THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

L. J. SIMMONS, Prop.

HARRISON, : : NEBRASKA.

Cuba is still experiencing those severe shooting pains.

This thing of life-saving may be carried too far. Alfred Austin, poet laureate, has been rescued from drowning.

The late shah of Persia bequeathed his entire harem to his personal friends. Shah, that's a queer idea of friendship.

When Weyler says the Cubans are "hard on the run" he ought to know from the difficulty he has to keep safely in front.

The Princess de Chimay has eloped with a fiddler, but it is not positively settled yet whether she will lecture or elevate the stage.

The brilliant series of scandals at the German court makes Berlin a splendid place in which to publish a New York Sunday newspaper.

About one hundred San Francisco "ladies" disgraced the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey prize fight with their presence. Happily no real "women" were present.

Another Philadelphia heiress has married a "titled foreigner," and it appears she was not satisfied with the matrimonial returns until she got an official count.

The Spanish premier says this is "a nation of shopkeepers and tradesmen." Then he need not be surprised if he sees Cuba on Uncle Sam's bargain counter one of these days.

Ocean passenger rates from Europe to New York have just been advanced $15. Gotham girls who hope to pick up matrimonial titles this season will have to advance money for passage, as the increase in rates is practically prohibitive.

A costermonger, as legally defined in London, is a "street seller of perishable goods." An itinerant dealer who sells anything like crockery, or old clothes, or books from a barrow is a "pitcher." It took an afternoon of argument in a London police court to decide this important matter.

Congressman Colson of Kentucky, while on a train going to Washington was forced to whip an irate parent who mistook him for an accessory to an elopement. Mr. Colson performed so creditably and with such convincing force that he can be reasonably assured of respectful attention when he enters the broader pugilistic arena in Congress.

The presence in Chicago of several hundred Bohemians who are said to be on the verge of starvation, at a time when the organization of charitable projects has nearly reached its perfection, calls to mind John Boyle O'Reilly's cutting satire:

The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical
Christ.

There is so remarkable an interrelationship of families in Powell County, Ky., that on the trial of a case in the Circuit Court, when the judge asked the jurymen if any of them were related to the plaintiff or defendant, nearly the entire panel rose and left the box. The Boones, who trace their descent from the great bear slayer, are among these families.

The social game between the Vanderbilts and the Astors in London is growing exciting. The former led off with two princes and a princess, and the latter have now played a duke, a marquis, a princess and a few viscounts thrown in for good measure. All this does no harm, while it amuses a good many people and makes business good for London tradesmen.

It is conceded that the task of squashing the trusts and combines is a difficult one, but there is no reason to believe that it is an impossible one. There are ways to reach them and compel them to respect the rights of the people. The circumstances under which they are able to exercise arbitrary and oppressive power can be changed by legislation and by the resolute action of the courts.

Emperor William's enthusiastic admiration of the German ruler appears to be almost matched at last by one of his admirals, Von Hollmann. This seafaring warrior in a speech in the Reichstag declared that the sailors of the wrecked cruiser Iltis, who went down to death cheering the Emperor, were by that act praying to God, as the Emperor was God's representative. The doctrine of the divine right of kings has been losing its potency in recent years, but this reassertion of its existence exceeds even the extravagant claims made centuries ago. Emperor William should be mightily pleased by the episode, for it sustains his own opinion on the subject, which he has expressed, although in more veiled language, on frequent occasions.

The words "starboard" and "larboard," as used in the nautical vocabulary, are from the Italian words questa borda, meaning "this side," and quella borda "that side." Abbreviated, these two phrases appear as sta borda and la borda, and by corruption of languages were soon rendered "starboard" and "larboard" by the English sailors. These two words sound so much alike that many errors occurred, causing serious accidents; so, years ago, an order of the British Admiralty discontinued the use of "larboard" and substituted "port."

When the comic illustrated journals showed some years ago how the baseball players of the future would supply the pitcher's place with a mortar or cannon for throwing the ball they drew better than they knew. The Princeton team will hereafter use a gun to shoot the ball at the batter. It is evident that the rough and tumble success of foot-ball has stirred the diamond fellows up to increase the risk of life and limb in their game. If they succeed in making it really hazardous we may expect to see future foot-ball players with steel spikes in the toes of their shoes and brass knuckles with which to maim each other.

A Chicago woman who married a Baltimore man has been refused a decree of divorce under peculiarly distressing circumstances. In her bill she alleges that her spouse showed after marriage a serious falling off in those courtesies common between man and wife and which add the perfume to make life worth living. For instance, he has been in the habit of preceding her in and out of conveyances without assisting her to enter or leave; he did not remove his hat when with her in elevators, and on one occasion while he was asleep he struck her in the face. All of which proves that the only way for a Chicago woman to enjoy perfect married happiness is to marry a Chicago man, for they are never guilty of such breaches of decorum.

The original occupation of the lion tamer having become extinct because all the visible supply of lions in captivity has been pathetically tamed, it is gratifying to note that a new use has been found for the peculiar talents of this masterful man. An inmate of the State prison at Columbus, Ohio, whose picturesque outbursts of violence have won for him the sobriquet "Demon" and four years of close confinement, has been subjected to the mollifying influence of a retired "tamer," and is now able to mingle with his fellow-convicts and not become unpleasantly boisterous. The "Demon's" absorbing passion formerly was to disintegrate people with any weapons, either artificial or natural, that were most convenient. Now he is content to contemplate life without making an effort to extinguish it. The success of this lion tamer opens up a promising field for others of his class, and perhaps patrons will rise up even outside the prison walls.

According to official reports the popular use of telephones, as compared with the use of the telegraph, is in the ratio of 10 to 1. In 1894 the number of telegraph messages sent in the United States was in round figures 75,000,000, while the telephone was used 750,000,000 times. The latter, of course, included messages in cities and between short-distance points, but the reports of the companies also show that long-distance telephony is growing with amazing strides. The receipts of the telegraph companies are already beginning to feel the effect of this new form of competition, where the sender and receiver of messages have the advantage of personal and direct communication. It is reported that a new syndicate has entered the field with the announced intention of competing with the long distance company for public patronage. Independent local exchanges, which now number nearly 1,000, are to be connected by long-distance wires, and the entire country is to be furnished with a network of arteries for verbal communication. The recent expiration of the main Bell patents and the present assaults on the Berliner patent by the Government are apparently responsible for this prospective competition with the older concern. Public interest in the development of long-distance telephony is centered in the dual question of rates and service. To become genuinely popular telephone service must be cheapened. This is particularly true of long-distance service, in which the present rates are practically prohibitory, except for important business messages or in the case of the comparatively wealthy. There is no valid reason why these rates should continue in this era of development and cheapened cost of material and construction. If competition will bring long-distance telephony within reach of the masses it will be a distinct public gain.

The Turtle.

What a strange animal the turtle is! How strange that its skeleton should cover it, instead of being inside of it as ours is! It can draw all parts of its body into this box and shut it away from every one. Openings are left in the front and back of the box, through which it thrusts out its head, tail and legs.

There are two classes of turtles; land turtles and water turtles. The land turtles generally go by the name of tortoises. They are of more value than the others, as many beautiful articles are made from their shells, such as combs, handles for knives, and eye-glass rims.

It is supposed that tortoises live to a very old age. None of these animals like cold weather. The tortoise hides away under leaves and logs; some burrow down into loose, dry earth, where they sleep, until warm weather comes.

Green turtles, that live in the ocean, are considered very fine eating. Some of these green turtles are very large, weighing six or seven hundred pounds. Their heads are as large as the head of a man.

Emigration from Ireland is said now to have sunk to its lowest ebb since the year 1851.

A BONNY BRIDE
-BY-
Florence Maryatt.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

Lutonstowe is a place which would appear a perfect paradise to most young girls, and that even Susie cannot refrain from acknowledging is the most beautiful she has ever seen. Miss Gennett accompanies Lord and Lady Luton, and Susie finds that her mother is established as housekeeper in the latter place. The young mistress of Lutonstowe is determined to find out all she can about the first wife, on the subject of whom her husband has forbidden her to speak to him. She searches Lutonstowe through from attic to basement to try and find some memento or portrait of her predecessor, but without effect. Everything belonging to her has been destroyed.

One day, when her husband had gone out rabbit shooting with a friend, Susie gets old Mrs. Gennett all to herself, and questions her without reserve.

"Why are the fly-leaves of these books torn out, Mrs. Gennett? To whom did they belong?" she commences, determined to go straight to the point.

"My dear lady!" cries the old creature, who is too feeble to do anything but wag her tongue, "they was the first Lady Luton's, to be sure, and his lordship, he tore 'em all to pieces in his rage."

"And I suppose it is because he cared for Lady Luton so much that he was so angry——"

"Cared for 'er, my lady! I should think he did care—poor laddie! Why, when he first brought 'er home to Lutonstowe I thought 'e would 'ave eat 'er up! They was never apart, day nor night. And my lord would 'ave shod 'er feet with gold if she could 'ave walked in it."

"She was very pretty, wasn't she?"

"Well, she was 'andsome-like, my lady—not pretty; but such a temper. I thought we should 'ave 'ad murder in the house sometimes. I've seen 'er take off his lordship's 'at and trample it to nothin' in 'er rage. And one day she flung her wine glass and all, across the table in 'is face—before the very servants, my lady!"

"How could he have loved such a woman? She must have been hateful!" cries Susie indignantly.

"Well, he was angry with 'er then, and I think for the first time, my lady; for it hurt his pride, you see. But, they'd made it up in half an hour, and was as lovin' as ever. And my belief is as 'e'd forgive 'er even now if he was to come across 'er."

Susie gasps for breath. Her color comes and goes like a flame. She can resist the impulse that overwhelms her no longer. She puts her head down upon her arm, and bursts into tears. This, then, is the end of her dream to make his future such a glory that he should entirely ignore the past.

"Mrs. Gennett," she says, presently, "I want to go into the room that is kept locked on the first floor."

"Well, my lady, I see no reason why you shouldn't gratify yourself. It was 'er room, as doubtless you know; and 'is lordship have give orders to me to keep it locked ever since; but if so be you wish to see it, you shall."

She hobbles away, clinking her bunch of keys as she speaks, and totally ignorant of the pain she has inflicted with every word, and Susie follows her, with a sinking heart, as if she were going to her death.

She throws the shutters open, and the daylight streams into Magdalena's boudoir. Susie glances round her and turns sick at heart. She seems at once to fathom the distance between the love which Lord Luton bore for the woman for whom he fitted up this boudoir, and the love which he bears for herself. It is a perfect gem. There is only one picture in the room—a half-length portrait of Lord Luton himself, painted in oils, which occupies a niche above the sofa. It is the work of a Royal Academician, and Susie gazes at it with eyes full of tears.

"How like it is to him!" she exclaims, enthusiastically. "Oh, I must ask Lord Luton if he will not give me this charming picture for myself! I should so value it. Were all these hers?" asks Susie, shrinking somewhat from a small round table of exquisite Florentine mosaic, which is piled with costly toys of every description.

"Yes, my lady. And to think she could run away and leave 'em all! Heaven help the poor creature, she must 'ave been right off 'er 'head! But it's an ill wind that blows no one good, they say; and you are the lucky woman as have stepped into her shoes, my lady."

"Yes! I am the lucky woman," repeats Susie mechanically, as Mrs. Gennett locks the door of the boudoir again, and hobbles down stairs.

Lady Luton thinks herself a very lucky woman indeed, as she walks slowly to her bed-room, half-blinded by the tears with which her eyes are filled. She throws herself down upon the costly satin coverlet of her bed, and sheds the bitterest tears her young life has yet called forth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Poor Susie lies awake all night, and is such a picture of pallid woe in the morning that Lord Luton is alarmed by the idea that she must be ill. He urges her to go out into the country, and get fresh air. She catches up her hat, and wanders away into the woods that encircle Lutonstowe. It is a lovely spring morning—balmy enough to tempt any one out into the pale, pure sunshine.

At last her sad thoughts seem to communicate their weakness to her limbs, and, feeling she can go no further, she sinks down at the foot of a giant oak, and begins to cry. Poor little Susie, she is but a baby yet in some things, and she is bitterly disappointed. And so she cries without restraint, though not quite so privately as she imagines. For in a few minutes she hears a very soft and kind voice asking her the reason of her grief, and, starting to her feet, finds herself confronted by two ladies, who are standing by the tree. One is a very old woman, with silvery white hair, and a wrinkled face; the other, on whose arm she leans, is younger, though near middle age, and she looks as gentle as her friend. Susie is drawn toward them instantly, and wishes she could tell them of her trouble. The ladies look startled as she lifts her lovely face to theirs. They have seldom seen any one so perfectly pretty and innocent-looking before.

"Dear child," says the older lady, in a sympathetic tone, "what is the matter with you? Have you lost anything, or done anything wrong? Your sobs went to my heart."

"You are very kind, madam," replies Susie, catching her breath, "and it is very foolish of me to break down like this in a public place, but I am rather unhappy—that is all."

"Is it nothing in which we can help you?"

"Oh, no, madam, indeed," says Susie, blushing crimson. "You see," she continues, glancing down at her dress, which is richly trimmed with fur, "I have everything I could desire, and this pain," pressing her hand upon her poor little heart, "is something in which no one can share."

"Except God," replies the old lady gravely; and then noticing the ungloved hand which Susie has raised to her breast, she says: "Is it possible that you are a married woman at your age?"

"Yes; I am married. I have been married eight months," replies Susie, as the tears well up again into her swollen eyes.

"You are very young to have taken such a responsibility upon yourself, my dear," says the old lady. "I have no right even to wish to know the reason of your tears, but I may hope that they have no serious cause to flow."

"I think it is a serious cause, and I have no objection to telling it to you, though I dare say you will call me very silly," says Susie, hoping in her heart of hearts that she will say so; "but the fact is, my husband has been married before, and I fancy he thinks a great deal more of his first wife than he does of me."

The ladies smile. It seems absurd that any man could fail to appreciate such a beautiful specimen of young womanhood as stands before them.

"Oh! my dear, that is indeed silly!" exclaims the former speaker. "Many wives have doubtless thought the same before you, but it is a great error. For the love and remembrance that a man holds for the dead are so different from those he offers to the living, that they cannot be compared. Besides which, it is a sacred duty to remember those who have gone before us. Your husband would not be a good man if he did not do so."

"But she is not dead!" cries Susie, in her anxiety to defend her own conduct.

"Not dead?" inquire the ladies simultaneously.

"No! I wouldn't mind so much if she was dead—but she left him and he divorced her. But he is always thinking of her, though he never says anything, and it makes me wretched. But why should I tell you all this?" the girl continues, wildly; "what would Philip say if he knew I had spoken of him in this way to a stranger? Oh, I pray, pray forget it all. I think I must have been out of my mind to say so much."

The ladies regard each other significantly. Then the elder one speaks again, in a low, sweet voice.

"My dear young lady; do not regret having placed your confidence in me. I assure you I shall respect it, and all the more than I think I can guess who you are, and can say that I am your husband's friend."

"Do you know my Philip?" cries Susie, with sparkling eyes.

"I know Lord Luton, if he is (as I guess) your Philip, but I did not know that he had won so innocent and unsophisticated a little wife for himself. I did not even know that he had returned to Lutonstowe. Take heart, Lady Luton. The memory of that bad woman can never be allowed to embitter your life. Philip—I mean Lord Luton—however careless he may be—could never prove as unworthy of you as that. She was essentially a bad woman, who made him unhappy in every possible way, and if he remembers her, it can only be with scorn and loathing. And now you must do me a favor in your turn. Do not mention our meeting to your husband. We have not met for years. And may heaven bless you, my dear, and make your way straight and plain before you! Good-by."

The ladies turn to leave as she speaks, but Susie detains them.

"Shall I not see you again, madam? You have spoken so kindly to me. I should so much like to see you again."

"Poor child! Are you beginning already to be dependent for sympathy on strangers? I cannot tell you if we shall meet again. My daughter sometimes brings me on fine days to this wood. If it should happen you are here also, we may see each other. But I cannot go to Lutonstowe. Lord Luton has gathered friends around him of late years, such as I can neither countenance nor associate with, and it has broken up our intimacy. But chance may yet bring you and me together again."

So saying the mysterious old lady saunters slowly away, leaning on her daughter's arm, while Susie turns in the opposite direction, and proceeds home.

As soon as the strangers are out of earshot, the younger says to the elder:

"Well, mother! are you not surprised? If this is Philip's wife, how wonderfully we have been deceived! Did not Lady Mountwarren tell you he had married an actress of thirty, who murdered English, and painted to the eyes?"

"She did, Margaret, but allowing for a little fashionable exaggeration, her account was nothing out of the way. But if I am surprised, my dear, I am still more delighted. I never met a more winning young creature in my life. She appears to be simplicity itself, and if she cannot charm my poor Philip back to a better life I shall think he is lost indeed."

CHAPTER XIX.

Meanwhile the good advice given to her by the ladies in the wood does not influence Susie very long. At first she is inclined to think that she has been foolish and apt to exaggerate her grievances, but a return to Lutonstowe and the presence of her husband brings back all her fears with redoubled force.

Lord Luton finds Susie, just at the wane of an April afternoon, sitting listlessly on the hearthrug, with her hands clasped upon her knee.

"Why, how is this, my darling?" he exclaims, as he takes a seat beside her. "They tell me you are ill. Do you feel any pain or weakness, Susie? Is there anything really the matter with you?"

"If you loved me," cries the girl with a sob, "I could be happy anywhere, but when I know that your thoughts are all given to others, I feel as if I should go mad or die."

"Susie," says Lord Luton gravely, "I can only answer that you are laboring under some great mistake. How are my thoughts given to others? Have I not lavished on you as much love as it is in my nature to give a woman? Have I not endowed you with all that I possess? I call heaven to witness that there is not a thing which it is in my power to give you which should not be yours for the asking."

"Prove it to me, then," cries the excited girl, springing to her feet. "Prove the words you have just called heaven to witness. Give me the picture of yourself that hangs in the octagon boudoir."

At this request Lord Luton rises as hastily as herself. He looks as though he were dazed by the knowledge she evinces.

"What!" he exclaims, wonderingly, "what is it you say? The picture in the octagon boudoir! Who has dared to take you into that boudoir or show you that picture?"

"I have dared," she answers, defiantly. "Am I not Lady Luton, and the mistress of this house? Who is to order where I am to go or not to go?"

"I will," says her husband firmly. "You are the mistress of this house, but I am the master of the mistress, and I forbid you entering a room which I have ordered to be kept locked up."

"Then I have entered it, and you cannot undo what I have done. You said just now, Luton, that there was not a thing which it was in your power to give me which should not be mine for the asking. Well, I ask you for that picture! I want it for my own. Will you give it to me?"

"I will not," he answers, shaking his head. "If you want a portrait of me, I will have another painted, twice as good, if it so pleases you; but I will not give you that one. I have my own reasons for not giving it to you."

"What are they?"

"I cannot tell you."

"But I can tell you," replies the girl, with eyes that flash fire upon him. "It is because you had that portrait painted for her, the false, wicked woman, who betrayed your love and your name and your honor. It is because you keep everything that belonged to her locked up in that very room, and will allow no other hands to touch them but your own. It is because you love the very memory of the wife who thought so little of you or your presents that she left them all for the sake of a man she had only known a month. And that is what you call your love for me! You ought to have been ashamed to offer any honest woman the dregs of such a heart. I will not forgive you," she cries, shrilly; "I will never forgive you for taking me away from my father and my profession, and everything I loved, for such a fate as this. To be the substitute for a wretched woman who was not fit to sit in the same room with me! To serve as a distraction from your thoughts of her! To be your wife, nothing more, while she still reigns in your heart, and claims your remembrance and regret! Oh, I hate you for it!—I hate you for it!"

And with this assertion on her lips, Lady Luton rushes from the room, leaving her husband half paralyzed by the vehemence of her reproaches and her rage.

Susie, scarcely conscious of the terrible breach her behavior will make between them, blunders blindly upstairs, with the intention of seeking her own room. But at the first turning of the broad, low staircase she is confronted by an apparition that almost stops her breath. The woman once more stands before her, and, to Susie's indignation, has apparently issued from her own sleeping-chamber. There is no mistaking her visitant. She has come in the same white dress, clinging about her lissom figure; her dark, curling hair clusters over her brow; her pallid face looks corpse-like in the gloaming; and her dark eyes burn like lurid fires, while on her silent but expressive lips hover the same words as before: "He is mine! He is mine!" But after the interview that had just passed between Lord Luton and herself, Susie is in no mood to take an insult quietly. All she feels is, that this woman, who has been the cause of their quarrel—this disgraced and dishonored wife, who still occupies his thoughts, and has ousted her—the lawful occupant—from his heart, has dared to enter the house which is hers—hers by right and law—and that, at all costs, she shall be ejected.

She gives a scream as she first encounters her rival—a scream that brings Lord Luton, anxiously listening, to the open door of the drawing-room; and then she advances upon her boldly, but with the courage of desperation.

"How dare you come here?" she exclaims loudly; "you bad, insolent woman. You may occupy my husband's heart if you will, but while I am his wife, you shall never occupy his house."

But still the silent figure gazes at her and whispers with knitted brows: "He is mine!"

"He is not!" cries Susie, fiercely; "he is mine by every law of heaven and earth, and if you attempt to cross my path to seek him, I will strike you to the ground."

"Susie! Susie! for heaven's sake, to whom are you speaking?" exclaims Lord Luton, forgetting everything in his astonishment as he rushes up the staircase after her.

"To whom am I speaking?" she replies; "to the creature who was your wife. To the woman who has dared, now for the third time, to intrude herself upon my presence. For your sake—to spare your feelings—I have not told you this before. But she thrust herself into my room at Scarborough, and again in London, and now she has presumed to come to Lutonstowe. But I will bear it no longer. Either she leaves this house for ever, or I do."

"Susie! what can you mean? You are dreaming! Of whom do you speak?" says Philip, as he tries to detain the excited girl in his arms.

But as he reaches the landing the figure moves slowly backward into the room from which it emerged—into Lady Luton's bed-chamber, and the sight drives Susie wild.

"Let me go!" she gasps, struggling in her husband's arms; "let me go, Philip! If you permit her to enter that room, I will never sleep in it more. How dare she? How dare she? And you can stand by and see her do it? Oh! you are as bad as herself. But I will meet her face to face, and turn her from the doors with my own hands."

Lord Luton is now seriously alarmed. He really believes that his wife has contracted some distemper, and is delirious with disease. And so, though he holds her all the tighter in his arms, he tries to soothe her into a calmer state of mind.

"My dear, you are dreaming! I do not know of whom you speak!"

"It is not true. I have told you already I speak of the woman who was your wife, and who haunts me wherever I go. You must have seen her standing on the landing in her white dress, with her dark, curly hair hanging over her pale face, and her black eyes glowing like balls of fire. You saw her—I know you did; and it is you who have brought her here."

"Dark curly hair—pale face—eyes like balls of fire," repeats Lord Luton, who, believing that Susie has never even seen a photograph of her predecessor, is staggered by the accurate description; "who can have told you this?"

"I tell you I have seen her, more than once," replies the girl, with a stamp of the foot, "and that she is in that room now! Loose me, will you, and let me go?"

Then he does loose her, without further comment, but it is to rush past her into the chamber she has indicated to him, calling, in an agitated voice:

"Magdalena!"

As he slams the door after him, Susie, gazing for a moment at the place where he has disappeared, with eyes that look as if the yeould not compass their misfortune, gives a low cry of misery and disappointment, and runs rapidly downstairs in an opposite direction.

(To be continued.)

A Sell.

A neat "sell" is described in Mr. Barnum's autobiography. He was staying at a certain hotel, when one of the group of men who were chatting together proposed that they should have a race to a fence some hundred yards away, and that the last man who touched it should undergo a penalty not wholly unconnected with the purchase of champagne.

Barnum declared that he could not run, he carried too much weight, and was not in training; but a much more ponderous old gentleman declared that he would try, and Barnum therefore consented also, thinking that at any rate he could beat the "nineteen stunner."

They made a fair start, and Barnum was astonished to find himself leading, in spite of weight and bad condition. He continued to make play a length ahead, and suddenly the peculiarity of the fact that he should be beating young and active men flashed upon him.

There must, be felt, be a trick somewhere; so, on reaching the rail, instead of touching it, he turned round and watched his various rivals in the race. No one else, however, touched the rail, and then the wily showman saw through the catch.

If he had touched it, he would have been "the last man" to do so, as none of the rest would have put a hand upon it on any account.

Bismarck Gained His Point.

A most dramatic incident is connected with the visit of Jules Favre to Bismarck to treat for an armistice. After some discussion, in which Favre adhered to the principle, "not an inch of our soil, not a stone of our fortresses," Bismarck said: "It is useless to discuss further. My time is precious. Moreover, you have come too late. There behind that door is a delegate of the Emperor Napoleon the Third, and I am about to negotiate with him." Favre became immediately panic stricken. Whereupon Bismarck followed up his advantage, still keeping his eye on the door (which was probably a cupboard), and with such effect that when he finally arose and put his hand on the knob, Favre sprang to his feet. "No; do not!" he implored; "have all you ask, but do not impose on France, after all her misfortune, the necessity of being obliged to endure a Bonaparte." And Bismarck's point was gained.

A Traveler's Luck.

A Northern man traveling through Missouri on horseback arrived at the bank of a river. There was no way to cross it except by swimming; so, dismounting, he tied his clothes to the horse and drove him into the river, swimming after him. Reaching the other side, he dressed and continued on his way. Before going twenty feet, however, he came to the forks of the road and looked around for a sign. There was none; but just across the river, near the spot he had entered to swim across, he saw a board nailed on a tree. There was nothing to do but to get in and swim across again, and read that sign. He swam across, and, after climbing up the bank, he read the following notice: "Five dollars fine for crossing this bridge faster than a walk."

Left the Issue to Providence.

Israel Zangwill relates that when the notorious Lueger, whose platform was the extinction of the Jews of Vienna, was up for election as burgomaster, a poor Jew took a bribe of a couple of florins to vote for him. "God will frustrate him," said the pious Jew; "meantime I have his money."