THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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DISMISSAL.

Once, I'll answer to "Miss"
Back to my "her surnames!"
Go! with the swift white fox
"Madam" and "mistress!"

Do not my dull eyes lie
Spring, walking gloriously?
No, I'll have naught of thee!
Leave! the fountains,

Flash they and sparkle?
So I'll be glad and free!
I will have naught of thee,
Care not too serious.

Why, what is't ailed ye?
Would you still follow me,
Me, who will have naught of thee?
Be not imperious!

Go thy way solemnly,
Stately and soberly;
I will have naught of thee,
Care for thee, pleasant me!

Deep shall thy burial be,
Care, for thou plaguest me!
I will have naught of thee,
Thou're no more dear!

—Sarah Louise Morris.

LADY ANGELA'S LION.

Lady Angela Smythe was filled with a passion for novelty; her tastes were decidedly catholic, and nothing that was original came amiss to her. Therefore it was no marvel to her friends when she fell into raptures about a certain Marchese di San Floriano, who was good looking, possessed an imposing title, and, in addition, could play a little instrument she called a "mandolinetta," sing delightful (and quite incomprehensible) Italian ditties, and make delicious sweetmeats, whereof he was in the habit of sending little packets to his friends.

One hot evening in June her drawing room was specially crowded as a whole constellation of "particular stars" were gathered, and she and her niece, an enthusiastic young lady of two-and-twenty, were extremely busy amongst the guests, introducing and entertaining them. A gentleman with long fair hair and an enormous display of shirt front had just finished a recitation, at which his audience seemed doubtful whether it would be more polite to laugh or to weep, when there was a small stir in the doorway, and Lady Angela extended her hands in greeting to a slight, dark young fellow with a carefully trimmed mustache, who was carrying under his arm a diminutive guitar.

"Ah, marchese," she said, "I feared you would not come; you are so late."

The young man bowed gracefully as he made his excuses, and his hostess, placing her hand on his arm, led him across the room to be introduced to several of her friends. During this process he preserved an admirable gravity, notwithstanding the fact that the execrable French in which she made her introduction was no joke to talents or those of the persons to whom she presented him made her conversation at times irresistibly comic.

"Voila, marquis," she said at length, as she paused in front of a pretty girl in a pale blue dress, who was accompanied by a handsome lady in black velvet, "this young lady has come all the way from Windsor to hear your delightful music."

Agnes Sherard, as the young lady was named, could hardly repress a smile as she murmured a few words in response; and Lady Angela, being called away at the moment, left the marchese to improve the acquaintance. Agnes, however, though a genial girl, with plenty to say, seemed seized with an unaccountable fit of silence, and her cousin, Mrs. Marston, was obliged to take up the conversation until the Italian was summoned to the music room to "give one of his delightful ballads." Here seated on a low divan, with his little guitar slung across his shoulders by a broad, red ribbon, he thrummed a few chords, and sang in a pleasing tenor voice an air with a refrain in it very, very much like the popular "Santa Lucia."

"Agnes, why do you stare at that poor young man so intently, and why did you not speak to him?" inquired Mrs. Marston, under cover of the applause which followed the cessation of the music.

"His face and voice seem familiar to me," replied Agnes. "I cannot help thinking I have seen him before."

"You met him in Rome, perhaps?" queried Mrs. Marston.

"No; I am sure I did not," answered Agnes, and silence ensued, as Miss Smythe, Lady Angela's niece, begged the singer for another ballad.

"The one about the girl at the festa," she said entreatingly.

"I fear I cannot recollect it," was the reply.

"Oh, yes; please do," exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"You can improvise if you do not remember," added Miss Smythe.

The adjured, the marchese began a quaint little air with rapid changes of time and variations of key, and sang in patois the history of one Nimetta, (who lost her parchuse, her diver and finally her love through a series of mischances at a fair.

"I wish I could remember where I have seen him," said Agnes. "Perhaps I may remember if I speak to him again. I seemed to know all about that song."

"It is a popular little canzonet you might have heard anywhere," said Mrs. Marston, who was becoming a little tired of Agnes' preoccupation.

They did not again speak to the marchese, who continued all the time his easy nonchalance in the music room. At last the assistance seemed faded from Mrs. Marston's mind. Agnes, who shortly retired to her boudoir, to the coubiles of her maid, was not the only one who noticed the absence of the young Italian, and the course of talk about him.

"Do you know anything of this Marchese Gianfiglia, Lady Angela?" inquired a dowager.

"Only what I have heard from my friends, Mrs. Sherard. He is a Neapolitan, I believe, and a very old family. I fancy he is very poor, but I know little more than what I have stated."

"Is he, then, engaged to your niece?" inquired Mrs. Sherard, a tone of anxiety she could not repress finding its way into her voice.

"No, not exactly," replied Lady Angela, "but he is devoted in his attentions, and dear Florence confided to me last night that she would have no hesitation in accepting him; and I feel sure she loves him deeply."

Perplexed and agitated, Mrs. Sherard did not pursue the conversation, but determined to lose no time in carrying out the plan that had suggested itself two weeks they heard that he was seen every where with Lady Angela and her niece, and Agnes was told she had better be prepared to attend the wedding of her friend, Florence Smythe, as the marchese evidently intended taking back to his Italian estates an English marchesa!

One morning, amongst a pile of letters on her breakfast table, Mrs. Sherard found a note with an invitation to a picnic from Lady Angela.

"I should like to go, mother," said Agnes, as she read it. "It is to be in Lord Hilderton's park, and you know how lovely it must be there now. We have been talking of spending a day there by ourselves."

"Yes, we can easily drive over," said Mrs. Sherard, as she rose from the breakfast table.

"Perhaps I shall meet the marchese again," said Agnes.

"My dear, I shall begin to think the Italian has made an impression on you," said her mother, with a smile.

"I am sure you have mentioned him half a dozen times."

The day of the picnic was an exquisite one, and Mrs. Sherard and her daughter enjoyed their drive through the lovely Berkshire lanes, and were charmed with the spot chosen for the gathering. Under the overhanging boughs of the great beeches and oaks the table cloth had been spread on the mossy grass; and girls in lightdresses, and young men in every variety of colored "blazer" known to the tennis lawn, were flitting about, unpacking, arranging and decorating the viands and the dishes.

The first greetings over, Miss Smythe said to Agnes: "There has been such an accident! The box of meringues has been left behind, and a large case of eggs put in instead. Auntie has been in despair, but our dear marchese has come to the rescue and is actually making omelettes for us. He is so clever and funny; do come and help him."

As she spoke, followed by Mrs. Sherard and Agnes, she led the way to a small copse, where, against a background of firs, a table was placed, on which were arranged piles of eggs, and sundry basins, plates and jugs, while one or two girls were chopping ham and herbs. A small fireplace of bricks had been hastily constructed, the smoke from which was curling in blue wreaths in the summer air, while the center figure of the group was the marchese, who, in a costume of white flannel and with a serviette round his waist and a cap of white paper on his head, was at the moment of the arrival of our party removing the frying pan from the fire and dexterously sliding its contents to a dish held by a laughing girl for the purpose.

"Good gracious! it is Giuseppe!" exclaimed Agnes, turning to her mother.

"My dear, what do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Sherard in astonishment. Miss Smythe had hastened toward the group engaged in cookery, and so, fortunately, did not hear the remark.

"Mother," said Agnes, "it is the handsome little cook who used to be at Vico, when we were in the pension. You would have remembered him if you had heard him sing. We had to ask him to leave off bringing his guitar out to the terrace in the evenings when you were so ill."

"I recollect him quite well," said Mrs. Sherard, who had been attentively scanning the group.

"It is dreadful!" exclaimed Agnes. "What a wicked impostor he is!"

"Hush, my dear," said her mother; "we must think of Lady Angela. It would distress her so much if we were to expose him. I will consider during luncheon what we can do. Be silent for the present."

Miss Smythe was beckoning to them, and they joined her, and watched the operations of the amateur cooks, and soon the whole party were seated on the grass, enjoying the al fresco luncheon, and especially the unusual addition of the delicious omelettes. After the meal was concluded the young people rose, and strolled in the lovely glades of the woods, whilst some clustered round the marchese, who, seated on a mossy mound at the foot of a spreading beech, made a most picturesque figure, with the colored ribbon of his mandolinetta catching the sunlight as he sang one of his little songs.

"Where did you meet the marchese?" inquired Mrs. Sherard of Lady Angela. "Have you known him long?"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "We are so intimate, though, that it seems as if he had been our friend for years. He was introduced to me by my old friend, Mrs. Hawkins, who met him, I think, in Naples. She wrote asking me to do all I could for her protege. She said I should find him very clever; but she did not tell me he was so musical."

"Was he an old friend of hers?" pursued Mrs. Sherard.

"She did not tell me so; but I think he must have been, for she mentioned him as Giuseppe Rondini and did not even say he was a marquis. He is such a dear fellow, continued the enthusiastic lady, "and I am not at all surprised that my dear Florence has become attached to him."

"Is he, then, engaged to your niece?" inquired Mrs. Sherard, a tone of anxiety she could not repress finding its way into her voice.

"No, not exactly," replied Lady Angela, "but he is devoted in his attentions, and dear Florence confided to me last night that she would have no hesitation in accepting him; and I feel sure she loves him deeply."

Perplexed and agitated, Mrs. Sherard did not pursue the conversation, but determined to lose no time in carrying out the plan that had suggested itself to her at luncheon. She therefore joined the group under the beech tree, and, drawing Agnes aside, explained to her what she intended to do; then, as the music ceased and the singer rose, she requested he should be introduced to her, and, while conversing, drew him down a charming glade which led to a summer house overlooking the lake, and quite away from the guests.

Directly they were out of earshot of the party Agnes said to him in Italian: "Giuseppe Rondini, have you forgotten the Pension Signarelli at Vico?"

They were fortunately just within the shelter of the little summer house, for the poor marchese, with a cry of anguish and a gesture of despair, fell on his knees in front of the ladies as he exclaimed:

"Oh, signori! pity me. I am of man the most unhappy!"

This behavior on the part of the impostor was decidedly unexpected, and bidding the youth rise Mrs. Sherard, in whose kind heart pity strove with anger, proceeded to question the ex cook.

"How came you here, pretending to be a marquis?" she said sternly.

"Oh, signora, it has all been a mistake," said the poor boy—for he was really little more—and great tears rolled from his large brown eyes and fell in heavy drops on his clasped hands.

"Tell us everything," said Mrs. Sherard. "I am anxious to spare Lady Angela this sorrow. It would cause her to know how you have deceived her, and if you tell me all the truth I will try to help you."

"Signora," said the lad, and striving to check his tears he proceeded to tell his story, partly in Italian, partly in English, and with considerable help from his kind interlocutors the following tale was elicited:

Miladi Aukins, as Giuseppe called her, had been much pleased with his cooking while she stayed at the pension, and had taken him into her own service. After some months the illness of a son compelled her to leave Italy for Egypt, and she promised to aid him in obtaining a situation as chef in England. To this end she had written to enlist the services of Lady Angela, but very hurriedly, and had only asked help for her "clever protege, Giuseppe Rondini," leaving him to tell his own tale of his capabilities and requirements.

"But how was it possible you were taken for a marquis?" inquired Mrs. Sherard at this point.

"Ah, signora! there is my folly—my sin!" and the youth's tears began to stream afresh, as he explained that his stature and face, as he explained from cards with "Giuseppe Rondini, Cuciniere," on them contained also a card of his patron, the Marchese di San Floriano, who had kindly permitted him to use his name if a reference was required. This card he had given in mistake for this one to Lady Angela's footman, who in stentorian tones had announced him by that title to a roomful of ladies and gentlemen, who were sipping afternoon tea on the very day that Lady Angela's letter received the letter from Mrs. Hawkins about her "clever protege."

"I did not understand at first what had happened," explained poor Giuseppe, "and when I did I lacked the courage to speak. The lady was so kind, all the signori were so good, that it was just like a masquerade, and it seemed so easy to be a marchese or Inghilterra. I did not mean to go on in deceit, but every day made it more difficult to reveal the truth; and oh, miladi, signora, signori, pity me!" he continued, turning his tear laden eyes first to one lady, then to the other. "But I fear the English seniora she believe I lie! I fear! but I do not. I am so frightened when I think of it; and her uncle he talk to me and ask me of my famiglia, and I know not what to do!"

"Indeed, Giuseppe," said Mrs. Sherard as he concluded, "you have been very wicked, but I hope you did not know how wrong it was, and for Lady Angela's sake I will help you. You must write to-morrow to her and say you regret you cannot see her again."

"But I cannot write," said poor Giuseppe, "and I know not how to say it."

"How then do you replied to Lady Angela's notes?" inquired Agnes.

"I do get a man who writes letters for Italians," was the answer. "He lives in a place where there are many of us; they do call it Lester square."

"Where do you live and how have you been able to do the work and present so good an appearance?" was the next inquiry.

"Ah!" said Giuseppe, "my uncle at Vico he died, and I had my little money that I might travel to England and become chef de cusine, and I had my wages from Miladi Aukins, who was generous like all English ladies. Then the marchese gave me clothes—many clothes. His son, my foster brother, is dead and I wear these!" and he rose to touch his garments. "But my money is nearly gone, and I know not what to do. I have been a 'miserable' ever since I saw the signora in London; I felt she would remember me!"

Mrs. Sherard did not prolong the conversation, and cautioning Giuseppe he should plead a headache to account for his depression of spirits until we begone appeared, the trio rejoined the party.

The quiet is soon told. Mrs. Sherard obtained a good situation for Giuseppe in the house of a friend in Yorkshire, who possessed a large establishment, and thither the youth betook himself, to the great advantage of the menu of the worthy family, becoming a light hearted again as soon as he found himself in his proper sphere and once more surrounded by his congenial pots and pans; while his absence was accounted for to Lady Angela in some beautifully written letters, announcing first the "indisposition" and the departure for an "appointment" of the marchese, who deeply deplored his inability to bid adieu in person to his "stimatissime signorina."

It is to be hoped that no freak of fate or fortune will send Miss Florence Smythe to the kitchen of Barton Towers, the Yorkshire mansion where Giuseppe now wields the frying-pan, or will ever introduce her to the real Marchese di San Floriano, who has enjoyed a hearty laugh over the confession of Giuseppe Rondini, sent by command of Mrs. Sherard. Miss Smythe posed during the whole of the winter as the victim of an unfortunate romantic attachment, but according to latter accounts is now consoled by the attentions of a German graf, with a name as long as his beard, the possessor of vast estates in Pomerania.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

He Is a Godfather.

A pushing young American tells an amusing experience that he had in Rome. He was anxious to visit the Vatican, and, understanding that cards of admission were to be had at St. Peter's, he hurried thither. Being a small crowd around a priest who was writing at his desk he jumped to the conclusion that this was his man, and at once elbowed his way through the crowd. In his hurry he pushed aside a woman with a baby in her arms, and the baby began to cry at the jolting. A slight confusion resulted, under cover of which the young American gained the desk. The priest, looking up from his writing, asked something in Italian, which my friend took to be an inquiry for his name, and he promptly answered "Davis."

The priest, after writing the name, turned to the woman with the baby, and, taking the child in his arms, held it over a font which the American had not noticed until then. Dipping his hands in the water and placing them on the child's head he then began a curious jargon of Italian phrases in which the astonished Davis caught the sound of his own good American name, and saw with dismay as he turned and fled that he had given his name to the priest as godfather to the child.—New York Evening Sun.

Foreign Languages in New York.

"Have you ever noticed," said a world wide traveler, "what a variety of languages one may hear in a day's travel about New York, and that in an incidental way, without seeking the special localities where foreign tongues are sure to be spoken? The other day I spent the day on the business streets, in the hotels and in an incidental way, without seeking the special localities where foreign tongues are sure to be spoken? The other day I spent the day on the business streets, in the hotels and in the evening I went to a theatre. During that time I heard conversations in French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Bohemian and Chinese, Bohemian and the rarely spoken Gaelic. This last between two weather beaten, but very checked old men, who were speaking the variety used by the Welsh, and which is said to be the purest remnant of the Keltic used before the invasion of Britain by the Anglo Saxons."—New York Evening Sun.

Salaries of London Journalists.

Herr Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of The London Times (his salary is $50,000 a year!), is the largest salaried employe connected with journalism in Europe. Several London critics are well paid—notably Clement Scott of The Daily Telegraph, who is supposed to receive $10,000 a year. Andrew Lang must draw a large salary as an editorial writer for The Daily News, and, aside from his occasional journalistic work, he is a fertile bookmaker, and he lectures regularly before a number of educational institutions. But the large majority of London journalists are small salaried men; the average reporter gets $15 a week, and one seldom commands more than $25—I mean the local equivalent thereof. When Mr. Bennett started the London edition of The New York Herald he paid traveling expenses and $30 a week to the American reporters he imported. But already he has sent most of the importations back home.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

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" Ceres.....9.23 a. m...3.40 pm
" Eldred.....10.05 a. m...4.20 pm
Arrive Bradford...11.35 a. m...5.30 pm

EAST BOUND.

Leave Bradford.....8.15a m...2.10 p m
" Eldred.....10.15 a m...4.25 p m
" Ceres.....10.52 a m...5.02 p m
" Bolivar.....11.15 a m...5.25 p m
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EMPEROR AMONG BEGGARS.

An Adventure of the Young Chinese Ruler Among His Poor Subjects.

The young emperor of China had a narrow escape from a thorough trounncing, if not worse, at the hands of a party of beggars in his capital. It is a favorite pastime of the young emperor to wander in ordinary Chinese clothes through the streets of Peking, to lounge around the corners and drink his tea in the most crowded restaurants, in order that he may learn what his subjects may think of him and his government. He runs no risk of having his identity discovered while thus doing the town, for in Peking the art of photography is not practiced and consequently the people at large have no idea of the personal appearance of their sovereign.

The emperor had gone but a short distance from his palace on one of these trips of investigation, late in the afternoon, when he saw a Chinese beggar picking the pocket of a respectable merchant. The emperor promptly caught the beggar by the back of his blouse, cuffed his ears and forced him to return to the merchant the stuff stolen from his pocket. Now, this performance of the emperor was much more remarkable in Peking than it would have been in any other big city of the world, for in Peking beggars and pickpockets are protected by a kind of unwritten law. Beggary is recognized as a perfectly legitimate employment, and the beggars constitute a guild which has for its prime object the mutual protection of all members of the craft. Any one who interferes with a beggar in the prosecution of his employment exposes himself to the vengeance of the guild. This vengeance generally takes the rough and ready form of the flogging of the interloper at the hands of as many beggars as the beggar who has been interfered with can immediately summon to his assistance.

Of course the young Emperor knew nothing about this abuse, which obtained many decades ago in his big capital. After cuffing the beggar's ears he went his way quite unapprehensive, and brought up in a restaurant but a few rods from the scene of the row. He had hardly taken the first sip of his cup of tea when every one in the restaurant was startled by a wild hullabaloo. The landlord went to the door. He found fifty beggars before his house, under the leadership of the fellow whose ears the emperor had boxed. They ordered the landlord to hand over immediately to them the young man who had offended against all the unwritten laws and precedents of the Peking guild of beggars. The landlord recognized their demand as perfectly legitimate, and hurried to quell the disturbance by delivering up the offender.

The young emperor, however, objected very strenuously to being delivered up, and while making his remonstrances spoke such supreme Chinese that the landlord perceived he had to do with the son of some big wig. As a special favor, therefore, he offered to parley with the band of beggars till their intendant victim could summon some of his friends to his assistance.

The emperor gladly accepted the suggestion. He dispatched a messenger at once to the governor of the palace, commanding him to hurry to the spot with two companies of soldiers. The governor and the soldiers came, rescued the emperor, and lugged the lofty beggars off to jail. The landlord got $250 for his consideration. The leader of the beggars and three of his comrades who helped to maltreat the emperor from the landlord were executed the next day. The rest of the rioters were imprisoned for terms between five and ten years each. The emperor has given orders to the Peking officials that the authorized system of begging must go.—Exchange.

Speaking a Piece.

Master Will had just come to the time when he must give his first declamation at school, and all the household was made to share in his excitement. He had the greatest difficulty in choosing his piece, and in learning it after it was chosen. His father, who looks pretty carefully after his son's education, thought it would be a good plan to have the piece rehearsed at home, and so invited the lad to say it to him the other afternoon.

"I can say it real easy, papa," Will confided to him, "but my hands kind of hang round in my way all the time, and the teacher won't let us put 'em in our pockets."

"What do the other boys do with their hands?" the father asked. "Make gestures?"

"Oh, they most of them hang on to their trousers, but I forget and let go all the time, and then they get in my way."

His father laughed, and told him if he would only let his hands alone they would probably take care of themselves. Then he asked Will to go on with his piece. The boy began in so absurd a manner, jumbling his words together and putting his small voice down his throat as far as possible, that the father thought he was intentionally being funny.

"But, my dear boy," he said, as soon as he was convinced that the young orator was perfectly serious, "I cannot understand what you say. Why don't you speak naturally?"

Will stared at his father in surprise.

"Why, papa," he said, "if you have to speak just naturally when you declaim I shouldn't have to learn how. I'd know that any way."—Youth's Companion.

This Is of Interest to Cigar Smokers.

A cigar worth twenty-five cents, which arrived on the City of Alexandria from Cuba recently was seized for non-payment of duty by a customs inspector. It arrived in a box beautifully done up in tin foil, marked "Sample." A friend of a Pittsburg gentleman sent it from Havana as a sample to be tried before ordering a lot for private use. The inspector sent it to the sample room. Thence it was removed to the appraisers' stores and duly appraised at twenty-five cents. The duty and charges upon the cigar were fifteen cents. As no one appeared to protect the cigar, it was sent to the law division of the custom house. Chief Clerk McAvoy decided that the cigar could not be held for collection of duties. A formal conference was held with Deputy Collector Phelps, and after a serious deliberation Mr. Phelps concurred with Mr. McAvoy. Then to make the decision doubly sure the cigar was sent down to Special Deputy Collector McClelland. Mr. McClelland, after smelling the cigar carefully, promptly refused to keep it in the custody of the customs officers. The release of the cigar was ordered, and it went on its way rejoicing with smokers, came out and walked past the trusty guardian of the Austrian colonel rode up to him and asked why the garrison did not follow.

"I am the garrison, colonel," the soldier answered proudly.

"What! Do you mean that you alone have held that tower against me?" exclaimed the Austrian.

"I have had his honor, colonel," was the reply. "The honor of France was at stake."

The colonel gazed at him a moment with admiration, then said warmly:

"Grenadier, I salute you! I can admire bravery if it is in an enemy."

When the circumstance came to the knowledge of Napoleon he offered to promote the brave grenadier, but D'Auvergne said "No." The various grenadier companies were afterwards united, and he found himself in command of 2,000 men while retaining only the rank of captain. Hence he was known as "The First Grenadier of France."—Montreal Star.

Electric Lights in Berlin.

In Berlin the wires have been carried underground from the start, and no difficulty has been experienced. Instead of adding new ugliness to the streets, the arc lights of Berlin are things of beauty, an artistic embellishment to the city. Unter den Linden is probably the most brilliantly and beautifully illuminated street in the world. Along each side and down the center the arc lights are set seven more closely together than ordinary gas lamps, and the effect at night is that of great strings of white, gleaming pearls. The poet consisted great iron standards with tasteful ornamentation and curving over at the top. Here the globe is suspended, inclosed in a coarse net work, so that, in case it breaks, the pieces of glass may not fall on passers. From the globe there hangs a light chain, with a ring in the end, and there are counterbalancing weights inside the post, so that the lamp is quickly and easily attended to by pulling it down with a light stick, with a hook in the end; a great improvement, in the success of time and trouble, over any clumsy method of either climbing the post or lowering the lamp by an unwieldly and ugly crane.—The Mexican Financier.

FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

How the Kaiserlan Colonel Was Surprised When the Garrison Marched Out.

La Tour D'Auvergne was educated for the army, which he entered in 1767. He served with distinction, but refused offers of promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers. While on a visit to a friend, about the year 1790, he learned that a regiment of Austrians was pushing on to occupy a narrow pass, the possession of which would be a great embarrassment to the French. This pass was defended by a strong tower and a garrison of thirty men. D'Auvergne immediately set off to warn the garrison of its danger. On arriving there he found that the pass had taken the alarm and fled, in their haste leaving a part of their guns and ammunition behind. For a moment the grenadier was in despair; then he resolved to attempt the defense of the pass alone. He made his preparations, loaded the guns and watched for the enemy. The pass was steep and narrow, and the Austrians could only come up in single file, in doing which they would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. It was near midnight when d'Auvergne heard the tramp of feet nearing the defile. He immediately discharged two muskets into the darkness as a warning that the garrison was prepared to resist. The Austrian commander, finding that his plan of attack had failed, postponed his attack, and at sunrise called upon the garrison to surrender. "Say to your commander that the garrison will defend the pass to the last extremity," the brave grenadier replied.

The officer, with his flag of truce, carried back this message, and shortly afterward a piece of artillery was brought into the pass. The grenadier opened such a destructive fire upon the gunners that it was soon abandoned, with a loss of five men. The Austrian colonel ordered an assault. As the troops entered the defile they were received with so accurate and rapid a fire that by the time they had passed over half the distance they had lost fifteen men. They returned to the mouth of the defile. There

Before the War.

"I was in Charleston, S.C., in 1845," said a Lewiston man. "We were doing stone work on Fort Sumter. One of the men at work was a handsome, strong young colored man, owned by a doctor in Charleston. The doctor failed in business while I was there, and his effects were to be sold at auction—among them this young colored man. He knew it, and was despondent. All of us northern men at work there felt bad for him, and we planned to help him. The water that we drank at the fort was bad.

"A vessel lying off in the stream used to send men ashore for various purposes. We planned with them for three of us to go aboard after work and get some fresh water that they had on board from the city. In exchanging with these guys, it occurred to me to help the colored man to liberty, and I talked with him. The vessel was in readiness to sail, and on the preceding night our trip out concealed the young fellow, whom we safely landed on board and who was concealed below, and I have never forgot the look of thankfulness in his face as he disappeared beneath the hatchway with a 'Good-by, massa.' The vessel sailed that night and he with it."—Lewiston Journal.

The Biggest Diamond.

The largest perfect diamond in the world is now the Imperial, that was exhibited at the Paris exposition, and which is valued at $1,000,000. This is the most valuable stone in the world, and is owned by a syndicate. The biggest and best ruby in existence is owned in London, and is valued at $50,000. It has no parallel, even in the crown jewels, and it is related that the Duchess of Edinburgh carried it all the way to St. Petersburg for the czar to have a look at it.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Hop Soda, Ginger Ale and Gardner's Refined Cider at Harman's.

Saw "Pinafore" Was Written.

W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, writes in the small hours of the morning, beginning work at midnight, and often keeping on until after the sun has risen. Like many literary men his vein of composition will not flow by day, requiring candle light to stir it into activity. In preparing a libretto he goes slowly but surely.

Hitting upon one of his characteristic ideas, he turns it over in his mind during many long walks and solitary cogitations, adding circumstances and incidents as they occur to him. Then he makes a rough skeleton sketch of the plot, which he puts away.

A few weeks later this skeleton is car