SHE LEARNED THE NAME.

Although the Stage Driver Was Reticent, He Finally Relaxed.

Eastern tourists who cannot differentiate between a California stage driver and an eastern coachman meet with a rude shock in the wild and woolly west, and they soon learn that the Californian is a knight of the reins several grades higher in the social scale than the menial of the east, says the San Francisco Post.

There is an old driver at Monterey who is determined that his patrons shall make no mistake concerning his exact status, and in a quiet way he checks all attempts to make a servant of him. A short time ago he was driving a party of tourists about when one querulous old lady who had annoyed him not a little by her air of superiority, asked:

"My man, do you know the name of that wild flower?"

"Yep," he replied, and flicked one of his leaders with the whip.

She paused for a moment for him to give the name, but he merely chuckled to the wheelers.

"Driver, do you know the name of that flower?" she repeated, in an imperious tone.

"Yep; get up there, Bally!"

Again she waited and again demanded:

"Man, don't you know the name of that flower?"

"Yep; g'long there, Pete!"

"Then why don't you tell me?"

"Oh, you want to know, too, do you? That's a wild rose."

THE USEFUL WASP.

A Swarm of Them Kill Four Hundred to Five Hundred Flies in Twenty Minutes.

By common agreement the wasp is accepted as emblematical of irritability and petty malignity; but even this much-abused hymenopterous insect plays a beneficial part in the work of nature.

A number of wasps were seen by Mr. R. M. Barrington, an Irish naturalist, buzzing about his cows. Closer inspection revealed that they were all busy catching flies, and pouncing with the rapidity of hawks after birds on the flies as they tried to settle or rest on some favorite part of the cow. One white cow drew more wasps than any of the others, because the moment a fly alighted it was seen at once against the skin. When a wasp catches a fly it immediately bites off both wings, sometimes a leg or two, and occasionally the head.

Mr. Barrington saw some of the wasps when laden with one fly catch another, without letting go the first, and then fly away with both. There was a constant stream of wasps carrying away flies, probably to feed the larvae in their nests, and returning again to the cows to catch more. In about 20 minutes Mr. Barrington estimated that between 300 and 400 flies were caught on two cows lying close to where he stood. Perhaps this narrative of good deeds accomplished will lead people to think more leniently of the vices of the wasp.

Plaint of the Downtrodden.

"Things ain't right in this world," said Perry Patettie, bitterly.

"What's eatin' you now?" asked Wayworn Watson.

"I was thinkin' of money. A mug don't amount to nothin' without it; and when he don't amount to nothin' he can't git it. No show fer a pore man at all."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Lazy to Kick.

Flasher—So Easeman's dead, eh? Poor fellow! How did he die?

Dumbleton—Without a struggle.

"I might have known it. He never was known to exert himself."—Public Opinion.

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CLARENCE.

CHAPTER VII.

Not a word was exchanged till they had reached the lower landing and Brant's private room. Dismissing his subaltern and orderly with a sign

There was no sound from within.

Brant turned toward his prisoners. The jaunty ease, but not the self-possession, had gone from Lagrange's face; the eyes of Capt. Faulkner were fixed on his older companion with a half humorous look of perplexity.

"I am afraid I can only repeat, general, that our foolhardy freak has put us in collision with your sentries," said Lagrange with a slight hauteur that replaced his former jauntiness; "and we were very properly made prisoners. If you will accept my parole I have no doubt our commander will proceed to exchange a couple of gallant fellows of yours, whom I have had the honor of meeting within our own lines, whom you must miss probably more than I fear our superiors miss us."

"Whatever brought you here, gentlemen," said Brant, dryly. "I am glad for your skaes that you are in uniform, although it does not, unfortunately, relieve me of an unpleasant duty."

"I don't think I understand you," returned Lagrange, coldly.

"If you had not been in uniform you would probably have been shot down as spies, without the trouble of capture," said Brant, quietly.

"Do you mean to imply, sir—" began Lagrange, sternly.

"I mean to say that the existence of a confederate spy between this camp and the division headquarters is sufficiently well known to us to justify the strongest action."

"And pray, how can that affect us?" said Lagrange, haughtily.

"I need not inform so old a soldier as Col. Lagrange that the aiding, abetting, and even receiving information from a spy or traitor within one's lines is an equally dangerous service."

"Perhaps you would like to satisfy yourself, general," said Col. Lagrange, with an ironical laugh. "Pray do not hesitate on account of our uniform! Search us if you like."

"Not on entering my lines, colonel," replied Brant, with quiet significance.

Lagrange's cheek flushed. But he recovered himself quickly, and with a formal bow, said: "You will then perhaps let me know your pleasure?"

"My duty, colonel, is to keep you both close prisoners here until I have an opportunity to forward you to the division commander with a report of the circumstances of your arrest. That I propose to do. How soon I may have that opportunity—or if I am ever to have it—" continued Brant, fixing his clear eyes significantly on Lagrange, "depends upon the chances of war, which you probably understand as well as I do."

"We should never think of making any calculation on the action of an officer of such infinite resources as Gen. Brant," said Lagrange, politely.

"You will no doubt have an opportunity of stating your own case to the division commander," continued Brant, with an unmoved face. "And," he continued, turning for the first time to Capt. Faulkner, "when you tell the commander what I believe to be the fact—from your name and resemblance—that you are a relation of the young lady who for the last three weeks has been an inmate of this house under a pass from Washington—you will, I have no doubt, favorably explain your own propinquity to my lines."

"My sister, Tillie," said the young officer, impulsively. "But she is no longer here. She passed through the lines back to Washington yesterday. No," he added, with a light laugh, "I'm afraid that excuse won't count for to-day."

A sudden frown upon the face of the elder officer, added to the perfect ingenuousness of Faulkner's speech, satisfied Brant that he had not only elicited the truth, but that Miss Faulkner had been successful! Nor did he doubt that his suggestion that her relationship to the young officer would incline the division commander to look leniently upon his fault—and he felt a singular satisfaction in thus being able to serve her. Of the real object of the two men before him he was convinced; they were "the friends" of his wife who were waiting for her outside the lines! Chance alone had saved her from being arrested with them, with the consequent exposure of her treachery before his own men—who as yet had no proof of her guilt, nor any suspicion of her actual identity. Nor was his own chance of conveying her with safety beyond his lines affected by this; the prisoners dare not reveal what they knew of her, and it was with a grim triumph that he thought of compassing her escape without their aid. Nothing of this, however, was visible in his face, which the younger man watched with a kind of boyish curiosity, while Col. Lagrange regarded the ceiling with a politely-repressed yawn. "I regret," concluded Brant, as he summoned the officer of the guard, "that I shall have to deprive you of each other's company during the time that you are here—but I shall see that you, separately, want for nothing in your confinement."

"If this is with a view to separate interrogatory, general, I can retire now," said Lagrange, rising with ironical politeness.

"I believe I have all the information I require," returned Brant, with undisturbed composure. Giving the necessary orders to his subaltern, he acknowledged with equal calm the formal salutes of the two prisoners as they were led away and returned quickly to his bedroom above. He paused instinctively for a moment before the closed door and listened. There was no sound from within. He unlocked the door and opened it.

So quiet was the interior that for an instant, without glancing at the bed, he cast a quick look at the window, which, till then, he had forgotten, and which he remembered gave egress upon the veranda roof. But it was still closed, and as he approached the bed he saw his wife still lying there in the attitude in which he had left her. But her eyes were ringed and slightly filmed, as if with recent tears.

It was, perhaps, this circumstance that softened his voice, still harsh with command, as he said:

"I suppose you know those two men?"

"Yes."

"And that I have put it out of their power to help you?"

"I do."

There was something so strangely submissive in her voice that he again looked suspiciously at her. But he was shocked to see that she was quite pale now, and that the fire had gone out of her dark eyes.

"Then I may tell you my own—and the only—plan to save you. But first we must find this mulatto woman who has acted as your double."

"She is here."

"Here?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it?" he asked, in quick suspicion.

"She was not to leave this place until she knew I was safe within our lines. I have some friends who are faithful to me." After a pause she added: "She has been already."

He looked at her, startled. "Impossible—I—"

"You locked the door. Yes, but she has a second key. And even if she had not there is another entrance from that closet. You do not know this house; you have been here two weeks; I spent two years of my life, as a girl, in this room."

An indescribable sensation came over him; he remembered how he had felt when he first occupied it; this was followed by a keen sense of shame on reflecting that he had been, ever since, but a helpless puppet in the power of his enemies, and that she could have escaped if she would, even now.

"Perhaps," he said, grimly, "you have already arranged your plans."

She looked at him with a singular reproachfulness even in her submission. "I have only told her to be ready to change clothes with me and help me color my face and hands at the time appointed. I have left the rest to you."

"Then this is my plan. I have changed only a detail. You and she must both leave this house at the same time, by different exits, and one of them must be private—and unknown to my men. Do you know of such a one?"

"Yes," she said, "beside the negro quarter."

"Good," he replied. "That will be your way out. She will leave here publicly, through the quarters, armed with a pass from me. She will be overhauled and challenged by the first sentry, near the guard house, below the wall. She will be subjected to some delay and scrutiny, which she will, however, be able to pass better than you would. This will create the momentary diversion that we require. In the meantime, you will have left the house by the wing, and you will then keep in the shadow of the hedge until you can drop down along the run, where it empties into the swamp. That," he continued, fixing his keen eyes upon her, "is the weak point in the position of this place, that is neither overlooked nor defended. But, perhaps," he added again, grimly, "you already know it?"

"It is the marsh where the flowers grow, near the path where you met Miss Faulkner. I had crossed the marsh to give her a letter," she said, slowly.

A bitter smile came over Brant's face, but passed as quickly.

"Enough," he said, quietly, "I will meet you beside the run and cross the marsh with you until you are within hailing distance of your lines. I will be in plain clothes, Alice," he went on, slowly, "for it will not be the commander of this force who accompanies you, but your husband, and, without disgracing his uniform, he will at least be your equal, for the instant he passes his own lines, in disguise, he will become like you, a spy, and amenable to its penalties."

Her eyes seemed suddenly to leap up to his with that strange look of awakening and enthusiasm which he had noted before. And in its complete prepossession of all her instincts she rose from the bed unheeding her bared arms and shoulders and loosened hair, and stood upright before him. For an instant, husband and wife stood beside each other as unreservedly as in the nuptial chamber of Robles.

"When shall I go?"

He glanced through the window, already growing lighter with the coming dawn. The relief would pass in a few moments; the time seemed propitious.

"At once," he said. "I will send Rose to you."

But she had already passed into the closet, and was tapping upon some inner door. He heard the sound of hinges turning and the rustling of garments. She reappeared, holding the curtains of the closet together, with her hand and said: "Go! When she comes to your office for the pass, you will know that I have gone."

He turned away. "Stop!" she said faintly.

He turned back. Her expression had again changed. Her face was deadly pale; a strange tremor seemed to have taken possession of her. She dropped the curtain. Her beautiful arms moved slightly forward; it seemed to him that she would in the next moment have extended both her hands. But even then she said hurriedly: "Go! Go!" and slipped again behind the curtain.

He quickly descended the stairs as the sound of trampling feet on the road and the hurried word of command announced the return of the scouting party. The officer had little report to make, beyond the fact that a morning mist, creeping along the valley, prevented any further observation, and bade fair to interrupt their own communications with the camp. Everything was quiet in the west, although the enemy's lines along the ridge seemed to have receded.

Brant had listened impatiently, for a new idea had seized him. Hooker was of the party, and was the one man in the party in whom he could partly confide and obtain a disguise. He at once made his way to the commissary wagons, one of which he knew Hooker used as a tent. Hastily telling him that he wished to visit the pickets without recognition, he induced him to lend him his slouched hat and frock coat, leaving with him his own distinguishing tunic, hat and sword. He resisted the belt and pistols which Hooker would have forced upon him. As he left the wagon he was half amusedly conscious that his old companion was characteristically examining the garments he had left behind with mingled admiration and envy. But he did not know, as he slipped out of the camp, that Mr. Hooker was quietly trying them on, before a broken mirror in the wagon head.

The gray light of that summer morning was already so strong that to avoid detection he quickly dropped into the shadow of the gully that sloped towards the run. The hot mist which the scouts had seen was now lying like a tranquil sea between him and the pickets of the enemy's rear guard, which it seemed to submerge, and was clinging in moist tenuous swathes—like drawn out cotton wool—along the ridge, half obliterating its face. From the valley in the rear it was already stealing in a thin white line up the slope like the advance of a ghostly column, with a stealthiness that, in spite of himself, touched him with superstitious significance. A warm perfume, languid and treacherous, as from the swamp magnolia seemed to rise from the half hidden marsh. An ominous silence that appeared to be a part of this veiling of all things under the clear, opal tinted sky above was so little like the hush of rest and peace that he half yearned for the outburst of musketry and tumult of attack that might dispel it. All that he had ever heard or dreamed of the insidious south, with its languid subleties of climate, and of race, seemed to encompass him here.

But the next moment he saw the figures he was waiting for stealing towards him from the shadow of the gully beneath the negro quarters.

Even in that uncertain light there was no mistaking the tall figure, the gaudily striped, clinging gown and turbaned head. And then a strange revulsion of feeling, quite characteristic of the emotional side of his singular temperament, overcame him. He was taking leave of his wife—the dream of his youth—perhaps forever! It should be no parting in anger as at Robles; it should be with a tenderness that would blot out their past in their separate memories—God knows! it might be even a parting that at that moment was a joining of them in eternity. In his momentary exaltation it even struck him that it was a duty, no less sacred, no less unselfish than the one to which he had devoted his life. The light was growing stronger; he could hear voices in the nearest picket line, and the

"Go, go," she said.

sound of a cough in the invading mist. He made a hurried sign to the oncoming figure to follow him, ran ahead and halted at last in the cover of a hackmatack bush. Still gazing forward over the marsh, he steadily held out his hand behind him, as the rustling skirt came nearer. At last his hand was touched—but even at that touch he started, and turned quickly.

It was not his wife, but Rose!—her mulatto double! Her face was rigid with fright, her beady eyes staring in their china sockets; her white teeth chattering. Yet she would have spoken.

"Hush!" he said, clutching her hand, in a fierce whisper. "Not a word!" She was holding something white in her fingers; he snatched it quickly. It was a note from his wife—not in the disguised hand of her first warning, but in one that he remembered as if it were a voice from their past.

"Forgive my disobeying you to save you from capture, disgrace or death—which would have come to you where you were going! I have taken Rose's pass. You need not fear that your honor will suffer by it, for if I am stopped I shall confess that I took it from her. Think no more of me, Clarence, but only for yourself. You are in danger."

He crushed the letter in his hand. "Tell me," he said, in a fierce whisper, seizing her arm, "and speak low. When did you leave her?"

"Sho'ly—just now!" gasped the frightened woman.

He flung her aside. There might be still time to overtake and save her before she reached the picket lines. He ran up the gully and out on to the slope towards the first guard post. But a familiar challenge reached his ear, and his heart stopped beating.

"Who goes there?"

There was a pause, a rattle of arms, voices, another pause—and Brant stood rooted to the spot. Then the voice rose again, slowly and clearly: "Pass the mulatto woman!"

Thank God! she was saved! But the thought had scarcely crossed his mind before it seemed to him that a blinding crackle of sparks burst out along the whole slope below the wall, a characteristic yell, which he knew too well, rang in his ears, and an undulating line of dusty soldiers came leaping like gray wolves out of the mist upon his pickets. He heard the shouts of his men falling back as they fired; the harsh commands of a few officers hurrying to their posts, and knew that he was hopelessly surprised and surrounded.

He ran forward among his disorganized men. To his consternation no one seemed to heed him! Then the remembrance of his disguise flashed upon him. But he had only time to throw away his hat and snatch a sword from a falling lieutenant before a scorching flash seemed to pass before his eyes and burn through his hair, and he dropped like a log beside his subaltern.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN LONDON BARBER SHOPS.

Shaving Mugs Adorned with Emblems of the Owner's Business.

An interesting feature of the east end barber shops is the rack of pigeonholes filled with shaving mugs, each bearing, usually in German text, the name of the owner, says Pearson's Weekly. The shaving mug is evidently esteemed a valuable advertising medium, for many a mug bears, in addition to the owner's name, some emblem of his business. The undertaker puts on his mug the picture of a richly-appointed hearse, with all the proper trappings of woe. The butcher decorates his mug with shoulders of mutton, pigs' heads and linked sausages. The dentist displays the traditional double row of annoyingly perfect teeth. The fireman's mug bears the illuminated picture of a fire engine.

Vain and handsome men adorn their cups with photographs of themselves. Others place beneath their names some inscription—a sentiment from the poets or an old German rhyme of good cheer. A child's photograph occasionally appears on a shaving mug and now and then a coat of arms is emblazoned above the owner's name, for coats of arms are as abundant in the east end as elsewhere in the town. Sometimes it is a national coat of arms, German, Austrian, Swiss or Italian, displayed in honor of the deserted fatherland.

Mourning Color in Brazil.

At the funeral of an unmarried woman in Brazil scarlet is the mourning color—the coffin, the hearse, the trappings of the horses and the livery of the driver must be scarlet.

UNCLE SAMBUQ'S FORTUNE.

BY PAUL ERENE.

Trophime Cogolin, generally known in the district as Master Trefume, had so often related the story of Uncle Sambuq and his fortune that he had finally come to believe it himself. The simple truth of the matter was that Peter Sambuq, a ne'er-do-well who had given his parents no end of trouble, had shipped as an ordinary seaman on a three-master one day in the year of grace 1848, and had never been seen or heard of since. The hard facts were too ridiculous for the worthy friends and relations of the vanished Peter; they could not understand how anyone could set out for America without reaching that continent and making a fortune; so the worthy people gradually evolved the idea that Uncle Sambuq had gone and done likewise, and would one day return rolling in riches—of course, to die in due time and leave his fortune to them.

So the years rolled by, and Uncle Sambuq's fortune grew bigger in the imagination of his people. The older relatives died, and Master Trefume became heir to his uncle. Now, it happened one day that Trefume met a sailor whose acquaintance he had made a year or so previously. This man had just returned from a voyage to the states, and Trefume seized the opportunity to offer him a glass of brandy (contraband) and ask him if he had heard of Uncle Sambuq while on the other side.

The sailor, probably out of politeness, and in order to please Trefume and his wife, informed them that he had a distinct recollection of having on several occasions met an individual (on the quays of New York) who was undoubtedly very wealthy indeed, and was the exact image of Sambuq. That settled the matter; there could no longer be any doubt that Uncle Sambuq had reached America and made his pile, as any other reasonable person would do.

On the following day Trefume again met the sailor—or perhaps it was the sailor who made a point of meeting Trefume; be that as it may, the result of the meeting was another glass of brandy for the sailor, further questions about Uncle Sambuq, and a confidential communication to the effect that the stranger in New York was really the long-lost Peter, for he had spoken to the mariner concerning his relatives, and had dropped mysterious hints as to his intentions towards them.

The Trefumes became the envied ones of the neighborhood. Uncle Sambuq and his fortune—especially his fortune—were the chief topics of conversation for many a day among the inhabitants of the whole district. The Trefumes lived happy and contented, patiently awaiting the time when they would have their share of the millions amassed by Peter Sambuq.

A few months passed away. One morning, when he was least expecting it, he received a letter from New York. The letter bore the seal of the French embassy. Trefume carried that precious letter about with him all day without breaking the seal, in order to show it to his friends. Not till the evening, in the presence of his wife and children, his hands trembling with excitement, did he venture to open it. It was somewhat bulky—probably it contained bank-notes. The papers were carefully taken from the envelope and proved to be—Sambuq's death certificate and a brief note from the embassy.

"So he is dead?" said his wife.

"Of course he is," replied Trefume; "doesn't the ambassador say so?"

There was silence. None of them had known the dead man, but they had thought so much about him that it seemed as though they had been on intimate terms with him, and they were able to squeeze out a tear.

"The ambassador doesn't say anything about the fortune," observed Trefume's better half, wiping her eyes.

"I suppose you want him to tell us all about it before the man's fairly dead," replied Trefume, sarcastically. "We can wait, and he knows it. He'll write again in a day or two."

But, strange to say, the ambassador omitted to write that other letter. As the time went on surprise deepened into anxiety; a veritable fever—a gold fever—took possession of them; they lost interest in everything, they could think of nothing but Sambuq's millions, and wonder what had become of them. At length their anxiety reached such a pitch that Trefume announced his intention of undertaking a journey to New York—a decision which met with the full approval of all concerned.

"I shan't be away more than a month—or two," said Trefume, "and the boy can look after the boat. A few hundred francs won't break us; besides, I know I shall be ill if I don't go and see what's going on over there."

He traveled to Havre and embarked on a vessel bound for New York. He knew absolutely nothing of the great city which he was approaching; he could not speak the language—he was as helpless as a child in a wood. He began to get very anxious and looked around for somebody to confide in and obtain assistance from. He tried the under steward, a fellow countryman, but the latter was too busy to be bothered. Trefume, however, refused to be shaken off, and the under steward, in desperation, glanced about for somebody to whom he could refer the persistent fisherman, and so get rid of him.

"Here!" he said, pointing to two of the passengers; "these are the men to help you. They know New York so well that they could find their way blindfolded anywhere in the city. Try them!"

Trefume looked at the men and thanked his compatriot heartily. He was delighted at the thought of meeting the two people who were so well acquainted with New York. They were two shifty-looking Yankees, who had left very severely alone on the

He went over to the two passengers, who, after exchanging a word or two between themselves, walked away before he could reach them. Trefume walked after them, but they still avoided him and began conversing earnestly together. The fisherman hesitated; he thought they had something private on, and he did not wish to intrude. It never entered his head that they were avoiding him. He did not intend to lose his chance, so he continued his walk after them at a respectable distance. Two or three times, when he thought the moment opportune, he approached them, hat in hand, and attempted to speak to them in his broken French, but was met with a scowl and growl that made him retire. He put down to American—or English manners, and with a sigh he withdrew for a few minutes.

The two Americans were evidently much perplexed at the strange conduct of their fellow-passenger; they were worried about it, too; so finally they spoke to the under steward concerning Trefume. The official was more busy than ever, but he was fond of a joke, and thought he might as well enliven the routine of the day by a little fun.

"You know that there has been a big robbery in Paris," he said, in a confidential whisper. "Well, I wouldn't mind betting this man is Jean Earnest, the cleverest detective in France, who is on the track of the thieves and has disguised himself as a fisherman from the south."

The two men looked at each other, thanked the under steward and dived into their cabin, from which they only emerged when the ship was actually alongside the quay. Poor Trefume looked for them in vain. They got off the steamer unobserved by him, and he was left to find his way about New York as best he could.

How he went through the rest of that day, where he lodged at night, he never knew. He began again on the following day looking for the embassy, asking the way in his provincial French, and being laughed at and treated with contempt as an impostor, until, sick at heart and thoroughly discouraged, he sat down on a doorstep and began to cry. Uncle Sambuq might have journeyed to his native country to die, and thus have made things easier for his heir!

After a few minutes he plucked up courage and determined to try again. He had just reached the end of the street when he saw one of the Americans to whom the under steward had referred him on the steamer. He had changed his clothes and cut off his beard, but Trefume was positive that it was the same man.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" he cried, running toward the man.

Whether the man heard the words or not, he took to his heels as soon as he saw the Frenchman running.

"What!" said Trefume to himself, in an indignant tone. "This man knows New York as well as I know Endoume, and he won't help me!

Away they went, the American and Trefume. In vain the former doubled this corner and that, his pursuer stuck to him until, thoroughly exhausted, the American took refuge in a bar and awaited the arrival of his pursuer.

"So I have you at last," exclaimed the Frenchman. "Why did you run away and give me all this trouble? Now you must—"

"Hush!" interrupted the American, turning pale in spite of the violent exercise. "Don't make a fuss," he continued, in excellent French; "that will be of no use. Come and sit down in this corner."

"Ah! that's better," thought Trefume. But he simply looked knowingly at the man and took a seat.

"I know what you have come to New York for," said the man.

"Good again!" thought the fisherman; but before he could speak, the American continued:

"We can arrange this little affair, can't we, without further bother?"

"Of course we can!" exclaimed Trefume, thinking still that the man was talking about Uncle Sambuq's fortune.

"That's agreed. Now, how much do you want?"

"My fair share, of course!" replied the Frenchman.

"I'll give you this pocketbook—it has 100,000 francs in French notes—I have not had time to exchange them for American money. They are good, you need not be afraid that they are bad or stopped. Will that satisfy you?"

"Is that my fair share?" asked Trefume, doubtfully.

"How much do you expect?" asked the other, irritably. "It was a good thing, but it wasn't a gold mine, and there are several to share it. It's either that or nothing!"

"Well! I'll take it!" said Trefume, beginning to fear that he might lose all.

"Very well! Now, you have this on condition that you go back in the Bretagne, and the Bretagne starts in two hours. And remember, you have never seen me!"

The pocketbook was handed to him, and he scrutinized the notes. They were all right. He tried to explain it all to himself; he was not clear on some points; but the more he tried to think it out, the more confused he became. Only one thing was clear: he had succeeded in getting a good slice of Uncle Sambuq's fortune and was now a rich man.

Thus it came about that Master Trefume, having had the good fortune to be taken for a detective, became the heir of Uncle Sambuq, who had died penniless in a hospital a few weeks before!

As to Trefume, he was never able to arrive at any proper understanding of the affair, but he did not worry himself much on that head. Later on, when he had given up work and donned a frock-coat, he used to shake his head and declare, with much gravity, that in business matters those American fellows were far ahead of any other people. See how quickly they settled that little matter of Uncle Sambuq's fortune.—From the French, in Strand Magazine.

An Extraordinary Light.

What is believed to have been an aurora of such extraordinary brilliancy as to obscure the sunlight is thus described in an old number of the Gentleman's Magazine: On the 2d day of Jaunary, 1738, an unusual light, far above the brightest day, struck all beholders with amazement. The time was four o'clock in the afternoon, and it soon faded away. At seven, however, from east to west, streams appeared like rivers of bright fire. A general feeling of alarm was caused by these, but they gradually faded away to the north, their disappearance being accompanied by shocks which were felt by all, but which did no particular damage.—St. Louis Republic.

The Moon and the Earth.

The strangeness of the scenery of the moon, and the enormous size of its crater-shaped mountains, have led some astronomers to think that its past history must have been quite different from that of the earth. This, however, is not the opinion of Messieurs Loewy and Puiseux, who, in a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, say that a study of the latest lunar photographs tends to show that the condition of the moon's surface has been produced by the action of the same natural forces now at work on the earth.—Youth's Companion.

TAXES.

In Prussia incomes above $100 a year are taxed, and even then a good many are exempt.

A tax on theater tickets has worked well in Russia, producing a million rubles, at a slight expense for collection.

The Journal des Economistes ciphers out that France pays $150,000,000 a year in import duties on wheat. But France is a great nation and keeps an army!

A favorite method of municipal taxation in France is the octroi, or tax on food and supplies brought into the city. In Paris one-third of the taxes are raised in this way, which accounts for the high prices charged for food in that city.

The income tax in Great Britain has varied all the way from 14 pence in the pound in the Crimean war to 2 pence in 1874. It stands more recently at 6 pence, or 2½ per cent. on incomes over $750 a year. That lets out all workingmen in England. It wouldn't here.

Cancer Of the Face.

Mrs. Laura E. Mims, of Smithville, says: "A small pimple of a strawberry color appeared on my cheek; it began to grow rapidly, notwithstanding all efforts to check it. My eye became tender, inflamed, and so swollen that for a while I could not see. The doctor said I had Cancer, the most malignant type, and after exhausting their skill without doing any good, they gave up the case as hopeless. When I informed that my father had died from the same disease, they said I must die as hereditary Cancer was incurable.

"At this crisis, I was advised to try S.S.S., and in a short while the Cancer began to discharge and continued to do so for three months, then it began to heal. I continued the medicine a while longer until the Cancer disappeared entirely. This was several years ago and there has been no return of the disease."

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