

ANTICIPATING THE RETURNS.

FIRST VERSE. Melian man, he time and frater; He say Chinaman go away far; Git himse' all warm up and sweatee, Alee same dirty, Take off shirtee, Hantee of Chinaman, ha! ha! ha!

ADRIENNE'S STORY.

It was never happy at Aunt Browne's, but there seemed no prospect that I should leave her. I had come out so to speak, as far as any one so repressed could come out, but I might as well staid in. I only sat in corners, talked with the chaperons, or listened to some garrulous octogenarian. Aunt Browne's interest in me, such as it was, died a natural death after my first season—it had always been weak—and the result was a sad deficiency in my wardrobe. She had married off two daughters without difficulty, but a niece, it seems, stuck closer than a burr. However, it was not my fault that I remained unmarried. I had done my best to be fascinating. Though I hated the idea of marrying for home or position, yet I was sure I should not find it hard to love one that was kind to me, if only on account of the novelty. I was thirty now, and not unused to hearing the changes rung upon old maids, and the beggars who shouldn't be choosers, by my younger cousins Susette and Annie. But I had had one opportunity to change for better or worse of which they had never dreamed. The son of Aunt Browne's second husband, Cedric Browne, had asked me to marry him, three years before, as we rowed up the river in June for the rose laurel blooms to decorate the house and piazzas for Susette's birthday fete. I sometimes wondered what Aunt Browne would have thought of the proceeding, as she had set her heart upon marrying Susette to Cedric. Perhaps I refused him because I was taken unawares, because I was not enough interested to care about frustrating Aunt Browne's plans; perhaps I did not expect to be taken at my word, but imagined it the proper way to decline, in order to be importuned. I believe all my favorite heroines had conducted in this wise. However, we rowed home through the sunset, our boat heaped with the pink flowers, in silence.

"You look as if you were laden with sunset clouds," said Susette, who was watching for us on the shore; but I am certain Cedric looked like a thunder-cloud. The next day was the fete. Everybody brought presents for Susette. Cedric gave her an antique necklace of tortoiseshell; I was sure he had meant it for me. We had supper out of doors under the great pine trees, and dancing in the moonlight. That day I began to regard Cedric Browne attentively. I had known him under the same roof for weeks at a time; I had laughed and talked with him, believing him fore-ordained to minister to Susette's happiness, "as inaccessible as a star in heaven" so far as I was concerned. He had helped me with Adele's children, who had come to live at Aunt Browne's when their mother died. But that he should regard me with any tender emotions, I had never dared to wish. In fact, I had thought little about him till to-day. I had never observed till to-day that his eyes were as tender as stars, that his face was like that radiant countenance of Mozart in the music room, that his smile was simply enchanting. It was rather late to make these discoveries.

He did not leave us at once. It seemed as if he stayed just long enough for me to know all I had lost. Since then he had been with us once again for a whole month; but little Walter was ill with a spinal affection that kept him on his back and me by his side; and though Cedric used to relieve me often by day and by night, I could see from my window, and from occasional glimpses into the drawing-room, that the balance of his time was spent in Susette's company. "Aunt Susette's beau is going to make me a kite," Teddy confided to Walter one day.

"Who's he?" asked Walter from his bed. "Why, Cedric, of course—Cedric Browne—Bridget says so herself," as if that put the matter beyond dispute. The next day, when Cedric came up to amuse Walter with the affairs of downstairs, that youth demanded: "I say, are you really Aunt Susette's beau, Cedric? Adrienne's ever so much nicer. When I'm a man I'll marry Adrienne."

"Then you'll be luckier than I," said Cedric, winding up a top, and spinning it on his palm. It was a rare thing then. I no longer went out. I was fairly puce. Aunt Browne had abandoned all hopes of me. I was a good nurserymaid, a cheap governess, an inexpensive companion in the family. In the meantime I could have married my day, if I had chosen to accept the Rev. Abel Amherst, and transfer my labors to the parsonage. To be sure this would not have proved the brilliant marriage my aunt had expected of me, nor the romantic one I had dreamed of myself, and it was not till I came into possession of a certain family secret that I began to revolve the possibility in my mind. It seems that when my aunt married her second husband, Mr. Browne—Susette and Anne were both Lowells—they had subsisted upon the patrimony left to Cedric by his mother, and that after his father's death, Cedric had turned in the same yearly income from the estate for the family use, and that I, Adrienne Lennox, owed my daily bread to the man I had refused, and who had forgotten me. Earning my own livelihood was my only vocation, and that was too badly paid to be encouraging. I looked at the Rev. Abel Amherst often at this period, with a view to installing him in Cedric's place if Cedric would only vacate. Oddly enough, Mr. Amherst

renewed his suit at this time, and pressed it with the eagerness of a lover, and for the first time I began to hesitate. "The woman who hesitates is lost," said Susette.

I had been out on the hills one day trying to make up my mind to forget Cedric and marry Mr. Amherst, but whenever I began to think with some interest of going to parish meetings, becoming the president of Dakota leagues and sewing circles, visiting the poor, and drinking tea opposite the Rev. Mr. Amherst all the rest of my days, somehow or other Cedric's face would slip into the picture uninvited, and blot out his rival's as strong sunlight fades a negative photograph.

"There is a letter for you, Adrienne," said Aunt Browne, when I entered the house "in the music room, on the top of the dado, under Mozart's picture." I went into the music room, but there was no letter to be seen. "Perhaps one of the girls has removed it," she suggested. But no one had meddled with it.

Grandma cooked a letter over the teakettle," said Teddy reflectively. "Yes," said grandma, "I wrote a letter to your pa, child. I hadn't any blotting paper, but the fire answers the purpose quite as well."

At that time I had never heard of opening letters by steam. Well, we ransacked the house for that truant letter, but in vain.

"Who was it from, Aunt?" I asked. "How should I know, child?" "But the handwriting, the post-mark!" The post-mark was blurred.

"Had it a foreign stamp?" I asked, with sudden earnestness. Cedric had gone abroad some months before, and I had not heard of his return. "A foreign stamp! No. Were you expecting a foreign letter?"

"No; but it is the unexpected that always happens, you know." "It's awfully provoking," said Susette. "Perhaps it was only the recipes Mrs. Clark was going to send you."

"Nothing more likely; but what has become of it? It's a prolonged game of hunt the thimble!"

"And supposing it's a letter notifying you of the existence of a first Amherst, put in Anne, 'or of a legacy left by your forty-fifth cousin in Australia.'" And then the door-bell rang.

"Well, after that I supposed I must have accepted Mr. Amherst. Everybody behaved as if I had. I received congratulations and a ring, and the parish began repairs upon the parsonage before I could muster courage to tell Mr. Amherst all about Cedric and my mistake and how I wasn't at all sure I could ever get over it, and care for anybody else, but that I would do my best. And he smiled in a sort of absent way when I told him, but seemed content to take me as I was, for better or worse; only it did strike me sometimes that he was the most undemonstrative lover in Christendom; but I hadn't much experience in lovers and perhaps they weren't as gushing in real life as novels pictured. He used to kiss my hand when we parted; that was all. He was very gentle but a little sad, I fancied with a look that might mean that he was half afraid of so much happiness, or that to marry a woman he loved wasn't all that fancy had painted it. And often I thought I had perhaps done wrong to tell him everything about Cedric so unreservedly; yet I had only meant to be honest. But the day was appointed and suddenly Cedric appeared among us, when I thought he was at the world's end, and the girls decorated the little church with white daisies and grasses for the occasion. You may believe that I avoided Cedric in the interval before the wedding as much as possible, but somehow I was always stumbling on him; he seemed to be perpetually at my elbow; he surprised me more than once with traces of tears on my face. The sound of his voice made my heart turn and quiver within me. If I dared to withdraw at this juncture, I'm afraid I should have done so; but it was too late; and though I felt like a hypocrite whenever Mr. Amherst appeared, he looks of sober satisfaction, which reminded me of those lines of Matthew Boyden on Sir Philip Sidney.

"A full assurance given by looks Continual comfort in a face, The fragments of gospel books."

might have taught me that all was well with him.

"You are the oddest sweethearts I ever saw," gossiped Susette. "I wouldn't give a straw for such a lover; and as for you, Adrienne, you resemble a ghost more than a bride."

In short, a thousand years of purgatory would ill represent my sufferings during those last weeks before my wedding. Well, to crown the whole, Aunt Browne said Cedric must give me away; he was the only male relative, the head of the family, so to speak, and he could do it so admirably.

"We shall see," said he. I'm afraid I should make a poor figure at giving Adrienne away," and he stroked his triste mustache as he spoke and looked at me just as he looked that day we gathered the laurel for Susette's fete—I could have sworn he did. I didn't answer, for I fear my voice would be husky, and the tears would start.

The wedding was to be quite private—only relatives. Aunt Browne arranged everything to suit herself and the proprieties; it didn't become a clergyman's bride to make a great parade. At the church, I remember, my veil caught in the carriage door, and an orange blossom tumbled from my wreath, which Cedric picked up, and wore in his button-hole. Then he drew my half-lifeless arm within his, and directly the wedding march pealed forth in great resounding waves of melody. My grandmother's India muslin blew out in abundant creamy folds behind me, and Cedric and I were standing before the altar, and Mr. Amherst was reading the marriage service!

I do believe that Aunt Browne faints or she would have forbidden the bans. "You see, it was impossible for me to give you away, Adrienne," said Cedric, later, when we were steaming out of town. "Amherst is a trump; and may he find a wife as sweet as Mrs. Brown! If it hadn't been for him, I should have been of all men the most miserable to-day. What do you think he did? Why, he wrote me all that sad little story you thought right to tell him, and added that he was making a sacrifice; that in renouncing you he renounced all that made life lovely to him, except his work; yet he felt it was better one should fail of a heaven on earth than two should suffer; and that if I loved you, as I had

once said, would I take his place at the marriage, and allow him to solemnize it? It was a whim of his to have it so 'to avoid explanations,' he said. I couldn't believe in my luck, you know, Adrienne. We handed letters too and fro, canvassing the subject. I feared he had made a mistake, as I had renewed my offer some little while before, but had received no reply; still, a dozen things happen to letters every day."

"Yes, something happened to yours," I said.

Years after, when Susette and Anne were married, when Adele's husband had taken the children home to a new mamma, and Aunt Browne had gone to "the land of the hereafter," when Cedric was repairing the old house for a summer residence, in ripping away the ancient dado in the music-room, which had always wrapped away from the wall in warm weather, leaving a little crack, the carpenters unearthed my lost letter. Had it slipped down there, or had Aunt Browne given it a push? We gave her the benefit of the doubt.—Harper's Bazar.

A Noted Explorer.

Vasco Da Gama, whose remains have just been removed across the Tagus at Lisbon to the Monastery of Belem, is the greatest and most famous of the Portuguese explorers. He is generally credited with the discovery of the maritime route to India, only second in importance to the discovery of the Western World by Columbus. Dr. Pertz, Director of the Royal Library at Berlin, announced some years ago that certain documents had been brought to light tending to show that the route to the East via the Cape of Good Hope had been known 200 years before Gama's day.

The explorer was descended from an ancient family, and supposed to have been tintured with royal, though illegitimate blood. He early gained the reputation of a dauntless sailor, and after the return of Bartolomeo Diaz (1487) from doubling the Cape, King Joao fixed on him as the man most likely to find a southern passage to India. Joao's purposes were balked by death; but Mancel the Fortunate, his successor, fitted out four vessels with 180 men, and put Gama in command, furnishing him with letters to all the sovereigns, including the mythical Prester John, whom he might have occasion to visit. The little fleet sailed from Lisbon July 8, 1497, but was so beset by storms as not to reach what is now Table Bay until November 16. Three days later, in the teeth of furious gales and mutinous sailors, he rounded the Cape, and touched at various places on the hitherto unknown eastern coast of Africa. Having found the people of Melinda far more civilized than he had anticipated, he engaged a very intelligent Indian pilot, a native of Guzerat, and, putting boldly out to sea under his guidance, crossed the Indian Ocean, and arrived at Calicut, Hindoostan, May 20, 1498. His reception by the Prince of the coast was not cordial. The Arab merchants residing there were jealous of the might of the Hindus against them. Gama was obliged to fight his way out of the harbor, after which he sailed homeward, reaching Lisbon September, 1499, and was welcomed with every honor. Mancel immediately sent a squadron to India, under Pedro Cabral, to establish Portuguese settlements, in which he was but partially prosperous. At Calicut a number of the adventurers were murdered by the natives, whereupon the King equipped another and larger squadron, under the direction of Gama, who arrived safely at the East African coast, founded the Colonies of Mazambique and Sofala, and sailed to Travancore. He afterward bombarded Calicut, destroyed the enemy's fleet, and compelled the Prince to conclude a treaty of peace, with heavy indemnifications. Before that he had captured a richly-laden vessel full of Mohammedans, from various parts of Asia, on their way to Mecca, and believing them to be African Moors, the traditional foes of his nation, he slew all of them except 20 women and children. Returning to Portugal, Gama was unemployed for 20 years; but he was re-engaged by the new King, and reached as Viceroy, the scene of his former triumphs. He redeemed the misfortunes of his predecessors, causing the power of Portugal to be once more respected in India. While in the midst of success, he was overtaken (1525) by death at Cochin. His remains were taken to Lisbon and buried with great pomp, and have never been disturbed until now. Personally, Gama was short and stout, dark-eyed, dark-haired, prominent of feature and florid of complexion. He was intrepid, persevering, fertile in resources, but violent in temper and capable of cruelty, though he was, on the whole, far juster, more considerate and humane than most of the navigators and warriors of his time and nation.

Suggestions to Fat People.

No doubt it is unpleasant to be excessively obese; but the morbid dread of fat which has in recent years become fashionable, has, according to the London Lancet, no foundation in physiological fact. Fat answers two purposes; it acts as a non-conducting envelope for the body, and protects it from too rapid loss of heat, and it serves as a store of fuel. In the course of exhausting diseases it not unfrequently happens that the life of a patient may be prolonged until the reserve of fat is exhausted, and then he dies of inanition. Fats supply the material of the heating process, on which vitality mainly depends. In great excess it is inconvenient; but the external layering of fat is no certain measure of the development of adipose tissue; much less does a tendency to grow fat imply or even suggest a tendency to what is known as "fatty degeneration." It is time to speak out on that point, as the most absurd notions seem to prevail. Again, it is not true that special forms of food determine fat. That is an old and exploded notion. Some organisms will make fat, let them be fed on the leanest and scantiest and less saccharine descriptions of food, while others will not be fattened, let them feed with the most "fattening" of diets. The matter is one in regard to which it is supremely desirable and politic to be natural, adapting the food taken to the requirements of health rather than substance. Simple food, sufficient exercise and regular habits, with moderation in the use of stimulants, compose the maximum of a safe and healthy way of life.

THE HOUSE-PAINTER.

Painting and plumbing are crimes that go hand in hand. The plumber does not necessarily paint, neither does the painter ordinarily plumb, but the man who is capable of the one is always capable of the other. The qualities that enable a man to follow a successful career of plumbing are precisely those that would fit him for painting. So close is the relationship between the two occupations that we often find a plumber associating himself in business with a painter and brazenly displaying the sign, "Plumbing, gas-fitting, and house-painting done here." Thus, while one partner paints the outside of the house the other plumbs its interior, and between the two the ruin of the house-owner is made complete.

The painter resembles the plumber in his deep-rooted unwillingness to keep his agreements. One of his chief objects in life is to put off the hour of painting until the house-owner's patience is completely exhausted, and his consequent indignation deprives him of that mental equanimity necessary for a successful contest with the painter's wiles. There was, probably, never an instance of a painter who painted a house on the day when he had promised to paint it. He never makes less than three postponements. His excuse for the first of these is that he is out of white-lead or turpentine and has been unable to procure them. The second postponement is made because the painter professes to foresee a coming shower of rain—which refuses to come with as much obstinacy as if it had been prophesied by Professor Vanvor—and for the painter's third failure to appear on the promised day he pleads either an attack of illness or the failure of his assistant to provide him with ladders.

By this time the house-owner has become so indignant that, when the painter actually arrives, the latter finds it comparatively easy to overthrow the arguments of the former in favor of any particular color. It is a point of honor with the painters never to let a man have his own choice as to the color with which his house shall be painted. The house-owner and his wife may have given much time to the selection of a nice color for the house and a suitable shade for the trimmings, but when he lays the two tints before the painter the latter invariably replied, "O, them colors won't do at all, sir." In vain does the unhappy man insist that he likes them, and that, therefore, they will and must "do"; the painter bends a pitying glance upon him and asserts that he has no idea how the two tints in question will look when laid on the house. In most cases his obstinacy overrules the house-owner, and the latter is compelled to consent to having his house painted with colors which he privately thinks detestable. Sometimes, however, the painter pretends to acquiesce in his victim's views, and the latter flatters himself that he has gained a victory. He soon finds out, when it is too late, that no painter ever yet consented to adopt colors which he himself had not selected. The house-owner may have supposed that his house was to be painted a delicate cream-color, and he will find that it has been painted Indian red, and that the painter insists that he has strictly followed his instructions, although, as he pretends, it is just possible that the tint has been mixed a trifle too warm. What can the helpless man whose house has been thus unlawfully painted red do with the wretch who calmly insists that Indian red is really a delicate cream-color, rendered a trifle too warm in the mixing? He may kill the painter, but the unjust laws of the country will punish him, or he may at vast expense hire another painter, and have his house repainted, with results as unsatisfactory as those which attended his first effort. If he is a wise man, he simply submits to the inevitable, and recognizes the fact that no man can have his house painted to suit himself. There is a worthy gentleman residing in a New Jersey suburban town who for twenty years has been trying to have his house painted a particular shade of brown. During that time he has employed, four different painters, and has had his house painted successively yellow, red, green and orange, but never once has he been able by threats or entreaties to induce a painter to use the brown paint for which he sighs.

It is, of course, possible for a man to buy his own paint, thus procuring the precise shade which he desires, and then to hire a painter to put it on the house. This experiment has been tried, but no man having once tried it, ever tries it again such a method of painting a house should not be attempted by any one whose income is less than \$15,000 a year. The amount of paint, turpentine and brushes that the painter uses will be found to cost rather more than the house. No matter if the paint merchant has made a careful calculation of the quantity of paint that will be sufficient to cover the house, the painter will demand at least three times that amount, and will then ruin his employer in turpentine and brushes. Moreover, the amount of paint which the painter, who is hired by the job, contrives to spill on every available spot of surface where paint is not desired is enormous. He never fails to upset at least two well-filled paint-pots, and always selects the worst possible localities for the performance of this feat. If we add to this the number of panes of glass which the painter knocks out with the end of his ladder, and the blinds he breaks with the same effective instrument, it will be found, on the whole, cheaper to set the house on fire than to hire a painter to paint it with colors selected and furnished by the house-owner.

In any event, the painter, when he comes to make out his bill, displays an amount of unblushing wickedness which the plumber alone can rival. He charges for his paints, brushes and turpentine; for his time, and for "the job." He never takes less than twice the time to paint a house which he originally said would be sufficient if he is lucky enough to be able to pretend that a sudden shower has spoiled the paint which he had just laid on, he can proceed to paint the house all over again. As between the painter and the plumber there is little to choose. The latter is, perhaps, a little the bolder of the two, but the former accomplishes his criminal purposes with at least equal success.—N.Y. Times.

Mount Vesuvius is troubled with eruptions, and they don't know what to do with the crater.

The Dark Horse.

Probably the meanest piece of cold-blooded deception ever practiced upon a woman occurred out in Western Addition the other day. It seems that the belle of that important suburb of our municipality is a Miss Susan Smifley, and whom a vigorous rumor, kept in circulation by her less favored sisterhood, credited with being a desperate little flirt—in fact, what Billy Rice, the man-frit, used to call a "false-hearted croaky." At all events, her affections were of sufficiently indefinite a quality to cause her two most favored visitors to look upon each other with the most vindictive feelings common to hated rivals. These gentlemen—who were respectively a City Hall clerk, with the eye glasses and freckles, named Pliff, and a red-headed dry goods manipulator called Diggs—occupied the intervals devoted to gloomily sitting each other out three evenings a week, to fruitless attempts to discover which of the two was really the coming man in the matrimonial race, so to speak.

Last Thursday morning Miss Smifley, in response to a business like ring, admitted a middle-aged party with a black beard, and wearing blue goggles and a long-tailed ulster. "I am taking the census, mum," he said, opening a flat book on the piano, and getting out some blanks, "just look sharp, please, and answer the necessary questions."

Miss Smifley trembled a little, as women always do for some reason when talking to a Government official, and said she'd try. "Lem-me see—your name's Smifley, I believe—first name?" "Susan."

"Middle name?" "None'vet got any, sir."

"Have now, young woman, no prevarication. Are you sure you haven't got a middle name somewhere, and are trying to conceal it?"

"No, sir; indeed I haven't," said the young lady, turning very pale; "I wouldn't deceive you."

"You'd better not, mum. The penalty is twenty-five years at hard labor, or both."

"Gracious me!" "Fact, mum. Now then, let's see what's next. Ah! yes—how often married?"

"Not once yet."

"Ah, mum. Going to be, I s'pose? Been asked, eh?"

"Oh! yes, sir; several times."

"Call it six times," said the census man, making an entry. "What's next? Ah! yes—is your back hair false?"

"M—m—must I answer that?" "Of course you must. Don't trifle with the United States Government, mum. Come now—"

"Well, it's sorter—that is kinder—"

"That'll do—we'll call it mixed. Teeth sound?"

"Yes, sir," with much emphasis. "Don't get excited. Let's see—I'll put your age down as twenty-five. The United States never allows us to take a woman's age on oath. They will lie—can't help it, I guess."

"I'm just eighteen. I don't care whether the government believes it or not," said the citizeness snappishly.

"Of course, of course—they all say that. Pay attention, please. What size corset?"

"Eh?"

"Must answer, mum. Remember the penalty. How many inches around the waist?"

"Well, if you must know—sixteen. But I think it's just shame—"

"No remarks, if you please. Ahem? We'll call it nineteen. They generally throw off about three inches, I find. Size of shoe?"

"Two—but I can wear one and a—"

"I'll return you as a No. 3. That's about what a 'threeer' always says. Any beaux?"

"W—w—what?"

"I say, any beaux?—and be careful about your answer, mum. The Washington authorities are very particular on this point. Has everything to do with the next census, you see. Now, how many sweethearts?"

Comparative Value of Foods.

Dr. Richardson, a prominent English lecturer on sanitary and economic questions, recently drew a contrast between certain classes of food as follows: In the way of learning to live on foods nearest to the field and cheapest growth, we must bring ourselves to use more freely vegetable foods and the fruits of the earth. The accomplishment of this through the use of vegetable substances and fruits is common sense itself, for when we use animal food, as a general rule, first use the animal that supplied the food, transmute the vegetable food in the animal. It is true one flesh-eating animal may live on the flesh of another flesh eater, but the process is limited in range, and at the bottom of it there must be a flesh-supplying animal that gets its sustenance from the vegetable kingdom. This is only telling, in other words, the truth that there is no primitive form of food, albuminous, starchy, or osseous, in the animal world itself. The next question is that of quality, or of goodness, amount of nourishment of different kinds. Let us take this fact in relation to amount of water in different foods. In the prime joints there is as much as 75 per cent. of water. There are some vegetables which contain more water than this, viz., potatoes, turnips, cabbages and carrots; but there are other vegetables which contain infinitely less water. Oatmeal, for example, contains only 6 per cent.; good wheat flour, barley, meal, beans and peas, 15, and good bread, 40 to 45 per cent. Taking, then, the value of foods as estimated by their salt value, there are, it will be observed, a large class of vegetable foods, which, for solid value, are incomparably superior to animal flesh. Beans, rice, oats, barley and wheat are of this class. In the animal food named there are 25 parts of solid matter to the 100; in the vegetable foods specially named there are 8 parts. We compute from the solid matter the value of flesh-forming and strength-producing foods on the animal and vegetable produce, we find some other useful facts. In a leg of mutton we find 24 per cent. of solid material, 10.20 of albuminoids, flesh-forming substance, the rest of it is water. Let us compare that with wheat as a favorite vegetable substance, and we shall find in the 100 per cent. of solid matter of wheat 11.50 of albuminoids or flesh-forming substance, and 71 of force-producing substance or starch, with a little fat. Wheat is, by this calculation, more valuable than leg of mutton, and the vegetarian would, I daresay, with fair argument, challenge many further similar comparisons. Coming, in fact, directly to matter of quality or goodness, it may honestly be admitted that, weight by weight, vegetable substances, when they are carefully selected, possess the most striking advantages over animal food of nutritive value.

A MODEL DISCIPLINARIAN.—Considerable hilarity has recently been excited in Austro-Hungarian military circles by an incident quaintly illustrating the strictness with which Magyar non-commissioned officers are wont to carry out to the letter, the instructions contained in the imperial royal military code. A few days ago a private soldier died in the barracks infirmary at Kaschau, and his body, in due course, was consigned to the grave with customary military honors. It was observed, however, by a superior officer present at the ceremony of interment, that the firing party following the coffin marched into the cemetery with fixed bayonets, contrary to the established military usage in similar cases. As soon as the burial rites had been concluded, he sent for the sergeant commanding the party, and asked him with some asperity, "Whether he did not know that it was contrary to the regulations for a funeral escort to march with fixed bayonets?" Standing stiffly, the salute, the conscientious sergeant replied: "Yes, sir; I am quite aware of that. But I beg respectfully to repeat that the deceased, during his illness, was arrested. It was, therefore, the duty of the escort to fix bayonets." "Very well, may go," was the rejoinder; and the model disciplinarian retired with the proud consciousness that he had triumphantly proved his case.—[London Telegraph.]

A POMPEIIAN DISCOVERY.—An exquisite bronze fann was discovered in newly excavated house in Pompeii. The statuette was the ornament of a fountain and in execution, dimensions and type forms one of the group of the celebrated Narcissus, Dancing-Faun and Silenus. On entering the first room of the house in the Naples Museum the eye is attracted by the bold, free and graceful attitude of this figure, the muscular, elegant proportions of which are usually thick earthy incrustation, and is usually united with the oxide, in which to hide. The Faun leans far back, the weight of the body rests on the right leg, the left being extended forward to preserve the balance. The wine skin squeezed under and held by the left arm, the hand of which grasps the spigot, the right arm and hand are lowered and slightly drawn back, in the attitude of one holding a cup to receive the stream of wine. A tube at the back of the figure led the water into the wine skin, whence it issued from the spigot. The shape of the head is beautiful, the locks of hair falling over the brow admirably indicated; a wreath (probably a vine branch with grapes) crowns the head, but is made indistinct by incrustations. The ears are pointed, and there is the usual tail. The face and figure express the joyous abandonment of a youthful votary of Bacchus.—[N.Y. Tribune.]