

DEATH OF ENGHJEN.

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.

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 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."

Little Martha Flays Detective. Little Martha Flynn of Chicago, 7 years old, is probably the youngest detective on record.

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.

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.

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."

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.

"His whole attire gave him a most distinguished and gentlemanly appearance." "Oh! bursted Marguerite, terrified." "To solicit in the name of the German Republic, the annexation of his native city to France."

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.

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.

What Is an Edition? London Graphic: What is an edition? Does it consist of 1,000 volumes or of 500 or fifty or five?

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—Fuzzio the Frenchman.

The lines beginning: "'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas 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.

high born lady—the "grande dame." Yet 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.

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.

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:

NEWSY TRIFLES. The British Isles comprise 1,000 separate islands and islets, without counting the jutting rocks or isolated pinnacles.

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.

NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT EVANSTON. The 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, has aroused much enthusiasm in that city.

A WILFUL PRINCESS.

SHE COPIED THE MANNERS OF THE MUSIC HALLS.

A 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.

Notwithstanding all her follies, the Princess Metternich was far from being silly; on the contrary, she had considerable wit and great sharpness of repartee.

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, and led the way to a liberty of speech and liberty of action which were unknown before.

On another occasion at Compeigne, in the presence of the Empress, on a rainy day which had brought some dullness into the circle, the Princess Metternich, by way of diversion, suddenly seized one of the ladies in waiting, tripped her up in school-boy fashion, and laid her flat on her back, prostrate on the floor.

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

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.

There is a popular impression that a French cook could make a delicious soup out of an ordinary billiard ball. Those to whom pears are a fatal fruit seem to increase. Therefore, look not upon the Bartlett when it is granite.

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 in a big hurry entered.

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

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.

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."

Apples at a Catskill hotel are described as having a "hardwood finish," that is to say, a crust apparently made of the real Georgia pine.

ONLY HALF YANKEES.

Michigan-ers, According to the Devery Are Not the True Blood.

"I was on the losing side during the late war," said Roger Blackenship to a party of vets who were fighting their battles o'er again in the corridors of the Southern. "I belonged to a Mississippi regiment, and the last other's son of us expected to return home with at least a dozen yankee scalps dangling at his belt.

"Just before Grant invested Donelson we encountered a scouting party of Michigan-ers. They numbered only about forty, and the colonel took the company to which I belonged and attempted to head them off. They made a hasty scamper for a brush field that was surrounded by a rail fence, and we broke ranks and lit out after them in go-as-you-please order.

"The colonel was the first man back to camp. Half his left ear had been shot away and he had an ugly saber gash in his shoulder. I helped the surgeon fix him up, and after we had made him comfortable he turned to the major, who is also an editor, and said solemnly: 'Yer've been a-tellin' us in yer darned old paper that the yankees wouldn't fight. Dodrat yer measley hide, what do yer call fightin'?' The major replied that those men were westerners, only half yankees. 'Only half yankees!' snorted the colonel. 'Dumme if I ain't goin' home! If them's only half yankees, I'll just be darned if I'm goin' to tackle any whole ones.'—Ex.

Dereliction of the New Woman.

"Laura," said the husband of the emancipated woman sternly. "What is it, dear?" asked the latter in a conciliatory manner, for she saw that trouble was coming.

"Laura, in the last three weeks I have given you three letters to mail, addressed to dear papa. What have you done with them?"

"Mailed them, of course," replied the wretched woman, in a determination to bluff it out if possible.

"Laura," the husband went on, "that is not true. I received a letter from papa to-day in which he says he has not heard from me in a month, and anxiously asking if anything is the matter. Now you have got those letters somewhere about your clothes if you haven't lost them. I know just as well as I know that I am standing here that you never mailed those letters. Now go through your pockets and see if you haven't got them."

The emancipated woman commenced to look through her pockets and soon turned out the missing letters, which she laid on the table, with the remark, "Well, I could have sworn that I put those letters in the letter-box at the corner."

Immersed in hot water before bitten, the race track restaurant sandwich lessens the necessity of going direct from that place to the nearest dentist.

GASTRONOMICAL HINTS.

In the early autumn the bon vivants' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of game.