

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

I have met with a good many people
In joggling o'er life's varied way;
I've encountered the clever, the simple,
The crabbied, the grave and the gay.
I have traveled with beauty, with virtue,
I have been with the ugly, the bad,
I have laughed with the ones who were merry
And wept with the ones who were sad.
One thing I have learned in my journey—
Ne'er to judge one by what he appears.
The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter
Ofttimes keep back the tears,
And long, sanctimonious faces
Hide often the souls that are vile.
While the heart that is merry and cheerful
Is often the freest from guile.

And I've learned not to look for perfection
In one of our frail human kind;
In hearts the most gentle and loving
Some blenheim or flaw I can find.
But yet I have ne'er found the creature,
So low, so depraved or so mean,
But had some good impulse—some virtue
That "mong his bad traits might be seen."

And, too, I have learned that most friendships
We make are as brittle as glass.
Just let a reverse of fortune fall
Our "friends" on the "other side" pass.
But, ah! I have found some few loyal—
Whose hearts love ever and true!
And the joy and the peace they have brought
Have cheered me my whole journey through.

MY FOREIGN ANTAGONIST.

"And you are going home?"
"Yes, I am going home."
The happiness within me that found
utterance in a laugh was reflected
dismally from the brown-bearded face
opposite me. But, then, Gurney was
down on his luck, and that was hard
to be wondered at, when a young ne'er-
do-well like me could realize in two
brief years the wealth that he had toiled
for patiently during half a score in
vain.

"And you'll settle down in the old
country and be a steady, practical man
for the future?" he said, looking at me
wistfully.
"Yes, and I'll marry Janie, and
make her happy and proud of me, and
you'll visit us, Gurney, won't you, to
see how I have taken all your good
counsel and my own good luck at
heart?"

"Maybe, maybe; I don't promise,"
smiling thoughtfully and stroking his
silken beard as he spoke; "but you have
had rare fortune, young one, and you
do well to sit down now and consider
how to do the very best with yourself.
It is not every one who finds himself at
25 with a university education and a
realized fortune, and a sweet, faithful
girl waiting for him at home. But that
is the way of things; chance you that
because you were a bad boy to begin with,
while I, who was as steady always as
Rhadamanthus and the remaining
judges, have a handful of nuggets for
my whole capital and a grave under
my wattle trees to mark the end of
my love story. Hardly fair, is it, young
one?"

"Horribly unfair," I answered warm-
ly, "but your turn will come; it always
does to the deserving and patient. And
as to me, why my end is not seen yet.
Call no man happy till he is dead," you
know."

A faint smile broke over his face.
"Do you think I envy you or grudge
you anything? Oh, no; I am not such
a bad fellow as that. I would not take
from you one gleam of your contentment
if I could. I am satisfied both
for you and for myself. Prosperity
is the pabulum you will thrive on,
while I should be the same under any
fortune."

We were on our way together down
the main street of Tarrangower, he
coming from the store where he had
been disposing of some gold-dust to an
agent who paid threepence an ounce
more for it than the bank price, I from
the New South Wales Bank, whence I
had been drawing my fortune in the
form of a bulky roll of one hundred
pound British notes.

"It is scarcely safe to carry all that
around here," an acquaintance ventur-
ed warningly, as was buttoning the
money into the pocket of my moleskin
trousers.
"I shall take the number of the notes
by-and-by," I answered carelessly.
"You know I sail for England next
week."

"And why not have that money trans-
ferred to the bank there for safety, and
your own comfort in traveling, and a
hundred reasons?" the man asked in
surprise.
"Like it this way; I like the feel of it
about me, and convenience is altogether
a matter of opinion."

Then I went out whistling, not
through dealth, but through abundance
of thought. That bulky roll represent-
ed love and triumph, and reconciliation
with the family at home, who had
feigned to despair of me once.

"Oh, Janie, Janie, how fond and
faithful you have been!" I thought tu-
multuously. "Heaven helping me,
my future will be worthier of you than
my past has been."

And then I had encountered Gurney,
and linking my arm in his, we had
walked down the street together, while
I dilated to him on my prospects.

"You go to Europe next week, and
I start up the country to-morrow, and
it may be we shall never meet again," he
said, regretfully.

"Then let us drink a stirrup-cup at
parting," I said, drawing him toward
the open door of the Kangaroo.

"A stirrup-cup of water, if you
will."

"Preaching again!" I said pettishly.
"No, not preaching; only urging
you, by our friendship, to make me
happy."

"What is it to you?"
"I like you; I want to know you are
safe before you leave me."

I twisted myself away from him im-
patiently.
"No man has ever called me a drunk-
ard," I said.

"No, certainly not, and I want to
make sure no man ever will."

I hesitated, looking at him doubt-
fully.

"Surely it is in the hour of our great-
est triumph that we should most really
bring our sacrifice to the altar."

"All right," I said, flushing. "I promise."

"Promise what?"

"To abstain from intoxicating drinks
as beverages forever," laughing un-
comfortably.

He stretched out his big hand and
grasped mine.

"I am satisfied about you now, young
one; I never was before. Heaven bless
you!"

And then we sauntered into the sal-
oon together, and drank a glass of gin-
ger beer, amicably chatting in a desul-
tory way.

Groups of two and three were scat-
tered here and there about the bar,
chatting noisily for the most part,
though a few drank in sullen silence;
but, except the loungeer by the door,
who stood with his hands plunged deep
in his pockets, and his slouch-hat
drawn low over his restless eyes, each
man had some mate to reflect his hu-
mor or contradict it.

"That is the Italian fellow," I whis-
pered, nodding toward him.
"Yes; cleaned out or thereabouts,"
Gurney answered, in a low tone, and
then we turned to leave together.

As we passed—out some impulse
prompted me to turn towards the
stranger, and, extending a sovereign on
my open palm, I said, curtly:
"Have it, mate?"

"I did not beg," he answered, coldly,
speaking with a distinct foreign ac-
cent.

"Of course not, but it will bring you
luck. Money from the pockets of a
successful digger always does," I said
lightly.

"Thank you."
He took the coin from me, but held it
doubtfully in his hand while he followed
me with his eye.

"That fellow is desperate. I should
have said nothing to him, on the princi-
ple of letting sleeping dogs lie," Gurney
remarked.

"It is always well to do a kind ac-
tion when one has the chance," I said
carelessly; "that may save off suicide
another week;" and then Gurney and I
shook hands and parted, with some
vague hope of meeting somewhere,
some time, if we could.

It was a dark night, and when once I
had left the lights of Tarrangower be-
hind me, the darkness seemed to close
around me with a sense of discomfort.
After all, had I been wise to carry all
that money on my person, and to take
my way, alone and unarmed—for an
unloaded pistol was a mere toy—
through a district so familiar in those
adventurous times with deeds of violence?

Several men saw the money at
the bank, and others knew that I meant
to draw out my investments that day.
Why had I not told Gurney, and let
him come home with me? Why had I
not—?

But psah! What was the good of
shrink like a child before a dark
night? There was no danger—none in
the world; the men who had seen the
money were as honest as I was, and
once I had reached my hut I would load
my revolver and be ready for an at-
tack.

To keep up my heart I fell to hum-
ning one of Janie's old tunes, while I
strove to concentrate all my attention
on the path before me. I had proceed-
ed thus half way home, and my first
terrors were fading away, when just
where the uncertain roadway dipped
into a thicket of Eucalyptus, a hand
was laid on my shoulder and a vibrant
voice said tremulously:
"Your money or your life!"

"Ha, it is you, scoundrel, whom I
helped!" I said, wheeling around sud-
denly on my unseen assailant. "Dog
of an Italian, would you dare?"

It was furious indignation and scorn
of such a base return of my kindness
that animated me at this moment. Bat-
tling for existence of my treasure had
not occurred to me yet.

"Yes, I would dare because I am
mad," the man panted forth. You
must give me the gold; you are young,
you can gain more. You have hope, I
have nothing—give it me."
"Yes, I shall give it you—that," I
said striking in the direction of the
voice, and then we closed with each
other.

After that neither of us spoke, but we
wrestled like giants, while each
clutched the other by the throat.

My money was safe still, secured by
a flap and button over the pocket, ac-
cording to a fashion prevailing in the
colony at the time, and my chance of
life lay in the endurance of my thighs
and sinews, for I knew I was con-
fronted by a desperate man.

Round and round, backwards and
forwards, circling recklessly and grasp-
ing each other furiously, we went,
while the sense of strangulation, due to
his grip on my throat, increased as he
strove to throw me.

"Ten seconds more and I shall be
choked," I thought; and then I loos-
ened one hand from its hold of him,
and struck out with my clenched fist
towards the region of his head.

The blow told; he fell like a log, be-
ing apparently paralyzed for the mo-
ment; but in falling he dragged me
with him, and his grasp of my throat
never relaxed.

"I am dying," I thought, striving
with all my remaining strength to
loosen his hold of me, and then my
thoughts wandered confusedly toward
my mother and Janie, and the home I
had meant to make for my darling; and
then I remember no more, I had either
fainted or been suffocated into insensibility.

How long I remained thus I cannot
tell. When I recovered consciousness
the murderous pressure had fallen off,
but my assailant still lay beneath me,
breathing heavily.

Simultaneously we seemed to recover
consciousness, and in unison we rose
to our feet. I was trembling in every
limb; my aching eyeballs seemed start-
ing from my head; my parched throat
refused to utter a sound, and my as-
sailant seemed in no better case.

For an instant we stood apart, glaring
at each other through the darkness;
then, as though at a given signal, we
closed with each other again, instinc-
tively, neither knowing why. I believe
he had no more thought than of taking
the money than I had of defending it.
There seemed nothing awake in us but
mere animal fury; brute force opposed
brute force, demanding victory at any
cost.

Again we wrestled and strove, white
face close to white face in the gloom,
and again the contest was so equal that
no spectator would have known on
which side to promise victory. For
many minutes we wrestled silently and
then we fell again, and this time I was
undermost. And then ensued a struggle
such as I had no idea men were ca-
pable of. We rolled over each other,

we strained every nerve each to kill the
other, we dealt each the other desperate
blows at random, and then, when ex-
haustion forbade another movement,
mechanically we desisted, and as me-
chanically rose and drew a few labored,
gasping breaths, and rushed to the con-
test again.

Whether or not my opponent was
armed, I knew not; at any rate he made
no attempt to draw any weapon. As
for me, I carried my useless pistol, but
even had it been loaded, I question if I
would have used it after the first five
minutes; the contest was so terribly
close and equal that a thought of any
extraneous aid did not occur to me.

Our action was wonderfully concert-
ed; as though governed by a double
mechanism we struggled, fell, rose and
resumed the fight, and that after each
had grown so weak that a child could
have vanquished either.

And through all my terrible craving
for his life there crept, by-and-by, a
slow consciousness of respect for him.
He was tough as leather, and he fought
well, taking his punishment with an
endurance that hitherto I had deemed
exclusively British.

When I look back on the incident
now I have no knowledge of time, no
knowledge of anything but pain, and ef-
fort and blinding blows. I cannot tell
how long the struggle lasted, or how it
terminated; I only know that at last the
end came somehow, and that, after a
period of oblivion, I returned to con-
sciousness and found myself alone.

How I reached home I cannot tell. I
walked the distance, doubtless, as some-
nambulist do, for next day when a
neighbor came to look me up, I was
tossing on my bed in a raging fever, and
the money which had so nearly been the
price of a life, was buttoned in my
pocket.

Of course the Great Britain sailed
without me, and of course the friends
awaiting me at home grew sick of the
silence, which no explanation came to
break, for what message could anyone
send who expected hourly to see me
die?

But the turn in my long illness came
at last, and then I turned slowly and re-
luctantly towards improvement. I had
fought a hard battle for life beneath the
shadow of the eucalyptus; that which
disease waged against my youth later,
was as deadly and more prolonged.
But youth triumphed at last, and I rose
a shadow of my former self, likely to be
debarred from existence on the old,
glad, free terms for many a year.

It was years before the last momen-
to of my encounter with that desperate
ruffian had passed out of my system,
but now, after half a lifetime, I can
look back from my fair, happy, English
home on that incident of my career as
contentedly as on any other of my col-
onial experiences.

As to my enemy, his body had been
found in the creek while I lay at the
point of death, but whether fallen there
by accident or flung in through despair
I never learned.

Gurney's affairs brightened after I
left him, and the last time I looked on
his honest face, as he sat beside my
Janie's sister, with my youngest boy on
his knee, I decided conclusively that
life was not so nearly over for him by
a long way as he had imagined when good
luck and he had stood on opposite
sides.

A HOWLING HURRICANE.

A Great Deal of Property Destroyed and
Some Loss of Life Incurred.

Evansville, Ind., and surrounding country
was visited by a destructive hurricane on
Friday last. A damage of not less than a quarter
of a million of dollars in Evansville and vicinity
was inflicted. Homes were blown down,
roofs carried away, stores badly damaged
thousands of shade trees were torn up by
the roots and other injury done. The steamer
Belmont, which left Evansville every morning,
was wrecked by the storm about two
miles from Henderson, blowing her barge and
cans to the bank, taking her chimney off and
sinking her almost instantly. Fourteen lives
were lost. The hurricane capped the boat,
turning her completely over. She was going
to Henderson with a cargo containing the
passengers of the Louisville and Nashville
railroad. The boat was separated from the
barge. All on the latter were saved, and all on
the boat, except four or five, lost. Among the
lost are Captain John Smith, E. C. Roach and
son, a prominent merchant of Evansville, Miss
Laura Lyon and sister, Bryant, teachers
there and mother, also Mrs. Woodward, of
Henderson, and a lady and a babe with a
satchel, with a card in it marked Miss Hattie
Murray, Brookfield, Ala. The bodies of the
three latter were found.

Private Henry's Remains.

After consulting with Coroner Lovey, of
New York, and the military authorities at
Governor's Island, Coroner Robinson has
decided not to take any further steps at present
in the direction of exhuming the body of
Private Charles B. Henry, a member of the Gre-
enback expedition, shot for stealing pro-
visions. The coroner has written a letter to
Miss Dora Buck, of Lincoln, Nebraska, sister
of Private Henry, informing her that he will
move her remains to the state fair of the
present of the war department had been obtained
for the examination of her brother's body,
and that she herself must make the applica-
tion, accompanied by proofs of her relation-
ship to the dead man. The application and
proofs, the coroner says, he will present to
Colonel Henry at Governor's Island, if Miss
Buck still desires an investigation and sends
them to him.

Cases of Yellow Fever.

The health commissioners of New York re-
ceived information that two seamen were
lying ill, apparently suffering from yellow
fever. They were Martin Denes and John
Tederman, who arrived in the schooner "J. A.
Baker," from Georgetown, S. C., last week.
They were removed to the hospital, where the
doctors are also of the opinion that the cases
were yellow fever. One of the men died, and
the police requested the health authorities to
place the house from which the seamen were
removed under quarantine. The health in-
spector is familiar with the malady and made
an investigation. He says he is convinced
that the men were not suffering from real
yellow fever, but rather from a febrile and pe-
necious intermittent fever. Another seaman
ill was removed to the Marine hospital on
Staten Island.

Bulling Out Infected Cattle.

President Landrean, of the Illinois State
Board of Agriculture, authorizes the follow-
ing: In consideration of the alleged exist-
ence of pleuro-pneumonia in numerous herds
of Jersey cattle throughout the west, and the
uncertain extent of the disease, the Illinois
State Board of Agriculture deem it a duty to
breeders of other cattle, as well as to the
breeders of Jersey, to exclude all animals of
the latter breed from the state fair of 1884,
and to rigidly enforce the law empower-
ing the board to rule out all cattle that have
been exposed to any infectious disease, with-
in thirty days prior to the exhibition.

Savings banks were established in
France as early as 1834, but it was not
until 1845 that they had a very strong
hold on public confidence. In 1881 the
depositors numbered 4,321,000.

A MIDNIGHT HORROR.

Ten Men Roasted to Death in a Circus Car on
a Colorado Railroad.

Denver telegram: Last night a train be-
longing to the Anglo-American circus, Miss
Orton proprietor, left Fort Collins for Golden
via the Greeley, Salt Lake and Pacific road.
Forty minutes later, when near Greeley, a
sleeping car, in which seventy-five men em-
ployed as roustabouts of the circus were
asleep, caught fire and was wholly consumed.
Ten men perished and two were seriously
and five slightly burned. The fire was commu-
nicated from an open torch with which the car
was lighted to a quantity of gasoline which
was being carried in the same car, causing an
explosion. The accident was attended with
indescribable horrors. The burned car was
next to the engine in a train of seventeen
cars, containing Orton's Anglo-American cir-
cus, which was in the city about midnight
for Golden over the Greeley, Salt Lake and
Pacific road. The train was nearing Windsor,
a small station in a narrow gauge, running about
twenty-five miles an hour, when Engineer
Colleprie discovered that the car was on fire.

He reversed the engine and threw open
the doors of the car, but the flames were
the car arranged in three tiers of bunks on
either side. The forward door was closed and
the men were in bunks sleeping against it.
The car was closed, and the men who
awoke discovered the lower unoccupied
berth next to it on fire, filling the car with
smoke and cutting off escape in that
direction. The only means of escape was
through a small window between the car
and the engine. John Pine, of Edgerton, Wis.,
and Elmer Millet, of Lower crawled through
the opening and tried to pass in water from
the engine tank, but owing to suffocating
gases it was difficult to arouse the sleepers.
Some were kicked and bruised in a shocking
manner and pitched out of the window. The
screams of those unable to get through the
board were terrible. The wild glare of
the flames left Fort Collins about midnight
outside, who were writing in agony on
cactus beds, caused the wild beasts in the adjoin-
ing car to become frantic with terror, making
the scene appalling. The actors, who
occupied the rear cars gazed with white faces
upon the awful spectacle. In the midst of the
confusion two or three horse souls appeared
equal to the occasion, and bravely cut their
way to their companions to find them already
in the agony of death.

As day broke, in charge of the animals, and
his friend Keet walked over the cactus in
their bare feet, pouring oil on the blistered
unfortunates and wrapping them in blankets.
An old Pacific coast scowler, McDonald,
formerly of Forepaugh's show, was terribly
burned, his flesh hanging in shreds.

The bodies of the men on the prairie
smothered the appeals of the dying
within the car. The roar of the flames and
the howling of the animals made the scene
so indescribable that the details of the
roasting flesh and the distant cry of coyotes
added to the general horror of the scene. The
voices of the dying grew fainter and soon
ceased.

Meantime the engine had gone to Greeley
for assistance, returning with Dr. Jesse Harris,
president of the medical association.
Many of the rescued, in being pulled from the
small window, had limbs broken and
joints dislocated. Hands and feet were found
burned and blackened. Bodies were found
found in one place, legs in another and piles
of roasted shriveled carcasses were pulled out
of the ruins.

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The following is a list of the sufferers:
E. E. Fairbanks, age 22, arms, legs, face and
body burned.
Albert Borden, aged 17, Logan, Kas., arms,
face and body badly burned.

Thomas J. Miller, aged 17, Detroit, Mich., very
badly burned on back and legs.
N. J. Zimmerman, aged 18, St. Louis, Mich.,
arms, legs, back and face badly burned.

Robert Miller, aged 17, Detroit, Mich., very
badly burned on back and legs.
Michael McNeill, aged 23, Holton, Mich.,
face and hands badly burned.

Hugh O'Donnell, aged 16, New Orleans, La.,
badly burned about the face, arms, hands and
back, and very badly dyed.

A number of persons agree that in the
car were two barrels of gasoline, which were
exploded either by sparks from the engine or
from a naked torch with which the men were
accustomed to light themselves to bed.

SEPTEMBER CONTESTS.

Outcome of the Election Held in Vermont on
the 2d.

One hundred and five towns in Vermont
gave Pingree, (rep.) 22,623, Redington, (dem.)
10,440, scattering 291. Same towns in 1880 gave
Farham 23,534, Phelps 11,453, scattering 491.
So far as returns have been received in
First congressional district, Stewart, (rep.)
receives 3,553, Simmons, (dem.) 471. Kilder,
(greenback) 301, scattering 147. In the
District Circuit, (rep.) receives 7,847, Goddard,
(dem.) 3,182, Soule, (greenback) 88, scatter-
ing 4.

Burlington gives Pingree 913, and Redington
1,031. Redington's majority 111. This is the
first time the city has ever given a majority
for the democratic state ticket. Hibbard
(democrat) is elected representative by a ma-
jority of 84.

Returns from 114 towns give Pingree (repub-
lican) for governor 26,963, Redington (demo-
crat) 19,762, (greenback) 354, Stone (in-
dependent) and scattering 165, giving Pingree
a majority over all of 12,323. The same towns
in 1880 gave Farham (republican) 27,405,
Phelps (democrat) 12,630, giving Farham a
majority of 14,577. This shows a falling off
in the republican vote from 1880 of 3,000, and
in democratic vote of same year of 880.

For congress in the first district Stewart
(republican) has 7,339, Simmons (democrat)
3,000, Kilder (greenback) and scattering 113;
Stewart's majority 4,266. In the second dis-
trict Grant (republican) has 11,999, Goddard
5,300, Cummings (greenback) and scattering
113. Grant's majority 6,764.

Returns have been heard from Gave in 1880 for
Farham 27,405, for Phelps 13,650; making
Farham's majority 14,755. At this rate the
republican majority for governor will be about
30,000.

The legislature stands 98 republicans, 14
democrats, 1 greenbacker and 1 independent.
Two for congress in the first district Stewart
(republican), Rutland and St. Albans give Pingree,
(rep.) for governor 9,733, Redington 5,454, Soule
116. Pingree's majority 4,163. The same towns
in 1880 gave Farham 9,833, Phelps 4,430. Far-
ham's majority 5,491, showing a falling off of
1,338 in the republican vote and in the demo-
cratic vote of 45.

Report of Indian Outbreak Not Credited.

The commissioner of Indian affairs does not
credit the report of the threatened Indian
outbreak in northwestern Montana. He be-
lieves that the stories are circulated by stock-
men who wish to have the Indians removed.
An officer of the Indian bureau, referring to
the matter, said the stockmen had no just
cause for complaint, even if it were true that
the Indians had killed a few cattle, because
the land belonged to the United States, and
they had no legal right to use it for their
own benefit, and fence it in, as they were now
doing.

Purity of the White House.

"Gath" in New York Tribune.
The White House has been a pure
homestead. The first president who
went there took the ablest woman who
probably ever was mistress of that build-
ing into it, Abigail Adams—the mother
of another president. Then came Jef-
ferson's matronly daughter, and Madison's
beaming wife, with Monroe's demure
family, and the second Adams with his
Maryland-bred wife, whose father had
been a foreign consul when they were
married. Andrew Jackson, freshly a
widower, sat there with the family of
his nephew and adopted son. Van Bu-
ren, wifeless, there brought up his boys
with such confidence and gentleness

Military Berlin.

Blackwood's Magazine.

One certainly sees more soldiers in the
streets of Berlin than in those of Lon-
don and Paris; but one does not see
many of them, and they form togeth-
er but a small minority of the people
one meets when walking about Berlin.
And that is easy to explain, soldiers do
not play at soldiering here, as French
schoolboys have done lately. Fight-
ing is considered by the Germans a busi-
ness, or a trade, or an art—as you may
like to call it—which is to be learned
very seriously, and which keeps the
young men, who are notens volens de-
voted to it, during almost the whole day
in their quarters or on the parade
ground. As to the officers, they are
nearly as much taken up by their work
as the most hard-working official, mer-
cantile clerk or artisan. The lieutenant
of the guards, who has nothing to do
but to show his fine uniform on the
streets, exists only in the imagination of
people who have never seen him. That
person who young gentlemen generally
aristocratic young gentleman generally
begins his work at 6 o'clock in the
morning in summer, at 8 in the winter,
and is tired out when, at 5 or 6 o'clock
in the evening, he has at last got
through it. It is not he, certainly, who
crowds the streets of Berlin. He has
other things to do than to walk about,
even when he happens to be on leave.
There is, however, something military
to be seen in the streets of Berlin at
nearly every hour of the day, which may
have struck the Parisian newspa-
per writer, though it does not belong
exclusively to Berlin, but to all the
larger German towns where soldiers are
garrisoned. Every now and then, es-
pecially about noon, you will meet
small detachments of soldiers—four,
six, perhaps ten or twenty men—march-
ing from the guard house to relieve the
sentries on duty at the palaces of mem-
bers of the imperial family, the resi-
dences of commanding officers and cer-
tain public buildings, such as the minis-
try of war, the staff office, the arsenal,
etc. These soldiers, preceded by a ser-
geant, walk in the middle of the street
with long, regular, quiet steps, almost
leisurely. Suddenly a sharp word of
command is heard. An officer or an
imperial carriage is in sight. The men
all at once seem to have been struck by
a galvanic battery, and from that in-
stant to move under some strange and
irresistible influence. With a kind of
spasmodic jerk they straighten them-
selves up to their full height, their eyes
are fixed on one and the same point—
the passing officer; the rifle is held in a
powerful grasp by the firm hand, and
the feet, violently thrown forward as by
machinery, produce, as they tread the
hard pavement, at short, regular inter-
vals, a loud and yet muffled sound, fa-
miliar to the native of Berlin, and
which causes him to look round toward
those from whom it proceeds.

The Docile American Horse.

London Telegraph.