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THE DOCTOR EUDOR.

"Yes, yes," replied he—
But still he did not turn from his glowing
race.
"So ill, so very ill, doctor, that I fear"—
"Go to the devil with your fears! Do you
see, good woman, that I am busy."
"Busy!" replied the old woman. "How do
know what at? Trying to discover the
secret, perhaps, and while you are thus
ily tempting the devil, the poor dear
is dying."
"Tum secunda elapsa hora, et aqua incan-
cente, camdem iterum injicies pulverem."
he doctor threw two handfuls of white
der in the vase, and went on reading
e old parchments.
he old woman drew a long and deep sigh.
doctor was a young man, twenty-eight
rs of age, perhaps, but it was difficult to
s at it from his pale and emaciated coun-
nce. You could only see that hard study,
perhaps grief, anything but years, had
rinted on his forehead a deep, solitary,
premature furrow, and to look at his
w cheeks, sallow complexion, and long
tangled hair, one could not but feel re-
that the bloom of health did not now
nate his regular and beautiful features.
was bending over the vase; sometimes
ndling, with his breath, the dying coals,
se interrupting his reading to throw
ders and herbs into the water.
he great secret—old goose—better, much
r than that. A right of life and death!"
d suddenly he exclaimed:
That is it—admirably, admirably done."
Now, old mother, I am at your service,"
d he, as if the old woman was still there
t she had gone.
e doctor poured into a small bottle his
nical preparation, a blue liquid which
uced a sweet perfume; he threw his dark
le over his disordered clothes, and left
laboratory, holding in his hand his pre-
vial, carefully wrapped in the folds of
antle, to hide it from the curiosity of
s, or to preserve it from the accidents
long and rapid walk.
is twenty minutes' fast walking from the
de l'Horloge to the Rue des Tournelles;
enty minutes the doctor had reached his
ation. He stopped before a large and
ome hotel; the walls that surrounded
urtyard were high and thick, the door
and bordered with iron—a precaution
be forgotten—for all this took place in
mber, 1584, during the reign of King
y the Third.
knocked, and from behind a barred
w a servant recognized and admitted
las! Sir Eudor," said a man of about 60
of age, "I have but very little hope."
doctor hardly restrained a smile, but
d man did not perceive it—his eyes were
with tears.
u must not give up entirely, M. le
te; nature and science have so many re-
s." These consoling words were ut-
n a sneering manner, and the count
ued to weep. Eudor shrugged his
ers as if the husband's grief struck him
rd or ridiculous. Without adding a
he drew aside a covering of thick
y, and entered a large and somber
ent. The count followed him.
s the patient's room. In the back-
, surrounded by curtains, stood the
The doctor approached and motioned
ount to open the window. The beau-
ce of a female then became visible;
g had scarcely altered her delicate
rfect features. Her sweet face was,
pale, and beneath her long black eye-
was a small blue circle—but who would
e preferred her appearance, ill as she
the most blooming beauty!
gazed fixedly at her. The count
himself on the foot of the bed and
is eyes on the doctor, who, wrapped
s own meditations, thought neither of
ging nor discouraging him. After a
ments of silence, Eudor gently lifted
rlid and took the arm of the patient
er pulse.
dder indicated that the countess was
point of waking; the doctor looked
y around.
crisis will take place when she awakes;
t emotion may prove fatal. You
ire, sir."
ll hide behind this curtain," said the
"I do so long to see her open her
y," said Eudor, with a disdainful and
mile. "Well, count, enjoy that
and risk your wife's life for such a
satisfaction."
ount, after a moment's hesitation,
the doctor promised to call him as
ossible.
of joy brightened the features of
g man when he found himself alone
om, and his countenance, animated
g emotion, appeared singularly
He no longer stopped to gaze; but,
by the bedside, he covered with
sses the hand of the young woman
dly passed his fingers through the
dishevelled curls, and even dared to
burning and parched lips.
exclaimed he as he gazed at her,
uch courage is necessary! But I
it; and in a few hours five years of
nd labor will be rewarded."
st words awoke the countess.
tor did not change his posture; he
on his knees, and still held the pa-
d; she turned her beautiful eyes
m and started with mingled sur-
and joy
as a moment of silence. Neither
other spoke. Perhaps they were
a word might end their happiness,
ed like a dream.
said Eudor, "we are alone, alone
r. This is the first time since I
d you; it is the first time in five
on of the countess prevented her
except by tears.
tell you," continued Eudor, "all
y it has occasioned me to get into
g; my title of doctor is not
I was a student, you remember,
you for the first time. What a
!"
tess pressed the hand that held
sed her eyes to heaven.
, Emma—but I have witnessed
s, your tears, your resistance,
ch you with but one thing
thought I had forgotten you,
longer sought your presence."
," continued Eudor, vehemently,
d I have sought you! It was both
too late. Besides, I needed soli-
editation to conquer a deep seated
to perfect a great plan—a diffi-
nd decisive enterprise.
added, he, solemnly, "if the day
fatal marriage I had asked you
to follow me, you would have
for I am not ignorant of the influ-
ver you, devoted as you were to
rst love; but I would not, for it
have been acting fairly toward
ow, when for five years you have
nk, fortune, honors, you know
are worth. You also know the
can offer you, poor and obscure
it will no longer be deceiving
, 'Emma, will you change—will
er"

thinking that in past days your power would have conquered my reason; then I might have been yours without crime, but now"—

"That is true," replied Eudor, abruptly. "Ah, it is clear enough we were not made for one another; we have not the same way of loving. Miserable fool that I am, I was sacrificing to you honor and conscience! But what can I do! I have one of those weak minds, over which love reigns like a tyrant, a crime would be of no consequence in my eyes if it would make you mine. Do you hear me? a crime—if it but free you!"

An exclamation of horror burst from the countess.

"You need not be frightened," returned Eudor, hastily; "you do not understand me."

After a minute of silence, the countess said in a sweet and melancholy tone of voice: "Eudor, why do you thus torment a poor suffering woman? Is this a time to talk thus to me? Probably you know even better than myself that it would be no longer in my power to accept of the guilty happiness you offer me. I feel so weak; soon, very soon, I trust, all will be over—fears and sorrows, and this broken heart will be at rest."

"Why these sad thoughts?"

"Sad? oh, no! they are happy ones. How often have I prayed to God to take me from this earth, where all happiness is lost to me. God has heard me."

"Then," said Eudor, "you would like to"—

"Die," replied the countess calmly.

"If I were to tell you that there was no more hope: that your disease was a fatal one"—

Eudor's countenance was lighted up, as he spoke, with an almost infernal expression of joy; he gazed for an instant on this beautiful young woman, who seemed to be almost dying, and then, he continued:

"Well, then, since you are prepared, I will tell you the truth. When I just now spoke of a future, of joy and love, I wished to deceive you, and to give you a hope that I myself have lost"— He stopped; it seemed impossible for him to articulate another word, she fixed on him such a look of love and melancholy; and in her beautiful black eyes, there was such an expression of tenderness and regret at leaving this world, that the young man seemed deeply moved.

"Ah! you are not as much weaned from this life as you said!" A smile played on the pale lips.

"Yes," said she, "I own it, I felt, I do not know why, my heart sink; but my courage is returning. I am ready now," added she, taking Eudor's hand and putting it on her heart; "now repeat those words, and you will feel it beat neither faster now slower."

"Well, then," said Eudor, disengaging his hand; "let the will of heaven be done!" He retreated a few steps, and concealing himself behind the curtains, he drew from his bosom the vial he had placed there on entering! An instant more, and he calmly presented to Emma a cup filled to the very brim with the blue liquid.

"What for!" said she; "will it prolong my life?"

"No," replied Eudor.

"Well, then—why must I take another bitter potion?"

"This one is not bitter, Emma; and if it cannot conquer your fever, it will, at least, save you from all sufferings in your last moments." The countess put the cup to her lips, and, while she slowly drank it, Eudor continued: "You will sleep as if after a ball, quietly rocked with the sounds of sweet music, your flowers and your dress before your eyes."

"Yes," replied the countess, returning to him the empty cup, "yes, all my happy recollections will assist me at this moment, since you are there, you with whom all the joys and pleasure of my past life are connected."

One hour had passed, and ever since she had taken Eudor's prescription the countess had been hopelessly weak. She asked for the consolations of religion.

Priests and Levites soon arrived carrying the sacred Host. It was a sad sight, a room full of kneeling persons, repeating in a low voice the prayers for the dying, which only sobs of anguish occasionally interrupted; here and there yellow lights throwing their flickering rays over the kneeling crowd, and bending over the bed an aged priest ministering to a youthful female.

Soon the crowd dispersed and again Eudor was left alone with Emma, but the interview was not long. Her last look, her last prayer, her last sigh were for the only one she had ever loved, and death seized his prey.

Did Eudor display grief at her mournful end?

He gazed at her calmly; but now and then, as if to quiet some importune thought, he repeated:

"She wished to die. The worst can only be that her wish has been granted." He called the count and led him to the bed. "You are the person to close her eyes."

The despair of the old man was heart rending. He fell senseless by the body of his wife.

When the count was come from the chamber Eudor returned to the bedside. He seemed to feel an exquisite pleasure in watching the body. The closed eyes, the stiffened limbs, the features once so beautiful, now pale and sunken. He gazed and murmured with a smile:

"'Tis right, no breath, no life—cold—rigid—dead."

The room soon filled with domestics, all with tears in their eyes and grief at their hearts and on their lips; all prayed for the soul of the deceased—she will go straight to paradise, said they, she was so good.

"Without reckoning that she had her purgatory in this world," half murmured the doctor, who alone did not bend his knee or pray for her who had died. There was in the room an old relation. Eudor addressed her:

"She must be buried as soon as possible," said he; "her disease is contagious, and if you wait more than two hours, your lives will all be in danger." Half frightened to death, the old woman gave her orders, the church bells began to toll, the crosses were raised, the lights prepared, the rooms hung with mourning, and slowly the funeral procession came from the church.

The body had been dressed in her handsomest garments—a dress of brocade with a pearl necklace, rich lace around the neck, and her feet covered with stockings of silk and gold, and shoes of white velvet.

"It is her bridal dress," said some one to Eudor.

"That is right, for the same occasion, same dress."

The coffin was there, but the countess was still on her bed. The old aunt approached, scissors in hand. One would have thought her the representative of fate severing the thread of life. A golden tress was already between the instrument—Eudor rushed forward.

"Are you mad? Do you wish to join her? This hair, still wet with the death sweat, bears the seeds of death. Leave it alone, or rather, think of burning the bed, the garments, all that she touched. Relics, indeed! remember her words and her deeds."

He then placed it in the coffin; four men lifted it on their shoulders, and the funeral procession moved.

At church the service for the dead was performed, a long and sad service composed of cold and grave words, and of solemn and melancholy chants. A priest then gave a the coffin, and, wet with this sacred dew, it was taken to the tomb.

Three hours had elapsed since the last ceremonies had been performed, and the church presented a striking and imposing scene, calculated to impress on weak and wavering minds the terrors of religion. The rays of the moon striking on the painted window panes threw strange figures over the white and lofty walls, while the different effects of light and shadow gave to the images of the saints a fantastic and unusual appearance. The altar was still hung with black, in the middle of the church yet stood, covered over with black cloth sprigged with silver, the stools on which the coffin had been placed, and from the pillars around still hung the escutcheons of the late countess. It was a solemn spectacle, and occasionally the moon, hidden by a cloud, left the whole in darkness, which was only relieved by the flickering and uncertain flame of the lights around the altar.

Suddenly a slight noise was heard, a footstep, a man carrying a lantern and long extinguisher appeared. It was the sexton. He went his rounds in silence, and as he returned suddenly dropped his extinguisher and uttered a loud exclamation.

The cause of his surprise and affright was a man leaning against a pillar, immovable, and so weak, so suffering, that apparently he had not strength enough to drag him from the church when the last bell had tolled, his dry and sunken eyes were fixed on the face of the sexton, and his right hand supported his aching brow.

"Bountiful providence, is it a ghost?" said Maitre Arnoux, the sexton; and as he pronounced these words he let his lantern shine full upon the stranger.

"What are you doing here, sir?" said he, when he found he had to deal, not with a ghost, but with a young and handsome man. "The church is closed."

The person to whom these words were addressed, answered only by a half suppressed groan; his limbs gave way, and he fell on the pavement.

"May my good saint, St. Anthony, help me," exclaimed Maitre Arnoux; "what am I to do with this man? I verily believe he is half dead."

As he uttered these words, he shook him violently by the sleeve, and filling his hands with holy water, bathed his temples. The young man opened his eyes.

"I am very weak indeed," said he, in a low and faltering voice. "My sufferings have overwhelmed me. * * * Have you no cordial, good man?"

"I have but one," replied the sexton, "which is excellent for recalling one to sense—good wine."

"Yes, I think a little wine might restore me."

"Well, then, my friend, you must crawl up to my cell; for it would be offending the saints to drink here."

Assisted by Arnoux, the young man reached a little door that opened into the church, and, having ascended a winding staircase, found himself in the rooms of the sexton, who immediately poured out some wine for him.

"Well, friend, do you feel better now?"

"Much, much better," replied Eudor, while his companion emptied a large glass.

"True Burgundy," exclaimed Arnoux, striking the table with the cup he had just emptied.

The cups were again filled; but one merely raised his to his lips, while the other threw himself back, and scrupulously swallowed the last drop of the nectar.

"His excellency the archdeacon does not drink any to compare to it," exclaimed the sexton in his bacchanalian enthusiasm; "I will tell you the whole story."

Eudor listened with imperturbable sangfroid to all the stories of his companion, which became more and more obscure after every cupful. The enormous face of the sexton shone with a color of the brightest red; his eyes wandered; he smiled stupidly. At last, after emptying his cup for the thirteenth time (fatal number), the joyous drinker burst into a loud fit of laughter, threw back his head and stretched his cramped legs. This motion was too rapid; his feet slipped on the floor and he fell flat.

The doctor immediately sprang on him, as a dog on the wild boar just wounded by the hunter's ball, quickly and silently he drew from the sexton's belt a bunch of keys, seized his lantern, cleared with one jump the winding staircase and found himself in the church.

The door opened; Eudor was in the damp repository of the dead. Amidst all the splendid monuments there was one place where the earth had been newly turned up and a wreath of flowers thrown over it. That was it. Eudor pushed aside the wreath and dug away at the last resting place. The coffin appeared; the lid was broken, and once more he contemplated his victim.

At this instant the clock struck; the doctor counted the slowly proceeding strokes with terror—he counted ten. "Well! 'Opportunum post duodecim horas momenitum permanebit.' There is still plenty of time."

Having pronounced these mysterious words he raised the corpse as carefully as if it had been a sleeping woman he was afraid of disturbing, and laid it on his cloak. The coffin was empty, but when the monument would be finished they would find it lightened of its contents, and what might then be suspected?

A few years before a horrible profanation had taken place. A young and beautiful girl having died, was buried, and the next day her body disappeared. It was afterward known that the lover of the young girl had stolen the corpse and embalmed it. The young man was burnt alive on the Place de Greve.

The grave must be filled. The coffin must have its weight. Eudor threw in it the statue of a saint, worm eaten and abandoned, and carefully nailing it up once more, placed it under ground.

Eudor then bent over the body of the countess, and after an anxious examination raised it in his arms and left the church yard, and through dark and out of the way streets, at length reached his dwelling.

In 1601, seventeen years after this adventure, a duel took place one night on the Quai de l'Horloge, between the Chevalier de Comminges and the young Marquis de Jaques. The latter having received a wound in the side, was carried by his attendants to the Dr. Eudor's, whose dwelling was near and reputation great. Recalled to life by the skillful care that was taken of him, the marquis was struck with the remarkable likeness, notwithstanding a great difference of age, which existed between the wife of the doctor and the late Countess de la Jaques, his aunt, who had died at the age of 22, and of whom he had only seen the portrait.—Translated from the French.

A Dog Guards the Crossing.

Passing along West Fourth street the other day, while the gates were being lowered at the railroad crossing, I saw an English setter rush in and take his stand by the track. When the gate was down he rose on his haunches and, resting his front paws against the gate, he stood in that position until the train had passed. Turning his head he saw the last car go by, when he dropped on all fours and walked slowly away. I was told that it was his custom whenever he saw the gate being lowered to rush in and guard the crossing, and that he would allow no one to get beneath the gate until the train had gone past. Why he does it I don't know, but he made a

THE VILLAIN PURSUED.

A "MASHER" DISCOMFITED BY A LADY'S SELF POSSESSION.

An Incident Which Took Place on a Brooklyn Promenade—A Self Conceited Club Man Brought to Grief—Commendable Feminine Dignity.

Ordinarily the women of Brooklyn are exempt from insult on the street. That universal nuisance, the "masher," is not often seen in this city. An incident that passed under the Rambler's observation, however, shows that there are exceptions to the rule, and that some of our howling swells occasionally transcend the proprieties of gentlemanly behavior in their treatment of the fair sex. The incident occurred on a bright Saturday afternoon. Fulton street, in the fashionable mercantile quarter above the city hall, was crowded. Robust dowagers, blooming matrons and radiant maidens brightened the thoroughfare on both sides. The swish of satins and silks was almost audible above the tinkling car bells. Rich perfumes, exhaled from dainty handkerchiefs, permeated the air. Wonders in millinery floated about like so many miniature flower gardens. The scene was brilliant, enlivening and picturesque.

Suddenly a woman more beautiful than any on the promenade appeared in the throng. She sailed along like the Puritan, the Mayflower or Volunteer amid a squadron of inferior yachts. She was a beauty, and no mistake. Her figure, of about medium height, was admirably proportioned and superbly developed. Her skin, as smooth as ivory or alabaster, mingled the hues of the lily and the rose. Her rich brown hair, brushed straight back from the temples, revealed a perfect forehead. From beneath her pretty bonnet her luminous gray eyes, delicately shaded by sweeping lashes, looked forth in candid confidence upon the surroundings. From the tip of the plume in the bonnet to the little feet that pattered on the pavement this dainty lady was dressed in exquisite taste. Her costume, a dream in old gold and rich brown, admirably became her charming person. Nothing could have been more modest than her demeanor, and yet, by her superior charms, she attracted general attention. Men, and women too, stopped to look after her in admiration. Quite unaware of the sensation she created, she continued quietly on her way. But the villian still pursued her.

CRIMSON WITH CHAGRIN.

Just as she neared the corner of Bridge street the "masher" appeared. Those familiar with Brooklyn affairs would readily recognize him as a well known club man who is largely engaged in the wholesale importing trade. He is handsome, wealthy and well connected. His personal friends number a small army. His reputation has been above reproach in the elevated social circles in which he moves, and he enjoys the delights of a refined home and a large and interesting family. Bounding along at a rollicking pace, he approached the belle of the promenade. In a moment he was walking rapidly beside her. She looked neither to the right nor left. He bent upon her face a gaze of ardent appreciation. Onward she marched without recognizing his proximity. They moved forward side by side for perhaps a hundred feet.

The "masher" turned crimson with chagrin. The lady was as cool and collected as if she had been within the sacred precincts of her boudoir. Suddenly the interloper whispered swiftly in her ear and switched into a side street in order to note the effect of his words. What he said elicited not so much as the responsive elevation of an eyebrow. The lady proceeded calmly and with much dignity on her way. When she reached Macomber square she gracefully tripped across the car tracks and entered a mercantile palace in the neighborhood. Her pursuer, very much crestfallen, slunk into a convenient inn and proceeded to drown his discomfiture in copious libations. Had he learned a lesson that would prevent a repetition of his misconduct?—Brooklyn Eagle "Rambler."

Usefulness of the Phonograph.

The improvements in the phonograph have now been carried to such a degree of perfection that the instrument is practically ready for general introduction. Undoubtedly means will be hit upon from time to time to enhance the value and efficiency of the phonograph, but it stands today, in our opinion, far more practical and complete than was the typewriter when first brought out and placed on the market. Back of all the tall talk and exaggeration on the subject, for which the daily press is chiefly responsible—certainly not those who are introducing it—is a machine of admirable performance, whose utility is so wide and various that it is hard to determine just which work will give it the largest fields of employment. And then, too, aside from the practical use, is the wonder—for wonder it is—that not only can the human voice be registered, but it can be duplicated in countless electrotypes.

We may be wrong, but not greatly, in believing that this century will be memorable above others because it is that which first preserved articulate speech for after time. All poetry, of every age, is full of the yearning, one of the deepest in human nature, for the voice whose gentle greeting could be heard no more, and yet this tender sentiment will be gratified, and each elusive tone and accent now has conferred on it a perpetuity that is not an attribute of even the graven stone or brass.—Electrical World.

Popular Newspaper Literature.

What sort of literature is our popular modern newspaper likely to give us? It would be unfair to ignore the fact that some of our newspapers do exert the best literary influence on their readers and conscientiously subordinate other features of their work to their duties as educators. But the typical modern newspaper, to meet the taste which it has created, must surrender whole columns to writers who aim only at being amusing, and often succeed only in being pert, slangy or scandalous, and it must find or invent "news" items which have about as lofty an influence on the minds of readers as the wonders of the fair had on the mind of Moses Primrose. A continual flood of such matter is not to be offset or corrected by an occasional brilliant editorial or a half column speech by a public man, or a "syndicate" story by a good writer.

And the effects are cumulative. Such newspapers are steadily training a large number of readers to false standards in the only literature of which they have close and daily experience, and the newspapers themselves are as steadily being forced to an adoption of these false standards. In brief, the newspaper of the past, by reason of its lack of opportunity, was compelled to restrict its readers to matter of permanent educational value; the newspaper of the present, through its superabundance of opportunity is too often training its readers out of all knowledge of or care for educational standards.—The Century.

CHICAGO'S PHYSICAL PECULIARITY.

Three Villages Which Have Become Cities in Size—A Prophecy.

Chicago has a physical peculiarity that radically affects its social condition, and prevents its becoming homogeneous. It has one business center and three distinct residence parts, divided by the branching river. Communication between the residence sections has to be made through the business city, and is further hindered by the bridge crossings, which cause irritating delays the greater part of the year. The result is that three villages grew up, now become cities in size, and each with a peculiar character.

The north side was originally the more aristocratic, and having fewer railways and a less occupied with business lake front, was the most agreeable as a place of residence, always having the drawback of the bridge crossings to the business part. After the great fire building lots were cheaper there than on the south side within reasonable distance of the active city. It has grown amazingly, and is beautified by stately houses and fine architecture, and would probably still be called the more desirable place of residence. But the south side has two great advantages—easy access to the business center and to the great southern parks and pleasure grounds. This latter would decide many to live there. The vast west side, with its lumber yards and factories, its foreign settlements and its population outnumbering the two other sections combined, is practically an unknown region socially to the north side and south side.

The causes which produced three villages surrounding a common business center will continue to operate. The west side will continue to expand with cheap houses, or even elegant residences on the park avenues—it is the glory of Chicago that such a large proportion of its houses are owned by their occupants, and that there are few tenement rookeries, and even few gigantic apartment houses—over a limitless prairie; the north side will grow in increasing beauty about Lincoln park, and the south side will more and more gravitate with imposing houses about the attractive south parks. Thus the two fashionable parts of the city, separated by five, eight and ten miles, will develop a social life of their own, about as distinct as New York and Brooklyn. It remains to be seen which will call the other "Brooklyn." At present these divisions account for much of the disorganization of social life, and prevent that concentration which seems essential to the highest social development.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.

Artist Prior's Famous Cartoon.

At Tamai, in the Egyptian campaign under Gen. Graham, Mr. Prior came "within an ace" of losing his life. "The gallant Forty-second" having been ordered to charge, opened up a gap and advanced in double column. The brunt of the Soudanese attack fell at once on the front of the supporting Sixty-fifth. Prior, who had been hard at work making sketches, was by this change of front left fully exposed to the enemy's fire, and turned towards the Sixty-fifth. They were already retiring, pressed back by the momentum of the fanatics' charge. This left the correspondent in the open, and the brown warriors made a rush for him. They came to within fifteen feet, almost overtaking him. As the foremost Arab launched his spear, it whizzed over Prior's shoulder and transfixed a soldier of the Sixty-fifth immediately in his front.

Prior fell into his proxy's place in the flying ranks, and when the rally was made the native assault was easily repulsed. The column was reformed into a long line and in their advance 4,000 Soudanese were killed and wounded. The rest fled.

After the flurry Prior went to the scene of the deadliest attack and began sketching this famous battlefield. The flying enemy were out of range and the sand was strewn with savage corpses—as he thought.

Suddenly he heard a voice from the rear call out: "Come out of that, Prior; we've just had a man killed there!"

He turned. Within eight feet of him writhed the bloody yet still supple form of a wounded Soudanese. There was a gleam of bloodthirstiness in the fallen chief's eyes and of triumph at the swift vengeance he already counted sure on one at least of the white invaders. His stabbing spear, a short, heavy weapon with a broad double edged steel blade and an ironclad butt, was raised in his right hand, ready for the thrust he would in a moment be near enough to make.

One look was enough. Prior "came out of that." And then the British soldiers went over the battlefield and shot every one of the wounded, as a means of self protection. This scene furnished for The Illustrated News Mr. Prior's famous cartoon "Killing the Wounded," which excited so much feeling in London that a parliamentary investigation was had into the justification of such "cruelty."—John Paul Bocock in New York World.

White Natives of Africa.

Most people who have read Rider Haggard's tale of the great white race in Africa consider it the purest fiction, but such is not the case. South of Timbuctoo and north of Kong mountains, in the western part of Africa, live the Foolahs, the white tribe of the Dark Continent. This tribe has good features, a skull modeled like that of a white man, and a complexion about as dark as that of the Italians. They were great slave traders in the old days, but they made a specialty of the finest grades of captives, and but few of their own number were ever transported. It is said that a shipload of them was once landed on the coast of Louisiana, and that the Creoles, refusing to believe them darkies, set them free and hung the slaves.

These Foolahs settled down in the marshes of Southern Louisiana, and after a while became civilized, and in that part of the state today you will find tall, dark, rather good looking white men who have all the indolence of the black African, who are sometimes as fierce as the Arab, and always hospitable and musical. These people are the descendants of the Foolahs, and their Mayflower was a slaver. There are strange people in this great country of ours.—Kansas City Star.

Chinese Free Lunch.

"All the talk about Chinese hospitality on Chinese New Year is a fraud," said an Americanized emigrant from the Flowery Kingdom. "People have an idea that every Chinaman who can afford it keeps open house at that season, and that every comer is welcome to eat and drink him out of house and home. I saw it even stated that Americans were welcome as well, and that tramps had a regular 'picnic' while it lasted, going from store to store and getting their heads full of Chinese whisky.

"It's all nonsense. Even in the large Chinese stores in Mott street, where they give away the most liquor and sweetmeats, Chinamen are not allowed to sponge on the house. The storekeepers have a very simple way of preventing and keeping bummers in check. The decanter, which is so ostentatiously displayed on the counter, has just enough liquor in it to make a decent showing. When this is gone a little more is put in. A bold, scru-

THE HUNGER STRIKE.

GRIM DETERMINATION OF POLITICAL PRISONERS IN RUSSIA.

They Wanted Permission to Work, to Receive Food from the Outside, to Read and to Go to Church—Victory Secured at Last.

The following morning—it was July 3—all the prisoners of the "right solitary" refused to eat their food. When the warders, at the order of the director, opened the cells at 3 o'clock in the afternoon they found the food, placed there in the morning, untouched. An excellent supper, consisting of fragrant bouillon, delicious roast beef and fuming tea and cakes—food the prisoners had already forgotten the taste of—was placed in the cells in the evening, but they were not to be tempted, and took no notice of it. The same night they were joined by the "lefts," or the occupants of the "left solitary," who had by some means learned of their action and of the causes which prompted it. Seeing that the prisoners were in earnest, the director, at midnight, ordered all food and water to be removed from the cells. "I'll make them beg for food," he thought. He did not sleep that night. He stole on tiptoe from one wicket hole to another, watching what the prisoners were doing. They lay on their pallets, gazing at the ceiling, or talking to each other by knocks, and in the twilight of the cells their bodies reminded the director of hobgoblins. Grim silence prevailed in the corridor.

Early in the forenoon a delicious breakfast was brought into the cells, but the prisoners exhibited no desire to eat it, and it was taken back to the kitchen. At noon a luxurious dinner was served, and although it remained untouched, it occurred to the director to leave it all day in the cells. The voluntary sufferers threw the food into the "parashkas." In the evening the same story was repeated, with the same result. The director ordered Mishkin, Alexandroff and Cicianoff to be brought from the "karzer" back to their cells, hoping to reconcile the prisoners, and that the three men, touched by their pardon, would try and persuade the others to give up their dangerous undertaking, but he found he had made a mistake—Mishkin, as well as Cicianoff and Alexandroff, joined their fellow prisoners.

At a late hour of the second night the director, accompanied by the prison physician, went from cell to cell, begging and supplicating the prisoners to eat, reminding them of their homes, fathers, mothers, relatives and friends, to whom they might soon return, apologizing for the rudeness he had displayed when overzealous in the performance of his duties, and explaining that he was merely a subordinate official who had to obey the orders from those above him. At all the cells the director received the same laconic reply, "Grant what we are asking."

In the forenoon of the third day the prisoners were all led into the yard, where the common prisoners and soldiers sat around large tables eating and drinking. The director thought that the sight of persons eating would induce the hungry to take food, but they did nothing of the kind, and were taken back to their cells. Outside the prison walls nothing was known of all these horrors. The director gave strict orders to all soldiers and warders to keep their mouths shut, and, fearing his wrath, they carried out his orders to the letter. The serious character of the affair so frightened the director that in the morning of the fourth day he dismissed all the warders whose insolence had displeased the prisoners, and gave orders to their successors to be as polite and gentle as possible. Again and again he visited the cells, humiliating himself before those whom he formerly treated as beasts, and conjuring them to eat and to live for the sake of their relatives and friends, but his efforts were of no avail.

In the evening of the fourth day the prison priest, a low lived hypocrite, went with a large cross in his arms from cell to cell, supplicating the prisoners to eat, in the name of God, but his prayers and entreaties received no attention from the half dead sufferers. Their condition that night was of a most depressing nature. Most of them could no longer stand on their feet; some fainted, others raved constantly, and special warders had to watch at their beds all night in order to prevent their sudden expiration. The director did not sleep all night. The physician and his assistants had never had such a busy time before. Fifty-eight men were apparently dying slowly from voluntary starvation. They touched nothing but water, and some also abstained even from this.

The same night a conference, presided over by the director, and attended by the physician, the priest, the officers of the garrison and the head warders, was held at the prison office. The director delivered a mournful speech, saying that he was tired of the duties of his office, that his office would kill him in a few years, and that he was ready to resign if his resignation would be accepted. "But what is to be done now?" he exclaimed, dramatically. "I cannot grant their demands; it's beyond my power to do it. Up to the present time I still hoped the fellows would change their minds or break down and begin to eat. For this reason I intended not to let the governor know of this horrible affair. But now I see they are in earnest. They are determined to die. I don't want to be solely responsible for their deaths, and I think it's time to report everything to the governor and let him act as he thinks best."

All agreed that no other course was possible under the circumstances, and a report was got up and forwarded immediately to the governor of Kharkoff. On the sixth day of the famine—July 8—Councilor Soumtzeff, accompanied by the chief doctor of the province, arrived at the "centralka." They, too, began by exhorting the prisoners to take some nourishment. Accompanied by the director and the prison physician, they went from cell to cell, arguing, begging and threatening, but their efforts were as useless as those of the director and his assistants.

On the seventh day the prison was visited by a number of generals and the procureur, or attorney general, of the province. They received the same categorical reply: "Grant our demands." Seeing that nothing could shake the resolution of the prisoners, and fearing to wait any longer, the governor ordered the director to capitulate—that is, to promise to fulfill all their demands. As the prisoners had no faith in promises of Russian government officials, both the governor and the director had to sign a paper obliging themselves to permit the political prisoners to work, to receive food from the outside, to read all the books permitted by the state censor, to visit the prison church on a Sunday named by them, etc. Thus, on the eighth day of the famine—July 10—the prisoners once again took food.—Michael Malkoff in Chicago News.

Whom the Gun Seems to Kick.

"Sir, I always aim to tell the truth," remarked a politician who was in a Broad street saloon last night, and whose veracity had been impugned.

"That may be true," was the quick retort, "but justice compels the observation that

A DIPLOMAT'S DINNER.

A Plain and Cheap Banquet Where Everybody Was Extremely Well Pleased.

Some years ago an accomplished diplomate at Washington, the representative of a power not of the first importance, expressed his regret to a friend that he could not give dinners, "because," he said, "my government is poor, and I cannot afford it." The conversation occurred at the profuse and splendid table of a rich and courteous host, whose feasts were of great fame, and whose invitations were credentials of admission to the best society. A young diplomatic comrade who sat by heard the remark, and smiled as he said: "My government is poorer than yours, and I am but lately arrived. But what is diplomacy without dinners? and I am going to give one. It will not be like this, but the splendor is not an essential part of the feast. I shall give a plain and cheap dinner, to which I invite you both."

His manner was gay, and his invitation was gayly and gladly accepted because he was one of the delightful men in Washington. His colleague, however, who had spoken first, shrugged his shoulders, and said that, for his part, he couldn't do it; he couldn't ask people to come to his house and eat a poor dinner. "Not so fast," replied his friend; "I didn't say a poor dinner, but a plain and cheap dinner. I hope it will be good, nevertheless, although there may be no baked carp or stewed nightingales' tongues. But come and see."

The young minister of the small and poor kingdom was one of the most accomplished men in Washington. He was known to have corrected a justice of the supreme court in regard to a decision of a United States court in a western state, and to have made the correction in English, which was a foreign tongue to him, but in English so exquisitely chosen and urbanely expressed that the justice was probably unconscious of the mortification of the correction. The young minister had no foolish, fond reserves. "My government is poor, I am poor, we are all poor in my country," he said, "and I and my secretary work like day laborers here in Washington to acquire and to report necessary information to my government." But nobody was more sought; there was nobody whose coming more surely brought pleasure to any circle than that of the young minister.

The day of the dinner came, and a plainer and pleasanter dinner was never known in Washington. Every guest, from the secretary of state and the English envoy to all their neighbors at table, gave every week, indeed, repasts much more magnificent. But the simple dinner, admirably cooked and served, without display of table service, without the carp and nightingales' tongues, but with the enlivening and inspiring charm of the host and the welcome variety of plainness, after the luxurious extravagance and ostentation of the usual dinner, was so fresh and delightful that the satisfaction and pleasure were universal, and the skeptical colleague who had thought great cost essential to a successful dinner owned himself converted, and the next month ventured upon a similar feast, and with the same success.—George William Curtis in Harper's Magazine.

Lifting a Thousand Pounds.

To lift 1,000 pounds on the health lift is no very remarkable feat for a person of average strength, giving sufficient time daily for a few months to practice. Mr. Blaikie learned in this way, at the age of 17, to lift 1,000 pounds after only six months' practice. Those who prefer to lift an actually measured weight will find it necessary to adopt some such plan as was employed by Topham, preparing a framework to bear the weight and standing in its midst, so as to lift the weight by means of symmetrically attached straps. For the body cannot, when at all aslant, bear such a weight as 1,000 pounds.

Whether such exercise is good for the body as a whole depends a good deal on the opportunities which a man has for correcting an abnormal development of the lifting muscles by means of other exercises, increasing the development of other muscles and giving activity as well as strength to the frame.—Richard A. Proctor.

Georgian and Circassian.

The Georgian has a beauty quite different from that of the Circassian. The Circassian is dazzling, queen like and stately. She has a fair skin. She is elegant in form. She is kindly and gentle in voice, but lazy in movement and without spirit. One of her own sex has said: "There is no soul in a Circassian beauty; and as she pillows her pure, pale cheek upon her small dimpled hand, you feel no inclination to arouse her into exertion; you are contented to look upon her and to contemplate her loveliness." The Georgian is a creature with eyes like meteors and teeth almost as dazzling as her eyes. Her mouth does not wear the sweet and unceasing smile of her less vivacious rival. But the proud expression that sits upon finely arched lips accords so well with her stately form and lofty brow that you do not seek to change its character.—Home Journal.

Origin of Color Blindness.

That the origin of color blindness lies in the brain, and not in the eye, has been suggested by Professor Ramsay. While engaged in teaching in Brooklyn some years ago, the principal of a school insisted in treating every case of the sort as dependent on the will of the pupil. His remedy was the rod. This certainly seemed a tyrannical and unwarranted treatment, but the result was favorable to his theory. Is it possible that a thorough examination will ultimately demonstrate that the fault lies very largely in the shiftless methods of observation which have grown up under the old classical system of education, and which have to a large extent become hereditary?—Science.

The Confectionery of India.

All kinds of India sweetmeats are made of brown sugar, many of them molded into various shapes of birds and beasts. Tubes also are made, filled with honey, and twisted into various forms. Then there are balls of sugar and clarified butter. These confectioneries are soft and