DEATH OF ENGHIEN.

ONE OF THE BLACKEST BLOTS IN CAREER OF NAPOLEON.

Taken from Prison at Night and Shot by the Glare of Torches—His Brave Bearing to the End—His Last Act on Earth.

THE SCENES OF that awful night defy description. The castle of Vincennes was beset with guards when finally, at about an hour before midnight, the various members of the court assembled. Their looks were dark and troubled as they wondered who the mysterious culprit might be. None knew but Hulin the president, the judge-advocate, and Savary the destined executioner. In a neighboring room was the duke, pale and exhausted by his long journey, munching a slender meal, which he shared with his dog, and explaining to his jailer his doleful thoughts at the prospect of a long imprisonment. It would be ameliorated if only he could gratify his passion for hunting, and surely they two, as prisoner and keeper, might range the forest in company. But at last he fell asleep from sheer fatigue.

The jailer, Harel, a picked man who had kept guard over Arena and his fellows (who, it will be recalled, had been executed on unproved charges of conspiracy to assassinate Bonaparte), was a sometime fiery Jacobin. He could not well encourage the expectations of his new prisoner, dreary as they were, for he had that morning supervised the digging of a grave in the castle moat. At midnight the duke was awakened and confronted with the judge-advocate. Réal was unaccountably absent, and the interrogatory so carefully prepared by the chief magistrate was not at hand. To the rude questions formulated by Hulin, with the aid of a memorandum from Murat, the prisoner, in spite of repeated hints from the members of the court-martial as to the consequences, would only reply that he had a pension from England, and had applied to her ministers for military service; that he hoped to fight for his cause with troops raised in Germany from among the disaffected and the emigrants; that he had already fought against France. But he stoutly denied any relations with Dumouriez or Pichegru and all knowledge of the plot to assassinate the First Consul.

He was then called to the bar in the dimly lighted sitting-room where the commission sat. To the papers containing questions and answers he was ironically permitted to affix a demand for an audience with the First Consul. "My name, my station, my mode of thought, and the horror of my situation," he said, "inspire me with hope that he will not refuse my request." The Revolutionary tribunal followed its instincts; its members, knowing well the familiar statutes under which such bodies had acted since the days of the Convention, but not having at hand the words or forms of a verdict as prescribed by the pitiless laws concerning those who had borne arms against France, left in the record a blank to be filled out later, and pronounced their judgement that the "regular sentence" be executed at once. They were actually engaged in composing a petition for clemency to the First Consul when Savary entered the room and informed himself of what had been done and what they were then doing. Snatching the pen from Hulin's hand, he exclaimed, "The rest is my affair," and left the room.

It was now two in the morning of the 21st. "Follow me," said the taciturn Harel, "and summon all your courage." A few paces through the moat, a turn of a corner, and the flare of torches displayed a file of troops not far from an open grave. As the adjutant began to read the sentence, the victim faltered for a moment and exclaimed, "Oh God! what have I done?" But in an instant he regained the mastery of himself. Calmly clipping a lock of his hair, and drawing a ring from his finger, he asked that they might be sent to the Princess Charlotte. A volley—and in an instant he was dead.

Little Martha Plays Detective.

Little Martha Flynn of Chicago, 7 years old, is probably the youngest detective on record. The other day she saw a colored boy snatch a lady's pocketbook. No policeman was in sight, but little Martha followed the boy and saw him mount a span of wooden zebras at a merry-go-round. Then she scampered to the nearest police station and excitedly told her story. An officer accompanied her to the merry-go round, where she pointed out the young thief, who had spent 10 cents of the $5 contained in the stolen pocketbook, and said he had intended to spend the entire $5 on the zebras and thus break the record. Little Martha was given a bag of candy, and invited to call again when she had a hot tip.

Some Strange Visiting Cards.

Calling in Corea must be a very difficult performance, if, as a London journal has recently stated, the ordinary visiting cards there are a foot square. The same journal goes on to say that the savages of Dahomey announce their visits to each other by a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved. This is sent on in advance, and the visitor, on taking leave, pockets his card, which probably serves him for many years. The natives of Sumatra also have a visiting card, consisting of a piece of wood about a foot long and decorated with a bundle of straw and a knife.

AS SOMETIMES WRITTEN.

Queer Phrases of Native and Foreign Bookmakers.

All editors are astonished at the poor English written by many of their would-be contributors, whose spelling and penmanship indicate that they have had a fair degree of education. Usually this stupidity in the use and choice of words seems to arise from a lack in the sense of humor. Even a university course, as every one knows, cannot make up for this essential quality, which is absolutely necessary to literary success. A writer need not be humorous; but he must have a quick perception of what is ridiculous, in order to avoid making himself so.

Thus, only a person deficient in this vital respect could have written of her heroine that she had "deep, dark hair"; that she had "that rareness of expression which baffles the most learned to understand"; that "Maud had grown weary of setting in the porch"; that her lips were "wreathed in a smile that strangely reminded me of an angel"; and that "her strange nature enchained my fancy." Also, only such a one, or a person phenomenally ignorant, could conclude a stanza of poetry, as did one young woman, with the line:

May gladness and joy be your doom.

This individual may have been related to him who chanted:

"Oh, put me in no sepulchre,
Or dim vault, sad and gloomy;
But let my narrow bed be lain
Within some meadow roomy."

When even native Americans make such havoc with their language, it is not singular that foreigners have severe struggles to master it. Translators, who consider themselves competent to express in English the literature of their own lands, sometimes prove themselves amusingly unequal to the task. This was the case with the courageous gentleman who sent to an editor a story containing the following passages:

"He said with an air of most despising disdain."

"His whole attire gave him a most distinguished and gentlemanly appearance."

"'Oh!' bursted Marguerite, terrified."

"To solicit in the name of the Germaine Republic, the annexation of his native city to France."

"He wore velvet trouser, all spotted with ink."

"He was beginning to resume himself."

"It seemed as though his heart would bound from its envelope."

"She gave him by look a most elegant thank."

"The rain, pushed by the wind, beated his handsome face."

PRAISE OF THE MOUTH.

The Picayune's Rhapsodist Eulogizes This Useful Member.

Some one has fallen in love with a mouth, and his mouth is full of praise and song. To him some mouths look like peaches and cream, some like a hole chopped in a brick wall to admit a door or window. The mouth is a hotbed of toothaches and a baby's crowning glory. It is patriotism's fountain head, and the tool chest for pie. Without it the politician would be a wanderer on the face of the earth, and the cornetist would go down to an unhonored grave. It is the grocer's friend, the orator's pride and the dentist's hope. Rosalind wished all her friends were one mouth so that she might kiss it. Much more than a mustache depends upon the mouth.—New Orleans Picayune.

Regardless of Expense.

This is a story about a man over in Alexandria, who has a great deal of money, to which he is deeply attached. He is, in fact, so attached to it that he hates to be separated from a dollar of it. He has a silk hat, too, a well-preserved silk hat of great age and undoubted respectability. He is fond of his hat, and he'd like to wear it every day, but silk hats, you know, are expensive, so he has been wearing his for these many years just on Sunday. On week days he wears a shocking bad hat, which does not concern this story. The last time the storks visited the Alexandria man's house they were generous. They brought twins, a boy and a girl. The father was sitting in the parlor when somebody entered to bring the news.

"Well, you're a father now," said the somebody.

"Boy or girl?" asked the Alexandria man.

"Both; twins."

"Great Scott!" cried the father, springing to his feet. "Give me my silk hat. I might as well wear it every day now. What's the use trying to be economical, anyway?

What Is an Edition?

London Graphic: What is an edition? Does it consist of 1,000 volumes or of 500 or fifty or five? The word is not a technical term like "gross" or "dozen" or any like expression bearing a fixed numerical significance, and there is, of course, no reason why it should not mean anything from the lowest to the highest of these numbers, according to the taste and fancy or it may be the tactics, of the particular publisher who employs it. Only now that that enterprising person shows himself so anxious to keep the public regularly informed as to the sales of the works issuing from his house it might be as well to come to some understanding on this point. We know what is meant when we read that Miss Ahena Daring's new novel is "in its twentieth thousand," whereas that statement that it is "in its forty-fifth edition" conveys to us simply no information at all.

Good celery salad is contingent upon the quality of the oil used. Avoid the kind used to lubricate machinery.

THE VALUE OF INITIALS.

Much Used in Our Language—Favored by the Frenchmen.

The lines beginning:

"'Twas whispered in heaven, 't was muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell."

attributed to Lord Byron, but really by Catherine Fanshawe, have the letter "h" for their mot d'enigme, says the Spectator. Hawthorne gave one of his best-known works the name of "The Scarlet Letter," and one of Charles Lamb's ineffectual dramas is called "Mr. H.," its not very entertaining plot turning on the concealment of the hero's real name, which in the end is found to be Hogsflesh. Readers of Dickens will remember "Mr. F.'s aunt," while the riots at Convent Garden theater, familiarly known as the "O. P." riots, live chiefly in the pages of "Rejected Addresses." When members of the same profession speak of individuals by professionally abbreviated titles, it is generally a sign that the speakers are "talking shop." Artists men, for instance, strew their conversation and documents with so many vowels and consonants that they seem to be making use of a special cipher unintelligible to outsiders. There is nothing derogatory to a member of parliament or a queen's counsel in being spoken of as "M. P." or "Q. C."; it is a familiar abbreviation in which all the members of parliament and all the queen's counselors share, and written documents are naturally so addressed, but some of the abbreviations used in conversation have a decidedly colloquial ring about them. As a nation we seem to have a faculty for casting off superfluous words and phrases and for making use of contractions, and our titles of honor present a perennial source of difficulty to the foreigner. It must puzzle a Frenchman unacquainted with our social distinctions to discover the meaning of "Bart." or "Kt." or "Esq.," or to unravel the intricacies of "K. C. S. I." or "M. F. H.," though on the part of a Briton such ignorance would mean ignorance of the usages of society. On the other hand, initials may be used in a derogatory sense. If we hear in private conservation a man referred to as "old J.' we may be sure it is hardly intended as a compliment, while the bourgeoise who calls her husband "Mr. J." at once conveys to her hearers a sense of easy and vulgar familiarity. In our complex civilization symbols have come to be looked upon as integral portions of the system of decorations and awards.

A Woman Rides a Brake Beam.

On the arrival of a Burlington freight train at Huntly, Mont., recently, the trainmen discovered a young and handsome woman and a boy riding upon one of the brake beams in approved tramp fashion. The woman gave her name as Mrs. Peterson, and said her husband, a barber, had deserted her and a baby several months ago at Billings. Besides herself and baby, she had a mother and a little brother to support. A few days ago she spent her last money to purchase tickets for her mother and baby to Sheridan, Wy., where they have friends, and one night she took the little brother climbed on the brake beam of an outgoing freight, and had been riding nearly all night when discovered. The trainmen gave them a place in the caboose the remainder of their journey.

Still Nearer.

Relationships are very confusing to the juvenile mind, but there are not many children so delightfully at sea as the small girl of the following story:

She appeared with a small brother at a public school, and gave in their names as "Ralph and Edith Johnson."

"Brother and sister, I suppose," said the teacher.

"Oh no, ma'am," said the little girl, "we're twins!"

NEWSY TRIFLES.

The British isles comprise 1,000 separate islands and islets, without counting the juttings rocks or isolated pinnacles.

It has been estimated that electric railways have already displaced in the United States no less than 275,000 horses.

The pear crop in Georgia this year is the largest on record. It is estimated by those in a position to know and to judge correctly that it will exceed 300,000 barrels.

The "life tree" of Jamaica is harder to kill than any other species of woody growth known to aboriculturists. It continues to grow and thrives for months after being uprooted and exposed to the sun.

It is a singular coincidence that in South Dakota a week or so ago it was necessary to close the schools on account of the intense heat, and two days later they were closed again because of the excessive cold.

In the country districts, both in England and Germany, there is an idea that if the bees swarm upon a rotten tree there will be a death in the family owning or living on the property before the expiration of a twelve-month.

In the early days of Christianity many styles of dating were in vogue, and eras were established with the annunciation, the birth, the transfiguration, the ascension and other events in the history of Christ as starting points.

In many nations it has been believed that an individual bitten by a dog may cure himself by placing three of the dog's hairs on the wound. The idea is expressed in the English proverb: "The hair of the dog is good for the bite."

As a division of time, the week has been used in the east from immemorial ages. It does not seem to be a natural division of time, though several periods of animal economy, such as the incubation of eggs, correspond with weeks.

A WILFUL PRINCESS.

SHE COPIED THE MANNERS OF THE MUSIC HALLS.

Queer Mixture of Innate High Breeding and Acquired Low Tastes—Walking on the Edge of Moral Quagmires.

IN the Princess Metternich was an inexplicable mixture of innate high breeding and acquired tastes of lower degree. When she appeared in society, at her very first entrance there could be no mistake; from head to foot she was the high born lady—the "grande dame," but she had an extraordinary inclination for walking on the edges of moral quagmires, and peeping into them with a proud conviction that her foot could never slip. There are stories of her imprudent adventures; but she escaped scathed, and had no other motive in talking them than curiosity—foolish, forbid curiosity—as to people and matters which should never have been even mentioned in her presence. She acted with a degree of rashness and folly which would have ruined most women, but no one ever really attacked her reputation; all allowed that, according to the expression of a lady of the court, she had never crossed the Rubicon."

Notwithstanding all her follies, the Princess Metternich was far from being stupid; on the contrary, she had considerable wit and great sharpness of repartee. As she did not care for anything she said, her retorts were often very clever and amusing, but too free to be widely repeated. She delighted in singing songs from music-halls and inferior theaters. Haughty as she was, she invited to her dinner-table a singer of vivocal celebrity at that time, whom no one else would have dared to receive; she even took lessons from her, so as to sing her songs with duly pointed emphasis, writes Anna L. Bicknell in the Century.

The mischief done by the example of the Princess Metternich is indescribable. She threw down the barrier which hitherto had separated respectable women from those who were not, led the way to a liberty of speech and liberty of action which were unknown before. She was much attached to her husband, and, in essentials, was a good wife; others less favorably situated may not have escaped as she did from the natural consequences of looking too closely over the frontier of the Forbidable Land. It is not unlikely that the excessive pride of the Princess Metternich may have led her to imagine that in Paris she might do anything without compromising her dignity. For once, she was intimate with a lady who although received everywhere in the best society, did not seem to be entirely her equal in rank to become her friend. To a remark on the subject she carelessly answered: "Oh, it is very well here; of course I could not know her in Vienna."

It is reported to have made a more important speech while on a visit at Compiegne. The short, looped-up skirts were just beginning to be worn; the Empress had not yet adopted them, and the Princess Metternich had been asked to do so, against the opinion of her ladies. When the Empress left the room one of the ladies in waiting asked the Princess, "Would you give this advice to your Empress?"

"No," replied the princess; "but that is quite different—the Empress Elizabeth is a real Empress."

There is no positive information as to the absolute reliability of this report; but it is not unlike the style of the Princess Metternich, and was currently believed.

On another occasion at Compiegne, in the presence of the Empress, on a rainy day which had brought some dancers into the circle, the Princess Metternich, by way of diversion, suddenly seized one of the ladies in waiting and pinned her up in school-boy fashion, laid her flat on her back, prostrate on the floor. This was told to me by an eye-witness of the scene, which shocked every one present, and the more because the victim chosen (the Comtesse de M——) was particularly a lady quiet, and unoffending.

FAT MEN HAVE THE BEST OF IT

Result of an Interesting Wager between a Lean and a Fat Man.

They made a bet. The fat man thought he had all the worst of life, while the thin man held that flesh was a blessing.

"Just in the ordinary affairs of every day life," began the fat man.

"That's what I'm referring to," put in the thin man. "Go home with me this afternoon and I'll demonstrate it for supper and theater tickets."

So they started together from one of the big office buildings, and, as they were leaving the office a man in a big hurry entered.

The thin man was able to dodge him, but he fouled the fat man, of course.

"There you are," said the fat man as soon as he had recovered his breath. "Every blind fool runs into me."

"That's nothing," returned the thin man, as he stepped on the elevator and was promptly crowded into the corner by a 250-pound woman.

"We're even," he said, as they reached the street.

"Not quite," returned the fat man, as he wiped the perspiration from his face. "You're comparatively cool, while I'm melting away."

"But you'll have a chance to be comfortable when we reach the car."

"No more than you."

"Wait and see."

They each took one of the seats designed to hold two persons less than medium size and for a block were on equal terms. Then a big man got on. There were four or five other people whom he could sit beside, but he singled out this thin man and soon had him wedged in so tightly that he could hardly breathe. A few blocks further on the seat ahead was vacated and the thin man moved to it. Two minutes later a woman with puffed sleeves got on and again he was singled out. She gave him such an indignant look because he could not make all the room necessary for the sleeves that he got up and moved to the side of a man of medium size. The man got off at the next corner and a fat woman took his place. Again the thin man was crowded against the side of the seat and his face showed the agony he was in.

"But that was an exceptional case," protested the fat man when the two had left the car.

"On the contrary, it's a regular thing," replied the thin man. "You can see it any day if you watch out. The thin man never gets a seat to himself. He's always selected as a seat companion and crowded and crushed until his bones ache. I'll have that supper with you to-morrow night."

And he did.—Ex.

He Was Reminded.

Some men who are extremely tenacious of their opinions will acknowledge themselves in the wrong frankly enough when they are convinced of the fact. In illustration of this, a justice of the United States Supreme court lately told a story.

There was once, he said, a young Irishman, an officer in the Lancers, who had served with Wellington in the Peninsula war. After his return he was asked at a dinner party by his neighbor, a burly young English officer, if he would have some of the anchovies.

"Indeed, I will," said the Lancer, "I have seen them growing in Spain."

"Growing!" exclaimed the Englishman, in incredulous surprise.

"Yes, growing," rejoined the Irishman sharply. "I've seen whole bushes of them, and picked them, too."

"You are crazy, man," said the Englishman. "Anchovies don't grow on bushes; they swim in the sea."

The Irishman insisted that they grew on bushes. The controversy waxed hot, and the lie was exchanged. In those days a duel was the inevitable result of such a scene. Next morning the principals were placed face to face on the field, with pistols in their hands. The Irishman's second whispered to him:

"Shoot low, my boy, and see him cut up capers."

At that word the Irishman called out, "Hold! I am wrong! It was capers, not anchovies, that I saw growing in Spain!"

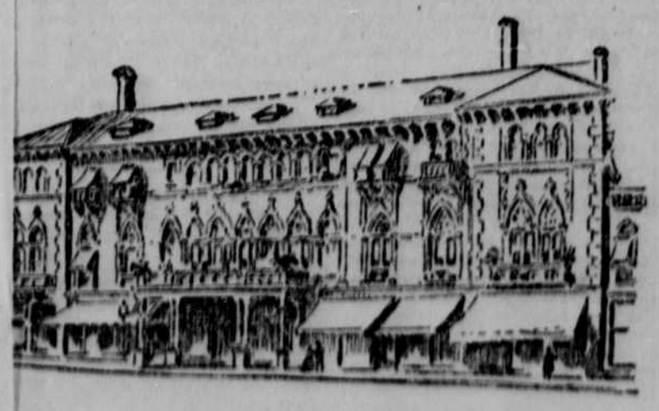
Slighted.

It is well, perhaps, to become used to disappointment in early life.

"Have you named your baby brother yet, Adams?"

"Yeth thir. They've called him Georgy, after Uncle George, and I don't like it a bit. I wanted him named Adamth after me."—Harper's Young People.

NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT EVANSTON.



offer of William Deering to give $15,000 towards a new Y. M. C. A. Building at Evanston, provided $60,000 was raised by members of the association aroused much enthusiasm in that city. A canvassing committee will be pointed at once and the work of raising the money be begun. The association already has a lot. This was purchased two years ago and put into the hands of John R. Lindgren as trustee. It cost $22,500 and is on Orrington avenue near Davis street. On the building committee are William Boyd, John R. Green, John M. Ewen, and C. H. Congdon. The plans for the proposed building show a frontage of 132 feet on Orrington avenue and a depth of 210 feet. The building will be pressed brick with terra-cotta trimmings and tiled roofs. On the first floor of the front section will be stores. On the second floor will be association rooms, including an audience-room seating 300. On the third floor will be additional association rooms, studios, and apartments for lodgers and a gymnasium and natatorium. In the rear section there will be an auditorium, 74x97 feet, seating 1,300. The income from stores and apartments is expected to pay the operating expenses of the building, while membership and special subscriptions will defray association expenses.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII—SUNDAY, NOV. 24—INTEMPERANCE.

Golden Text: "Woe Unto Them That Rise Early in the Morning That They May Follow Strong Drink"—I Isaiah, v:11—The Lord's Vineyard.

INTRODUCTORY: Note from the committee, giving the reason for placing this lesson on this date. "(N. B.—The London Sunday School Union is endeavoring to secure the observance of the 4th Sunday in November as 'Temperance Sunday' throughout the world.)" Book: Isaiah prophesied from the last years of Uzziah, B. C. 759, till about the close of the reign of Hezekiah, B. C. 698, more than sixty years. This prophecy may be a general one, as part of the introduction is prefixed by Isaiah to his book of prophecies. It refers to the sins of Judah and their punishment, in order to warn the people against the dangers toward which they were willfully hastening. Today's lesson includes Isaiah v:11:23.

11. Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!

12. And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.

13. Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge: and their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst.

14. Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it.

15. And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled:

16. But the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and God that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness.

17. Then shall the lambs feed after their manner, and the waste places of the fat ones shall strangers eat.

18. Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope:

19. That say, Let him make speed, and hasten his work, that we may see it: and let the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come, that we may know it!

20. Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!

21. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight!

22. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink:

23. Which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!

Explanatory: Vs. 13-15. Not only are the common multitude dried up with thirst, but their honorable men are famished. It brings all to temporal and spiritual poverty and famine. 15. The mean man shall be brought down far lower than he otherwise would be, and the mighty man, rejoicing in the pride of his strength, shall be humbled. Like death, intemperance loves a shining mark. 21. Wise in their own eyes. Wine makes people self-confident. The

(Wine Press in Vineyard.)

drunkard is often the last person to know how much he is under the power of liquor. He thinks he is safe when all his friends know he is on the brink of a precipice. 22. Mighty to drink wine. The habit grows by indulgence. They can do great things in drinking. They are heroes of the wine cup. But the cup is mightier than they. It leads to the perversion of justice.—V. 23. Which justify the wicked for reward. Who for the sake of votes, or money, or influence, give wrong judgments in court, help the wicked to escape justice, make bad laws. Take away the righteousness, etc. Deprive men of their just rights for the sake of bribes.

The Gallant Grocer.

Mrs. Binks—My husband did not like that tea you sent us last.

Grocer (politely)—Did you like it, madame?"

Mrs. Binks—Yes, I liked it.

Grocer (to clerk)—James! Send Mrs. Binks another pound of the same tea she had last. Anything else, madame?

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

The fust thing a child is larnt in Nu England is to say his prayers, when he goes to bed; the next thing is, to shut the door after him when he goes out.

It don't require mutch genius to find fault with the krooks in a dog's tail, but to straighten them out does.

Next to a clear conshience, for solid kumfort, cums an old shu.

The man who never changes his opinyun isn't going to kno mutch, and the one who changes it too often, is going to kno less