DECLINE OF MINSTRELSY.

The Negro of Ante-Bellum Days Gone

from the Amusement Stage. How many readers remember the old Christle minstrels, which created such a furore during the year succeeding the war? If there are many, and of course there is no doubt that there are, they will remember the old plantation scenes, the genuine negro of the south, wise in a crude way, full of humor and mirth, and the quintessence of unalloyed happiness in spite of his rags and plain food. They gave us the dialect of the southern plantation, with all the local coloring and customers. toms. They sang us the negro songs, which linger in the brain as a delightful cence of true melody. It is a pity

that they are no more.

The negro of the south in the ante-war days has disappeared from the amusement stage. We have now in negro minstrelsy an entirely different kind of burnt cork artist. He is dressed up in garb so fantastic as to put to shame the tailor's fights of imagination, if he ever has any. He talks a jargon which is no more the language of the cotton picking slave than it is of Greece. He acts boisterously and his fun is of the noisy kind; the more noise he can create the better it seems to be. We have our minstrels dressed like courtiers in the time when court cos-tume was carried to the extreme. We have them dressed in apparel that seems to be a cross between today and yester-day, the present and the past. Some-times the cork is unceremoniously left off the year of grace eighteen hundred and

There is hardly a trace in the present minstrelsy of the good, old fashioned negro minstrel of twenty years ago. By a process of evolution he has come out a ing which Christie and Backus and the rest of the pioneers on the minstrel stage would never recognize. He is a lusus nature of minstrelsy. Negro minstrels in those days was a study. The negro of the south during the time preceding the been because of these extra inches that war was a peculiar institution. He was indigenous to the soil. He was a study and there was some delight in studying him. The present relic of the minstrel is a purely modern invention, brought into being to satisfy the everlasting desire on the part of the public for change and novelty. We do not criticise the man-agers of the minstrelsy of today for this radical innovation. They want to make money and they cater to the prevailing taste to get it.

Another regret that one feels who looks back upon the minstrelsy of the days of Christie is caused by the music. The present minstrel is a ballad singer. So was the minstrel of the past. But now he sings ballads of a lot of mushroom composers who exist solely for the pur-pose of writing ballads to be sung by the nstrel performers. There is no individuality about the music. It is senti-mental, sometimes sickly sentimental, and no more. An infinite variety of tender subjects is covered and drawn upon. America ever had a class of music which can be strictly called American, it is the music that Stephen G. Foster com-posed. He was the author of "My Old posed. He was the author of "My Old Kentucky Home," Ellen Bayne," "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "Hard Times," "Oh, Susanna," "Nancy Till" and hosts of others. Foster's melodies were an il-Foster's music ought to be preserved because it is so distinctly American music. The tunes covered a variety Some were rollicking in their rhythmic effects Some were perfect idyls. Some were love songs which never strelay of today. - Detroit Free Press.

Some Facts About Confectionery. "The confectioners art has reached its highest state of development." remarked a confectioner to the writer the other day, "and the kind of candles most in demand at the present are gum drops, lozenges of various flavors, and the delicious and ever popular marshmallow drops. The latter are made chiefly of gum arabic, fine sugar and other ingredients, which are boiled (in large quantities) in mammoth copper kettles, made to evolve on a pivot by employment of steam power. These rap-killy turning kettles are used for mixing compounds. In the case of the marshmallows, they are allowed to cool after coming from the mixing kettle, after which the mixture is poured into molds previously prepared for its reception by with powdered starch. Gum drops are composed principally of pure glucose and sugar, mixed and boiled with other materials in the usual manner.

fection is the caramel. They are made chiefly of the inevitable boiled sugar and glucose, made into a syrup and flavored with the essences of lemon, orange, vanilla, etc. This syrup is allowed to cool and harden, and is then cut into little whenever her aunt went up to town withcubes, which are deftly enveloped in small squares of perfumed paraffine paper ty

expert young girls.
"The uses of the 'pulling hook' and the process of 'pulling' or kneading certain kinds of candy is too well known to need any description. The familiar 'stick' candy is made by first being pulled. What is known as 'old fashioned molasses taffy' is also made in this fashion. Thin, trans parent candy is not subjected to the pull-ing process. "-New York Evening Sun.

Gold and Silver Product. A valuable report from the director of mint states that the total product of gold and silver in the United States during 87 exceeded \$86,500,000. Of this total the gold was \$33,093,000. Colifornia is the largest producer of the yellow metal, the yield of her mines exceeding \$13,000, The director estimates that last year the net gain to the country of bul-lion and coin by imports was \$28,500,000, and that we used in the industrial arts about \$14,500,000 worth of gold and \$5,urs to be more than one third that of whole world. In 1886 the world produced about \$99,000,000 of gold and \$126. 000,000 of silver. If, however, of our production of these metals is large for our population, our consumption of them is proportionately large and seemingly ex-travagant. The world's annual consumption of gold and silver, as nearly as can be determined, is respectively \$45,000. 000 and \$22,000,000. The population of the United States cannot now be more the United States cannot now he more than 5 per cent, that of the world, but we use in the industrial arts not far from 30 per cent. of all the gold and 22 per cent. of all the allver similarly consumed by all the world.—New York Herald.—a.

The Prince of Roumania is anxious to get married, and wants a royal wife. He has no heart to give, for that already belongs to Mile. Vacaresco. The Duke of Edinburgh will not consent that his daughter Marie and in the limit of the daughter Marie and in the limit of the limit

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("KAMBA THORPE,") "Four Oaks," "Little Joanna." Etc.

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CHAPTER L LITTLE MISSY



"Praise de kingdom!" Glory-Ann ejacu

Miss Thorne, or, more familiarly, Miss Elvira, a gentle, faded beauty, attired and we have our negro minstrels in fifty-seven, was going, this warm May morning, "up to town," as they said on the plantations around Tallahassee in the days before the war; and the entire domestic retinue of Thorne Hill were assembled to speed her departure. Her brother, the colonel, had preceded her been because of these extra inches that he was called colonel, but his world acknowledged the title without inquiry.

The colonel's only daughter, Miss Winifred, a motherless lass of eleven, was doomed this day to be left at home in charge of Glory-Ann, the old family nurse, whose name Miss Winifred had transformed into "Mom Bee."

"See that Winifred does not run in the sun," Miss Elvira said, as she sank back against the cushions and opened a little well worn volume of Bishop Ken's "Devotions." Miss Elvira spent her day, for the most part, reading this good book; she had formed the habit when she gave up Sir Walter Scott's novels, nobody knew how long ago-or nobody told. It was a practice that enabled her to forget little Miss Winifred, who was a young lady of exasperating devices.

"Wouldn' s'prise me ef Missy wuz in dishyer sun now dis minute," grumbled Giory-Ann as the carriage rolled away. 'Yit she mought be a poutin' somewhers 'bout de house," she amended, as she began laboriously to climb the stairs.

The house at Thorne Hill had a third story under the roof, lighted by a window in each gable, and deep, high peaked lustration of slave life. They were not only cast in the best mold of pure melody, but they were, with their words, full of pathos and the healthiest kind of senting odds and ends. In the cool north dormers, back and front. The stair landing divided this story into two long room was Winifred's chosen den, and here, in an old discarded arm chair beside the gable window, Glory-Ann found her.

A wild looking child she was, very have and never can be excelled. The small for her 11 years, with scant promise charm of simplicity and innocence hung of beauty. She had large eyes of a dark, over them all. It is a pity that we have uncertain color, a mouth for which her teeth seemed too many, and an insignificant nose. Streaks of sunburnt yellow marred the beauty of her curling and abundant reddish brown hair; moreover, her face was freckled. She wore a faded green gingham dress, which marked her growth by two bands of deeper color in the skirt, where the provident tucks had been let out. Her arms and shoulders were bare, but pantalettes of a piece with her dress hung nearly to her ankles, and obscured her white stockings. Her shoes, every way too large, laced up the front.

"Praise de kingdom!" Glory-Ann ejaculated, pausing in the doorway, her arms akimbo. "You deh, Honey?

"Go 'way! Lemme 'lone!" was Honey

But Glory-Ann subsided to the floor beside the arm chair, slowly and with a sigh, and there she crouched, her hands clasping her knees. She foresaw that "Lozenges," further explained the proprietor, "are first made in a paste, which is rolled out in a flat sheet and cut by a stamping machine to the desired shape and size. The most steadily popular control of the exhortation to duty she felt bound to deliver would occupy a portion of time distinctly appreciable by her stiff and elderly joints. "Whyn't you mind yo' book, missy!" she began

book, missy?" she began. "I'm tired of this old plantation!" Missy declared, irrelevantly. "I want to go ever an' ever so far away!" This was the burden of the young lady's lament out her.

"You'd be tak wid a mighty honin' ter git back," said Glory-Ann. "You ter talk 'bout quittin' here, when you can't so much as dress yo'sef," she concluded. half in pity, half in reproachful pride.

"I can!" retorted Missy, indignantly as she tugged at the stringy and inade quate blue ribbon that was supposed to keep in subjection her rebellious hair. "Den hukkom you don't nuver do it?"

demanded Glory-Ann, with sly humor, To this thrust Missy made no reply, and the old nurse began anew to exhort her to "mind her book." "Do, now Missy, lak a good chile, jes' as Missle virey said; "an I'm gwan mek de nicest

little ginger pone, tubbe sho!" Tempted by this prospect, Missy slowly rose, and clasping her small sun browned hands on the top of her head, stood contemplating, with lazy indifference, her 000,000 worth of gold and \$5, old nurse's struggling achievement of those precious metals in the United States

appears to be more than one think one that the perpendicular. When at last Mom upon her feet, Missy's eyes had found an attraction in the Home Field, beyond the garden fence, where the corn in the furrows was making a promising show Ann proceeded remorselessly. "De way of green. In an instant her languor and

> "Mom Bee! Mom Bee!" she cried excitedly, "There's Daddy Gilbert in the Home Field; you reckon he's goin' to the branch?

"Jes' lis'n at dat, now!" said Glory Ann, in a discouraged tone, "Why ain't you mindin' yo' book, stidder studyin' dat ole nigger's doin's?

"I'm a goin' with him!" Missy announced, as she rushed from the room, and went tearing downstairs deaf to all

a gap in the garden paling, and made daughter Marie, aged 16, should wed wild haste across the furrows, reckless this princeling. of damage to the growing corn, "She is

mawster ain' got no room ter complain when his chillen tek dey own way; dey

is made atter his own petterun plum!" "I'm a-goin' with you!" panted Missy. as soon as she was within hearing distance of her father's much indulged old slave, who, being slightly lame, and duly considerate of the corn crop, was making his way leisurely.

man, with a grin that displayed his big with insulted family pride. "Miss Flora white teeth. "Here you come tromplin' de cawn lak so much pusley, an' gittin' yo' skin tanned up. Why'nt you satisfied ter set in de gret house, lak de lady you wuz bawn?"

"I want to go wadin'," said Missy. "I ain't gwan ter no branch," said old Gilbert, with decision; and before the child could recover from the surprise of her disappoinment, he asked with pa- dis chile's shoes." thetic eagerness, "Is mawster hearn fum Mawse Nick lately, ez you knows Miss Winifred's maid, was seated in the

"There, now!" cried Missy, angrily, "I was just forgettin' 'bout Brer Nicholas! I ain't come out here for you to talk to me 'bout Brer Nicholas; it makes me all—swelled—just here." And Missy. with her sleader hands across her heart. began to sob.

"Now, now, Honey, doan you go cry," old Gilbert remonstrated. "Mawse Nicholas gwan come home one o' dese days." sure of his prophecy himself.

"I want him today! I want him now!" sobbed Missy. "I do believe it'll be a and Amity was in no mind to burry. whole everlastin' year befo' I see Brer Nicholas any mo'; and me with no brother and no sister, 'ceptin' only him." 'Mawster drors de reins too tight,'

himself. "Hukkom he kin be so hard on his own flesh en blood, en so easy wid dis po' no 'count ole nigger?" His "no 'countness" was a point much

regular work. "I don't see as you're so no 'count," Missy objected. "Yo can do mo' work

than Tom Quash and Griffin Jim. They couldn't make round bottomed baskets, not if they was to try. The eld man chuckled with gratified

"And I am goin' with you-no matter if you ain't goin' to the branch," she declared.

"No, you doan go 'long o' me, Missy," said old Gilbert, uneasily. "Hit's too fur. You jes' tote yo'sef back ter de gret house.

"I'm tired of the house," Missy said, beginning to cry afresh.

"Now ain' dat a pity!" exclaimed old Gilbert, impatiently. "I'm s'prised at Glory-Ann lettin' you run loose in dishyer sun. You jes' go 'long back, Missy, en' I'm gwan ketch you a Molly cotton tail, or mebbe a squirl." Missy paused, glowering from under

her puckered brows. The house had no attractions for her while the sun was shining warm and bright, and the woods were waving boughs of green. But suddenly the frown relaxed; Missy was inspired by a brilliant purpose. She perceived that it might be possible to steal off to that dingy little dwelling in the midst of the plum thicket, on the other abruptly changed her course and began to walk rapidly across the field in the direction of the road.

But just as she took this turn, old Gilbert was minded to look back, and he instantly detected her purpose.

"Hi-yi!" he called out, sternly. call to foller atter dem po' white trash! De Thornes is quality; de ain' got no business wid de Furnivals."

"You mean ole nigger!" cried Missy, "I ain' gwan see no chile o mawster's

sociatin' wid dem Furnivals," said old Gilbert, unmoved. "You tote yo'sef stret back ter de gret house, else I gwan tell Missle-virey, mun." Missy, after a few irresolute moments,

wiped her tears on the skirt of her gingm sun bonnet, and went resignedly back to the gap in the garden paling, slipped through and confronted Glory-Ann in the latticed gallery between the kitchen and the main building.

board across her knees, and a pen-knife tion, that did away with the necessity of in her right hand; she was making ready to crimp Miss Elvira's ruffled aprons that lay folded in a basket on the stool at her side. She paused in the act burg, the whole amount could be pretty of lifting the apron from the basket, and accurately reckoned by touch, the ac-

looked over her spectacles with an air of grave rebuke at the flushed face of the child coming up the steps.

"I'm bound you ain' made nothin' by yo' trip but two shoefuls o' sand," she said, severely. For answer, Missy sat down on the floor, threw her bonnet into a corner,

and pulling off her shoes, emptied two little piles of sand at Glory-Ann's feet. "You gwan 'pent of all dis trapesin' in de brilin' sun, one o' dese days," Gloryyou goes on is enough ter set dem freck-

Missy put up her little sunburned hand and meditatively rubbed her cheek. "My cousin Flora has got frecklesme," she said.

les fur ever 'n' ever.

"None ter hu't!" retorted Glory-Ann. "And Dosia Furnival ain't got one; she's prettier than my cousin Flora, any-Missy proclaimed, with defiance. Glory-Ann stopped her work, and clutching the two ends of the lap board

while she straightened herself up, de-"Is you been ter dem Furnivals, Missy? Is you been?" Daddy Gilbert wouldn't let me."

Missy pouted. "Tubbe sho," said Glory-Ann. "What's

jes' as heady as Mawse Nick heself; an' a Thorne gotter do consortin' wid a Furnival, which de Thornes is quality?"

"Dosie is more nicer than my cousin Flora," said the unrepentant Missy, A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF stretching herself out on the floor, face downwards, resting on her elbows and supporting her chin in her hands, as she gazed up serenely at her admonisher, 'She don't snap me up, ever,"

"I'd lak ter see her try hit!" cried "Mawster above?" exclaimed the old Glory-Ann, her very turban bristling is a Thorne, en' a Thorne kin snap at a Thorne; but a Furnival-po' white trash!" And Glory-Ann made an emphatic pleat in Miss Elvira's ruffle, "Don't lemme hear no mo' seen talk," she commanded, with all the authority vested in her title of Mom Bee. Then she lifted up her voice and called sharply: "Amity! you triffin' gal, come here stret, en' put on

shadow of the Chinaberry tree, beguiling the tedium of towel hemming by building sand houses over her feet. She started guiltily when she heard herself called, tumbled off the upturned cotton basket that served her for a stool and darted to the gailery, where she set herself at once to obey Glory-Ann's behest.

Missy offered no resistance; but as she did not choose to change her position, it was a work of some dexterity and no But the old man sighed. He was not so little time to put on the shoes and lace them up; at Thorne Hill, however "time was plenty," as old Gilbert used to say,

"I'm gwan on 62 year," pursued Mom Bee, boastfully, "en' I has allers b'longed in de Thorne fam'ly. I wuz bawn in de fam'ly, I wuz raised in de fam'ly, en', murmured old Gilbert, communing with praise de Lawd, l'spects ter die in de fam'ly. You is bound ter pay respec' ter my words. Missy, fur you en' Mawse Nick ain' de only ones I has fotch up. I had a han'in Missle-virey's raisin', en' insisted upon by Daddy Gilbert, who dere ain nobody kin fault her manners. cherished his slight lameness as a means En' Missel-virey, she knows what a of securing him an immunity from any Thorne doan blong long of a Furnival, en' a Furnival doan b'long long a Thorne. Hukkom you ain' patternin' atter Misselvirey?" And Giory Ann looked at her charge over her spectacles with stern, rebuking eyes.

Missy, freeing herself with a jerk from the hands of Amity, wheeled over, and sat bolt upright, inspired by a sudden and comforting recollection.

"Mom Bee! whey is that ginger pone? she demanded.



When he had fingered his wealth to his sat-

Old Gilbert climbed the high rail fence side of the road, beyond the cornfield, surrounding the field, and, having crossed where she hoped to find Dosia Furnival, the beaten path that led down to the had afforded shelter to his father and a girl eight years her senior, for whom spring, plunged at once into the woods, mother she entertained an immense respect. It where the trees grew tall and close, and mattered nothing to this daughter of the where the wild grape vines and the blue blooded Thornes that Dosia's father sparkleberry bushes continually interority that rendered Flora Thorne, the there was none; but this ancient child of colonel's beautiful niece, so obnoxious to nature was at home in the wilderness; her little cousin. Missy had heard, a few he knew all the trees that grew, and all days before, that Dosia was not in Talla- plants that were for healing, and all hassee; it therefore occurred to her that noxious things to be avoided. He came she might be found with the carpenter's at last to a little dell, shut in on every kinsfolk, who inhabited the sorry little side by abruptly sloping ground, and house at the bend of the Thorne Hill road. almost impenetrable to the sunshine. With the colonel and Miss Elvira on the Here, when he had rested awhile upon a road to town, with Glory-Ann busy in the lichen grown log, he knelt down, and, house, and Daddy Gilbert wending his pushing aside a brush heap, laid bare a solitary way to the woods, Missy decided hole in the ground, wherein was set a that she might venture to steal off for an wide and deep iron pot, protected by an hour or so, without risk of discovery. iron lid, on top of which was a tin plat-She turned her face towards home, but ter that covered a fracture large enough she had gone only a few yards, when she to admit old Gilbert's hand and arm. This was the bank to which he confided the dimes he received for chickens and eggs and the skilled labor of his hands, for old Gilbert was master of many crafts by which money was to be earned. and for all his jobs he was paid in good hard coin, an unconquerable prejudice back ter de gret house, stret! You got no leading him to refuse what he called "limber money."

As he had the privilege of selling his manufactures off the plantation, he commanded what might be termed a wide market. Often he sent his wares up to town; sometimes even he condescended to dispose of a mat or a broom to the despised Furnivals across the road. What he did with the money thus earned he told no one; what he meant to do with these accumulated small earnings of more than fifteen years-amounting now to quite a respectable sum-he himself did not know; but having no wife nor child, nor any kindred whom he cared to bonor with gifts, the greatest satisfaction he could find in his money was to count Glory-Ann was seated in a low, splint it over. This ceremony he performed by bottomed chair, with a broad, smooth an ingenious process of his own invenabstracting the coin when once it was deposited; each deposit being made in sums of \$5 securely tied in a bit of asnaaccurately reckoned by touch, the account being kept upon a tally stick, which old Gilbert always carried with him.

When he had fingered his wealth to his satisfaction, Gilbert carefully readjusted the platter over the tin broken pot lid, raked the leaves over the spot, and skillfully heaped up the brush.

"Ole nigger gittin' stiff, tubbe sho' he said, rising with a grunt. "Time I wuz fixin' up 'nother bottle o' white ash bok en' whisky. I git de bok en' Misslevirey gimme de whisky. Hit ain too late for sassyfac, nuther. Little Missy allers honin' after sassyfac tea. I gwan tote her a bundle o' sassyfac ter de gret house dis night, seein' I wuz 'bleged ter spite her bout dem Furnivals."

Old Gilbert took his way home by roundabout route, through an old field known as the berry patch, where elderpushes and sassafras saplings grew rank in the fence corners, hedged round by little thickets of the odorous horse mint. Here the old man set to work; down on his knees, by the aid of his ready jack knife, he was deftly extracting the roots whose rich aroma diffused itself around, when his trained ear caught the

sound of steps approaching.
"Wha' dat?" he whispered to himself, with pulpitating heart, lifting his head to listen. "Rabbit?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHERE NAPOLEON DIED.

THE OLD CAMDEN HOUSE.

A Spot Associated with the Lost Hopes and Life Long Sarrows of an Empress. The Young Prince Tired of Inactivity and Died in Africa.

The furniture and other contents of Camden House, at Chiselburst, where Napoleon III breathed his last and where the Empress Eugenie endured so many heavy afflictions, were disposed of under the hammer of Christie & Manson, the auctioneers, who have assisted at the dispersal of so many families and the break up of many homes. If any man is puffed up with a sense

of his own importance, with family pride or with delight in his wealth, a visit to Christie & Manson's ought to bring him to his level. The greatest and proudest of the present day are not more exalted in their own esteem than were the clients, living or dead, whose affairs have from time to time been placed in the hands of the auctioneers of King street, St. James. When Napoleon III took up his abode at Chiselhurst he believed that it was only for a brief season and that the destiny of his son was, at any rate, perfectly secure. That was in cities are cigars, the wrappers of which 1871, just after the war with Germany are made out of a specially perfumed which terminated so disastrously for

A PICTURESQUE LOCATION.

Camden House is a very pretty place, standing in beautiful gardens. Even an emperor might make himself contented there if his heart were not fixed too exclusively upon the thone. Louis Napoleon cared little for the orchards or hop gardens of Kent. "The man fresh from Sedan" could scarcely be expected to lose himself in admiration of carnations and himself in admiration of carnations and that experts could scarcely distinguish and it is thought unlucky to sell the roses. The exile's world was in ruins that experts could scarcely distinguish and it is thought unlucky to sell the roses. became the jest of Europe, may still have haunted him: "Tout peut se retablir." Did he not acknowledge in his when he surrendered at Sedan? Yet some faint remnants of hope survive even in a broken heart.

whispered in his ears the words which of tobacco was also present, owing to eager biting also prognosticates wetwo bade him prepare for his long journey He died in 1873, and still the empress could console herself with the thought that her son would restore his dy pasty and bring some compensation to her for the sufferings she had passed through Who could have supposed at

The prince, then in his twenty-third year only, was weary of inaction and pining for some opportunity of showing that some of the qualities which the world cannot help associating with Napoleon had been transmitted to him There were no events in connection with his own country which gave him any such opportunity. He had to take whatever came to hand, and he placed himself at the disposal of the country which | do but 2 or 3 per cent. better

more than chance in it," and it must was a carpenter, and that her mother cepted his advance; but with such ob- have been only chance which sent the years have passed, and the world knows numbers: 6,844,571,431.03." - Washingsomething of the sorrows which have de ton Letter. scended upon the head of the lad's mother. They say she was the instigator of the war between Germany and France. It is a questionable story, for have not later events made it clear that Bismarck laid the train to the mine and exploded it at the moment which seemed to him most

A BITTER EXPIATION.

In any case, if the Empress Eugenie did any wrong, bitterly indeed has she been called upon to expiate it, for her Napoleonic race has ceased to exist. A though the prince imperial acknowl edged Prince Victor, the son of Prince Napoleon, as the head of the family in the event of his own death, the empress has never done so. She allowed Prince Napoleon to leave Chiselhurst after the emperor's funeral without even seeing

Some curious reflections must hav passed through Boulanger's mind as he stood over the relics of Napoleon I at Mme. Tussaud's most interesting collection of relics By the way, although very few Londoners condescend to go and see them they are inspected chiefly by our country cousins and foreigners, in which latter category I do not include Americans As for the house at Chisel hurst, there is no necessity for any Na poleonic devotee to summon up any pious emotions over it. It was taken as a furnished house, and all things in it belonged to the owner, Mr. Strode, and not to the Napoleons. It was the death of the owner which rendered the necessity of the sale. The empress has ceased to reside at Chiselhurst, but the remains of her husband and son still rest there in the sarcophagus which was presented by the

It is scarcely likely that they will ever be taken to repose with those of the great Napoleon at the Invalides, and yet who can say? All things are possible in France-even a greater warrior was al lowed to remain for some time neglected in his island prison Here we have only a few passing thoughts to bestow upon the strange, eventful history of Napoleon, for the brief holiday season will soon be over and then the wild whirl of the London season will begin again, and fun, if there is any fun in it, will wax faster and more furious than ever.-Lon don Letter

He Missed His Chance.

A couple of property owners were inspecting some plots of land near the Luxemburg palace, when one of them remarked, "Look here, I remember the time when I could have had a good slice of this land for the price of a pair of boots.

"Why didn't you buy it then?" "I wanted the boots worse."-Le Petit Journal.

In localities exposed to the north cork is better than in those exposed to the south, and it is seldom found in calcareous soil, preferring always that of the felspar, this being found principally in the province of Gerona. It grows and develops in ground of very little depth, and sometimes in very stony

Wrapped in a sadis tattered gown, Alone I puff my trias brown And watch the ashes settle down In tantien the assessment of the interest of the three three the third the three three three three trees to gaze Upon the mair forgotten days.

Again we wander through the lane. Beneath the clins and out again.

Across the ripping fields of grain

Where softly plashes

A slender brook mid banks of ferm

At every sight my pulses burn. At every thought I slowly turn And find but ashes What made my fingers tremble so As you wrapped skeins of worsted snow Around them, now with movements slo

And now with dashes.

Maybe tis smoke that blinds my eyes. Maybe a tear within them lies; But as I puff my sipe there flies A cloud of ashes Perhaps you did not understand How lightly flames of love were fanned. Ah, every thought and wish I've planned

With something clashes And yet within my lonely den Over a pipe, away from men, I love to throw aside my pen And stir the ashes
-De Witt Sterry in Judge.

A New Cigar Horror. Among the latest imitations which Rakshas or demons keep their soils have been successfully introduced into the bodies of bees. Many persons are unusual intelligence. have been successfully introduced into unusual intelligence to bees. The tobacco trade of this city and other said in parts of England and Francisco paper A gentleman well known in the iron manufacturing circles of this vi-cinity was the first to inform a Com-mercial Gazette reporter that smoking about them or in their presence. It material of this kind was new in the market. He has recently returned from a visit to Norfolk Va. where he met a ter. It is said in many parts of East drummer for a large tobacco factory of and Germany that if a swarm of less New York state. This gentleman informed the Pittsburger that he was then death will occur in the family with introducing an imitation cigar wrapper year. Stolen bees are said in Balle which was so deceiving in its character never to thrive. In some places in Early with the control of the contro

t from the genuine

Flies are sometimes regarded at the proper street of the vertex properties of the vertex properties. straw, and one portion of the process and even of other events. Wilsfield was to steep the material in a strong old naturalist, who writes much of participants are import, says: "If they are been also import, says: "If they are been letter to the national assembly from solution made from tobacco stems. The lar import, says: "If they are bear Chiselburst that his heart was broken grain of the straw together with the blinder than ordinary, sporting is in manner in which the material was sun or showing themselves in var dressed would lead any person to suppose that it was a sample of the leaf cold showers of rain or wet weather Perhaps the emperor did not see that all was over until Sir Henry Thompson and was over until Sir Henry Thompson more than ordinary quality. The flavor dicates rain, here and in England. The the paper having been immersed in the ther. These tormenting insects are in solution made from the genuine article, without their benefits, according to be -Pittsburg Commercial

Civil Service Examinations.

Chief Clerk Webster, a man of great zeal and usefulness in his work, denies to be coming when they fly about a that school girls and boys have a better clouds in the sun's beams; heat fellow that time that this idolized son, the prince imperial, would perish miserably at the hands of savages in one of England's little wars? What man can fore that time that this idolized son, the chance in these examinations than men unusual friskiness, and rain is indicated by their seeking the shade and big fiercely. An abundance of these issenting the competitors are not school children in the spring foretells a warm autum. is shown by the average age of candidates which is about 30 years. It is noteworthy, however, that the average age of those who fail is always greater accord it a place among the ten asing than that of those who succeed. Of that alone enter Paradise. Without second on school graduates 36 out of 100 tioning his authority. Emerson and fail, as against only 17 of 100 of high school graduates. Among candidates who claim academic or collegiate education the percentage of failure is nearly 30, and the business college graduates

Not many of the problems are difficult. A majority are in simple addition, mul-The great Napoleon, in talking one tiplication and subtraction Few fail on day to Las Cases, said: "There is nothing | these, but may do on such questions as-Express in figures the following num
"Express in figures the following numIts lively and cheerful chirp has caused." was a carpenter, and that her mother cepted his advance; out with such ob-made dresses for the ladies of Tallahas—stacles he was accustomed to deal, and prince imperial to Africa in 1879 to fight one hundred and twenty-one million. usually regarded as a good one is a good one in the ladies of Tallahas—stacles he was accustomed to deal, and prince imperial to Africa in 1879 to fight one hundred and twenty-one one hun-England and Scotland. In Hall fight see; Missy found her altogether admirathey did not deter him. He had a secret in a quarrel which had no interest for eleven thousand and forty-one one hunble. For Dosia was gentle and patient: errand in this wood through which he him, and there to fall beneath the assegais dred thousandths:" and also on such as lucky to kill them, and in Lancashis and the control of t she assumed none of those airs of superi- made his way as if by instinct, for path of some naked Kaffirs. More than ten this-"Express in words the following

Increase of the Indians.

The Indian population of the United States is increasing slowly. Not including Alaska, the Indian population on reservations is 264,599, of which 21,300 are mixed bloods. It appears, by the 1887 government statistics, that for that year there were 4.794 births and 3,888 deaths, leaving an increase of only one-third of one per cent. Of course dicates the direction in which theland this varies on different reservations, as is to be sought. German peasants is in New Mexico the increase was over try to divine from its flight howthered two per cent. But it is observed that. with this one exception, where the Indian population is comparatively large, as in the Indian territory, Dakota, Montana, Washington, Arizona and California there is little or no increase. The legs" is thought in this country to per education of Indian children is going on; sess some mysterious knowledge. the number of Indian schools in 1887 being 231, with an average attendance of 10,245, at a cost of \$1,095,379 to the United States, while in 1878 the number of schools was 137, average attendance.

They should not be killed. Spaniards the Sixteenth century, believed the \$195,853, - New York Telegram.

Marriage Made Easy. A number of ladies and gentlemen

were assembled at dinner to celebrate a friend's wedding. After the banquet, a young barrister got up to propose a matrimonial scheme, which was at once adopted. A president was elected who was pledged to eternal secrecy by a solem oath. All unmarried persons of either sex wrote each on a piece of paper his own name and that of the person whom he desired to marry. The papers were handed to the president, a man of mature age, married and grave as became his office. It was his duty to acquaint the two parties who had mutually selected each other. Result: eleven couples thus had the opportunity of confessing their feelings to one another for the first time, and a month later eight weddings came off. The others followed in a short time. Eccentric, but the end justifies the means. - Le Monde Pittoresque.

Horses and Ranana Skins.

There is a little Italian fruit seller in Worth street, who seems to have solved the problem of what to do with banana peel. He has his stand in front of a big dry goods store and is required to keep the neighborhood clean All fruit skins are carefully gathered up, but his great achievement is the discovery that the average truck horse is a receptacle for banana peel.

Truck borses are numerous in this lo cality, and whenever one comes to anchor the Italian's little daughter feeds him on the accumulated peelings. The little girl enjoys it, the Italian smiles at his own wisdom, and the horse accepts

the meal complacently. A News reporter recently made it point to feed the skins to horses by the wayside, and they all liked them. There is, consequently, no longer any justification for the throwing of them on the streets as trape for the unwary.-New York News

LEGENDS OF INSECT

WHAT POPULAR SUPERSTIN SAYS ABOUT THE BUSY BE

A Hindon Tradition Stolen Box is b. land-Files and Fleas-Guats, and Crickets-The Dainty Lady Blog-

No members of the animal kingles regarded by most persons with pass aversion than certain insects and her The folk love of these branches of kingdom is therefore a very ena ine. It frequently assigns to the need tribe a erable power for good or evil, and lar tradition even anticipated si discovery in the matter of inner

Popular superstition has reace Itself much about that busy little in the bee. A Welsh tradition say i came from paradise, leaving the za-when man fell, but with God's b so that wax is necessary in the old tion of the mass. The ancient of ally maintained that there was a dially maintained that there was a de-connection between bees and the se-Porphyry speaks of "those seals was the ancients called bees."

There is a Hindoo superstition that a Polyshes or demons, been their

revere the consecrated wafer. Tage also said to sing a Christmas hym. ginning at midnight. They are said to custom in many parts of England and continent to announce to the bees a der in the family, especially that of the sa

Fleas are not too small to enterin

English fishermen, for they considering an abundance of them indicates pol hauls of fish. Gnats are regarded by many as accuraweather indicators. Fair weather is all

Since the days of Solomon the antha enjoyed quite a reputation as a works. Mohammedans recognize its industry, mi "Nature," that they never sleep and eggs were of old an antidote for love. is said that they close their holes is the ground on the approach of a storm? ey are unusually frisky wet weathers at hand. The migration of ants from is ground is said to indicate heavy rains as stormy weather is imminent when the

travel in lines, fair weather coming when they scatter abroad. Superstition has been very busy viii is said, they cut holes in the worse stockings of those members of a family that kill them. In Shakespeare's time tis notion that the presence of the cids

was a good omen, indicating cheerfulas and plenty, was a prevalent one. The little insect commonly known a the lady bird or lady bug has been the ject of many superstitious observances. Its name indicates its sacred character, being everywhere the Virgin's bird the lady cow, the lady fly, the lady's little beast, Mary's bird, God's calf, etc. Your girls, on finding one, try to divine the lovers by it. The flight of the inset b fare in the next world. If, on being sp pealed to, it flies upward, they will got heaven; if downward, to hell, or if hon-

zontally, then purgatory awaits the quetioner The insect known as "granddaddy let dren, on seeing it, ask it, "Grandland long legs, where's my cow?" believing the it will indicate the proper direction

raising one of its legs. Spider superstitions are also abunish spiders indicated gold, where they went found in abundance. In Germany, it is said to indicate good luck to have a spare spring his web downwards toward you but bad luck when he rises toward you There are said to be no spiders in Ireland nor will spiders spin their web in an last oak, nor on a cedar roof.-F. S. Bassett # Globe-Democrat.

Col. Robert G. Ingersell's Idea. Most people regard those who vielst the law with hatred. They do not take

into consideration the circumstances They do not believe that man is percent ally acted upon. They throw eat of ea-sideration the effect of poverty, of accealty, and, above all, of opportunity. For feelings of revenge. They wish to see them punished. They want them improved or hanged. They do not think to law has been vindicated unless some has been outraged. I look at these thing from an entirely different point of vist I regard these people who are in the clutches of the law not only as unforth nates, but, for the most part, as vicins You may call them victims of nature. of nations, or of governments; it makes m Under the difference, they are victims. same circumstances the very persons with punish them would be punished be whether the criminal is a victim or at the honest man, the industrious man, he the right to defend the product of by labor. He who sows and plous she be allowed to reap, and he who endered to take from him his harvest is what " call a criminal; and it is the business society to protect the honest from the honest .- New York World Interview.

A Mean Husband.

Husband (greatly excited)-Get my isk learest. A dog catcher has stolen the posit and says he is going to kill it. Wife-The hateful man! Are you going 2 see if you can take it from him, darling!
"No, I am going to see that be keep in word."-Time

A Weman's Note.

Lawyer-Did you give Mr. Skinflist yes note for the amount, as I advised you to!

Young Widow (weeping)—Yes, I did !

wrote him the sweetest little note that ear was, and the very next day he came and pa mortgage on my furniture.—Burlington Free Press.