

# THE WAY OF THE WORLD.



A. E. TROY

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Patterson was now evidently non-plussed. Every point he could make was being turned against him, and he was almost in despair. Biting once again to the encounter with his old mesnate and friend, he formed courage to ask:

"Do you remember the remark you made when you took the gift?"

"I do; it is fresh in my mind as though the occurrence were but yesterday, and I am not ashamed to repeat it to you, Charles Manning. I said—"

"Stop, Captain Bodfish," cried Patterson. "Stop, I did not ask you what you said."

"Go on young man. I rather like your style of questioning. Again I say, I will listen," responded Capt. Bodfish.

"Was there any other person present who heard what you said?" asked Patterson.

"No, we were in the wilderness, several miles from the village, and we were all alone that day."

"Could Charles Manning have heard that remark?"

Looking confused and seemingly more interested in the conversation than Louis himself, he said, "It was impossible."

"I will tell you what that remark was. You said, 'Look out for yourself, Louis, or that Indian maiden will steal your ears, and Charles Manning will cut your throat and steal your diamonds.'"

Capt. Bodfish stood there immovable as a statue. His face grew pale, then the rush of blood made his cheeks flush and crimson. He was in deep thought, resolving in his mind whether there was any possible way that Charles Manning could have known what he said at that time by him to Louis Patterson. The captain had himself admitted it was impossible.

Through a lingering doubt perplexed him and blinded him for a moment, as to the course he ought to pursue, he reached for Louis' hand, shook it cordially, and, almost sobbing, remarked:

"Young man, whether you are Louis Patterson or Charles Manning, be he dead, or be you him, I will befriend you now to the extent of my power."

CHAPTER XXI.  
NOT YET DECIDED.

The captain learned that the grand jury was in session, and that Louis' case had already been considered in that peculiar American star chamber, where men are convicted first and tried afterward, and a true bill found against Louis for stealing, in the night time, property valued at \$7,000.

A lawyer was employed to defend Patterson. At the trial, which came off immediately, the same positive evidence was introduced as was given before the magistrate, and the jury retired, and in less than ten minutes brought in a verdict of guilty, and the judge sentenced the prisoner to a term of five years in the penitentiary at Sing Sing.

Louis has caused dispatches to be sent to his mother and two or three prominent neighbors at Sandy Lake, asking them to come immediately to his assistance, and as no answers were received, both lawyer and captain had their faith in the young man's innocence somewhat weakened. The lawyer, however, proposed to unearth what he was beginning to believe was a conspiracy, let the cost be what it might. Notwithstanding all the circumstances of guilt, Capt. Bodfish was sorely perplexed and troubled. If this young man is really Louis Patterson he is innocent. There could be no question in the captain's mind upon the soundness of this conclusion. If he were Charles Manning, then, no doubt, he was justly convicted.

The captain, as he reflected upon the circumstances referred to by his questions, became more and more convinced that he was no impostor, but was Louis Patterson.

Ranning over in his mind how best to unravel this mystery, the Captain was interrupted by a boisterous tap on his office door. He invited the visitor to walk in. It proved to be a policeman who solicited an interview upon the subject that was uppermost in the captain's thoughts. Bidding him proceed, the officer without ceremony began at once to impart the following important information to his host.

"You apprehend in court to-day as the friend of a prisoner charged with stealing diamonds and other precious stones."

"I was present at the trial and heard all the evidence. The faces of the two witnesses who testified against the young man seemed familiar to me. When they retired from the court room I followed them. One bought a ticket for a Western town. I did not dare to detain him because in my disguise I was afraid he was not my man. His pal, who represented himself to be the steamer's detective, I arrested as soon as the train started, and upon removing his disguise, I recognized him as a successful confidence man, whom I had seen on the streets nearly every day for a month, and hence he could not have been on the steamer City of Rome on its last trip to New York, as that arrived on Monday of this week."

"I searched him, and found upon his person what I should think was the steamer's ticket, the property which he had been charged with stealing. His pal was changed with stealing. I was then arrested by the Captain and taken to the station. I learned that the steamer had been informed by

your friend that there were three passengers on board the steamer, who had traveled with him from Glasgow to Liverpool, that they had been found and had visited the prisoner in his cell; had recognized him as their traveling companion, and would testify that while in Glasgow the prisoner had exhibited to them the identical diamonds he was charged with stealing, and had asked their advice as to whether London or New York would be the best place to dispose of them."

The captain listened with the most eager attention.

He was now aroused and in earnest. There was no longer any doubt of Louis Patterson's identity. Calling a lawyer's office, a hasty conference was held. It was resolved to make application to the Governor for a pardon for young Patterson, and to this end the confidence man who had signified his willingness to make a clean breast of the whole transaction so far as he knew the facts, and the two fellow-travelers, both of whom were reputable citizens residing in the city, were taken before the Executive, who heard the proof of the young man's innocence, and after carefully examining the records of the case, and sending for the District Attorney, who had appeared in the trial for the State, promised to decide on the application on the morrow. The evidence was so clear that it was had been made the victim of a conspiracy to rob him, that the Governor did not hesitate to grant the pardon.

Captain Bodfish, overcome with joy, rushed to the jail and thrusting the pardon in Henry's face, threw his arms round his neck, and wept like a child. The jewels found on the confidence man were ordered restored to Louis. These, with the exception of two or three of the choicest ones, he disposed of for cash, and first sending two messages, one to his mother and another to Mary announcing his intention to leave New York that night for Sandy Lake, he purchased a ticket, bade the Captain a most affectionate good-bye, and was once again homeward bound.

CHAPTER XXII.  
SHALL THE IMPOSTOR SUCCEED.

On the afternoon of the second day after leaving New York, Louis reached the junction where he was to change cars for Sandy Lake. Much to his disappointment, he found the train he should take was four hours late, so he seated himself in the depot to pass away the time as best he might. The newsboys were crying the morning papers, published in a neighboring city, and he bought one.

Running over its columns to find something of interest, his eye was attracted to the headlines, "Romantic Marriage." A glance at the text of the article and instantly his mind grasped the extraordinary intelligence that at 6 o'clock, near the village of Sandy Lake, Louis Patterson would wed Mary Nordrum.

For a moment the building, the cars, the people passed before his vision in a circle and like lightning. He may have swooned. It was but for a moment. The bystanders opened the windows, unloosed his garments and he immediately recovered his consciousness. Upon reviving it took him but a second to comprehend the entire situation. It passed before him like a swift moving panorama, and he recognized all the characters.

In the foreground was Charles Manning, a hideous impostor, who had made use of the story of Henry's life and Henry's love, and with Mary's picture and likeness of the two men, had played a game so damnable as to make angels weep, and had won. Great God! had won! Won his Mary!

He cared not to look again to see the other parties of this terrible picture. He knew the next to appear would be Mary Nordrum. And he knew that she was innocent. In his whole soul there was not a breath of censure against that pure creature. Though she might keep step in the shadow of a demon, she was spotless. But ring down the curtain.

Moments may be ages if not turned to the proper account.

His first impulse was to telegraph to his neighbors, to anybody, everybody he ever knew, and tell all to stop the marriage ceremony. But he remembered that not a dispatch or letter he had sent to his home had been answered. The villain was intercepting letters and messages, and it were folly to expect to accomplish any thing by the telegraph.

He asked for assistance. Half a dozen bystanders responded. They see he is in deep trouble.

"One of you go for the Superintendent of this road and bring him here—go quick, quick, quick. I have not the strength at this moment to walk. I will be strong soon."

"In a few moments Col. Mason the Superintendent, came in. Henry feels that everything now depends upon his ability to compose himself and explain the situation. Railroads don't listen to mad men. With the newspaper in his hand he coolly commences to read the article to the astonished Superintendent. It is full of the strangest romance, for it relates in detail the kidnapping, the voyage to India, the shipwreck, the return, the marriage, to take place on the lawn at the bride's home, the invitations had been given out to several hundred people and that the afternoon—that afternoon—would be a gay holiday for the farmers for miles around.

The reading finished, the Superintendent looked at Henry in bewildered amazement and awaited an explanation.

"Mr. Superintendent may God strike me dead if I don't tell the truth. I am Louis Patterson and a villain that murdered me, and thought he had murdered my Mary at 6 o'clock! Merciful heaven! it is now 3 o'clock, and Louis Patterson is to marry Mary Nordrum at 6 o'clock and Louis Patterson himself is 115 miles away! Mr. Mason I must have a locomotive to take me to Sandy Lake before 6 o'clock, and here is the money to pay for it. Take from this roll of bills, what ever amount you think right."

The spectators shouted approval of this demand. The excitement was at fever pitch, the least of the excited ones was Col. Mason himself. He quickly determined that he would comply with the young man's request, for a special, and giving an order to one of his assistants, he declared he would pull Louis Patterson into Sandy Lake station before 6 o'clock, come what might, and let the consequences be what they would.

All his orders were quickly responded to. He would have the locomotive ready first and immediately, and trust to luck to get his orders from headquarters before starting.

The track was ordered cleared of all trains; the locomotive came puffing in excellent trim, with plenty of water, plenty of fuel, and ready for the race.

Louis climbed into the cab and sat down in the engineer's seat, and the superintendent who had proposed to make one of the party took a seat in front of the fireman.

Just then the train-dispatcher came forward with the order from the general office, and the superintendent giving the signal, at 3:30, the locomotive responded to the open throttle, and fairly trembled, and shook its great big iron sides as it gave a lunge ahead, and amid the deafening cheers of the crowd, it got right down to work, that made the engineer proud of his noble steed.

The mile posts were passed as though they were telegraph poles. Screeching like made through the villages, fairly leaping over switches, shaking, roaring, puffing, whirling over bridges, through fields and forests, faster and faster, a steady sturdy hand at the lever, stout and sinewy arms at the furnace, watchful eyes gazing eagerly beyond the smokestack and scanning the track to see if all were clear, and faithful, obedient and trusty locomotive bent down to its duty and performed its duty as though it were a living, breathing being and comprehended fully the responsibility trusted to it.

Henry spoke not a word.

His whole being kept pace with the engine, in its nervous tremor and apparent agitation. In fact no one uttered a syllable, except the superintendent, who, with his watch in his hand, at intervals called out the time, the speed, and the distance run.

Fifteen miles, twenty minutes! Twenty-five miles, thirty minutes! Forty-five miles, forty-eight minutes! Sixty miles, sixty-one minutes!

The superintendent was now as excited as the engine itself. Louis sat there as though he were out of stone. The engineer and fireman were as happy as though they owned the road. Fifty-five miles more and eighty-nine minutes to make it in.

The track passed the Nordrum farm within sixty rods of the house. So there would be no delay in getting from the station to the lawn, where the marriage ceremony was to take place.

Seventy miles in seventy-two minutes—losing a little Mr. Fireman, can't you throw in an extra lump or two of those choice pieces there at your feet? Saving them for the last? Save nothing. Crowd on all the fuel she will take. Open the throttle a little if possible, Mr. Engineer. Can't do it? No matter, she is behaving beautifully. What a splendid creature!

Now she just flies. The last five miles was made in four minutes. Ninety miles in a few seconds less than ninety minutes. Twenty-five miles more and a full hour to go on. Will make it in time with half an hour to spare.

Don't move a finger there to reduce her speed, Mr. Engineer. Let her do all she can. Take no risks. Better have the time to spare at the end of the run than on the road.

A mile a minute is now the pace, and she is buckling down to that speed with ease. Heaven's don't she round that curve handsomely?

The engineer sees something ahead that alarms him. Is it a puff of smoke? He stretches his neck out of the cab window as far as possible, strains his eyes, hastily draws back, clutches the lever with both hands, ready to close the throttle on a moment's warning.

Another second and the steam is shut off, the engine reversed, the brakes applied, the noble steed lothly lessens its speed, and, turning an abrupt curve, comes to a dead stop and within three or four feet of a bridge whose timbers are smoking from an explosion of gunpowder, which some miscreant had applied, no doubt, in order to prevent the engine from reaching Sandy Lake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Small Fortune Between the Cracks

A cigar dealer was recently compelled to move from his down-town stand, which he had occupied for thirty-five years, because of the demolition of the old building.

He packed his belongings with many a sigh of regret. When he had got his things all out he turned to the workmen, who were waiting to begin tearing down the building, and remarked in a rather sarcastic tone:—

"Well, boys, you may have all you find in this old trap."

The workmen began on the old floor, which had been worn into olden days by age. It had not been replaced since it was originally laid.

One of the men ripped up a board with his crowbar, raising a cloud of dust. When he got it out of his eyes he saw something shiny in the crack.

He picked it up and it proved to be a dime. Further investigation revealed the fact that the crack was lined with silver.

This was an incentive to the workmen. They pried their crowbars with remarkable energy for men poorly paid. In this instance they were amply rewarded.

In every crack of the floor silver dimes were found. Some of them bore dates of nearly half a century ago. The men gathered the coin in handfuls.

The cigar dealer in speaking of the occurrence, said that he hadn't the slightest idea that so much money could be lost through carelessness and a poor floor, even in thirty-five years.

"But it won't happen again," he added. "When I heard of it I immediately gave orders to have my new set of floors with hard wood and no cracks, at my own expense."—E. V. Herald.

## FATHER'S VOICE.

Only dreaming—nothing more—  
I was back, so many years,  
Hearing sheep as when the war  
Filled the land with blood and tears.

Just a little boy again,  
Chasing sheep with brother John—  
Both of us are grown up now,  
And the years creep on and on.

But I dreamt with strange delight  
Of the scenes of long ago,  
There the woodland to my right,  
There the cherry grove below.

There the schoolhouse by the lane,  
Where I learned my A B C's,  
There the clearing where the grain  
Nodded to the summer breeze.

There the happy childhood home,  
There the sheep-ahed long and wide,  
There the creek that let its foam  
Gust the rocks on either side.

In my dream I saw it all,  
Lived my childhood years in one,  
Heard the voice of father call,  
"It is daylight—come, my son!"

Over his grave the rain and snow  
Many years have fallen deep,  
And I only see him now—  
Only hear him in my sleep.

And the old house does not seem  
As it did in other years in one,  
Only when I sleep and dream  
Dreams of joy and wake in tears.

When upon the bed of death  
I, at last, am called to lie,  
And my slowly ebbing breath  
Comes with a labored sob and sigh.

I can in my pain rejoice  
That my last day's work is done  
If I hear my father's voice—  
"It is daylight—come, my son!"

—Chicago Tribune.

## TREASURE TROVE.

"I dreamed that last night, Jack," said old skipper Maxwell, resting his oar a bit to draw his sleeve across his weather-beaten face, which was moist with perspiration.

"Don't doubt it a bit, Uncle Sol," laughed Jack Belchers, who sat in the stern sheets of the Whitehall boat, sandpapering some mackerel fljes to a proper degree of brightness.

"Oh, you can laugh," responded the old fisherman locally known in Barmouth as Uncle Sol; "but there's more in dreams than folks think for, and everybody in Barmouth knows that Captain Kidd hid more than one chest full of gold along on this here shore."

"I know some people say so," returned Jack, lightly.

But Uncle Sol, unheeding the words, resumed his rowing and went on:—

"If you and I, now, could only be so lucky as to find it, Jack, think of the good the money would do us! I wouldn't have to fish for a living, and you could go ahead and finish your schooling just the same as though 'Squire Belchers had left you his property, as folks always calculated he would do."

Jack's face clouded a little.

"I never shall understand why my adopted father did not make a will before he died; for he spoke of doing so very freely the last time I was home on my vacation," he said.

"You don't suppose, Jack," said the old skipper, involuntarily lowering his voice, "that 'Squire Belchers might have made one after all, and that scaly brother of his—Lawyer Belchers—got hold of it and hid it away?"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Jack, rather sharply. "Lawyer Belchers is too shrewd to commit a crime that would send him to State Prison, no, that sort of thing is done in stories a great deal oftener than in real life."

"I'd believe anything bad of Thurston Belchers, or of his son either," the skipper returned persistently. "Remember how mad folks said he was when the Squire took you home after your pa and ma was lost at sea, and made no bones of telling here in Barmouth how he calculated to adopt you, which he finally did?"

"Yes, I remember hearing something about it," was the careless reply.

The boat having reached its destination just outside the harbor mouth, Skipper Maxwell drew in his oars and dropped the killock. A bucketful of chopped clams was used as bait, and very soon they were fingered a line in either hand, one at the bow and the other at the stern, awaiting a bite.

"There they be," muttered Uncle Sol dropping one line and pulling the other with the swift hand over hand motion peculiar to the mackerel catcher.

"Me too," exclaimed Jack, and for a few moments the fishermen were busy enough pulling in mackerel as fast as their hands could fly.

"Struck off again," observed the skipper, as once more the lines trended downward through the intense green-black water. "There's the Spray bearing down on us," he added.

Jack frowned involuntarily.

The Spray was the staunchest and handsomest boat in Barmouth harbor. Squire Belchers had her built for his adopted son only three years before. But after his death no will was found; so his brother Thurston, the next of kin, took letters of administration, and coolly hinted to Jack that his room in the great old-fashioned house, so long his home, was better than his company.

ing the swiftly approaching boat, in which was a gay party, that called the quick frown to Jack's face.

"He's trying to show off his boat sailing," said the skipper, contemptuously, as at the sight of the small boat, Brad hauled his wind and headed direct y for them.

"Say, you two fellows, got any fish to sell?" shouted Brad, in his most patronizing tone and manner as soon as the Spray came within hail of them.

Jack bit his lip without replying. Suddenly old Maxwell sprang to his feet.

"Luff—luff, you thundering fool—do you want to run us down?" he roared.

But the warning came too late. The catboat's sharp stem crashed through the side of the smaller skiff, whose occupants managed to scramble aboard the Spray, amid a chorus of screams from the young ladies of the party.

"I'll be even with you yet for sinking my boat, young fellow," wrathfully exclaimed Uncle Sol, turning to Brad, who looked rather ashamed for a moment.

"Why didn't you keep your old boat out of the way?" growled Brad.

Jack's eyes flashed with indignation, but nothing more was said or done till the Spray arrived at the wharf.

The loss of his boat was a serious matter for Uncle Sol. And it was in vain that he applied to Brad's father for redress. Mr. Belchers would not even listen to him.

"Now's the time some of Cap'n Kidd's buried gold would come in handy, eh, Jack?" remarked the old man, ruefully, on the following evening, as the two sat in the little porch in front of the house, looking out over the harbor and the sea, which were bathed in the sheen of moonlight.

"Some of the old squire's would, too," remarked Jack, who was feeling very heavy hearted.

It was not alone the loss of the fortune which should have been his. He had felt a deep affection for eccentric Squire Belchers, and thurt Jack more to be cared to own that his adopted father had left no word or message even to show that he returned his regard.

Uncle Sol made no answer. Like many of his kind he was inclined to superstition. It was the full of the moon, and according to an old legend it was at such a time that the marks on Kidd's Leage, locating the place where a pot of gold was buried, was visible.

The skipper was thinking of this, as making some careless excuse, he rose and strolling down to the shore took his way among the shadows of the beetling ledges, leaving Jack plunged in gloomy meditations.

Just before reaching Kidd's Leage, which was said to be marked by three crosses cut in the stone, a murmur of voices reached his ear. Stopping and crouching low in the shadow of a great boulder, Uncle Sol peered cautiously out. Two persons, whose backs were toward him, were bending over the sand at the foot of Kidd's Leage—apparently digging with all their might at the base of the rock.

"By the big horn spoon! somebody's found the place where the treasure's buried and is digging for it," muttered the old skipper, excitedly.

The evening was calm and still, with only the gentle swash of the sea's waves on the beach to break the silence. Hesitating a moment, Uncle Sol stole along to the further side of Kidd's Leage and softly climbed upward till he reached the top. Then worming himself along to the edge he peeped over.

"What possessed you to run such a tremendous risk, Bradford?" were the first intelligible words that reached the skipper's ear.

"No great risk about it," coolly returned the other. "No one knew that Uncle Josh had made a will, and as I happened to find it in the tin trunk with some other papers, I slipped it away and buried it here."

"Why here?" asked Mr. Belchers, who did not seem so much shocked as might have been expected.

"I knew the house would be ransacked, and I didn't want to carry it home," was the surly reply.

The skipper, who had listened with an amazement too deep for words, felt his heart almost stop beating as the whole truth of the matter flashed across his mind.

Dragging himself still further forward, Uncle Sol craned his neck until he could see what was going on below. Brad had disinterred a small square trunk of Japanned tin, which stood open on the sands. His father had taken out one of the papers, and lighting a match was reading the heading.

"Last will and testament of Joshua Belchers, Esquire," he read aloud. "Hum, well I hardly know what to do about this."

It occurred to Uncle Sol that an honest man would know without studying such a question for a moment.

"Burn it of course," tersely responded Brad.

"If I do it will only be to save you from the consequences of what you have done," said his father, solemnly.

"Gammon!" sneered Brad. "You know you are as anxious to hold on to the property as I am. Burn it, I say!"

Mr. Belchers pretended to hesitate. Then, drawing another match from his pocket, he struck it on a rock, and the two stood close together. Uncle Sol opened his mouth to sell, when suddenly he overbalanced himself, and down he went, the yell escaping as he pitched forward. Rolling down the steep and slippery ledge, he struck head on Mr. Belchers' head, and Brad's shoulder, throwing them both to the sands. Neither of them

stopped there. Two more frightened individuals never scrambled from a recumbent position and took to their heels with so much as a glance behind.

"Ye couldn't see 'em for the sand they kicked up behind 'em," huckled Uncle Sol, as ten minutes later he displayed to Jack's astonished eyes the tin trunk containing the missing will and told his story with great gusto.

It is almost needless to say that the recovered will was entirely in Jack's favor. Everything was left to him without reservation, Lawyer Titcomb being appointed a trustee to hold the property till Jack came of age.

"I knew I'd get even with them two critters, only I didn't think it would be so soon," said old Uncle Sol; and now, Jack, don't lose a minute, but hurry up to Lawyer Titcomb's and enter a complaint against them for lacerating a man's will with intent to defraud, or whatever you call it."

"What for?" asked Jack.

"So as to have them both put in State Prison, of course," returned Uncle Sol, with a bewildered stare.

"I'll think about it, Uncle Sol," replied Jack, quietly.

Taking with him the tin trunk, he made his way up to town. But instead of stopping at Lawyer Titcomb's he kept on until he reached the old homestead, where Mr. Belchers and Brad had taken up their abode.

The lawyer and his son, having recovered from their fright, were about to return to the shore, when Jack appeared. At the sight of the trunk the two turned pale as ashes.

"I'll trouble you both to leave my premises," coolly observed Jack. "I happen to have here the will which you, Brad, stole and hid away, and you, Mr. Belchers, intended to burn," turning to the lawyer.

What could be said to such an accusation? Mr. Belchers stammered something about a mistake, and hurriedly departed.

"I suppose now you've got the whip hand you will pay us off in—in our own coin," doggedly remarked Bradford, who had lingered behind his father.

"What do you mean?" asked Jack.

"Why—shove us into State's prison."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," firmly returned Jack. "though you both richly deserve it. No one but Uncle Sol Maxwell and I know what you have done, and I don't intend any one shall."

"You ought to have your revenge on them, Jack," grumbled Uncle Sol, who no longer goes fishing for a living. "You ought to for a fact—it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

"I know one that don't," answered Jack.

"What one is that?"

"The golden rule, said Jack quietly. "Whatever ye would that men should do to you, ye even so to them."—Waverly Magazine.

The Fascination of Precipices.

Chevrenul's well-known experiments with the exploratory pendulum and the diving rod show that, if we represent to ourselves a motion in any direction, the hand will unconsciously realize it and communicate it to the pendulum. The tipping table realizes a movement we are anticipating, through the intervention of a real movement of the hands, of which we are not conscious. Mindreading, by those who divine by taking your hand where you have hidden anything, is a reading of unperceptible motions by which your thought is translated without your being conscious of them, explains Alfred Fouillee in the Popular Science Monthly.

In cases of fascination and vertigo, which are more visible among children than adults, a movement is begun the suspension of which is prevented by a paralysis of the will and it carries us up to suffering and death. The mere thought of vertigo provokes it. The board lying on the ground suggests no thought of a fall when you walk over it; but when it is over a precipice, and the eye takes the measure of the distance to the bottom, the representation of a falling motion becomes intense, and the impulse to fall correspondingly so. Even if you are safe there may still be what is called the attraction of the abyss. The vision of the gulf as a fixed idea, having produced an "excitation" on all your ideas and forces, nothing is left but the figure of the great hole, with the intoxication of the rapid movement that begins in your brain and tends to turn the scales of the mental balance. Temptation is nothing else than the force of an idea and the motive impulse that accompanies it.

Vexatious Regulations.

Since the new police regulation against strangers in France has come into operation, all residents of foreign nationality now in the republic must forthwith register their names and pay a poll tax of from 50 to 60 cents per head of family. Some few millions of francs will thus be scrippled together in the next three months for the benefit of the national exchequer. This will affect every one who has the intention of residing in a hired house or apartment—not of course in hotels—whether in the towns or in the country. Another variety of the new law is directed against misdemeanors. Suppose you disagree with your cabman over the time you have occupied his Jehuistic attention and refuse to pay him more than his legal fare, or what you think to be this, he can bring you before the commissaire de police and should you lose the case, you will be compelled, unless extenuating circumstances are found in your favor, to leave the country forthwith with out option of return.