### FINANCES OF UNCLE SAM. As Set Forth in the Public Debt State-

ment for February. The following is a recapitulation of the

debt statement issued on the 1st: INTEREST-BEARING DEBT. Bonds at 4% per cent....\$ 250,000,000 00 Bonds at 4 per cent..... Bonds at 3 per cent..... 737,750,500 00 184,092,350 00 Refunding certificates at

215,800 00 4 per cent..... Navy pension fund at 5 14,000,000 00 64,623,512 00 at 6 per cent .....

\$1,250,681,512 00 Principal. 10,540,844 64 Interest..... .\$1,261,222,506 64 Total..... DEBT ON WHICH INTEREST HAS CEASED SINCE MATURITY. 4,258,465 26 .....\$ 207,383 79 Interest.....

...\$ 4,465,849 05 Total .... DEUT-BRARING INTEREST. Old demand and legaltender notes \$ 346,738,696 00 Certificates of deposit... 14,920,000 00 14,920,000 00 105,637,050 00 Gold certificates..... 88,920,816 00 Silver certificates Fractional currency, less

\$8,375,984 estimated 6,959,153 77 as lost or destroyed ... Principal, ......\$ 562,645,715 77 TOTAL DEBT.

......\$1,817,585,833.03 10,748,228 43 ..\$1,828,334,071 46 Total..... Less cash items availa-demption of U.S. notes 100,000,000 00

.....\$ 323,955,448 94 Total debt, less available cash items ......\$1,504,378,332 52 Not cash in the treasury. 72,728,202 06 Debt, less cash in the

treasury Murch 1, .. 1,432,080,319 60 1886 .. Debt, less cash in the treasury Feb. 1, 1886. 1,434,782,272 91 Decrease of debt during 2,072,153 31 the month.....

CASH IN THE TREASURY AVAILABLE FOR RE DECTION OF THE PUBLIC DEST. Gold held for gold certificates actually out-

105,637,050 00 Silver held for silver cer-.....\$ tificates actually out-83,390,816 06 U. S. notes held for cer tificates of deposit actually outstanding.... 14,920,000 00

Cash held for matured debt and interest un-15,006,693 69 Fractional currency ..... 1,198 25

Total available for reduction of debt.. \$ 218,955,757 94

RESERVE FUND. Held for redemption of

U. S. notes, acts Jan. 14, 1875, and July 12, ....\$ 100,000,000 00 UNAVAILABLE FOR REDUCTION OF THE DEBT. Practional silver coin...\$ 28,811,037 -9 531,326 17

Total.....\$ 29,342,363 66 Certificates held as cash.\$ 68,893,670.00 72,298,202 92 Net cash balance on hand

Total cash in treasury as shown by treasur er"s general account..\$ 494,489,985 52

# SOME OLD WORLD GOSSIP.

King Thebaw's royal ancestry, according to the Burmese documents, number 587,-000 kings.

The associated chambers of agriculture of Great Britain adopted a resolution favoring the imposition of import duties on for-An increase in cable tolls is expected in

case Prince Alexander Karageorzevitch becomes frequently mentioned again in press The Prince of Wales, unlike some of his

imitators in this country, wears a black silk ribbon as a watch-guard, because he

The Paris municipal authorities have ordered that the name of the Deity be expunged from children's books issued by the metropolitaa school committee.

When King Ludwig, of Bavaria, was recently serenaded by a band playing Wagner's music he howled like a dog and smashed all the furniture. So it seems that the poor man had lucid intervals.

Mr. Clemenceau caused a sensation in the French chamber of deputies by demanding that the French princes be expelled from the country. He denied that their expulsion would be contrary to republican prin-

Queen Victoria's birthday present to the crown princess of Germany was a "full-dress earriage," and it has just been disputched to Berlin. The interior is lined with blue silk damask, with gold fringe and tassels. The outside is of claret color, with lines of erimson and all the mountings are of brass.

Pope Lea XIII celebrated the 75th anniversary of his birth on the 2d and the eighth anniversary of his coronation, by an address to the members of the sacred college. In this his holiness valogized the union existing among the cardinals and urged concord among the Catholics against those seeking to corrupt and weaken the

authority of the church. At a reception given at St. Petersburg by Prince Youssonpoff to the emperor and empress of Russia nearly a thousand guests were present to greet their sovereigns. The entertainment itself was the climax of a Elizabeth at Kenilworth and rivaling even that extragagant display. Both the royal guests danced until 3 in the morning.

# Look Out for Counterfeits.

The secret service agent for the Des Moines (lowa) district has information from Washington of a counterfeit \$5 note on the issue of the First National bank of New Bedford, Mass., which was received at the treasury department March 1, 1886. It is photographed and of the same poor quality as the \$5 note of the Pacific and Boylston bank of Boston, Mass., also of the Dedham and Fall River \$5, the carbon print having a washed or faded appearance, rhile the pink seal, the treasury and charter number are in such lurid contrast with the black as to at once proclaim the note counterfeit. The green in the border on the back of this note is not put on with a brush, as in the foregoing counterfeit, but is printed, treasury No. B 796654, charter No. 261, series 1875, check letter B.

### DREAMS.

"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes."

In the purple dream-land lying, White-winged dreams, Sleep with folded pinions fair In the hearts of violets rare, Where the yellow rose low sighing

Slumbering seems. Soft gray clouds with sleep o'erweighted Far are seen,

And each heavy-lidded star Drifts through dream-seas still and far. Mists of gold, with peace o'erfreighted, Lie between.

Brooding wings stretch o'er the meadows Purple-barred, Snowy lilles, faced with gold, In their bosoms dreams enfold, Where the night-wings cast their shadows

Golden-starred. In the mist land dreams are lying Full of peace, Weary souls give up dark care

In the dream-land far and fair. In the hearts of roses sighing Somows mass. -Fannie Isabel Shevrick, in Current,

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF. By Jules Verne,

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON,"
"AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY
DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

Translation copyrighted by G. W. Hanna, 1885.

#### CHAPTER V-CONTINUED.

Mme. Bathory sat down and the Doctor sat in front of her, while Borik remained standing at the window.

Professor Stephen Bathory's widow was then in her sixtieth year. If her figure was still upright in spite of the burden of her age, her white hair and deeply wrinkled face showed how much she had to struggle against grief and misery. But she seemed still as energetic as ever, and in her was apparent the valuant companion and confiding friend of him who had sacrificed his life for what he deemed to be his duty.

"Sir," said she in a voice of which she in vain endeavored to hide the emotion, "you being Doctor Antekirtt, I am under an obligation to you, and I ought to tell you what happened at Trieste fifteen years ago-"

"Madame, being Doctor Antekirtt I can spare you the mournful story. I know it and may add-being Doctor Antekirtt-that I know what has been your life since the never-to-be-forgotten 80th of June, 1867." "Will you tell me," said Mme, Bathory,

"what is the reason of the interest you take in my life?" "The interest, madame, that a man must feel for the widow of a Magyar

who did not hesitate to risk his life for the independence of his country.' "Did you know Professor Bathory?"

asked the widow. "I knew him, I loved him, and reverence all who bear his name."

"Are you, then, a native of the country for which he died?" "I am of no country, madama" "Who are you, then?"

"A dead man not yet gone to his grave." answered the Doctor, coldly. Madame Bathory and Borik started at this unexpected reply; but the Doctor immediately continued:

"However, madame, it is necessary that the story that I asked you not to tell should be told by me, for if there are circumstances about it that you know there are others that you do not not know, and of these you will not be ignorant much longer.'

"Be it so, then, I am listening." "Madame," began the Doctor, "fifteen vears ago three Hangarian nobles became the chiefs of a couspiracy, the object of which, was to give Hungary her ancient independence. These men were Count Mathias Sandorf, Professor Stephen Bathery and Count Ladislas Zathmar-three friends united for years in the same hope, three living beings

with but one heart. "On the 8th of June, 1867, the evening before the day on which the signal of the rising was to be given which was to extend through Hungary to Transylvania, Count Zathmar's house at Trieste was entered by the Austrian police. Count Sandorf and his two companions were seized, taken away and thrown into prison that very night in the donjon of Pisino, and a week or two afterwards they were condemued to death.

"A young accountant named Sarcany was arrested at the same time in Count Zathmar's house; he was a perfect stranger to the plot, and was set at liberty after the affair was over.

"The night before the execution an attempt at escape was made by the prisoners who were left together in the same cell. Count Sandorf and Stephen Bathory availed themselves of the lightning conductor and got out of the donjon of Pismo. They fell into the torr nt of the Forba at the moment when Ladislas Zathmar was seized by the warders and prevented from following

"Although the fugitives had very little chance of escaping death, for a subterranean stream bore them through the centre of a country they did not even know, they succeeded in reaching the banks of the Leme Canal, near the town of Rovigue, and at Rovigno they found shelter in the house of a fisherman,

Andrea Ferrato, "This fisherman—a brave fellow—had made all preparations to take them across the Adristic, when out of pure personal revenge, a Spaniard named Carpena, who had discovered the secret of their retreat, gave information to the police of Rovigno. They tried to escape a second time. But Stephen Bathory was wounded and recaptured, while Mathias Sandorf was pursed on the

beach, and sunk under a shower of bullets, the Adriatic never giving up his

The day after, Stephen Bathory and Ladislas Zathmar were shot in the fortress of Pisino. Then, for having given them shelter, the fisherman, Andrea Ferrato, was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and sent to Stein."

Mme. Bathory bowed her head. Sad at heart she had listened without a word to the Doctor's story.

"You knew all these details, madame?" asked he. "Yes, as you do probably, from the

newspapers. "Yes, from the newspapers," was the reply. But one thing which the newspapers did not tell the public, because the matter was conducted in secret, I happened to learn owing to the indiscretion of one of the warders of the fortress, and that I will now tell you."

" Proceed." "Count Mathias Sandorf and Stephen Bathory were found in Ferrato's house owing to their being betrayed by Carpena, the Spaniard. And they were arrested three weeks before in the house at Trieste owing to traitors having informed against them to the Austrian

"Traitors?" exclaimed Madame Bath-

"Yes, madame, and the proof of the treason was produced at the trial. In the first place these traitors had intercepted a letter addressed to Count Sandorf which they found on a carrier pigeon and copied; and in the second place they had managed to obtain a tracing of the grating which enabled them to read the despatch. Then when they had read the message they handed it over to the Governor of Trieste, And doubtless a share of Count Sandori's wealth was their reward."

"The wretches! Are they known?" asked Madame Bathory, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"No, madame," answered the Doctor. "But perhaps the three prisoners knew them and would have said who they were had they been able to see their families before they died."

It will be remembered that neither Madame Bathory, then away with her son, nor Borik, who was in prison in Trieste, had been able to visit the prisoners in their last hours. "Shail we never know the names of

these wretches ?" asked Madame Bath-"Madame," answered the Doctor,

"traitors always end by betraying themselves. But this is what I have to say to complete my story: "You remained a widow with a boy of

eight, almost penniless. Borik, the ser\_ vant of Count Zathmar, would not leave you after his master's death; but he was poor and had only his devotion to offer "Then, madame, you left Trieste for

this humble dwelling at Ragusa. You have worked, worked with your hands to earn sufficient for your material as well as your mental needs. You wished, in fact, that your sen should follow in science the path that his father made illustrious. But what an incessant struggle it was, what misery you had so bravely to submit to! And with what respect I now bend to the noble woman who has shown such energy as a mother, and made her son-a man !"

And as he spoke the Doctor rose, and a shade of emotion just made itself visible despite his habitual reserve.

Madame Bathory had nothing to say in reply. She waited, not knowing if the Doctor had finished, or if he was going on to relate such facts as were personally known to him and concerning which she had asked for the interview. "However, madame," contined the

Doctor, divining her thoughts, "human strength has doubtless its limits, and as you fell ill and exhausted with such trials you would doubtless have succumbed if an unknown-no, a friend of Professor Bathory - had not come to your aid. I should never have said anything about this had not your old servant told me of your wish to see me-"

"Quite so," answered Madame Bath-"Have I not to thank Doctor Antekirtt?"

"And why, madame? Because during the last five or six years, in remembrance of the friendship which bound him to Count San lorf and his two companions, and to help you in your in your work, Doctor Autekirtt has sent you a sum of a hundred thousand floring. Was he not only too happy to put the money at your disposal? No, madame: it is I, on the contrary, who ought to thank you for having accepted the gift if it was of any help to the widow and son of Stephen Bathory."
The widow bowed answered:

"In any case I have to thank you. This is the first object of the vi-it I wished to make. But there was a second-

"What is that, madame?"

"It was-to give you back the money-" "What, madame," said the Doctor, quickly, "you do not wish to accept it?" "Sir, I do not think I have any right to the money. I do not know Doctor Antekirtt. I never heard of his name. The money may be a sort of alms coming from those whom my husband fought and whose pity is hateful to me. And so I do not care to use it, even for the purposes Doctor Antekirtt intended."

"And—so this money." "Is untouched."

her son."

"And your son?" "My son will have nothing but what he owes to himself." "And to his mother !" added the Doc-

tor, with whom such grandeus of soul and energy of character could not but excite admiration and command respect. Medame Bathory had risen, and from a deak which she unlocked, took forth a

roll of notes which she handed to the "Bir," she said, "take back the money, for it is yours, and receive the thanks of a mother as if she had used it to educate

"The money no longer belongs to me, madame," replied the Doctor, refusing it with a gesture." "I repeat that it never belonged to

"But if Pierre Bathory can use it--" "My son will find the situation for which he is fit, and I can trust him as I

can trust myself. "He will not refuse what his father's friend insists on his accepting.'

"He will refuse." "At least, madame, will you allow me

to try? "I beg you will do nothing, Doctor," answered Madame Bathory. "My son does not know that I have received this

money, and I do not wish him ever to know it." "Be it so madame! I understand your feelings, although I am a stranger and unknown to you! Yes, I understand and admire them! But I repeat,

if the money is not yours it is not mine.' Doctor Antekirtt rose. There was nothing in Madame Bathory's refusal to annoy him personally; and her delicacy only filled him with a feeling of profound respect. He bowed to the widow, and was turning to leave, when another ques-

tion stopped him. "Sir," said Madame Pathory, "you have told me of some miserable proceedings which sent to their deaths Ladislas Zathmar, Stephen Bathery and Count

Sandorf ? "I said what was true, madame,"

"But does any one know these people?" "Yes, madame,"

"Who?" " God."

And as he spoke the Doctor made a low obeisance and left.

Madame Bathery remained in deep thought. By some sweet sympathy, for which she could not account, she felt herself irresistibly drawn towards the mysterious personage who was so mixed up with the events of her life, Would she ever see him again? And if the Savarena had only brought him to Ragusa to make this visit, would the yacht go to sea and never return?

The next day's newspapers announced that an anonymous gift of 100,000 florins had been made to the hospitais of the

It was the gift of Doctor Antekirtt, but was it not also the gift of the widow who had refused it for herself and her son ?

#### CHAPTER VI.

ON BOARD THE SAVARENA.

The Doctor was in no such hurry to leave Gravosa as Madame Bathory imagined. After endeavoring in vain to hel the mother, he resolved to try and help the son. If up to then Pierre Bathory had not found the post for which his brilliant acquirements fitted him, he would probably not refuse the Doctor's offers. To put him in a position worthy of his talents, worthy of the name he bore, was not an act of charity, it was an act of justice to the young man!

But as Borik nad said, Pierre Bathory

had gone to Zara on business. The Doctor wrote to him without delay. He wrote that same day. The letter stated that he would be glad to receive Pierre Bathory on board the Savarena, having a proposition to make that might interest him.

The letter was posted at Gravosa, and all that could be done then was to wait for the young engineer's return. Meanwhile the Doctor continued to live more retired than ever on board the schooner. The Savarena, moored in the centre of the harbor, with her crew never coming ashore, was as isolated as if she were in the centre of the Mediterranean or the

Atlantic. This was a peculiarity that much exercised the minds of the curious, reporters and others, who had never given up all hope of interviewing the legendary owner, although they had not yet been allowed to board the yacht, which was almost as legendary as himself. As Point Pescade and Cape Matifou occasionally had shore leave they often found themselves quite an attraction to the reporters desirous of obtaining a particle or two of information that might bear working up.

We know that with Point Pescade a certain amount of fun had been introduced on board the schooner, and if Cape Matifou remained as serious as the capstan of which he had the strength, Pescade laughing and singing all day long, was as lively as a man-o'-war pennant. When active as a seaman and agile as a cabin boy he was not clambering about the spars to the delight of the crew, to whom he was delivering a series of lessons on ground and lofty tumbling, he was amusing them by his interminable jokes. Doctor Antekirtt had recommended him to retain his cheerful spirits. And he kept them and yet parted with them to others.

We have said above that he and Cape Matifou often had shore-leave. They in fact were free to come and go as they pleased. And hence the very natural propensity of the curious to follow them and attempt to draw them into conversation. But they could get nothing out of Point Pescade, whether he wished to be silent or to speak, for he had really nothing to teil.

"Who is your Doctor Antekirtt?" "A famous physician! He can cure all complaints-even those you are

world!" "Is he rich?" "Hasn't got a half-penny! I lend him something to go on with every Sun-

"But where does he come from?" "Why, from no one knows where!" "And where is that !"

day?"

"All I can tell you about it is that it is bordered on the north by something big, and on the south by nothing at Evidently there was not much to be

got out of the laughing companion of

Cape Matifou, who for his part remained as dumb as a lump of granite. But although they said nothing to strangers, the two friends between themselves, often had a talk about their new master. They liked him already, and they liked him very much. Between them and the Doctor there was a sort of chemical affinity, a cohesion which from day to day bound them more firmly

called into the cabin to hear him say: "My friends, I have need of you."

But nothing came—to their vexation. "Is the sort of thing going on much longer?" asked Point Pescade. "It is rather hard to remain doing nothing when you have not been brought up to it, ch. Cape?"

"Yes, your arms get rusty," answered Hercules, looking at his enormous biceps motionless as the rods of an engine at rest.

Shall I tell you something, Cape Matifon ?"

"Tell me what you like." "Do you know what I think about Doctor Antekirtt." "No, but tell me, and that will help

me to answer you.' "Well, that in his past life there have been things-things! Look at his eyes which every now and then give a glance that almost blinds you like the | Lije: lightning! And when the thunder

"It makes a noise." "Exactly, Cape Matifou, a noise . . . And I fancy we shall come in useful at

that game !" It was not without reason that Point Pescade spoke in this way. Although the most complete calm reigned on board the schooner, the intelligent little fellow could not help noticing certain things which set him thinking. Nothing could be more evident than that the Doctor was not a simple tourist on a vacht cruise in the Mediterranean. The Savarena was the centre of a web of many threads whose ends were held in the hands of her mysterious owner.

ITO BE CONTINUED.1

Where Treaties Are Signed .

On the main floor of the state depart-

ment is the secretary's room. Opening

out of this on the east side is a small anteroom, which leads into one of the most interesting chambers of the department. It is known as the diplomatic reception room, and in here are received the ministers who come to see the secretary on official business, and where all treaties and conventions are signed. It is a room some sixty-five feet long by twenty feet wide, lighted by six long windows, from which a fine view may be obtained of the Potomac. The ceiling is divided into arches, the centers of which are painted a light gray color, with broad borders at each end The floor is of wood, highly polished and varnished, two large Turkish rugs of a red body with blue borders nearly covering the entire surface. The general tone of the room is subdued and harmonious, in keeping with the grave diplomats who meet there to discuss weighty questions. The windows are shaded by white lace curtains and hangings of a gravish blue Turkish material with threads of gold running through the fabric, and lambrequins to match. At both ends of the room are long ebony tables, covered with brown felt, around which are low ebony arm-chairs, upholstered to match the curtains. Two sofas are against the wall, facing the table, and between them is a long mirror in an ebony frame. Opposite the mirror is a low, clongated settee, which stands on the bare boards. At each end of the room is an ebony fireplace the tables are elaborately-wrought nickel and brass chandeliers with twelve lights. and in the center a heavier one with eighteen burners. On the walls are portraits in oil of Webster, Lord Ashburton, Washburn, Fish, Frelinghuysen, Evarts, Jefferson, Seward, Blaine, and Washington.

Proud of His Sister. The Chicago Tribune relates the case of a young man who was regarded as a phenomenon, because he took his sister to all the best entertainments, and actually devoted himself to her during the lecture and opera season. Being praised for his unusual attention to his sister the young man promptly and proudly replied:

'No, there's nothing wonderful or extraordinary about it. She is the only woman I know in whom I have the most thorough confidence. She is always the same, always pleasant and affectionate, and to tell you the candid truth, I am afraid she'll go and marry some of those imitation men around here, and be unhappy all her life.

"She has nobody else to look to, and I'll take care she does not have to look to somebody cise. I suppose some day genuine man will come along. If he a genuine man, I won't object. Until he does come, she's good enough for me. and if I ever find as good a girl, I'll marry her."

The example is most commendable. A young man would do well to seek his sister's society until he finds another lady as good as his sister.

# Not Pleased With the Prospect,

The race question concerns 250,000

Indians and 5,000,000 of negroes, an unreckoned number of Mongol ans, the immediate prosperity of the Pacific States, the very life and honor of the Nation. The monetary systems of the world are publicly declared to be deranged by the Paris Bourse and the London Stock Exchange, and the Monetary Conference, the Latin Union, the German Empire, are urgently appealed to for measures of relief, for the re-establishment of unity and co-operation. going to take with you to the other Labor is restless and discontented, Illiteracy and unrepublican traditions are piling clouds above our horizon, sinister and ever rising. And the life and death question of politics for the civil service reformer is whether the government shall hire its servants from the intelligence office or by recommendation from their last employer. - Gail Hamil-

# Children in Factories.

Fifteen thousand children are employed in New Jersey factories, many of whom are compelled to work fourteen hours per day and are deprived of the opportunity for rudimentary edu-The cheap production which is cation. assured by this form of labor is bought at too dear a price. Unschooled and overworked children, wherever they are found, are a proof of defective public administration. New Jersey philanthropists and lawmakers should bestir themselves and set this matter right.-Philadelphia Record.

# And each morning they waited to be HIS HAND WASN'T STEADY

Nor His Eye Quick, but When His Gua Went Off the Boys Felt Sheepish.

An Equinunk, Pa., correspondent writes: John Finley Teeple, known all over northern Pennsylvania as Uncle Fin, was 79 years old his last birthday. For more than sixty years he hunted and trapped from the Delaware to the Allegheny, and never missed a season until two years ago. Then he made up his mind to take a rest, more because game was getting scarce than because he was tired. His two boys, Lije and Sim, could take care of all that was left, he said. From that time until a few days before the past deer season closed he hadn't touched his gun-a gun he claims has lain low bear and deer by the thousand. One morning recently he got out of bed and said to his son

"Lije, I'm goin' down in Pikecounty an' knock over one deer before I hole up fur good.

Lige and the rest of the family tried to change Uncle Fin's mind, for they thought he was too old to go tramping through the woods on a deer hunt. He was determined, however, and so his boys, Lija and Sim, fixed themselves up, and got ready to go with the old hunter. They went down on the Mast Hope ridge, twenty-five miles from home. Sim drove for deer, and Uncle Fin and Lije stood on the run-

ways. "Father," said Lije, "I guess I'll stay close by you, for your hand isn't as steady as it was fifty years ago, and your eye isn't as quick. So I'll keep close by you, and if Sim sends a deer along and you miss it I'll knock it over.

"Ye will, hev?" exclaimed the old man, indignantly. "My ban' hain't ez stiddy ez 'twere fifty year ago, hain't it? Nor my eye hain't so quick? Wall, now, my fresh young Nimrod, you jist plank yerself over on that runway up yender half a mile or so, an' I'll stay right whar I be. If a deer comes pitchin' long here 'thin gunshot o' me I'll show ye wuther my han' hain't ez stiddy or my eye hain't ez quick ez they usety be. G'long with ye, an' look out fur yer

own han' an' eye!"
"All right," said Lije; "but if you

lose the deer don't blame me?" Life went reluctantly to the upper runway. Uncle Fin remained where he was. Sim went out on the ridge, and after half an hour or so started a rousing big buck. It was a good ways off, but within reach, and he blazed away at it. It kept right on. It bounded down the ridge and passed along within good range of Lije. Lije sent a bullet after it, but the buck kept

right on. "Blame the luck!" said he. "Now, just for the old man's contrarmess, we're liable to lose that deer. He won't be able to see it unless it runs over him, to say nothing of hitting it. The buck tore along through the brush, and was clearing thirty feet at a jump as it passed Uncle Fin, a hundred yards away. His eyesight hadn't entirely failed him, for he saw the buck. He drew bend on it, and let "old Betsey" speak. The buck gave two or three wild bounces, and fell in the brush. Uncle Fin didn't move toward it. When the boys came up Lije asked the old man what he had

"A buck, I reckon, "said he. "What'd you fellers blaze at?" "A big buck," said Lije, "but I didn't reach him. Which way did he go from

here?" "W'ich way'd he go?" said Uncle Fin, contemptuously. "Ye heerd me shoot, didn't ye? If you smart roosters don't know how to handle a gun yit mebbe ye know how to dress a dead deer. If ye do, jist trot over yender by that big hemlock an' hang up that buck. I'd go an' do it but my han' hain't ez stiddy ez 'twere fifty year ago, ye know, an' my eyesight's failin'."

laugh all the way over to the hemlock tree, and when they found the buck lying there, dead as a mackerel, and with only one bullet-hole in it, and that through the kidneys, they felt like butting their heads against a rock. They dressed the deer and brought it in without a word. ."It's a ter'ble thing w'en a man gita

old an' shaky an' durn nigh blind, hain't it, boys?" said Uncle Fin, seri-

Lije and Sim could hear the old man

ously, as the boys tumbled the buck on the ground at his feet. "It's the snappy young feller with stiddy nerves that knocks over the venzen, hain'tit, boys? Then the way this old man laughed made the boysfeel more sheepish than ever. They took the big buck to Mast Hope, loaded it on the cars, and got home the same day they went away. But the result of the hunt has satis-

fied Uncle Fin that he made a mistake in retiring from the chase two years "I see I've got to go out an' give them boys o' mine a leetle more train-in', he says. "W'y it I were the side of a barn I wouldn't be 'feerd to stan' up an' let them boys peg away at me all day. I'll be on the turf ag'in next season, ez usual, an' take 'em in han' an' l'arn 'em sumpin!"

"French physicians," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, "seem to value their professional services far more highly than American physician do theirs, judging from Dr. Alvarez, homoopathist in Paris. He lately brought suit against the Princess de Medina-Celi for \$130,000, justifying his enormous charges by the fact of her enormous wealth. The court, regarding the bill as exorbitant, awar ed him \$17,000, after compelling him to pay the costs. The doctor feels deeply aggrieved, particularly as he had, a few days before, refused to compromise the matter when the defeudant had offered \$35,000.

The sheriff of Monroe, Ga., recent ly attached the animals in a for a debt of \$10,000. An elep monkeys, a sea lion, ect., were quietly handed over to him, and he has since been in a quandary. He cannot handle or do anything with the ani mals, and the circus men simply stand off and enjoy his discomfiture.