy or blue grass. In fact the first places that Timothy fails in our fields are these wet spots. It will thrive well if sown with Timothy in rye as a protecting crop. Blue grass or red top would doubtless thrive remarkably well after clover, sown on fields when the clover has begun to fail. While it is claimed that it will not do so slow clover and blue grass together, it is a fact that blue grass thrives best with some leguminous plant to feed the soil.

Orchard grass can also be sown in fall in connection with other grasses mentioned. It needs to be sown on well prepared soil and lightly covered. We often fail in attempted combinations for pasture, because we are not careful enough about seeding and not using varieties suited to the soil. Nature does not leave us entirely without resources if we have the wisdom to avail ourselves of that within reach.

Watering Horses.

An English veterinarian writing to the London Live Stock Journal, says: "Prejudice dies hard, but the hardest of all to die in the minds of grooms is that it is injurious to give a horse a drink of cold water when he is heated from exercise. Years ago, when I used to train horses for racing in India, I grappled with this prejudice, and clung to it with such tenacity that I used constantly to have horses 'od' their feed after a strong gallop. One day I returned to the messhouse very hot and very tired after a long run, and suddenly thought fit to mentally put myself in the place of a race horse. 'Shall I have,' I asked myself, 'a better appetite for breakfast if I refrain from drinking till I have cooled off or if I have a drink right off?' Knowing that I could not eat heartily unless I had first of all a drink, I took it, and thereupon felt so fit to eat, and went so strong over a course of beefsteak, ham and eggs, quail, muffins, etc., that I resolved to try the same treatment on my horses. My lead was attended with such success that nowadays all the trainers in India give their race horses about half a bucket of cold water to drink immediately after a gallop, and with the best results as regards the appetites and health. I have not alone never seen, but have never even heard or read of any harm to a horse from drinking cold water when he was heated. I have, however, seen hundreds of cases of colic occur in horses from drinking water after being fed on occasions when they had, previous to eating been deprived of water for some time. Were all grooms to follow my advice as to watering, I am afraid that many an honest and hard working veterinary surgeon would find his income from colic cases seriously diminished."

Poultry Notes.

The best poultry keeper is a woman; she has more patience and a better knack for the details of the business; but when this duty is left to the wife lend a hand at the hard work, for there is hard work about it.

Disease and disaster are particularly sure to follow when fods, especially soft stuffs, are thrown down among the dirt and filth of the floor. It soon sours, and it absorbs a portion of the surrounding filth; on general principles it is a bad practice.

A well bred fowl will lay more eggs and grow to marketable size sooner.

Therefore, there is more profit from it, and it is the fowl for you to have. Grade up your stock with good males, at least, and have a better lot of chickens in the next generation.

Sharp grit, meat scraps and green food must be included in the diet of all poultry confined to runs. Without these articles hens cannot make eggs. Feed all scraps to the fowls while they are strictly fresh; nothing will more quickly cause disease than decomposing food.

The Embden, with its white feathers, and the Toulouse, with its gray, are perhaps the best breeds of geese. The former will often dress at from twelve to fourteen pounds, while a pair of the Toulouse have now and then reached the enormous weight of sixty pounds. These are rather too heavy for market.

Geese are more hardy and much less trouble than chickens and turkeys, and the profits are very much larger. During the summer all they need is a good pasture. They begin laying when a year old and lay from thirty to forty eggs in the season. Three geese are enough for the company of one gander.

During the rapid growth of wing feathers and other plumage when about two or three weeks old is a dangerous period for wee chickens; but a more risky time comes four or five months later, when the young fowls are changing their coats. A great draught seems to be made upon the constitution, and this must be met with nourishing foods.

POISONED YOUNG PITEZEL.

Gave the Boy Cyanide of Potassium—Feet of the Victim Uncarried Partially Burned.

A despatch from Indianapolis, Ind., says:—The coroner's jury has brought in a verdict that the remains of the body found in the chimney hole of the house at Irvington are the remains of young Howard Pitezel, and that he came to his death through the instrumentality of cyanide of potassium administered by H. H. Holmes.

Interesting testimony was given by Druggist Navin and Perry. John Navin said that Holmes visited his store frequently during the first week of October. Several times he purchased a solution of cocaine, and one time called for four grains of morphine, dissolved in a two-draught vial of water. Dr. Navin readily recognized him by the photograph. Druggist Perry sold Holmes at one time a pound of chloroform. This was on Oct. 2. Holmes several times lounged about his drug store, accompanied by a little boy, whom he said was his son, and for whom he bought candies. As recognized by the photograph, the boy was little Howard. Dentists and doctors also contributed to the evidence that the remains were those of young Pitezel.

THE BONES AND THE TEETH.

Drs. Thompson and Barnhill cleaned up some of the bones found. The lower part of the intestines and stomach, with parts of the liver and spleen, were found; also the first vertebrae at the base of the skull, the Adam's apple and the cheek bones. The physicians say there is no doubt that these are the remains of a boy the age of Howard Pitezel. In the charred mass that was pulled out of the chimney hole 15 teeth were found. Dr. J. Q. Byram, a dentist, sorted the teeth and found seven upper and eight lower teeth. He set these in imitation jaws of plaster paris, and they were put away in the box that went to the coroner, where was also found a piece of the lower left jawbone containing the sockets of a six-year-old molar.

HOW IT IS SUPPOSED HE DID IT.

The physicians are of the opinion that Holmes gave the boy cyanide of potassium and while he was under the influence doubled the body up and put it into the stove, after which he covered it with coals, pieces of the trunk and chunks of wood. Then he saturated the pile with coal oil and reduced everything, as he supposed, to ashes. After the body was destroyed and the stove cooled down, he shovelled the ashes into the stove hole. The stove was in the kitchen, and Holmes was not aware that there was an opening in the flue in the cellar beneath where the stove stood. It was failure to find this opening that brought about the discovery of the charred remains.

Boys digging under the Holmes house, in an unfinished portion of the cellar found the two feet of Howard Pitezel. They had been burned, but not destroyed, and were evidently too bulky to put into the chimney hole.

Three Hundred Persons Killed.

The London Daily News publishes a despatch from Trieste saying that newspapers there report that an explosion occurred on Monday at the artillery barracks at Tula, capital of the Government of that name, in Russia. Three hundred persons are said to have been killed, including many officers. The barracks are a heap of ruins. An examination into the cause of the explosion led to the discovery that the barracks had been undermined everywhere. Many arrests have been made of persons suspected of being implicated in the outrage, which is supposed to have been the work of Nihilists.

Distinction, No Difference.

Pips, the lawyer, has a profound knowledge of human nature, and is in the habit of weighing cause and effect with nice discrimination. When he has won a case he writes to his client: I have won the case against A. But when he has lost the case he writes: You have lost your lawsuit with B.

One of the Common Herd.

Mrs. De Style—I am afraid that young man who called on you last evening is not accustomed to good society. Daughter—Why, mother? Mrs. De Style—Whenever he speaks, he says something.