

EXTREMES.

Two rival spirits roam the world
And turn the scales of fate;
One through the potency of love,
The other, hate.

Two forces are at enmity,
Divided by one breath:
The victory of one is life,
The other, death.

—William H. Hayne.

THE GRAND DUKE.

What is it that Fauvette sees? The day is cold and bleak; Fauvette gathers the blanket more closely around her thinly clad form and over her head she looks down the road and discovers far away, in the direction of her own home, a cloud of dust. It is not the dust of the diligence, for that went by an hour ago; Fauvette noticed it particularly, because it was going fast. The horses were galloping, and Baptiste was urging them on as though something were coming in pursuit. Had Baptiste been running away from that which made the clouds of dust? and was that which made the cloud the German army?

Fauvette's heart stood still as this thought came to her. She knew there was war in the country, but as yet it had not come anywhere near Champvillers, which was the village where Fauvette lived. Had it come near so soon? When she left home that morning with Bebe there had been no thought of the Germans; had they arrived already? She looked around at Bebe, who was trying almost vainly to get some pasturage out of the stubble of the field. Then she looked again at the cloud of dust. It had lifted a little by this time, and underneath Fauvette could see the glimmer of bayonets and the forms of horses and men. Yes, it was the German army—there could be no doubt of that.

At the first thought she started to run. But where should she go? The soldiers were between her and the village; she could not leave Bebe, and Bebe would not willingly go in the opposite direction from home. Even if Bebe consented the soldiers would very soon overtake her. But if she staid would they not take Bebe and herself, too? If they let her go, would they not carry Bebe off? Fauvette's heart now beat quick and fast. The soldiers were coming rapidly nearer. Indeed, she could distinguish their faces. The man in front on horseback was old and ugly. Could that be the Count Bismarck, she wondered. Fauvette crept up to Bebe's side and laid her arm over the cow's neck. For the first time Bebe looked up, and seeing the soldiers, gazed at them with a look of gentle surprise.

Bebe was Fauvette's special care. Fauvette's elder sister, Lucie, looked after the children, and helped the mother at home, while Fauvette brought the cow to pasture, and in these troubled times staid with it all day. At this season it was cold work, and there was little in the field for Bebe to eat. Pretty soon her task would end, and the cow would live at home with the rest of the family, having better quarters, indeed, than they had themselves. Fauvette now wished that it had ended before to-day, so that she might not have met the soldiers in this exposed place.

The officer at the head, who, though Fauvette did not know it, was only a colonel, eyed the cow, as he rode up, with grim satisfaction.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in his own tongue, "this will make fine steaks. Leave the cow, girl, and go back to your village. No one will hurt you."

Fauvette stood still. She did not understand German, though she guessed at what he said.

"Ach!" exclaimed the officer "who can speak this detestable tongue? Where is there a man who knows the French?"

The colonel looked up and down the line. Several of the men appeared ready to answer, when the attention of all was attracted to a young aide-de-camp, who came galloping up the road, and demanded to know what was the matter. The colonel pointed to Fauvette and the cow.

"I am just about to tell the girl to go home to the village and leave the cow," he said, "but unhappily I am not ready with foreign languages. When I have something to say in French, I require help."

The young man smiled. Then turning to Fauvette, he said to her, in her own tongue: "My poor child, the colonel wishes me to tell you that you must leave the cow and go home. You live in the village we have just passed, do you not?"

Fauvette gazed at him calmly. She was terrible afraid, and her face was pale, but otherwise she did not show it. "Oui, monsieur," she said; "I live in the village, and I should be glad to go back, but I cannot leave Bebe."

The young aide-de-camp—he was little more than a boy—looked at her pityingly. "But you must," he said; "the colonel says so."

Her eyes flashed. "What do I care for the colonel?" she said. "If he kills Bebe, he must kill me, too."

"Oh, he won't kill you," said the boy. "We don't fight children. But he wants the cow, don't you see?"

"What does he want it for?" asked Fauvette, gravely.

"Why, to eat, I suppose," he stammered, not wishing to hurt her more than necessary, but yet telling the truth as from habit.

"To eat!" exclaimed Fauvette. "My beautiful Bebe! If she was yours, would you let anybody kill her?"

He looked admiringly at Bebe's mouse-colored velvet skin and large soft eyes. "Well, no, I wouldn't," he said, frankly.

"Well, I won't, either," and she

clasped her arms tightly around the creature's neck.

The young man walked helplessly over to the colonel. "I can't seem to persuade her, sir," he said.

The colonel laughed. "Oh, well then, we'll use force," he said. Turning to his men, he ordered two of them to take the girl away from the cow.

"Are you going to kill the cow?" the young aide-de-camp asked.

"Certainly," said the colonel. "Pray explain to the prince the cause of the delay, and say we shall be moving directly."

The young man, with another look at Fauvette, turned around and rode rapidly off, while the two men, at the colonel's direction, stepped up to the child's side.

"Come!" one of them demanded in German.

Fauvette did not move. Her hold of Bebe tightened, and she looked up at the rude soldiers with defiance flashing from her black eyes.

"So!" exclaimed the man; "then I must make you." And he proceeded, not very gently, to loosen the arms that were clinging to Bebe's neck. Fauvette screamed loudly, while she tried to hold on, but her strength was small compared to the men's, and in a moment one of them had dragged her away, while the other was trying to pull a cow in an opposite direction. But for once Bebe's stubbornness served her a good turn. Whether she understood their designs or not, the cow would not move one step; and when they tried to drag her, she planted her feet firmly on the ground, put down her head, and uttered a gentle but decided "Moo!" The men looked helplessly at the colonel, who was very angry. For the sake of a cow the whole detachment had been detained fifteen minutes. A less forbearing man than himself would have shot it at once. Presently the aide-de-camp would be coming up again to see why they had not moved.

"Shoot the cow!" he cried, passionately.

In order to raise his gun, Fauvette's captor had to let her go. Quick as thought the girl rushed back, and while the guns were pointed at her, threw her arms once more around Bebe's neck.

"Now fire!" she cried, stamping her foot; "fire and kill me, too."

It was this tableau that the young man saw as he came dashing up again; the angry colonel on horseback, the soldiers leveling their guns, and the patient cow protected by the child.

"Good heavens!" he cried, riding in between the soldiers and Fauvette, and making himself the target for their fire, "do you mean to kill the child?"

The men, who had no wish for the business, lowered their muskets, while the lad saluted the colonel. "Here is an order from the prince," he said, producing a bit of paper, "permitting the child to take the cow back to the village. I am directed to see that it is executed."

The colonel, with an angry frown upon his face, turned away and gave the order to advance. Presently the regiment was in motion. The dust had arisen, and freed from her persecutors, Fauvette was left alone with the young man. The soldiers were marching by, but she did not mind them now. Bebe, too, was quite composed, and had resumed her feeding. Fauvette would never complain again that Bebe was stubborn. If Bebe had not been stubborn to-day, where might she not be now? But Fauvette had not yet thanked the young man who was waiting on horseback by her side.

"I thank you very much," she said, timidly, looking up into the boy's handsome face. "If they had killed Bebe they would have killed me, too."

"Oh, they wouldn't have done that," he said. "Only their guns might have gone off accidentally."

"She hesitated a moment. 'Yes,' she said, 'they might have gone off when you stood before them.'"

He colored a little. "I am a soldier," he said. "A soldier does not think about such things."

Fauvette looked at him admiringly. "You are very brave," she said.

The aide-de-camp smiled. "Oh, no, I'm not," he hastened to say. "Why, the other day, when I went into battle for the first time, it was just as much as I could do to keep from running away. I expected that every bullet would hit me, and every time I heard one of them sing, I said good-bye."

"That was the first time," said Fauvette, indulgently. "You wouldn't feel that way again. My grandfather fought with Napoleon, and he says that is the way he used to feel."

"Did your grandfather fight with Napoleon?" the boy asked. "How I should like to hear him tell about it!"

"Oh, that's easy enough," said Fauvette. "If you will come back to the village he will tell you anything you want to know. But I forgot," she added hurriedly; "you are a German."

He nodded. "Yes," he said, "I'm a German; but I'm going back to see you safe to the village all the same."

The soldiers had now mostly passed by, and a number of elegant persons on horseback were bringing up the rear. Riding up to one of these, the aide-de-camp held a brief conversation. Then wheeling around his horse, he came back to Fauvette.

"Yes," he said; "I may take you back to the village. There is another detachment of our men there, whom I am to order forward. Will the cow go?"

Happily Bebe had forgotten her stubbornness, or else she understood that this home was the safest place for her. She made no objections when Fauvette told her to go on, and even allowed the young man, who had swung Fauvette up into the saddle, to urge her forward with his horse. The cow could not go very fast, however, and it took some time to reach the village. Half a mile

away they heard the sound of firing, and off to the right, where Fauvette told the boy another road ran, hung a cloud of dust such as she had seen before that morning. When they reached the village, how still it was! Not a soldier was to be seen. What had become of them? the aide-de-camp wondered. There was no time, however, for him to be either frightened or surprised. Hardly had his horse's hoof sounded on the street when out of every house rushed a troop of soldiers, half a dozen of whom grasped the lad's bridle. For an instant both he and Fauvette were too much astonished to speak. The girl, who recognized familiar faces, was the first to recover herself.

"Ah!" she cried, let him go. He has saved my life and Bebe's."

At the same moment an officer came out of the inn door. "Your name and rank, monsieur," he demanded, briefly.

The lad drew himself up proudly until his slender figure seemed that of a man. His frank, boyish face glowed, and his blue eyes flashed fire. "Carl Ludwig von Schomberg," he said, in French, "lieutenant in the German army, and grand duke of Hoenstauffen-Steinmetz."

The officer bowed. "Thanks, your highness," he said. "It is unfortunate, but your soldiers, whom I presume you expected to find here, have evacuated the village, and you are the prisoner of the French."

Fauvette's lip trembled. She was still on horseback, protected by the young officer's arm. "But he came back to bring me," she cried. "If it had not been for me you would be with your prince now."

"That will be considered," said the officer, "but at present Lieutenant von Schomberg is our prisoner. Will you please dismount, sir?"

The boy let one of the men whom Fauvette knew take her down and then dismounted himself.

"Now, sir," said the French officer, "if you will come into the cabaret you will find there some of your companions."

The lad turned to where Fauvette stood crying on Bebe's neck. "Do not cry, my child," he said; "it is only the fortune of war."

"But it was for me," she sobbed. "If it had not been for me you would be with your prince now."

He smiled kindly. "I should no doubt have come back anyhow," he said. "Don't vex yourself, little one; and adieu."

Her face lighted up through her tears. "Ah, no," she whispered, looking hurriedly around to see if any one overheard. "Au revoir."

What did she mean? The duke had wondered as the officer led him off to the cabaret. He would hardly see her again, for the next day, if not earlier, they would surely take him off to Metz, or wherever else the French kept their prisoners. It was an inglorious ending to his military career, but he had served the little peasant maiden and saved a cow's life; and he was sure he would rather have done that than kill some one in battle. His rank enabled him to have a room to himself in the upper story of the cabaret, and left alone, with a sentinel outside the door and another beneath the window, he had time to reflect upon these things, and to wonder what the prince would think when he did not reappear, and whether they would send back for him. They would hardly do that, he concluded, since they were anxious to get ahead as fast as possible. He was unwilling to admit it, but there did not seem to be any very good prospect of his immediate release. All the afternoon he was left undisturbed, and when the darkness shut down there were no signs that he was to be removed that night. At midnight, however, the key turned in the lock, the door opened, and some one stood in the room.

"Are you awake?" whispered a soft voice.

It was Fauvette's voice, and the boy's heart gave a thrill of hope.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I couldn't go to sleep, you know."

She came up to him and laid her hand on his arm. "Listen," she said. "The soldiers are all asleep. My uncle, who keeps the inn, has drugged their wine, and my father holds your horse before the door. There is nothing between you and your army. You must go at once."

He hesitated a moment. "And you?" he said.

"Oh, I am all right," she answered. "This is my home, no one will harm me."

He could not see her face in the darkness, but he guessed that the black eyes were full of tears. "You are a good girl," he said. "Tell me your name. You know I did not learn that."

"My name is Fauvette," she said, simply—Fauvette Marets."

"Ah," he said, "I shall always remember the brave little owner of that name. Then taking her hand he lingered a moment in the door.

"Adieu," she said quietly.

"Nein," he exclaimed; "it shall not be adieu. I will surely see you again some day." He leaned over and kissed her forehead. "Auf wiedersehen, Fauvette," and clasping her hand, he passed swiftly out into the hall and down the dark stairs.

In a moment Fauvette heard the muffled clatter of the horse's hoofs on the hard road, and then, with the tears in her eyes, she crept down the stairs herself, and went to her own home.—*Etio McCormick, in Young People.*

While the pastor in a Florida church was in the midst of the most impressive part of his discourse a great commotion was noticed near one of the entrances. In the middle of the aisle, thickly crowded on both sides with men, women and children, lay a monster rattlesnake, seven feet long, with ten rattles and a button.

The Stupid Camel.

The camel appears to be so completely unintelligent, and withal so perverse in its dullness, that in the East the word "cameliness" is a synonym for thick-headed obstinacy. To contend successfully against this prodigious, persistent and invariable stupidity constitutes, therefore, the whole art of camel riding. That it calls for no special ability on the part of the rider is obvious, but nevertheless the beast often succeeds, simply by the cumulative influence of its exasperating want of sense, in breaking down both temper and patience. The British soldier in Afghanistan was completely beaten by it. He had never encountered such stupidity before, and failed to grasp it. Whatever he did to it, the camel roared at him. Whatever he tried to make it do it refused. If he stopped pulling at its nose-string for an instant the animal stopped at once. If he left it for a minute the brute wandered slowly away in the very direction in which it could get into most mischief. The aimlessness of his conduct utterly baffled Thomas Atkins. He succumbed, collapsed, went down before such inconceivable obtuseness and perversity. It was one of the commonest sights of the march to come across a soldier standing with a countenance of utter despair by the side of a loaded dromedary, gazing up at the supercilious brute with an expression of the most comical helplessness. He had exhausted every device he could invent to make the beast understand what it ought to do, but all in vain, and there he was, utterly staggered and dumbfounded by such a miracle of stupidity. He was too far gone in a hopeless bewilderment even to use strong language. His vocabulary had been used up over and over again. There was nothing within miles to beat it with. He could not reach up to its body with his foot to kick it. Pummeling it with his fist had no appreciable effect upon the beast; he might as well have thumped the ground. His helmet was battered out of shape with repeated hurlings of it at the passive monster. So he was at his wits' ends, and his discomfiture was as obvious as it was ludicrous. He looked as if he were going out of his senses, or would like to act down, as women say, "and have a good cry." As for the camel, it paid no more attention to the puzzled soldier than if he had been one of the thirty-nine articles. It stood there, exactly where it had stopped, gazing into space with a look of silly loftiness, as if it saw the north pole in the distance, and with a complacency that would not have been inappropriate if it were beholding a vision of angels. That it was falling short of its duties had obviously no interest for the idiotic quadruped. It never so much as winked, but simply stood in its tracks with its head high up in the air as if awaiting a revelation. There was, therefore, nothing to be done except to wait till other camels came along, and then to tie its nose to the tail of the last "ship" in the line. The sight of the hind legs of the animal in front of it moving, and the tension of the string in its own nostrils, were the only hints it could understand.—*London Standard.*

A Bear-Man.

This is the name given to an extraordinary youth who has been exhibited in Paris, Berlin and other continental capitals. His peculiarities are an extraordinary growth of silky, fair hair, especially on the face, and an equally extraordinary deficiency of teeth. Unless it may be in the color of the hair, there is not the slightest resemblance to a bear in the boy. The growth of hair on the face, especially about the eyes, nose and ears, does, however, strongly suggest the aspect of a terrier, and the position of his four teeth also suggests the resemblance to a dog. Professor Virchow, of Berlin, it is said, has likened him to the terrier monkey. The name bear-man has been given to the boy to distinguish him from his father, a man with similar peculiarities, who some ten years ago was exhibited on the Continent as "the dog-man." According to his guardian, a Mr. Forster, the father and this lad, then about two years old, were discovered in one of the Russian government forests. The man, who is now dead, was a thorough savage, and nothing could be ascertained from him to throw light on his antecedents or the history of the boy. The lad has been given the name of Theodor Jewtichew. He is of an amiable disposition and is quick to learn. He has received some education in St. Petersburg. He speaks German and knows a few words of French and English. He dances and plays the concertina and is greatly delighted when he evokes applause. He is to be exhibited in America.

The Petrified Wood Industry.

The petrified forests near Holbrook, Arizona, have been purchased by a company. They have commenced the shipment and manufacture of the petrifications into tablets, tiles and various ornamental articles in building and finishing. In this connection the Prescott Miner has the following: "Governor Tritle informs us that while in San Francisco he inspected an establishment recently started for the cutting and polishing of petrified wood taken from the wonderful forest of petrifications existing along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific in this Territory. The parties engaged in this work state that the petrified wood is rapidly driving California onyx from the market as a material for mantels, etc., as it is susceptible of a much finer polish and is also more permanent and lasting than that of the onyx. Several companies have already been formed for the purpose of getting possession of portions of the forest by pre-emption," thus promising to further push the manufacture.—*Scientific American.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The Edison Electric Light company has three farms in Japan devoted to raising bamboo for carbon.

According to the latest results of the finest instrumental tests as to the propagation of electricity, an electric signal travels at the rate of 16,000 miles per second.

Cotton waste is now used in conjunction with straw and asbestos in building houses. It is formed into a paste which in a very short time becomes very hard and makes a durable slab or block for building purposes.

Recently the dome of St. Peter's, in Rome, was reclad at an expense to the Vatican of \$40,000. The old sheathing required such continuous repairs that it was deemed better to replace it. The sheets of lead which now cover the dome weigh 708,610 pounds, and would extend over more than an acre and a half of land if they were spread out flat.

Another danger is added to modern housekeeping. Dr. Austen has discovered that water containing organic matter will, when under pressure, dissolve compounds of lead, zinc and copper more rapidly and in much larger quantities than when pure and under ordinary conditions. He claims that many cases of dysentery result from drinking such water that has stood all night in lead or zinc pipes.

A Boy's Ambitions.

Nearly everybody who is now a man, says the *Through Mail*, was once a boy. All these grown-up boys remember how they felt the first time they ever saw a brass band. They felt that the President of the United States was not to be compared to the editor of the base drum, and that the drum-major was at least six inches above George Washington in the temple of fame. Oh! how they did yearn to belong to a brass band, until a circus came along, and then, how they longed to be the fearless equestrian or the man in the lion's cage. Congress had no charms for most of its present members when they were boys. To be a bareback rider or drum-major was infinitely greater than to be a member of Congress in their youthful eyes.

Then came a time when their hearts were set on becoming a brakeman on a railway train, and when the vision of promotion to the conductorship of a train floated across their dreamy optics they were in the fifth heaven of delight. Time wore on, only to rub the glitter of the railway service off, and supply its place with grand aspirations for the position of umpire of a baseball game, which was rapidly succeeded by an inordinate ambition to be the victor of a prize-ring. After being knocked out in one round by nearly every boy in the community, ambition again underwent a metamorphosis, and the one thing of all things desired was to be the reigning monarch of a barber-shop, or the untrammelled commander of a volunteer fire-brigade.

In due time all the tinsel of these high callings was but dross to them, and to die on the battle-field, breathing some patriotic sentiment as the sands of life ran away, was the one high aim of existence. After one encampment with the home militia, with beans and hardtack for menu, and hardtack and beans for desert, and a finger accidentally shot off for fun, no further anxiety to spill blood by the gallon for their country was manifested, and they longed for more agreeable pursuits incident to the tranquil surroundings of peace.

At about this point their desires took a different turn. Their hearts glowed with a nobler impulse, and there was a trifle more of a determination to do in their composition. One determined to teach school, and did so. To be sure, he was surprised that life was not one continual round of uninterrupted joy in his new calling, but he worries along, and the next spring enters a law office and becomes a disciple of Blackstone. The next autumn he reverts to school-teaching, and school-teaching is sandwiched into his life in various ways and at numerous periods afterward, until he becomes an editor, and the prize-ring experiences of his youth are repeated again. Some years later he is elected to Congress, and then the old ambitions are forgotten and give place to designs upon the Senate. Only a few of them ever get there, and they at once feel the humming of the presidential bee in their bonnets, and eventually become candidates before the national conventions of the great parties, and all but two get left; and when the election is over one of those two is also left.

An Electric French Girl.

M. Arago, Dr. Cholet and M. Victor Meunier are responsible for the following extraordinary account of an electric girl. The girl, a peasant of thirteen, called Angeliqutte Cottin, was, M. Meunier tells us in his weekly scientific article, working in a factory, when a small table next to her was violently upset without ostensible cause. Subsequently, in the presence of M. Meunier, she sat on a chair held by several people, when the chair was hurled from their hands. This was tried more than once with like results, the chair being in one case broken when its holders were strong enough not to let it go. When isolation from the ground was produced by glass, none of these effects occurred. The only discomfort which the girl ever feels is a pain in the hollow of the elbow. Before a commission of engineers none of these experiments succeeded, but it is alleged in explanation that the electric properties of her system have through repeated discharges lost their force and finally become exhausted.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*