

A NAMELESS ROMANCE.

I have a leisure hour to spend now and then, and I spend it in rambling round the city where I dwell. Perhaps some of you may think this is poor enjoyment, but it does not seem so to me. True, were I young and rich, I might seek my pleasures farther afield—on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, or in the gay gardens of France. I might back more in the smile of gentle dames, forgetting my loneliness, as one forgets in the sunshine that only a moment before the heavy black clouds.

But I am neither young nor rich; and even if I were, it seems to me that no place in the world could ever be so dear as those lanes and meadows I love so well. Yes; I am old now, and chilly sometimes at night when the fire gets low, wearing a great coat even on the summer days, and shivering often when the zephyrs fan my face. But I am kept young by my love for nature; I woo her as amorously as ever maid was wooed by swain, and she is not afraid to press her rosy lips to mine, yellow and withered as they are, and to twine her lovely arms round my neck. I love her for her hopefulness, for her inexhaustible store of youth. Everywhere with love she rebukes poor mortals for sitting down and with folded hands, and with a glad voice bids them be up and doing. She is irrefragable. You may crush her down with stony hand and plaster over every vestige of her beauty, and then say to yourself, in pride of heart, "I have made a city, a place for commerce and traffic, and pleasure and sorrow; and yet, turn your back for an instant, lo! a little blade of grass comes up between the stones of the causeway and laughs in your very face. We may build our houses up story upon story, with the dingy attic at the top, for women's hearts to break in, and the squalid court beneath in which little children may get their first taint of sin; but a gleam of sunshine will day after day work its way down to the very centre of the filth and squalidness, and a rose will bud and bloom in some poor man's window, blushing back with pleasure into the face of its kindly keeper.

Then think how charitable she is, how slow to return an insult, how cheerfully she bears an affront. I often think—though, of course, it is but the vagary of an old dreamer—that those who build up masses of brick and mortar would be well repaid if nature left a sterile belt round their work, a belt gray and cold as their own walls. But no! She takes no such revenge as this. Long before the city smoke has mingled with the clouds, or the hum of city life died away, we come on patches of green, smiling us a welcome; on trees, too, sprouting forth in beauty, or draped with leaves and flowers nodding to us in a grave and stately way, as if to show that they at least bear no grudge, and are prepared to be friendly in spite of all rebuffs. Ruminating thus, many a lesson have I learned on charity and forgiveness.

Nor are my rambles unromantic, though the scenes are no longer strange. Every house and farm has become familiar to me. I have seen a generation or two of cowboys develop into ploughmen, wed themselves to rosy dairymaids, and go their ways. I have beguiled idle hours in weaving webs of fancy round their married lives, listening for the merry laughter of children in their cottages, and watching for the glad light of love on many a mother's face. And as with men and women so with things. The old castle with its turreted walls and secret passages has furnished me much food for thought. I have recalled in fancy the noble men and fair women who used to tread its halls, their courtly, gallant ways, their feasts and tournaments; and as I stand in the chambers, girt with gray stone and canopied by heaven. I can see the coats of mail still on the walls, and hear through the mist of years the voice of some gay warrior recounting his triumphs in the field. And many a story, too, have I heard from the rustic people about the whole gray house which stands in the hollow among the trees. You see, I am old enough to pat the comely maidens on the shoulder without exciting the ire of their brawny lovers, and to chat, too, with impunity to the buxom matrons in the cottages while their husbands sit smoking by the fire. And thus it was that I heard the story of the Old House in the Hollow. I had often wondered if it did not contain a secret, so silent was it, so forbidding in aspect, with its old porch black with age, and its windows stained and weather beaten. It looked so grim, that I used to think it, too, must have witnessed deeds of blood, and taken the best way to avoid detection by standing for evermore in gloomy silence. It stood among thick foliage, so thick, that even on a summer day but a stray sunbeam or two rested on its blackened walls, wavering and timorous, as if scared at their bravery in venturing so far. The carriage road from the gate to the door had faded out of sight, and there was nothing but dead grass heavy and dark-colored, with the weeds that grew among it. The woman in the cottage not far off was glad enough to give me the key of the rusty iron gate which admitted to the grounds, and there I used to wander more from curiosity than pleasure. But I always felt morbid under the old trees; and the grass, too, was thick and rank, that it was like walking over deserted graves.

In that old garden, said the villagers, a lady in a white mantle used to walk among the trees, and look with yearning glance towards the windows of the old house. The old I have waited for her, but she never came; for, through habit, I have fallen into believing the stories I hear. Perhaps the sunshine frightened her away; perhaps, from long living in the shades, her eyes had grown too weak to bear the light; perhaps she cared not that strangers should share her grief, and wished to mourn there alone with the darkness for her friend and the winds sighing comfort for her among the trees. Whatever the reason was, I never met her face to face in that gloomy hollow. Yet, although she was so fair and young, the older villagers could not tell her tale without a shudder; and though the lady and ladies laughed aloud, yet it was a wavering uncertain laugh, which died on their lips, and left a silence all the more profound.

Forty years had passed since the oaken door creaked on its hinges to admit the master and his fair young bride; and a year later, it had closed on her as they bore her away to sleep in the churchyard, to the grave that had proved too small for her wandering restless spirit. On that day, cold, and with a drizzling, chilling rain, the small cortege passed through the gate, a man stalking behind, with head bent and eyes cast on the ground, his face calm, but chill

and gray as the sky. And if the curious one had turned his eyes on the house he would have seen, at an upper window, a woman's figure, clad in mourning, with head bent, intently watching the pall bearers as they wound along the muddy road. Had the curious one cared to look closer, he might have seen the gleam of triumph in her eyes—dark, flashing, coal-black eyes—as she watched the tall bearers walk behind with such a weary, listless step. But soon a turn in the road hid the company from view, and the window was empty again.

One year had sufficed to darken the brightness of that fair young life. Did it ever strike you, reader, that some men and women seem to have had a sunlight bath before entering this world, so destined are they to make everything around them pure and good; while others, wafted from the regions of gloom, cast all around them the shadow of death? Into this baleful darkness had the young bride fallen, and in it her spirit had been quenched. She loved her husband truly, that tall, bronzed man, who had come from the Indies to woo her in the sunny lanes of her own England. Right glad too, had she been to become mistress of his old home. For months, no spot had come on her home picture. He was happy in his treasure; she, too, in her simple life in the village, where, from her kindness, she already was receiving the homage due to a queen. But one day, when the snow was on the ground and the flowers were dead, a woman came to the Old House in the Hollow. She was dark, and radiantly beautiful with the beauty that blossoms under western skies. She neither asked nor received leave to stay as a member of the family strolled in the old house, but there was no one to oppose her action. The master was her cousin, she said; and even as she spoke, the gleam in her eyes gave her words the lie. Yet he said nothing, for suddenly he had grown silent and cold, avoiding even the wistful, questioning glances of his wife.

The shadow spread slowly over the house, up the staircases, into the nooks and corners of the rooms, laying its black hand now on this and now on that, but nowhere so strongly as on the heart of the young mistress. Her rippling laughter changed to sighs, her bright smiles were replaced by downcast locks; she passed from summer to winter with no mellowing autumn days to make the change less sad. It was not that the woman who had come so strangely, sought the love of her husband, or in any other way attempted to dispel the sunshine of her life; she simply dwelt with them, nay, was friendly enough at times; but the dark dress which she wore, and the masses of dark hair which at times she would let fall about her shoulders, seemed indicative of the moral cloud which was slowly gathering over their lives. The lily drooped day by day for want of sunlight. She became morbid, nervous, full of strange and unwelcome fancies. She thought the love of her husband was dead; and she took to dressing herself in her wedding garb, to try if by that strange way she might make it live again. Clad in the soft lustrous satins—in which as a happy bride she had blushed and smiled in the little English church but a few months before—she would pass her room for hours, and stand, too, longingly before the glass, peering wistfully to see if aught of her, charm were gone. In this garb, too, she would walk among the old trees, and deck her bosom with the snowdrops of spring; but they seemed to wither away at her touch and hang listless and dead. Thus it was one day she was found sitting among the trees on the fresh spring grass, some faded snowdrops in her lifeless hand, her golden hair surmounting a face darkened with some mysterious presence. A pale gleam of spring sunlight had crept down and settled on her brow; but it was out of place, and timid as the sunbeams which I have seen playing on the old house itself.

Thus quietly as the gliding of a river did her spirit depart, or rather was effaced, as a cloud can hide the silver moon from us for a time. And so, they tell me, she can be seen at times in the old garden, just as, when the clouds grow faint, the welcome shafts of light come down to assure us that the mother orb still lives.

Where Meteors Come From.

If, about 200 years ago, a witness had stated that he had seen a witch at midnight riding through the air on a broomstick, he would have been believed; but if he had stated that he had heard a loud explosion, and found a large hole in the ground, and up thrusting his hand in, he had found a stone which was warm, his veracity would have been doubted. Meteors must have fallen in olden times, but it is only in latter days that these cases have been reported. Until 1749 it was the belief that meteors were visitations from God. A Danish astronomer was the first to write on the subject. Pallas found a meteor which the former, being a composition of iron and nickel. In 1853 a large meteor fell in Normandy, which was of stony or metallic origin. A Hindu claims that a meteor followed him for two hours before it fell to the earth. The most celebrated one fell in 1492, in Alsace, and it has hung for three centuries in a cathedral. It weighed 230 pounds, and fell with the sound of a clap of thunder. It penetrated the earth six feet. The best known meteor is one of 1874, which fell in Wolverhampton, Eng. A farmer saw a hole in the ground, and an examination showed the earth to be warm, and a meteor was finally unearthed which weighed about 700 pounds. Being polished, it resembles solid iron, and is now stored in the British Museum. In falling, meteors start from above the atmosphere, where there is little resistance, and come down with a velocity twenty times greater than that of a bullet. Coming in contact with the atmosphere great heat is generated and the meteor is broken in pieces. The most common meteors are stones, and cannot be found because they resemble stones on the earth's surface. In Siberia and in South America the most are found. Where they come from has caused much discussion. One theory is that meteors originally came from the earth, and were due to stupendous volcanic eruptions of ages gone, when the meteors were thrown beyond the attraction of the earth, and sent revolving around the sun. When the earth in its orbit comes near one of these wandering meteors it attracts it, and it plunges into the earth. Any stone thrown at the rate of six miles a second would be thrown outside of its attractive power. Every one of these must in time enter the orbit of the earth and must, of course, return to it.—[Prof. Ball before a Boston audience.

With the drunkard life is real.

KILLING HER CHILD AND HERSELF.

A Distracted Wife's Last Message to the Man who Had Deserted Her.

In a humble room upon the second floor of a Calowhill street, Philadelphia, boarding house, a mother and child lay down recently and died in each other's arms. Upon the head of Jesse Logan, the recent husband and father, rests the moral responsibility for the double tragedy. When Mrs. Theodore Seifer, the mistress of the boarding house, arose in the morning and went about her duties, she wondered why her lodgers in the back room slept so late. She did not go to their room until nearly noon. Then she knocked violently and called, but the room was quiet. She put her face to the keyhole. It was stopped with a wall of paper, but she detected the odor of escaping gas.

The door was forced open. The body of Annie Logan was on the bed. She had undressed for the night. Her careworn face was almost peaceful as though she slept. One arm was outstretched upon the pillow and the other clasped in a tight embrace the body of her baby boy, Howard. The bedroom was scrupulously neat. The clothing of mother and child had been carefully packed away in a trunk, together with some little trinkets. Only a few articles of the child's clothing were in sight. These had been carefully used to seal cracks about the door and window frames. Under the door was tightly wedged a piece of carpet. The gas jet was turned on.

A cup on the washstand was partly filled with laudanum, and a teaspoon redolent with tincture of opium lay upon the floor where Annie Logan had thrown it after giving her child a fatal dose and draining the dregs herself. The forsaken wife had also twisted and knotted a towel about her throat to hasten the work of suffocation. On the bureau were a few rumpled and tear-stained leaves hastily torn from a memorandum book. They contained the story of the woman's shattered life, or as much of the story as the heart-broken wife chose to make public on the night of her death. The first note, hastily written with a pencil found beside it, was addressed to her landlady. It read:

Mrs. SEIFERT: You will let my brothers know it as soon as possible. The eldest, Jesse Logan, lives at 2418 Race street, between Fifth and Sixth streets. Thomas Fegley, 2816 Poplar street, is fireman at Twenty-third and Race streets, with North & Brother.

In the other message, written closely upon five pages, the trembling hand had confessed the motives that had prompted to murder and suicide. The letter was addressed to her family. It read:

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS: My dear husband has forsaken me and his dear little boy that thought there was no one like his papa, and was looking for him every day. I hope he will often think of the best friend he has had for the last six years. I gave up all for him, and I will die for him. I hope he will forgive me for what I have done, and I hope we will soon meet each other in the other world, for I forgive him and still love him, and hope our little boy will. Howard will be three years old the 26th day of next March. Please bury him in my arms. Dear brothers, forgive me. Take care of my trunk and bury me wherever you wish to. Good-bye to all and every one and to our dear papa. To him Howard said the last word.

I have lived as long as I could bear it, for these two weeks I have lived in misery, but before that I was—

Here the writing wavered and stopped in the middle of a sheet.

Six years ago Annie Fegley lived with her partner in Postville. Here she first met Jesse Logan, a man considerably her senior. They were married. She was then 24 years old. They came to Philadelphia, where Mrs. Logan's little fortune was soon spent. Then the husband began to neglect her, and finally he left them apparently forever. On the following day Mrs. Logan received a postal card. The husband's brief message was this:

Will not be home again. Kiss Howard for me.

A Sunday Scene in Texas.

A party of hunters returning from a trip on the plains captured, eleven miles from Colorado City, Texas, a huge black bear, weighing, in his half-famished condition, about 300 pounds. For days he would neither eat nor sleep, and kept the curious at respectful distance, as he paced uneasily to and fro the length of his chain, rolling his blood-shot eyes and giving vent to his rage and fear in snarling, menacing growls. On Sunday morning as the church bells were calling the children from all directions to Sabbath school, a braided woman, dressed in a powerful tug, snapped the chain that held him, and was off on a clumsy gallop through town. A great hue and cry was raised, and pursuit made. Brain, thus hard beset, and having long fasted, made a break for a large paneled window in the dining-room of the Rensselaer Hotel, landing with a crash in the midst of the astonished guests, who "stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once." Amid the clang and clatter brain placed himself at bay in a corner, unconsciously, but undeniably, "monarch of all he surveyed."

brief, however, was his reign. Soon a cowboy entering the long hall, threw a lasso over his shoulders; a second and third followed, and the great angry brute was dragged into the street. Then a lively skirmish followed, causing a general stampede of the crowd, the three cowboys endeavoring to mount their plunging, bucking, frightened ponies, who evidently did not like his bearship. The feat was accomplished, however, and then came the "tug of war"—the harassed brute, fairly at bay, lunged to the right and left, while the ponies, with feet spread, bracing sturdily against the tremendous strains of the lariats wound about the saddle horns, were with their riders dragged hither and thither over the hard, smooth ground. A girth snapped, and a saddle went spinning over the horse's head, leaving the nimble rider astride the neck of the snorting equine.

But the war was unequal, and Brain at length, utterly spent, surrendered, and suddenly allowed himself to be led off towards the Zoo in the park. Crossing the Lone Wall Creek, "Ursus Major's" spirit utterly failed him, and he laid him down in the shallow water and gave up the ghost.

The plumber may not be a musician, but he often plays on the pipes.

The Prayer Barrel.

I first met with prayer barrels on the borders of Tibet, when traveling the narrow path, which wind along the face of majestic, precipitous Himalayan crags, we met native travelers from all further north—traders driving flocks of laden goats, women with quaint headresses of tamped amber and large, or arse turquoises fastened on bands of dirty cloth, and here and there a man holding in his hand a small bronze or brass cylinder which he twirled mechanically all the time he was journeying. It was some time before I succeeded in getting hold of one of these for a closer examination, and the owners are nervously afraid to trust their treasures in the hands of one who, albeit in ignorance, might irreverently turn them the wrong way, and so undue much of the merit acquired by perpetual twirling in the opposite direction. For, as we eventually discovered, not only is the sacred syllabled charm embossed on the metal cylinder, but the same mystic words were written over and over again on very lengthy strips of cloth or papyrus, which are bound round the spindle on which the cylinder rotates, and one end of which forms the handle. It is therefore necessary to turn this little barrel of prayers in such a direction that the characters forming the holy phrase may pass in proper order before the person turning, and as all Oriental books are read from the right side of each page to the left, the barrel is turned in the same direction. For this reason the Tibetan walks in this direction round the great terraces and other buildings, on which the holy words are inscribed, in order that his eyes may rest on the words in due course, which can only be the case when he keeps his left hand toward the object round which he is walking. Happily this produces a doubly satisfactory result for in Eastern lands, as well as in our own West, it has ever been accounted lucky and meritorious to walk round sacred objects or places in this sunwise course—an act of homage to the sun which I have seen rendered in many lands. Just as our British ancestors continued thus to circumsambulate their churches long after they had nominally abandoned all paganism, so throughout the world we find survivors of the old homage.—[The Contemporary Review.

Carving Ivory and Bone.

All the curiously carved handles which are so fashionable, and the quarter that are sought after, are shaped upon a series of rapidly revolving wheels, ranging from an eighth to three inches in diameter, and which are a cross between a file and a saw upon their cutting surface. Ivory and bone are carved in precisely the same manner, the only difference in the handling of the two being that bone has to be boiled a long while to free it from animal matter before it goes to the carver, while ivory is clean and pure from the start.

When it is desired to produce any object in bone or ivory, an umbrella handle with a crooked tiger upon it for instance, the carver takes a piece of the material of suitable size, and presses it upon one of the wheels described above. At the point of contact it cuts with amazing rapidity. Soon the shapeliness block begins to assume the rough outlines of the object intended. The lathe is then stopped, which requires but an instant and another, probably a smaller wheel, is substituted. In this way a dozen wheels may be used before the final finish is given with a delicate disc, a little larger than a pin's head; but when the work leaves the deft fingers, of the stilted worker a perfect miniature of the royal native of the jungle is seen. The only remaining thing to be done polishing, which is accomplished by means of canvas belts with pumice upon them; and finally, by cotton flannel belts or wheels.

Many people suppose that billiard balls are turned by means of some exquisitely adjusted machinery in order to secure their spherical perfection. The exquisite machinery is the eye and hand of the artisan. The writer saw a gray-haired workman turn several billiard balls, and the only tool he used was an ordinary turner's chisel. His eye was his gauge.

The Drunkard's Toughness.

In his "Scrambles Among the High Alps" Leslie Stephen tells the story of a guide who while drunk fell over a precipice so deep that a fall over it seemed almost certain death, and yet sustained little injury. Stephen accordingly gives his readers the advice either not to fall over a precipice or to get thoroughly drunk before doing so. I myself once saw a man who had thrown himself while drunk over the Dean bridge, in Edinburgh, a height of about 200 feet, on to the rocky bed of the stream below. A sober man would probably have been instantly killed, but this individual though he had broken both of his thigh bones, quickly recovered. The reason of this immunity probably is that the nerve centers which regulate the heart and vessels, are so much paralyzed in the drunken man as not to be affected by the fall, which in a sober man would have acted on them so violently as to stop the heart, arrest circulation and cause instant death.

The Pie-Eater and the Lunchman.

The other day a newspaper man, on route from Columbus to his home in Cincinnati in search of a clean shirt, might have been seen munching a piece of pie at the lunch counter of the depot at Xenia. The pie-eater observed to the lunchman:

"I notice that this piece of pie is below the regulation size."

"Well," was the reply, "the facts, I am a little short on pies this morning, and I had to make a draft on the transfer pie. The truth of the matter is, I sell a piece of pie to a rail road employe or transfer hand for 5 cents and I charge passengers 10 cents. I get a passenger pie into three pieces and get thereby 30 cents for a pie. The transfer pie are out into four pieces, and I get 20 cents for the pie from the transfer hands. You just ate a piece of transfer pie. Ten cents, please."

"If a passenger happens to get served with a hunk of transfer pie he has to pay regular passenger rates, eh?"

"Correct again."

"Suppose the transfer pie should run out and the passenger pie had to be served to the railroad employe, what rate would they pay?"

"There goes your train, sir."

There is a great deal of fish literature coming over the wires nowadays, yet no one attempts to suppress it.

RUSSIA'S GREAT CORN PORT.

A Commercial Mart on the Black Sea and its Characteristic Features.

There are some towns, as there are some faces, upon which the lapse of years seem to leave no trace, and the great corn port of Russia is one of them. Its bombardment by the combined fleets of France and England in 1854 might almost be considered a blessing in disguise, as tending to break, if even only for a time, its deadly uniformity, but even setting it on fire did it no permanent good. The streets are just as straight, the butter-colored houses just as yellow, the dust clouds just as stifling, the surroundings just as outrageously modern as when I was last here in 1873. One change, indeed is apparent, viz: That the names of the principal streets, formerly written in Russian and Italian, now appear in Russian alone. But in all other points Odessa is Odessa still. The statues "after the antique" are so long after it that it has forgotten all about them. The gaunt, scraggy church towers look like overgrown coffee pots, and all the larger buildings are so exactly alike that I am in hourly expectation of seeing a newly-arrived tourist swagger into the town hall or the public library, instead of his hotel, shouting to the astounded custodian to "trot out the bill of fare."

But this universal unprogressiveness is merely the natural and inevitable result of the peculiar temperament which characterizes the Slavonian race. Paradoxical as the assertion may appear, there is not enough discontent in Russia. There is, indeed, misery enough and far too much; but, instead of being thereby goaded into advancing, the sole idea of the suffering masses is to endure doggedly until the evil day is passed, and then to jog on in the old ruts after the old fashion. The Finn still inhabits the same log hut, wears the same shoes of twisted bark, feeds upon the same dried bread and fish mixed with sawdust, which served his forefathers in the days of Peter the Great. The Russian peasant, in an age of railways and telegraphs, is still the same careless, hospitable, thievish, drunken, good humored savage that he was two centuries ago. The Tartar of the Crimea burrowing like rabbits amid the ruins of Chersonesus or in the caverns of the Inkerman valley, will tell you, as they told Mr. Kinglake, in October 1854, that they are content because they lived happily under the czars for three generations. It is not from such material as this that great nations are wrought. The sheep-skin frocked philosopher of the steppes, a conservative by nature and a fatalist by creed, accepts without a murmur the coarse fare and log-bult hovel which served his ancestors in the middle ages, content to remain as his father was before him, and as his son will be after him. To offer civilization to such a race is like reading poetry to an oyster.

But however morally backward she may be, the great empire has visibly advanced in a material sense since the day when I saw all Moscow mourning for "the good czarina" four years ago. If railways are indeed, as the well-known saying declares, the "true civilizers of mankind," she has constructed enough of them lately. Apart from the famous military railroad from the eastern shore of the Caspian eastward across the Khiva desert—which has just received a fresh extension whereof I shall have more to say before long, the whole southeast of European Russia is now being opened up in all directions. The prolongation of the Poti-Tiflis, railroad to Bakou and the new petroleum fields has at last connected the Black Sea with the Isolated Caspian. Along the northern slopes of the Caucasus, another line, running southeastward from the point where the Don pours into the sea of Azof, is already open as far as Vladikavkaz, at the foot of the great central ridge, and working its way slowly among the mighty precipices of the Dariel Pass and Mount Kasbek to join the Trans-Caucasian track at Tiflis, and link the border provinces with the interior of Russia. From the Poti-Tiflis line a branch has been run out to Russia's new port, Batoum, ceded by Turkey in 1878 and a "Caspian coast railroad" is now being projected, which is to run southward into Persia along the western shore of the great lake, although Persia herself seems no special hurry to accept the benefit.

It is an unspeakable relief to find one's self once more, after so many days among the unintelligible dialects of Hungary, Transylvania and Roumania, in a country where one can understand every word that is said. When I first heard Russian spoken a few days ago at the frontier station of Umgheni, it was like the first glimpse of the minarets of Bagdad to a traveller on the plains of Mesopotamia. But to any one who does not understand it, the grand old Slavonian tongue must have a somewhat startling sound. The Russian word for "Thank you" is pronounced exactly like "Blackguard are you," while the phrase for "Pass me the salt"—viz: "Dai myne sol," is, as any one will see who pronounces it quickly, suggestive of a very unorthodox remark indeed. The formidable length of some of the words, too, reminds one of the king of Kamboja's title, which required three men and a boy to recite it.

All that I have said regarding the unprogressiveness of Odessa might as justly be retorted by Odessa upon us, for just at present our progress has come to a standstill altogether. My draft upon the Odessa bank, for some mysterious reason quite beyond the comprehension of any benighted gentile who has not graduated upon the stock exchange, cannot be cashed without some further commercial hocus-pocus, which I have just telegraphed to St. Petersburg to obtain. Meanwhile we were stranded here, with the satisfaction of seeing the steamer that should have carried us to Sebastopol going quietly off without us. Nor is this going quietly off without us. Our total wealth in the currency of the realm being exactly 25 Russian kopecks, (about 15 cents,) we may well feel like embodied frauds in one of the best hotels in Odessa. Every dish that I order makes me feel as if I had plucked some one's pocket, and the mere presence of a waiter acts upon my nerves very much as that of a detective might act upon those of a suspected burglar or murderer.

M. Elouard Detaille, the well-known French painter, who has been studying the most characteristic types of the Russian soldier at the recent manoeuvres at Krasno-Selo, found himself exceptionally favored by the Commander-in-Chief. He was lodged in the palace, and every facility given him to master his subject. He has returned to France with a great number of designs and sketches to be worked up into a great battle piece hereafter.