

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A railroad train ran off the track near Milford, Kansas, on the 5th, fatally injuring W. W. Walton, proprietor of the Clay City Dispatch and ex-Speaker of the Kansas House. The fireman and engineer were severely scalded. An excursion train, carrying members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, from Easton, Penna., to Scranton, on the 5th, ran into the rear of a train at Glendon. An engine and several cars were wrecked. G. W. Dye, fireman, was killed, and Frederick Yeoman, engineer, dangerously injured.

The 6th was observed as "Labor Day" in the principal cities by parade of working men, picnics and other festivities. The numbers parading in the different cities heard from are estimated as follows: New York, 20,000; Chicago, 30,000; Brooklyn, 10,000; Newark, New Jersey, 25,000; Boston, 15,000; Baltimore, 15,000 to 18,000; Albany, 5,000; Elizabeth, New Jersey, 2000; Buffalo, 2000; Detroit, 9000.

Mrs. Belle Blake was killed at her home in Mitchell county, Kansas, on the 4th. Aaron Blake, her father-in-law, who was the only person at the house at the time, said she was trampled to death by her horse, but the circumstances indicating murder, he was arrested on suspicion. Her husband and brother-in-law were also arrested.

There has been no rain in Jones and Stonewall counties, Texas, for fourteen months, and most of the settlers have left. Those who remain, about four hundred families, are in a state of extreme destitution. It is believed that throughout the drought affected section perhaps 3000 families are destitute.

E. P. Hammond, a "Professor" in Cornwallis, Oregon, "foretells" terrific cyclones, earthquakes and tornadoes for September 26, 27 and 28. He also makes the safer prediction that "cyclonic disturbances may be expected September 14 and 15."

During a shooting affray at a local option election, at Daleyville, Texas, on the 6th, three men were killed, one of them the Sheriff, and six others were wounded, two dangerously. At Liberty, Virginia, on the 6th, two young men named Wilson and Fizer, quarreled about a colored woman in a house of evil repute. Wilson shot and fatally wounded Fizer, and he is supposed to have killed the woman also, as her body was afterwards found near the house with a bullet wound in the head. John Schmidt, a saloon keeper, of Newark, New Jersey, on the 7th, shot and killed his wife and then attempted suicide, but failed. Jealousy was the cause. Henry Smith, aged 19 years, on the 6th, killed an old farmer named Peek with a club, near West Union, Iowa. He also fatally wounded Mrs. Peek and severely wounded a man named Leonard, and attempted to burn the house. The only reason given is that there had been a quarrel about pay for work done. John T. Oliver, aged 63 years, shot and fatally wounded his wife Mary, in Buffalo, on the 7th. They had not lived together for more than a year, and she had refused to return to him.

Mrs. Emma Malloy, a well-known revivalist and total abstinence lecturer, attempted to drown herself on the 3d, at South Bend, Indiana. She had been tired of life since the accidental drowning of her son Frank a short time ago.

There was a light snow in Helena, Montana, on the evening of the 5th, with the temperature at 31 degrees.

There was a very slight earthquake shock at Charleston on the 7th, but its weakness confirmed the belief that "the subterranean disturbances are working themselves out." The feeling of hopefulness among the people is increasing, and the arrival of Mayor Courtney on the 7th "puts everybody in better spirits." He at once went to work to systematize and arrange the relief measures. "One of the first steps was to constitute a relief committee the joint committee of the Chamber of Commerce, Merchants' Exchange and Cotton Exchange appointed by the City Council. The several exchanges are represented on the committee, and Mayor Courtney will be chairman." Slight earthquake pulsations were felt all day on the 7th in Savannah, and at 4.40 P. M. a sharp shock sent people rushing into the streets. No damage was done, however. Two slight earthquake shocks were felt on the 7th in Augusta, one at 11.30 A. M., the other at 4.30 P. M. A severe shock of earthquake, preceded by a noise "like an explosion of dynamite," was felt at 1.44 on the 7th in Evansville, Indiana.

A cable dispatch received in Boston reports that a terrible hail storm, accompanied by high wind, recently prevailed in Paris and its environs. It was most severe in the suburbs, where it destroyed trees, fruit and vegetables. Large trees were torn to shreds by the hail. The loss to glass and to gardens is estimated at \$1,000,000. The Bois de Vincennes has the appearance of a forest riddled by shot. A telegram from Havana, received on the 7th, says several springs have recently appeared near the village of Cabadelague, near Havana, the water from which has formed a large lake, threatening the village with inundation. Several plantations and factories are already submerged, and the water, which is now three feet deep, is slowly invading the village. A large number of the inhabitants have left the town. The civil Governor of Havana and the municipal architect have gone to the scene.

A train going from Farnham to Longueuil in Quebec, on the 6th, being too heavy to control, ran on a switch and shoved five cars which were already there out to and across the main line, and through a wooden house occupied by two families, into a five-foot ditch on the other side of the house. Of the five inmates of the house a four-year-old boy was killed and an old woman fatally injured.

Lee Riley, aged 18 years, died on the 7th, in Williamsport, Penna., from the effects of a wound received by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting on the 4th.

At Rochester, New York, on the 6th, a driver on a canal boat "attempted to push the bridge from the boat to the towpath, but could not hold it. The hook which fastens the bridge to the boat caught him in the throat, tearing it open and throwing him into the water. The bridge fell on him, breaking his neck."

A safe in J. G. Harrison's commission store in Newark, New Jersey, was robbed on the 6th, of over \$30,000. The stolen property consisted of two city loan bonds, Nos. 440 and 441, of \$10,000 each, due Sept. 20, 1886, and drawn to the order of the Second Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Harrison is treasurer; several bank books belonging to the same society, and a note for \$400. Payment on the securities has been stopped.

John Enright and his wife, married last Sunday, the 5th, were found dead in bed at their room in New York on the 8th. They were last seen alive on Monday night. The appearance of the bodies indicated they had been dead at least twenty-four hours. The lid was partly off the cook stove in the next room, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the deceased "came to their death by suffocation, caused by an accidental escape of coal gas from the stove."

The house of L. L. Matthews, of Montour, Penna., was destroyed by fire on the 8th, and his wife and two-year-old child were fatally burned. It is supposed that Mrs. Matthews caused the disaster by using carbon oil to start the fire. A loud explosion was heard, and when the neighbors arrived the woman was screaming inside. She and the child were got out, but their recovery was hopeless.

Three ruffians called at the house of James McDermid, a wealthy farmer, near Pekin, Illinois, on the evening of the 6th, savagely beat McDermid and his mother and tortured him into revealing the whereabouts of \$600 concealed in the house. The robbers then made off with the money. Three men have been arrested on suspicion.

It is reported from Havana that the springs which recently appeared near the village of Cabadelague "continue to flow in undiminished volume, and, in spite of efforts to deviate the water from its course, the inundation is increasing. A portion of the village is now more than three feet under water. The inhabitants are panic-stricken and are leaving the locality in increasing numbers."

Frank Farnsworth, a merchant, was shot and fatally wounded by "Frank" Meade, a newspaper man, in a quarrel in St. Paul on the 7th. Meade was drunk. In Norfolk, Virginia, on the 5th, James Banks, colored, entered the grocery store of B. F. Ward and behaved in such a disorderly manner that Ward ordered him out. He refused to go and Ward killed him with a cartwheel spoke. Ward is in jail.

During the last two months repeated attempts have been made to burn the National Stock Yards in East St. Louis, and two of the incendiary fires caused much damage to the sheds and pens. Last Tuesday night the 7th, John Colly, the watchman at Whitaker's pork packing house, discovered several boys attempting to set the house on fire. The incendiaries fled at his approach, but he pursued and caught one of them who proved to be his own son, John, 14 years of age. On the following day the father took his boy to President Knox, and made him confess. The boy acknowledged that he and two other boys, named John Reed and Alfred Hopkins, had kindled the fire of June 7th and August 2d and 6th, which resulted in a loss of \$60,000. The boys say they made their attempts to burn down the yards because they were refused work.

Giles Miller, a Missouri stockman, was robbed of \$800 and mortally wounded by three unknown highwaymen in Stone county, Arkansas, on the 7th. In Oswego, New York, ten days ago, William Shannon, aged 83 years, stabbed his wife, aged 80, twice in the back, for throwing dish-water on him. He was arrested, but released on bail, as the doctors said she would recover. On the 9th she died, it is said, from the effects of the wounds, and Shannon was re-arrested.

By the falling of two large pieces of wrought-iron plate in the shops of the Kerr-Murray Manufacturing Company, at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 8th, Frederick Schurst, aged 24 years, was killed, and two other men were dangerously injured.

An earthquake shock, lasting six seconds, was felt in Charleston at five minutes past one o'clock Thursday morning the 9th. Three shocks were felt at Summerville on the 9th. The total amount received in Charleston for the relief fund to the close of business on the 9th was \$126,148. Mayor Courtney has telegraphed the President of the First National Bank of Charleston, who is in New York, that "to shelter the homeless people before the cold weather sets in, from \$500,000 to \$700,000 are immediately required." The mayor estimates the total damage to property by the earthquake at from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000.

A telegram from Tolono, Illinois, reports great loss and suffering in that section from a protracted drought. "For three months the ground has not been wet two inches deep by rain. Unless there is a copious fall soon, there will be absolutely no water to be had except from the few tubular wells about the country."

More cases of pleuro-pneumonia are reported in Manor township, Lancaster county, the herd of John Frey, 21 in number, being infected. Dr. Bridge, State Veterinarian, on the 9th had two of the animals killed and inoculated the remainder of the herd. The disease is reported in several other sections of the county.

Yates' Dam, on Walnut Creek, near Raleigh, North Carolina, broke on the 9th. Two mills, another dam and several bridges were wrecked, and the loss is estimated at nearly \$15,000. A small stream near Clayton also rose suddenly on the 9th, and swept away

part of an embankment on the North Carolina Railroad.

William Huber, a young married man, was killed on the 9th in Harrisburg by the caving in of an embankment.

A man named McKeehan quarreled with and shot his wife and father-in-law at Touganoxie, Kansas, on the 9th. The father-in-law is dead, but McKeehan's wife is still alive. An attempt was made to lynch the murderer, but officers smuggled him to Leavenworth, where he was lodged in jail. In Chicago, on the 9th, John Morris, cook, and Frank Foster, waiter, in a restaurant on West Madison street, quarreled about an order. Morris seized a carving knife fourteen inches long and plunged it into Foster's abdomen, inflicting a frightful gash. Morris then coolly pulled the knife from the wound and laid it down on the table from which he had taken it. He then started to run, when Foster grabbed the knife just in time to slash Morris across the heel as the latter was running up stairs. The cut severed the tendons and arteries of the leg. Foster was taken to his home, where physicians pronounced his wounds fatal. During a drunken fight in a park near Stanton, Pa., on the 9th, Patrick McAndrews, aged 25 years, was killed by being struck on the head with an empty bottle, and Martin Millet, who was with McAndrews, was severely injured.

Miss Lulu Bates went up in a gas balloon from the Fair grounds at Crawfordsville, Indiana, on the 10th. After going a distance of five miles, at an elevation of about half a mile above the earth, she attempted to descend. "The grappling hook caught, but the anchorage was broken by a strong wind, which carried her among some trees, where the balloon was torn. The hook gave way again, and she shot up three hundred feet when the balloon suddenly burst and the basket descended like lightning. She had the presence of mind to brace herself firmly against the top of the basket, and this saved her life. She was badly jarred, however."

Two masked robbers broke into a house near Ada, Minnesota, on the 9th, gagged the colored servant girl, who was alone in the house, and robbed the house of over \$400. They then hanged the girl to a tree, but she succeeded in freeing herself.

At Reading, Penna., on the 10th, John Frachman, aged 12 years, "playfully" pointed a revolver at his brother, Francis, aged 18 years. He snapped it several times when a cartridge was exploded and the ball struck Francis just below the eye, inflicting a mortal wound. John "did not know the pistol was loaded."

Mrs. Frank Comfer, a widow, 25 years of age, on the 10th administered corrosive sublimate to her two children, aged respectively 7 months and 2 years, and took some of the poison herself. The woman soon died, but the children are believed to have a chance of recovering. Mrs. Comfer has been melancholic since her husband's death, a year ago, and seemed to have neither money nor friends.

Lightning struck a house in Watertown, New York, on the 10th, killing Edwin Potts, Jr., aged 24 years, and injuring his sister.

News has just been received at Point Pleasant, W. Va., from the southern part of Jackson county, that during the earthquake on the 31st ult., a great rock, known as the "Bald Rock," was loosened by the shock and tumbled down. In its course it crashed through the barn and struck the house where Cummings' family were sleeping, knocking the building off the foundation and making it a complete wreck. Cummings and wife were uninjured, but their son, aged 14, who was sleeping with Edward Jenks, the hired man, had his skull crushed. Jenks was slightly injured. Two mules in the barn were instantly killed.

A violent type of flux has prevailed at Berea, Kentucky, for a month, and more than fifty children have died of it.

S. S. Snodgrass, a farmer of Lancaster, Penna., recently brought 86 Durban bulls from Chicago, and sold a number of them to his neighbors. Four have since died at Snodgrass' farm from splenic apoplexy, and others are very sick, while several deaths have occurred among the stock sold in the neighborhood. The disease is pronounced contagious, and the cattle have been quarantined.

Fifty persons were taken violently sick, with symptoms of poisoning, at a country wedding near Decatur, Illinois, on the 8th, but all are expected to recover. It is believed the sickness is accounted for by the fact that chickens used for making salad "were cooked and salted in a copper kettle."

THE MARKETS

Table with market prices for various commodities like Beef, Hogs, Sheep, Corn, etc. in Philadelphia and New York.

A September Violet.

For days the peaks wore hoods of cloud, The o'peas were veiled in chilly rain; We said: It is the summer's shroud, And with the brooks we moaned aloud,— Will sunshine never come again?

At last the west wind brought us one Serene, warm, cloudless, crystal day, As though September, having blown A blast of tempest, now had blown A gauntlet to the favored May.

Backward to Spring our fancies flow, And, careless of the course of time, The bloomy days began anew, Then, as a happy dream comes true, Or as a poet finds his rhyme—

Half wondered at, half unbeliever— I found thee, friendliest of the flowers! Then Summer's joys came back, green-leaved

And its doomed dead, awhile revived, First learned how truly they were ours. Dear violet! Did the Autumn bring These vernal dreams, till thou, like me, Didst climb to try imagining? Or was it that the thoughtful Spring Did come again, in search of thee?

ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.

I have seen many fellows "doing their spoons," but Bill Harker against the world—"bar none"—for going the extreme pace. It would have mattered little if Bill could have kept his courtship to himself; he might have worshipped in secret all his days, and no one have been any the wiser.

But the extravagant rush into polish betrayed the poor clerk. The dyed hair and abstracted air combined; his deep blushes whenever the subject of love was mentioned, however casually; the romantic air that sat so ill upon him; his visits to the theatres, in hopes of a chance glimpse of his idol; the hours he moaned about listlessly—all helped to make him a target for the jokes of his friends, and a fund of amusement for the "office."

Meanwhile he was not at all unhappy. Ah, the joy of standing by the area railings of an evening, when she had vanished from his enraptured sight, and he knew her to be in the drawing-room—could see, at rare intervals, her shadow flit across the blind!

The irascible landlady frightened Mr. Harker out of his seven senses nearly by sending a grim servant one evening to ask him "to be kind enough to just step in, if he would be so kind, and just speak to the lady of the house."

In no condition to face the fiery-looking female he caught a glimpse of, standing ready, in full battle array, on the door-mat in the hall, the startled lover no sooner heard the message than he booted, as if he had purloined the boarding-house plate. It would be, he argued, impossible to return after such an inglorious escape, except in disguise; and to call and boldly ask to see a lady whose name he could not give was an achievement the timid clerk could not venture on.

What a stupid fellow Fipkins, one of the other clerks at Old B.'s, was! At least Bill thought so, and he disliked him! "The enormous impudence of that fellow," he would murmur to himself, "I would give him a quarter's salary, poor as I am, to be like him. There is nothing he would stick at. It is disgusting. But what a blessing it must be to live on such comfortable terms with oneself!"

Fipkins was very slovenly; no one would have tolerated a clerk with such a shock head of hair except Old B. But just as Bill Harker had begun to persuade himself that his love suit was in vain, and that his best plan was to try and forget a passion that appeared so hopeless, this brassy Fipkins was suddenly seized with the fever he was recovering from.

There was no mistaking the symptoms. Other motives might have induced Fipkins to have had his hair cut; but only love could have induced him to curl it. Those paper cuffs, clean even on a Saturday, were conclusive. If not, that reckless disregard of office hours in the morning, that restless cooking at the clock in the evening, could not be mistaken.

Flowers, too! When did Fipkins care for flowers before—while now the street Arabs watched for his coming. Harker noted him narrowly. Would this cad be successful in the thorny, mazy paths of love?

He half despised himself for ever loving, if so vulgar a creature as this Fipkins could be smitten or could smite. Then, when 7 o'clock struck, or rather was striking, Fipkins caught up his flowers from the bottle on his desk, set his glossy hat jauntily on his detestable head and bade his fellow-clerk good-night. Bill Harker followed him also the moment he went out, and, as he felt instinctively would be the case, Fipkins made straight for Leicester Square and went straight into the boarding-house Harker had so often watched. But—and this staggered him—Fipkins went down the area steps just as the potman might have done with beer, not at all like a gentlemanly suitor for the hand of the nameless one.

What could be the meaning of this? Was it a clandestine meeting? Scarcely so; for he had gone in with the as-

urance of a frequent or of an expected guest. Poor Harker paced the street in agony. What could he do?

To think of having his loved one snapped off in this atrocious manner galled him to the quick.

Wandering distractedly about, Bill Harker unfortunately did not see his rival leave the boarding-house, or he might probably have relieved his feelings by putting Fipkins' head in "Chancery." As it was, he walked and watched till he was weary, as well as drenched to the skin by rain, which had been falling for some time. Then he raised the siege and wearily trailed off to Camden Town, reaching the lodgings a little before daybreak.

"Is this yours?" said old B. next day, as he carelessly picked up a lady's glove and threw it on Bill Harker's desk.

Had he dropped a bombshell over the old-fashioned railings it would scarcely have disconcerted the clerk more than this simple article did. He quietly answered his employer in the negative, but the color mounted to his pale cheeks and a wild light irradiated his glaring eyes.

"Mr. Fipkins, perhaps, has dropped it," he said, with more bitterness and meaning than so simple a suggestion appeared to call for.

Strange to say, Fipkins blushed too as he repudiated all knowledge of it. "Liar!" thought and nearly said Bill Harker as he heard him speak.

Old B. toddled off to his specifications, and the glove was left lying unheeded, apparently, on Harker's desk, while he wrote on furiously.

Not until he was left alone in the office, nearly two hours after, did he touch the glove; but then he pressed it to his burning lips, he noted its dainty size—unused as he had once been to remark such matters—and observed that, though now redolent of tobacco, it had been scented. But, with a joy only to be appreciated by a lover, then in this glove, flung as it were in his path by a secret rival, seemed to be the very clue he had been vainly seeking. The name was written in it, or a name. Whose should it be but hers—Foussi? That, coupled with the half legible F on the blotting pad, he accepted as conclusive, poor fellow, little dreaming in how many other gloves he could have found the same name. So now then he could write to her. And write he did, that same evening, at Camden Town, a manly though passionate letter, detailing his love, his trials, his hopes, and last, if not so fully, his position.

This, duly addressed to "Miss Foussi," he posted, and waited with what fortitude he could muster for an answer. He had need of patience. It was a week before he knew anything, and then his own letter came as a returned paid one from the dead letter office, the envelope playfully annotated with "Try Fishy," "Not known," "Fussy," "Try Leicester street," "Rd."—and so on.

Harker groaned. So near his object, yet so strangely baffled. Oh, the agony of that week of suspense! A whole week gone—lost! And that horrid Fipkins so jubilant; day by day growing so luxurious in his habits; living on the fat of the land; if his lunches were a fair sample; talking so vulgar about letting out his waistcoat—triumphing in such coarse fashion over him perpetually. Bah! he would hear it no longer. He felt it was maddening him. He would fly from the neighborhood before he was tempted to do something desperate.

Bill Harker took a commission on the road. He visited the west of England. It was three months or more before he ventured to set his foot in London again.

The first time he did so he encountered Fipkins by accident, in Grove road, Stockwell.

The rivals started. Their meeting was like the traditional one of the strange cats in the garret. Fipkins' brass, for once, stood him in good stead. He was the first to speak. He held out his hand cordially.

"How are you, old fellow?" he said frankly, as if nothing was the matter. "Whoever would have thought of seeing you in this part of the world?" Harker did not strike him, did not repel his friendly advances. In truth, time had smoothed off the raw edges of his wound. And then Fipkins looked so happy he didn't have the heart to distress him.

They adjourned to the nearest bar, and, in the course of a series of "refreshers," Fipkins told of his intended marriage, which was to take place the next week at St. Giles' church, Chamberwell.

It galled on Harker's feelings to notice that Fipkins in some sort looked upon the union as a sacrifice. "There are property considerations," he said several times in a nautilus sort of way—"property considerations, my boy; and such folks can't afford to lose sight of those in hard times like these."

Mercenary wretch! How Harker despised him, even while he fraternized with! What a strange power the fellow always had over him!—he could neither understand or escape from it.

He found it hard to realize, after Fipkins had left him, that he had actually promised to be his "best man at the wedding. But it was so; there was an entry in his own order book—in an unsteady hand—that Fipkins had insisted on his writing at the bar. He had not the courage to decline it, and, as he had promised honor and curiosity both prompted him to see the drama to the end.

As the two ex-clerks stood waiting for the bride's arrival on the auspicious morning one might have heard Harker's heart throbbing; it beat like a drum with intense excitement.

But astonishment overpowered every other feeling when, as the bride entered the church, a perfect mountain of finery, he recognized in her the dragon-like, fiery-faced boarding-house proprietress, and knew that it was she Fipkins had chosen from "property considerations."

Confused as he felt, Harker could understand that in her case, weighty as she was, something in the shape of a bonus would be acceptable.

He had little time to think of all this, however, for the first bridesmaid, he found to his great joy, was the nameless one!

Her white-gloved little hand rested on his trembling arm as they walked down the aisle after the ceremony, in the wake of Mr. and Mrs. Fipkins; and before they reached the hotel where breakfast was laid, he discovered, among other things, that his fair companion's name was not Foussi, but Castleton.

Harker still calls his model of a wife Foussi; but the glove he had treasured did not fit her. Old B., who had picked it up, might first have dropped it. One thing is certain—he astonished everyone by marrying before the year was out, a mere child; and her hand, as it rested in his on the wedding day, looked small enough to have been his daughter's.

Jewel Frauds.

There is consternation just now in the Palais Royal, and the jewelers of Paris have found themselves the dupes of what has not yet been pronounced to be a fraud. Last year they were the victims of a diamond fraud. The gems found at the Cape were more plentiful and of inferior quality to the genuine diamond of fifty years ago. The fire was less brilliant, and the stones had a yellow tinge. An ingenious manipulator steeped them in a violet dye, and by some chemical process they came forth from the ordeal a pure and brilliant white. This industrious investigator received as a reward of his research a recompense of six months' imprisonment and the Palais Royal jewelers were for the moment comforted. But now things are going wrong again. There are some splendid rubies in the market whose genesis is very difficult to account for. Tested chemically they answer the true definition of the oriental ruby; analysis shows them to consist of all its constituents—and nothing else. The chemist is satisfied, but the expert has his doubts. The fire is not so brilliant, and there are certain yellow tones which the true gem has escaped. It is suspected that a difficult problem has been solved, especially since it has been found that these gems when broken up do not follow a regular line of cleavage, as a crystal should, but split in all directions. It is suspected that Swiss artificers have learned how to melt a number of small rubies and consolidate them into one. Ten carats' worth of ruby sparks would be worth about ten shillings. One ruby of ten carats would be worth some hundreds of pounds. The subject is a serious one, and there are both chemical and legal difficulties in its treatment. Experts are now employed to ascertain how the thing is done, and then the judges will decide whether the process or sale amounts to fraud.

Emperor William in His Youth.

This is how the veteran German Emperor appeared many years ago when he was merely Prince of Prussia. It was Captain Chamier, of the British navy, who gave him the description: "On my return to Melleray," he wrote, "I found a miserable-looking, dirty vehicle driving to the door, from which descended a young man, with another of more mature age. There was a servant who looked nearly as poor as his masters, and who handed out a carpet-bag which seemed the working material of the trio. The first two went into the modest public room, and at one end of the long table were soon enjoying what in England is called a substantial tea; the servant swaggered and of course, was better fed. He was not disposed to disguise himself or the master he served; he was evidently somebody, this servant—and very soon, unable to contain within himself the honor of his position, informed my courier that his master, the young man, was the Prince of Prussia. I never saw a more modest and agreeable looking young man in my life. At 4 in the morning, without in the slightest manner disturbing the inhabitants of the inn, and paying a bill of about fifteen francs, this active Prince continued his journey. Here was an example well worthy of being followed. There was no foolish ostentation, no encouragement for plunder, no overbearing impertinence, but the manner and conduct of a thorough nobleman and careful gentleman.