SOMETIME. BY EUGENE L. THORPE.

Sometime in my life's early morning, sweet dreams of the future there came; Dreams of a foline immortal,
Of a life full of glory and sime;
But the sweet dreams of childhood are over,
And awakeped by thoughts more sublime,
My laureis I'il reap at death's river.
As I cross its dark waves, sometime.

Sometimes when my soul is weary, And burdened with care and wee, I wander alone by the streamlet. And list to its musical flow, And I lancy the water of an angel Blends with its musical colline, Awaking my soul from its slumber. With its notes of the aweet sometime.

Sometimes I think of a loved one
Who has passed from mortas with.
Borne away in the arms of the angels.
Away to the mansions of light;
Un the golden stair, unfettered,
His world-weary feet may climb;
I, too, shall mount it beside nim,
In the distant, yet near, sometime.

Blockade Runnleg.

The ex-blockade-runner was hardly recognizable when the Times man again encountered him. A serviceable winter suit and overcoat were substituted for for the timeworn attire in which he had last appeared. The outfit was complete, even to a hat of approved width of brim, from under which his black eyes flashed good-fellowship and welcome. "Yes, I got a brush from the wing of fortune," he said, noticing the inquiring glance. "A lot of old Confeds held a meeting here a little while ago, and these togs are evidence of the feeling they have for an old comrade. The luck stopped here, though, for the old wound has been troubling me, and I guess we'd better go in here if we're going to talk." The glasses were at hand almost as soon as the seats were taken. Wiping his lips he resumed his narrative: "From October, '64, on to the close of the war was a trying time on all who were engaged in running goods across the Potomac. The Yankees had come to the conclusion that the only way to put an end to the business was to destroy every boat owned by private individuals on both sides of the river and its tributaries. Navy cutters and blue jackets spent nearly three weeks in exploring the reeds and woods along shore, probing everywhere for hidden craft, which they broke up remorselessly as soon as found. They, however, did not attempt to prevent fishing smacks from anchoring in the broad river, because the most of the fishermen were northern men, and were believed to be truly loyal. So they were until it came to the question of dol-lars. When they found that they could get four or five prices for a skiff, they usually carried one or more than they needed for fishing purposes, and were glad enough to part with them for cash. I got up to Matthias Point, on my tenth trip north, on Nov. 3, 1864. I lay around there two weeks before I succeeded in getting a a skiff to cross in. We took as many bags of wheat aboard as the craft would carry, just by way of accommodation to an old friend, who had been very liberal to us during our detention. The weather was very cold, and a northeast wind was very much to our advantage in masking us from the a pass from the Provost Marshal certify have doubled at least. You may think it strange, but the mournfulest sounds that I ever heard were the calls of the geese, brant, loons and duck, which sought shelter from the storm in many of the coves through which we rowed. Our course took us right in the teeth of the storm, and we were wet through almost before we got started. It added to our troubles in another way, for every few minutes either my partner or I had to stop rowing to bail the boat before she filled up far enough to wet our cargo. We had got used to calcium lights, which every now and then were flashed from sentinel gunboats, lighting up the water for miles around. They served to show us what to avoid, so that our greatest danger of capture lay in possibly encountering patrolling cutters, which carried no lights, had counted that the destruction of the

"We had been rowing three or four hours at the least and thought that our journey must be nearly over when we ran within a cable's length of a patrol boat. We bent to our oars as close as we could and sheered a point or two so as to get the help of the wind in drifting us away. We were almost sure that dan the Yankee swept over us, and the lookout of the cufter caught a glimpse that gave us away. We could hear the order given to pursue, and knowing that nothing but the hardest work would pull us through, we bent to the oars. The Yankee still flashed her light in our direction, and although very distant it was enough to show the cutter where to fol-Every few seconds we'd see the flash of small arms, and sometimes we'd hear the hiss of the bullet as it whistled being old oarsmen we made good time. fast. With the choice lying between a prison and a winter swim we were not and I went overboard and struck out for It was a hard swim, and before we had got half over we could hear the voices of the blue-jackets when they overhauled the skiff and summoned us to surrender. They could hardly believe that we had tried to swim ashore, and lost enough time in making up their minds to follow to render pursuit useless. If they had come straight after us they would have caught us, anyhow, for we were nearly frozen, and so numb that we could scarcely stagger along. We by persistent tramping all night we kept the blood in circulation, but it was the coldest experience of my life.

boats would slacken the wigilance

"When daylight came we get our bearings and soon reached a friendly domicile, and with hospitable cheer and lashings of drink we soon recovered our as to our best way of getting through. I was for pushing through at all hazards, but Walter Bowie—that was his name—had got tired of that sort of experience, til he got a chance to recross the river nection with my known enlistment in the

porary shelter in the house of one of Bowie's relatives. The country was full of scouting parties, who, I have since heard, were looking especially for us. A house I was hiding in, and I owe my there for three days, the family kindly walked boldly to the depot in Washington, and on the strength of a pass, made out in the name of a friend who reto Philadelphia.

"As I told you before, my down trips were much easier than getting north, so my return is not worth recounting, any further than to say that the 1000 ounces of quinine that I took back were joyfully received by the sick and starving army.

"The trip on which I was captured was one scarcely less disagreeable than that last related. It began only a week after I got back to Richmond. I started out seemingly in a streak of good luck, for I found a skiff right to hand on my arrival at Matthias Point. I was going North alone and had to hire a couple of darkies to row me across. We started on the night of December 27th in a driving, blinding snow storm.

"Snow is something that will obscure the rays of even a calcium light, but it has one disadvantage—you can lose yourself more easily even than in a mist, especially if the wind is shifting. That must have been the reason that we lost our course, for it was near daylight when we struck the Maryland shore. recognized it by its gravely bank, that on the other side being muddy and fringed with reeds. I left the darkies to get back the best way they could, and struck out for some shelter. The spot at which we landed was unknown to me, but the lowing of a cow piloted me to a Maryland farm house. I had never been there before, and I had to make a choice be tween risking capture by boldly asking shelter or to catch what sleep I could in the outhouses. I prudently chose the shuck house, and I may say here that I've slept on worse beds than cornin which the civil members of the Order itself. shucks, with plenty of the same for cov-ering. I fell into a sound sleep, and awoke most unaccountably warm an hour or two after sunrise. The heat was soon accounted for by the fact that a litter of young pigs had sought the same shelter and were lying almost in contact with me under the shucks. I got my bearings soon and found more hospitable refuge. My trip to Philadelphia was without adventure and I might have got back to Richmond easily enough if I had taken the usual route. I had been so lucky hitherto that I began to think I could not be caught. The Christmas festivities of the people in Prince George's County proved too attractive for me. I took the precaution of getting extraight across at the best we could do, but the route we took I guess, must but the route we took I guess, must South, and I was in great request among them to tell what I knew of their friends their request to carry letters over for them. After as pleasant a week as I ever spent I continued an my journey South. I went to Port Tobacco, expecting to make connection there with a boat which was going to cross the river. I was an hour too late and had to cast around for some other way to cross. Port Tobacco was full of soldiers, but I relied on my pass and went to the hotel for dinner. Nearly all the officers dined there. I was making myself agreeable to them the best I knew how and would probably have got through unchallenged, but, just as I was finishing my meal, the officer of the day came in.

"He and I knew each other well be fore the war, and he recognized me at once. 'I've been looking for you for the last two months, old boy; your game's I knew it was no use to deny any thing, so I went along with him without a word. I don't see that our old acquaintance made him any easier on me, for he shoved me into the dirtiest cell in ger had passed when the calcium light of the Port Tobacco jail, and left me there for a day without anything to cat except what scanty rations my fellow-prisoners shared with me. I was a war prisoner, and had no rights at all wanted to get counsel, but was afforded no opportunity to do so, and I did not know what charges I was to be tried on until nearly a month afterward. I knew that I had done enough to bring my head into the noose, and I was anxious to know whether they could prove it. You may think it was an anxious time, but I don't We rowed our best, and both of us remember it so. My most disagreeable recollections relate to the dirt of the cells but the cutter gained on us fast. When | and the unpleasant companionship. It we were within about 200 yards of the is strange that all this time I forgot the shore the skiff ran on a bank hard and letters which I had agreed to take South. They had searched me after my arrest, but had not found them, and by some long in making up our minds. Bowie sort of fatality I did not destroy them, as I should have done. After a week of Port Tobacco I was transerred to the Old Jail, in Baltimore. When they searched me there the letters were found, and they furnished the proof of one of the speci cations on which I was afterward tried namely, rebel mail carrier. That settled my case, as I found at once, for instead of having the comparative comfort of confinement in a civil jail, they transferred me at once to a casemate in Fort McHenry.

"The Commission which was called to managed to get into the deep-woods, and try me did not sit until July, and I was not furnished with the charges and specifications until so near the trial-day that I hardly had any chance to make a de Mr triers consisted of seven offifense. cers, who sat in a room in St. Paul street, to which I was taken every day, man-acled and under guard. Two old friends spirits. We found the country full of defended me as well as they could. That Yanks, and were in considerable doubt pass which I got from Col. Miller, instead of proving a protection, became a very damning part of the evidence against me. They brought witnesses to show the surreptitious means by which determined to stay where he was un- it was obtained, and that, taken in con-

and return to the armies in the field. He Confederate army, was regarded as conwould not be argued out of this, so I clusive proof that I was a spy. The let-parted with him for the last time, as it ters, too, were arrayed against me. My proved. He managed to get back into counsel argued in vain that even though the Confederacy a few days afterwards. I had agreed to carry the letters it should He rejoined his company and was killed not be regarded as a serious offense, as at Silver Springs while leading a cavalry the letters themselves consisted merely of words of cheer from friends at home. raid only a few weeks afterward. A of words of cheer from friends at home braver fellow never lived. I found temslow methods of military courts, and I went back to my casemate at the end of the third day in ignorance of my fate. Two days afterward I was informed that party of them came up to the door of the I had been found guilty, both as spy and mail-carrier, and that I was condemned escape from capture to their neglect to to death, subject to the approval of Presguard the back door, I slipped out to ident Lincoln. I was never formally the woods as spry as a squirrel and staid sentenced, but I endured all the mental suspense of those who are under sensending me my food. The keenness of pursuit then died out, and I once more walked boldly to the depot in Washingequanimity. My counsel interested themselves very much in my behalf. Friends sembled me considerably, got my ticket at home were appealed to for the first time, and strong influence was brought to bear upon the President for a commutation of the sentence. I know that he inclined to mercy always, but the necessity of making such an example as would break up the blockade-running was strongly urged also, and I came near falling a victim to it. The President held the matter under advisement for a week, and then decided to commute my sentence to confinement in a military prison during the war. Fort Delaware was selected for my prison, and out of the porthole of my casemate there I could see the home of my boyhood, and some-times I was able to recognize old acriver near the granite stronghold. There was no chance of escape. Swimming a mile and a half in a swift current I might have done, but the risk of the shot of the guards who lined the bank, rendered any such attempt impossible. I had plenty of leisure to reflect on the mistakes of my life, for I was the last prisoner who was discharged from the mid-river fortress."—Philadelphia Times.

French Communists and the Legion of

The Standard's Paris correspondent, writing recently, says: The vexed question whether the amnestied Communists who belonged to the Legion of Honor appeared to incline towards and the milifary members against the "rehabilitation," it was decided that the decoration of the Legion of Honor, being an honorary distinction, did not constitute a right, and that the amnestied insurrectionists any amnestied Communists deserved the haps object to the nomination, but for the moment it was impossible to reinstate the offenders. This decision, however, has yet to be ratified by the President of the Republic, who, as Grand Master of the Order, can annul it if he likes. The number of amnestied Communists who claim the decoration is one exception, said to be that of M. Thus protected I took no pains to conceal Grevy. The Daily News' correspondent myself, but attended balls and evening says that against the decision of the companies as bold as brass. The ladies Council was raised the voice of the emiwere all in warm sympathy with the nent text writer and great jurisconsult, whom M. Le Rover lately in the Senate styled the "Prince of Jurisconsults," in the army. I willingly acceeded to Faustin Helie. He argued that the amnesty effaced every trace of the condemnation. M. Weiss, in the Gaulois, develops the same argument which he before adduced-if it unfortunately so happens that the amnestied members of the Legion are abominable bandits, forever unworthy to wear the Cross, the Ministry should have thought of that before it amnestied them. The decisions of the Council will not be valid until confirmed by the President of the Republic, but even his flat will not be final. The tabooed chevaliers will continue to wear the red ribbon, and, if prosecuted for illegally wearing it, will carry their case to the Court of Cessation, whose judgment on a pure point of law will not is not denied that for any cause shown the Legion of Honor off the rolls. The limit the sweeping effect of the amnesty. As the matter stands, the Conneil has reinstated one Communard only, a surgeon who tended both the Versailles and insurrectional troops. It has struck off six legionaries and twelve medallists.

Mr. Chancey M. Depew told his story at the recent New England dinner: In the Berkshire hills there was a funeral. The woman who mingles curiosity with pity was there with her mourners. the affected widow, in a melancholy voice, she said: "When did you get your new eight day clock?" "I ain't got no new eight day clock," responded the bereaved woman. "Why, what is that in the corner? Ain't that an eight-day clock?" persisted the curious visitor. No; that ain't a clock, that's the deceased. We stood it on end to make room for mourners.

"Miss Camboge," says Blixon to that interesting but rapidly advancing lady of forty-four, "I declare you are looking quite charming-a regular twenty-one bloom and spirits. You can't be a day over that figure, if I'm a judge." Miss Camboge lets off a shower of smiles, and Now, Mr. Blixen, you do say much insinuating things-and then you guess ages so closely!"

WHERE TO BE SAFE .- A Frenchman, pamphlet in which he comes to the conclusion after a laborious examination of him. - Cornhill Magazine. the number of deaths from railway accidents in all parts of the world, that if a person were to live continually in a railway carriage, and spend all his time in traveling, the chances in favor of his dying from railway accident would not predominate until he was 960 years old. Which, carried out to a fair sequence, would seem to prove that to live the longest time, onewants to travel by rail all his time.

He who drinks and goes away. Will live to drink another day. But he who drinks between his drinks Right quickly in the gutter sinks.

A Whipping Match.

The great attraction of Brittany is "the peasantry," and no wonder, for they are quite sui generis; quite different from all other populations. They combine the sombre, taciturn nature of the Spaniard with the droll, wild life of the Irish. It is difficult to understand how the same people can be silent and noisy-reserved and running over with jellity. Yet so it

ion: Lash, eighteen feet long, swelling

at a little distance from the handle to the

thickness of a man's arm, from whence

it tapered to a twisted and stronglyknotted end, made more like a knife by

the help of a mixture of glue. This

plaything was fixed upon a strong, stiff

stick, and often not only cut a man into

steaks, but sometimes cut out the life of

him at a single stroke. Yet a local his-

torian gives an account of a fete which

he attended in 1847, at which the chief

attraction was a contest between twelve

men, six on a side, with these deadly

weapons. The smack of these whips

made, he says, much more noise than a

gun-shot; they could be heard at the dis-

tance of two and a half miles, and when

several smack their whips in concert the

noise is so terrible that one must either

run away or stop up one's ears. These twelve men were ranged opposite one another at a distance almost corresponding to the length of the lashes of their whips. quaintances casting their nets in the They stood up, having for protection in the shape of dress only short felt breeches, and shirts made of stout sailcloth. Lake all Breton peasants of the old style, their hair hung down their backs in long tresses, but was cut straight across the forehead after the fashion of "Gainsborough" "Blue Boy." They were no hats or head covering The left arm was naked, but the right arm, which held the whip, was protected from the fist to the neck by an armlet or shield of thick leather. The sides were distinguished by the color of the tufts of their whips, the one being white the other red. These men thus standing face to face were there to be wounded al most to death for the glory thereof, and also for the prize, which consisted of half a dozen striped pocket-handkerchiefs and a pound of tobacco. The signal given by an old peasant, the combat ants put themselves into the attitude of defiance, the whip raised, while the lash was held in the left hand. "Strike," said the same voice, and the twelve cables were let loose in an instant, but no smack was heard as they met, twisted, and struggled in mid-air. Those most renowned quickly disengaged their lashes, and dealt the second and dreadful could not legally claim it. If, later on, blow upon the persons of their antagonists, opening up long seams of livid or decoration, the Council would not per- bleeding flesh; on the third stroke all the faces except two were seamed and flowing with blood. These two were the leaders—one tall, the other short; one heavy, the other light; one all flesh, the other, although only five feet high, all nerves and sinews. An outsider would have backed the giant, but the boys of Pripiac knew to well the twenty five. The Council admits of only prowess of the dwarf to risk their money against him. The combat now raged with fury; men disdained to parry, they were only eager to strike. The sound was that of a volley of mn ketry. Th lashes soften into tow, but harden again and glue themselves together with blood The faces are no longer human ; the long hair hangs down in front, bathed in perspiration and blood. But not one blow has fallen on either champion. They have reserved themselves, they have guarded and parried, knowing that upon them the issue of the fight did depend. Now the tall man has hit home. A long, blue, spiral mark, which here and there squirts blood, twists around the left arm of the little Joseph, and makes him stagger with pain. He recovers himself aunches his whip at his foe, and but six inches intervened between its deadly point and the face of Joseph the great, Animated by his first success, Kaca stepped forward and bent his whole strength to the blow which he aimed at Josille. The little man never parried, the blow, but pirouetted as it were while, without any effort, he threw out his lash softly. The blow of Kaer be affected by the President's opinion. It kissed; but when Josille sharply drew back his lash the whole face of Kaer was the Council may strike any member of cut in half-a gigantic gap opened up the very bones. These two stood alone contestation is that & has no power to in the lists; the rest had made a trace, and were engaged in attending to their grievous wounds. Kaer, blinded by the shock, put his armlet of leather before his face and paused. Josille, so far from profitting by the occasion and pressing ais advantage, cooly took out his pocket handkerchief and loudly blew his nose, to the great amusement of his backers, who thought it an excellent joke. The laughter made Kaer mad, threw him out of his sang-froid, and made him wild. He struck, stamped and made wonderful points; but Josille was calm, and at the end of ten minutes the giant, covered with wounds, his shirt cut into ribbon his mouth foaming, his eyes blinded, fell heavily upon his knees, "Don't give in!" cried some voices still; but the effort to aise was in vain. Josille, apparently incapable of pity, like a true Breton peasant, again blew his nose, and prepared to give the falling man his oup de grace. A shiver ran through the crowd; but Josille was better than he seemed, for instead of cutting the poor flesh, he dexterously drew the whip out of the hands of the victim, and folded his arms upon his breast. Kaer shut his eyes and laid his burning head upon the sand. The whites were proclaimed the victors. Each subaltern had a pocket handkerchief worth 6d., and Josille the bound of tobacco. I know not whether any of these scenes are enacted now, but given to curious statistics, has issued a this account is so recent that it throws light upon the Breton peasant as I find

> The lowest point to which wages have vet fallen is five cents an hour, and the claces where this has occurred are Hartford, Conn., and Providence, R. I., two of the wealthiest cities in the country. When the poor of these cities apply to the authorities for relief they are re quired to earn it by chopping kindling wood in the municipal wood yards at fifty cents a day, and a workingman's day East is ten hours.

Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on; fast; hold out. Patience is genius .- Buffon

Sayings, and Who First Said Them.

Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose mouth or pen they first originated. Probably the works of Shakspeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe: "All is not gold that glitters," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to the sticking place" (not point), "They laugh that place" (not point), "They laugh that win," "This is the short and long of it," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as There must be a strain of tiger in a population which could amuse itself as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judglately as 1847 in cutting the life out of ment," "Frailty, thy name is Woman," friends with a whip made after this fash-

and a host of others. Washington Irving gives us, "The Almighty Dollar," Thomas Morton queried long ago "What will Mrs. Gundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs." Charles C. Pinckney gives "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute. 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen), appeared in the resolution presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, prepared by General Henry Lee.

From the same we cull, "Make assurance doubly sure," "Christmas comes name, but the pair were virtually di-but once a year," "Count their chickens vorced three years after marriage, and ere they are hatched," and "Look before

you leap." Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us, "Its an ill will turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss." "All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's Hudibras.

Dryden says "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin." "No pent-up Utica contracts our power," declared Jonathan Sewell. "When Greeks join Greeks then comes

the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1692. "Of two evils I have chosen the least, and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Pryor. We are in-debted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells us of "A good upon, that really, Mi President, I think hater," and Mackintosh in 1791, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, Wise and masterly inactivity.

"Variety's the very spice of life," and 'Not much the worse for wear." Cowper. 'Man proposes, but God disposes," Thomas a Kempis.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long." Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his cas-To Milton we owe "The paradise madness.

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark," "A fool at forty is a tool indeed," but, alas, for his knowledge of human nature when he tells us "Man came an Emperor's mother-in-law; and wants but little, nor that little long.

From Bacon comes "Knowledge is | power," and Thomas Southerne reminds childless daughter, aftern long and tryus that "Pity's akin to love." Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of Madrid too late to bid her farewell. The Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "Tis distance lends enchantment to the "A thing of beauty is a joy for-"God helps them who help themselves, the thought, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Even some of the "slang" phrases of the day have a legitimate origin. "Putting your foot in it," is certainly not a very elegant mode of expression, but, mesteno, the Mexican name for a wild according to the Asiatic Researches, it is quite a fine point of law; when the title to land is disputed in Hindostan, two holes are dug in the ground and used to incase a limb of each lawyer, (?), and the one who tired first lost his client's case. Fancy, if you can, some of our famous "limbs of the law" pleading in

who "puts his foot in it." When things are in disorder they are which turf used for fuel is placed to dry. the turf being turned downward; and the expression then means topside turf-

Plutarch, in his life of Argesileus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of a quaint and familiar expression.

On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission. was shown by the King over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame-knew that though only nominally King of Sparta, he was yet ruler of Greece-and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled owers for the defense of the town; but he found nothing of the kind. He marcelled much at this, and spoke of it to the

"Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defense. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show you the walls n Sparta.

Accordingly, on the following morning the King led his guest out upon the plains where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried host, he said:

"There, thou beholdest the walls of Sparta -ten thousand men, and every

man a brick!"

THE SUN'S ENERGY .- An approximate dea may be formed of the sun's energy from the following calculation of the rainfall in Cincinnati, which was recently published in the Cincinnati Commercial. "The weight of the rain foot of water is 62% pounds; the weight of 1% inches of water spread over one acre is 340,312% pounds; the weight of 154 inches of water, spread over one square mile is 217,800,000 pounds. The area of Cincinnati is 24 square miles. Over the entire area of Cincinnati there fell, therefore, 5,227,200,000 pounds, or 2.333,571 tons weight. This enormous earth by the evaporative power of the sun.

Dr. Birsch, of Belgium, has canary birds of the Norwich breed. Before and after they moult he feeds them with white of egg sprinked with Cayenne it?" "Oh. pshaw! Miss Hetty," said the pepper, and their color becomes red. So youngster, "I don't have so much tum-

The Ex-Empress Eugenle's Mother.

The marriage of her daughter with the late Emperor Napoleon III. is the Countess de Montijo's chief claim upon the attention of the newspapers. Otherwise probably the lady would have died and been buried with little foreign notice of those mornful events. She went to Paris with two pretty daughters thirty-five years ago, and though living quietly, became the subject of the following note entered at Police Headquarters by one of the Paris detectives: "There is staying at No. 45 Rue St. Antoine, in a rather shabby apartment, on the third floor, a Mme. de Montijo, who professes to be the wife of a Spanish grandee. Her style of living is modest and she receives no vinits from ladies; but three or four times a week a number of gintlemen, principally foreigners, come and pass the evening with her and play cirds. It is presuma ble that they are attracted as much by the beauty of Mme. de Montijo's daughters as by the wish to gamile." On the border of this note the Prefect of Police wrote: 'Find out whether Mme, Montijo is really the wife of a ubleman?" and on a document appended to it was the return: Mme, de Montijo is eally what she pro-fesses to be, the wifeof the Count of that the Countess professes to live on her jointure of tenthouand francs a year.' Five years afterward the marriage of

the Countess's eldert daughter to the rich Spanish Duke of Aba brought wealth to her family; for it is reported that the Duke gave the old lady one hundred thousand francs a year on condition that she should stay away from Spain. She returned to Paris with the fascinating Eugenie, set up an stablishment of considerable splendor, became a guest at President Louis Nipoleon's receptions and a protracted vistor at his suburban palaces; and succeeded in keeping Eugenie presumably heart-whole until Napoleon got ready o lay seige to that little fortress. In oder to facilitate operations she said to him one day, in effect, Your attentions to my dear child are so marked and have become so remarked we shall have to takeour departure from our adopted and beloved Paris. We shall be forced I fear to make the sacrifice, unless, unless, —" "Iy dear Countess," interrupted, substantially, the smitten Nephew of his Unel, "don't say an-Nephew of his Uncle, "don't say another word. I understand you perfectly Pray give me until to-norrow." with he acquainted his Cabinet with his intention to marry Mll, Montijo. They objected that the lady was not his equal socially. He replied that he would have her anyhow. About a week afterward of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and he was proclaimed Emperor; and about Moping melancholy and moonstruck two months afterward le was bound to the beautiful Eugenie by both civil and ecclesiastical ceremonies, the latter in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. During the Empire the Country lived as be when Napoleon fell at Selan she retired gracefully to Spain. Het widowed and Dean ing journey from Chisehurst, reached dead Countess was the daighter of a Mr Kirkpatrick, once an English Consul at Malaga. Her husband was the youngest son of the Count of Montgo, who subse " is from Keats. Franklin said, quently became his father's heir. Like her daughters, she was beautiful in her and Lawrence Sterne comforts us with prime, and was victorious through

Mustangs in Texas Thirty Years Age.

The word mustang is a corruption of

horse. Many years ago there were thousands, no doubt millions, of those animals in Texas. In 1849, and for several years thereafter, they were numerous in the region between the Nneces River and the Rio Grande. They were found further north, but not in such numbers. Imsuch a manner! It is generally the client | mense herds of wild horses could be seen grazing on the prairies. When they saw any one approaching the leader would often said to be turned topsy-turvy; this often move to the front and make a reexpression is derived from the way in connoissance. If things did not suit him, he would give his head a peculiar toss, wheel and sound the note of alarm. These demonstrations would be followed by prompt movement on the part of the herd, sometimes to the front, but more usually to the rear. They would wheel into line, change front, move in line, or in column, with as much precision and order as cavalry. It was wonderful to witness how well they were drilled and disciplined. In the event a retreat was ordered, the leader would move in the rear for a while. If any lagged or straggled they were very apt to feel his teeth, if not his heels. On some occasions a movement to the front was ordered. It was a charge in line, or in column, proudly headed by the leader. This was the case sometimes when mounted men were in sight. The Texas Rangers operating in that country were followed by pack mules in charge of a guard. It was necessary at times to form a hollow square, Argesileus, "thou canst not have looked | places the mules inside, and to throw out skirmishers to fire into the animals. If the leader could be struck, the charge would be broken. The horses would retire at once. The mustangs were hunted by Mexicans, and fine-looking ones singled out and lassoed. Whole herds were driven at a run into pens having extended wings, which contracted as they approached the gate. As many as 500 mustangs have been penned at one "run." They were sold at almost nothing, \$5 being a high price for a choice horse. These mustangers were a wild set, often no better than Indians; some of them were honest, good men. They were guilty of many murders and robberies. The Comanches made many visits to that region. They would pounce upon the which fell on Tuesday of last week was mustangers, set them aloot, or kill them, 2,333,571 tons. The weight of one cubic as caprice dictated. The Comanches wanted the mustangs to ride and to eat. Horseflesh is a great delicacy with them. The choice part is the fat immediately under the mane. The section in question was very hot in those days for Americans. A Texan was considered a hered itary enemy by both mustangers and Indians. His only protection was the rifle and the six-shooter and a horse of bady of water was lifted up from the strength and bottom.- Tecas Mute Ran-

> "Why, Dick," said a lady teacher the other day, "you are gettling to be an awfully good boy, lately; ever so much better than you were last year. How is mick-ache now."