BACK INTO THE CRYPT.

M. MATHIAS'S STRANGE RUSE TO TEST THE FIDELITY OF HIS WIFE.

When they heard of the death of M. Mathias in the little city of Lyre-sur-Ys, there was a feeling of great surprise. A man scarcely 40 years old, robust, straight as an arrow, married only two years to a young and charming girl he adored, all exclaimed, "What a mischance!"

Naturally, now that M. Mathias was dead, they only discussed his virtues while living. He was no longer called a skinflint and miser. They even forgot the story of his famous marriage, which was not at all to his credit. Only a few recalled the vague dislike this great man had always inspired with his sly, treacherous ways, or the strange stories that, rich and retired from business, he employed his leisure hours in concocting and manipulating poisonous drugs, with which he experimented upon dogs and animals. But now these are idle tales. He is dead. Peace to his soul.

In carefully reflecting upon his death. was it so very extraordinary? Evidently M. Mathias had a presentiment of his de-M. Matmas had a presentiment of his de-mise. He had but lately constructed a family chapel in the cometery, which awaited his remains. Moreover, for a long time he had appeared unquiet and restless, wandering around his house as if suspicious of mysterious robbers. For whole weeks he would shut himself up in his laboratory, and the chimney would roar and flame all night. "Premonitory symptoms of cerebral excitement," said Dr. Dabarre, "which will suddenly end in fatal apoplexy." Well, to be brief, M. Mathias had a

magnificent funeral. Scores of the population attended him to his last resting place. But I must confess there were many dry eyes. When the great oak coffin was lowered into the crypt of the funeral chapel it seemed truly mon-umental. Two men of his size could have slept in it easily.

On returning from the funeral, everybody was saying, "I wonder what the charming widow of M. Mathias will do?" Now, to tell the truth, M. Mathias was

not dead at all. Two hours after the ceremony you could have witnessed a strange scene in the underground vault, where the bier

A little sharp sound was heard, like the click of a spring; the coffin opened like a cupboard. M. Mathias raised up, stretching like a man just awakened from sleep.

A dim light from a grating in the upper part of the wall enabled you to see M. Mathias step from his coffin and rub his legs, which were a little cramped. Otherwise he felt very well, very comfortable, indeed. The narcotic potion he had swallowed, after careful measurement, had produced the exact effect he desired. They had believed him dead, had buried him; so far, so good.

For a long time M. Mathias had taken every pecaution in preparing for this event. The vault in the chapel had been constructed with the most wonderful ingenuity, workmen had been brought from Paris to build it, secret places arranged for suitable clothing, eatables, and a few bottles of good wine, cool and fresh, as you may well suppose.

By this time M. Mathias realized that nothing hollows the stomach more than being buried; so comfortably seating himself on his coffin, he complacently ate his rations and drank to the future. Now it is time to explain why M.

Mathias is six feet under ground of his own free will. As always, there is a woman in the

case M. Mathias, formerly a druggi was heavy, he missed the mark, and was struggling to adjust it when he was startled by a voice behind him saying: "Let me assist you."

Now, to be found in a cemetery at midnight trying to put on your own shroud is not a pleasant position, so you can imagine how disagreeable the surprise was. The one who spoke was Father Grimbot, the guardian of the place, an old original, well known to all the surrounding wineshops. He approached M. Math-ias, looking at him with a pleasant smile.

"How! is that you, M. Mathias, al-

ready ?" M. Mathias, very much embarrassed, tried to distort his features, thinking a sinister appearance would rid him of this troublesome fellow. But no, Grimbot gave him a benevolent pat on the shoulder, dexterously arranging his shroud.

"I have just come from my tomb,' caid M. Mathias in a sepulchral voice.

"Ah, that is plainly to be seen," interrupted Grimbot; "but you are in a greater hurry than the others."

M. Mathias never stopped to listen, but walked off with long strides on the tips of his toes, like a phantom. Grimbot, marching by his side, continued: "Yes, the others never came out so soon-always waited a month or two.

M. Mathias turned suddenly upon him, waving his winding sheet in the *air. "Go," he cried in a hollow voice; "leave me: this is sacrilege."

"There now," said Grimbot, becoming fatherly, "I won't worry you; you only want to take a little promenade, like the others.

M. Mathias, very much annoyed, went straight on, disdaining to reply. He saw the entrance to the cemetery just in front of him. Being a man of precautions, he had some louis in his pocket. "Say no more," said he, holding out the pieces of gold. "Give me the key."

Grimbot drew back a step. "The key-you want the key. Well, that is a fancy." "Four guineas." groaned M. Mathias, extending more gold.

Grimbot pushed aside the proffered handful, and said :

"You know, now that you are out of the chapel, I will not oppose your taking a little walk like the others."

"The others? What others?"

Grimbot made a sweeping gesture. The dead. "The dead! What dead are you talk-

"Bless my soul, this is a good joke, but I am a jolly fellow. Come and take a glass with me." His hand fell like pinchers on the wrist of M. Mathias. He

dragged him to the little building where he lodged, and pushed him into a room on the ground floor. M. Mathias was actually dumfounded.

Grimbot closed the door, took a bottle from the table, filled two glasses. and holding one up said, "Your health, M. Mathias."

"Listen to me, my good man. You love a joke; that's all right. Only there's a time for all things. For personal reasons I allowed myself to be interred, but now I want to go out. It is a seri-ous affair. I will pay you well; you shall not lose by it."

Whilst he spoke, Grimbot turned away from the table and placed his back against the door.

"You talk well," he sneered. "Ah, you are not the first one. I have heard them talk like that before, you see. I love my people. Every night one or two of them come and take a glass with me. Yesterday it was the notary Randalyou know him well, he is your neighbor ; the one with the broken column on his grave. Day before yesterday it was Mme. Claudine, a beautiful woman. Ah! I am a good fellow. I allow them all to

KATIE GOT THE BOOK.

No One Will Deny That It Was the Well Earned Reward of a Good Story.

Katie was going to bed, after a day of toil minding her sick ynd maimed dollschronic invalids all of them-and her b-e-a-u-tiful duck, the one old quacker that traveled with the hens because he had no better company. The robin that had been watching her out of the corners of his bright eyes, as he ran over the lawn and listened to her prattle, was asleep already, with his head under his wing, and Katie's hung heavily on mother's shoulder while she was undressing her. "Now I lay me" had been said, with many yawns in between, and mamma's pet had been tucked in snugly; but just as the sleepy eyes were closing, she sat suddenly bolt upright. "Mamma," she said, "I want Johnny's

picture book-that with the lambs,"

"Hush, Katie," said her mother, the least bit wearily, for the little feet and the little tongue had never ceased going one moment all day. "Now we will go to sleep."

"But, mamma," and the big eyes pleaded carnestly, "can't I have Johnny's picture book this onst?"

"Not to-night, dearie; it is too late." "Mamma," said Katie, sitting up very straight and looking very solemn indeed, "I heard a story of a little girl—she was a good little girl—that asked her mamma onst, when she was put to bed, for the picture book with the lambs, and the mamma told her she couldn't have it, and-and"-the baby voice fell to an awed whisper, and the eyes grew very big -"in just - about-two-minutesshe was dead!"

"My, Katie! And what killed her so quick ?"

"Because," said Katie, with conviction -"because she didn't get the book."

on duty at the Hotel de Ville, where the banquet was served, with a squad of 20 grenadiers.

The table was horseshoe shaped, and around it were placed armchairs. The dishes were of solid gold. When the master of ceremonies announced "The Emperor," Bonaparte entered, followed by his wife and five kings. Having seated himself at the table, the emperor made a sign to the guests to take their places.

As soon as all were seated the table was cleared, as is usual at great dinners, and every dish was carried into an adjoining room, where the carvers did their work. Behind each king there were three footmen about a step from one another. Other footmen communicated with carvers and passed the plates without turn-ing more than half way round to get them.

When a plate came within reach of a king the head footman presented it to him, and if he shook his head the plate was withdrawn and another brought im-mediately. If the head did not move the footman placed the plate in front of his master. Not a word was spoken.

appeared, the footman slipping in another. When the banquet was over a pile of napkins lay behind each chair.

when the emperor addressed him.

At the most extensive aquarium in England, the Brighton Zoo, the female lobster recently cast her shell. She



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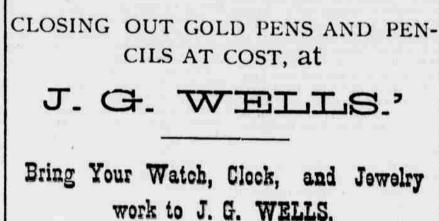
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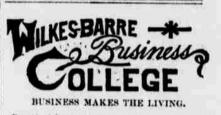
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Each napkin as soon as once used dis-

No one was permitted to speak except

"That may be imposing, but it is not at all jolly," is the captain's comment.

Chivalrons Devotion.

She got it, and in five minutes was asleep with it in her arms. Imposing, Not Jolly. After the marriage of Napoleon and Maria Louisa the city of Paris gave them a splendid banquet, which Captain Coig-net describes in his "Narrative." He was

riched by pills and cataplasms, had fallen in love with the niece of the receiver of taxes for the city of Lyre-sur-Ys. He quickly proposed to the young girl, and she as quickly refused him, which rendered him as madly in love as an imbecile-pardon-as a man 40 years old who had never been in love before. Treacherous and dishonest by nature, he in-veigled the receiver of taxes into a plot so skillful the unhappy man at the end of the year, knowing the government coffers were not intact, seriously con-templated suicide. Then M. Mathias appeared as a savior, imposed his little conditions, and the niece sacrificed herself for the uncle who had always been as a father to her, although she loved and was fiancee to a young notary of a neighboring city.

She, unhappy victim, submitted to all the consequences of this unfortunate marriage. But M. Mathias had the conviction that she hated him; from that it was easy to believe she deceived him; and this suspicion soon degenerated into positive monomania.

His wife never went out, no one ever visited the house. No matter, M. Mathias felt that only his own obtuseness, his want of finesse, prevented him from dis-covering her infidelity.

Then this luminous idea surged in his brain. He would similate a journey, not to Havre or Versailles, like the husband in a comedy, but a longer journey, from which it was far more difficult to return. But he would return, safe and sound, one of these nights and confound his unfaithful spouse.

He had given himself three days to remain in the grave. Thinking of his nearly consummated plan with great sat-isfaction, he comfortably retired to rest in his coffin.

The third day was nearly ended. M. Mathias was becoming restless, and impatiently waited for the cemetery clock to strike 11, the hour he had appointed.

His plot was well arranged. The walls of the cemetery adjoined his property. He would dress himself all in black, a spectral druggist, take his winding sheet to throw around him while in the grounds through respect to the locality, pass through the gate, go straight to his own house, and then—he would see.

M. Mathias made his toilet; all things being in readiness, he pushed aside the stone which closed the vault, climbed to the upper chapel, opened the door, and was outside with his winding sheet under his arm. He unfolded the great white cloth and tried to throw it about him; it

come out and take the air." M. Mathias turned pale. Grimbot spoke with such perfect sang froid, the firm responsibility of a functionary not to be influenced. He was a broad shouldered, thick set fellow, with the hands of a guerrilla, his eyes burning with a smoldering fire. M. Mathias shuddered. This man was evidently mad, filled with strange hallucinations. He believed his cemetery was peopled with returned spirits, and held high carnival with those phantom beings every night. He lived in a fantastic world created by his drunken imagination, and actually con-

founded the living with the dead. M. Mathias begged, prayed, protested, finally became coaxing. How could the intelligent Grimbot mistake him for a dead man? It was absurd.

"Come," said Gambot in a decided tone. Enough of this. Be reasonable and return.

"Return where?"

"To your place in the angle of the third division.

"What; to my tomb? Never!" "You will not? Well, we will see."

M. Mathias looked at those enormous hands and shook with fright. He glanced around, seeking some way of escape; only one, the door, and before it stood Grimbot like a buttress. No matter, he must pass it, at any price. He made a rush.

Grimbot coolly stretched out his open hand and seized the throat of his aggressor. M. Mathias, gasping and struggling to be free, hung from the end of those sinewy arms, his legs dangling, his body writhing in convulsions. The clutch of those enormous hands tighteneda gurgling, sinister sound-then all was still.

Grimbot, who had seen so many others, threw him across his shoulders and car-ried him with the firm and dignified step of the faithful guardian to the chapel, cast him into the crypt, replaced the stone with a turn of his foot, then continued his way across the tombs, mutter-

ing: "He will not come out of there again soon. Not if I am here.

And thus the charming widow of M. Mathias was able to marry the one she had always loved.—[Translated from the French of Jules Lermina by M. E. B.

The Corcoran Art Gallery, of Washington has bought a large pastoral painting by G. S. Truesdell, called "Going to Pasture." It is 7 feet by 5, and shows a French peasant girl leading a flock of sheep to pasture in autumn.

screwed herself up together on the toes and tail, and suddenly bent her body. Snap went the shell in its center, and the case of the back came away in one piece The claws were her next care, and she worked away at them for a long time.

It was a proceeding of extreme delicacy, considering that all the flesh of the great claw had to be passed through the small base. During the operation one claw came off altogether, and this must have seemed to the lobster lady a serious misfortune, as it will not grow to its full size again until the second year. The tail and legs gave very little trouble, and the body, when thus undressed, proved to be of a pale blue.

The shell casting over, the lobster sank on the sand, and this action seemed a signal for the attack of every creature in the tank.

The defenseless victim bade fair to succumb to the fury of her enemies, when the male lobster suddenly came to her rescue. Standing over his shelless betterhalf, he fought her assailants relentlessly. Day and night did he watch over her until her shell was sufficiently hardened to protect her in fighting her own battles.

When this happy moment arrived he deliberately picked up the old claw, broke it in his nippers, and ate the meat. He then dug a hole in the sand, placed in it the broken bits of shell, buried them, and piled a number of small stones above the grave.

He Was Queer in the Head.

The late archbishop of York, Dr. Thomson, used to tell a very amusing story about himself which occurred while he was bishop of Gloucester. Having one day a very severe toothache he tried as a remedy a piece of cotton wool steeped in chloroform. After doing so Mrs. Thomson reminded him that the drug usually made him "queer in the head," and advised him to lie down immediately and sleep off the effects.

He accordingly disappeared to do so, but about an hour after he suddenly burst into the room in which his wife was quietly working and in an excited manner said to her, "Zoe, what do you think? I have been offered the archbishopric of York!"

"Now, my dear," replied Mrs. Thomson, "do go and lie down again till you have got rid of that horrid chloroform. You don't know what you are talking about!"

Of course, Washington couldn't lie. But he never had his farm laid out in town lots.-[Columbus Post.

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