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MONSIEUR ALBANO.

He was a little old man, verging perhaps on 60, with closely-cropped hair, and a hat which Wilhelm could not keep from thinking was one size or more too big for him. A little old man with sad eyes, but with a pleasant voice, and a smile that often quite banished all traces of melancholy from his face.

But Wilhelm, the head-waiter at the dingy old Paris restaurant, where for months he had presented himself at the same hoarding, had taken to him from the very first, and as the gentleman seemed to court retirement, used invariably to encounter him in the snugest corners of the room, not far from the charcoal-stove. This time was winter, and with a few other companions save a pair of tabby cats.

"What is it to-day?" M. Albano would inquire, as he seated himself at his table, with his feet on a morsel of goat-skin placed there for them. "What is it to-day, Wilhelm?"

And Wilhelm used invariably to place a white dumpled fore-finger against the name of some particular dish on the card, and that was the dish M. Albano invariably chose.

It was not long before Wilhelm found out that M. Albano was, like himself, a Hungarian, and like himself, an exile. They were friends, indeed, after this. Wilhelm told the little old man his story, and to some extent the little old man told Wilhelm his. There was some difference, nevertheless, in their stations in life, for in his own dear land M. Albano had been a courtier, while Wilhelm had been but a junior engineer.

"And you you are really going?" said Wilhelm, as he stood one day near his friend, the empty soup-bowl in his right hand.

"Really going, Wilhelm?"

"Oh, dear! Monsieur, I shall sadly miss you. Is it Brussels, monsieur, Berlin, or Moscow? You say you have had engagements at all these places."

"No, no," replied M. Albano sadly; "it is neither of these places. I am done with them all—done with the world, I might say, I am going home."

"What?" cried Wilhelm, with brightening eyes, "home to our dear land of Hungary?"

"Yes, my dear; never there again. What makes me so homesick? Can a king mend a broken heart, even if he could restore my fortunes? Could I gaze without grief on those green-wooded hills and valleys that once were mine? Could I mingle with the good people who dwell there, and who once called me lord—without sadness? No, Wilhelm, no. My home is now London, the home of the refugee, the only city in the whole world amid the battle and stir of which an exile may be forgetful."

Wilhelm lingered by the table for a few moments. He was deep in thought.

"M. Albano," he said at last, "to have employment in London has long been with me an ambiguous dream—a castle in the air. But what you will, I have the garb of service in which you now see me. On these times, monsieur, that I was my own all night, will I thought, because I was born for better things. Yet I try to do my duty—my humble duty."

"Yes, my dear," said Albano, speaking more brightly than he had done. "That is right—your duty. I trust I do not let pride interfere with that duty. Be not self-satisfied. Concentrate your thoughts and energies in your work, mental work, which you may call it. Believe me, Wilhelm, a halo surrounds the head of him who works with a will, a purpose, and an honest pride of action, feeling inwardly that duty is a sacred thing. Study to be content with the state in which Providence has placed you, Wilhelm. Study that—study that."

"But, monsieur, you would then leave ambition out of account?"

"No, no! Only let your ambition be subservient to your duty. The march of intellect—the march of the world—is ever onward. Better yourself, by all means, by going on; by so doing you may better the world; but ambitions thoughts must never interfere with your duty as labor. These belong to your present employer, Wilhelm."

"I see, monsieur."

"Well, and think of it. Meanwhile, here is a pair for the Grand N— concert. You will let me and my little violin in the second row of the orchestra. You will let me, and we will sit together in the Bismarck-Verle."

High on a score of fiddlers at the grand concert that evening, M. Albano's little violin seemed to ring, as at all events, in Wilhelm's ears, just as one hears and sees only the nightingale's voice amidst the babel of bird-voices in the woods in early spring.

After the performance, Wilhelm waited for what he deemed quite a long time for his friend. All the other musicians had dressed and fled away, but still he came not.

Wilhelm ventured at last to ask one in authority.

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "M. Albano has not come. He is talking to the manager. The manager wants him to stay on, but he insists on throwing up his engagement."

"Strange!" said Wilhelm.

"Yes, very strange. You are his friend? Yes, well, and even, you do not seem able to get on the mystery. But this Albano is an odd individual. Any orchestra in Europe would be willing to retain his services, and remunerate him well. Yet, although he is not rich, he is forever on his horns. In Belgium, Norway, all countries have him by turns, but never for long. Think you is your friend really so distinct?"

"I am sure he is not. I only know he has a reason or reasons for his nomadic tendencies, but he has not thought fit to enlighten me as to what they are, and it would ill become me to inquire. But when Marie returns, with her father,

the Duke de D—, and hurried away to his dingy room."

"Yet that evening had been big with Wilhelm's fate. He had supped with M. Albano at a charming little hotel, and with trustfulness, monsieur, had said little of nothing about himself, but had led the young man to speak of all his hopes and ambitions."

Wilhelm's great scheme was connected with electricity, not only for the purpose of lighting offices and country houses, but as the moving power of the future; and M. Albano knew enough about chemistry, especially to discern that, if properly worked out, these plans of Wilhelm's might lead him to fame and fortune.

"You will come to England with me, Wilhelm? I have saved a little sum; I will pay your expenses."

"No, friend, no; to England I will come, but everything I will pay myself. Two more months will I work, and then—"

"You will come?"

"Yes."

"And be my guest for a few weeks at my little cottage home?"

So the two parted.

Winter was still holding sway, and snow lay deep all round Paris; but in nine weeks time what a change there was! With Paris, however, this short and simple story has no longer anything to do. The scene shifts to a tiny but beautiful cottage in Surrey. It stands on the slope of a gently rising hill, and is almost buried in pine woods.

"Yes, Wilhelm," M. Albano was saying as the two sat together in a little tent on the lawn, "this cottage, these gardens, the beautiful country around, do not seem the same since Marie—since my daughter left me. They are not the same for I am older now. I can not see with the same eyes, heat with the same ears, it seems as if the gloom of the grave were already closing around me."

"But, Marie—your daughter—may return!"

"No, that she not, the pride that caused her to go will prevent her returning. She will never come back."

Wilhelm was silent.

"A few hasty words—and the words were mine—a few peevish mutterings at the fate that banished me from my native land, that had torn from my breast the insignie of title and honor, and compelled me—me, a count, to drag out a miserable existence in a foreign country, by aid of my violin. I did not mean to imply that I begrudged the honor that kept her as a lady, but I fear I led her to believe so; and I would have laid down my life next minute to have been able to retract, to unsay my cruel words, but—yet—yet—"

Wilhelm was silent.

"And she is gone! The old man appeared no more in any orchestra. Hope had fled from his heart, and he mourned for his daughter as for one dead."

Wilhelm was a frequent visitor at the cottage. Aided in his ambition by the exile, and possessed of the will to work, the determination to triumph, and that mental staying power which often times leads to success without even the aid of genius, the young man conquered all difficulties, and was already on the first step of the ladder that leads to fame.

His employment frequently led him to Italy, and to that Rome which of late years appears to have taken a new lease of glorious life.

An event which took place which is common to all the cities of the West, least young men: Wilhelm fell in love. But I do not blame him, for all Rome was captivated by the sweet voice and modest and beautiful eyes of a young singer that had come from out of a great master.

At night, when the stars shone brightly, and the music of the organ was heard, but he could obtain no introduction. She was so near, and yet so far.

One day he happened to see her in a room that had occupied him for nearly eight-and-fifty hours, with little time for sleep, he heard the startling shout of fire. He followed the mob and the rattling ill-constructed wooden boxes in a narrow dark street, from the showers of sparks and the smoke, and heat, seemed to come from the end of the street.

Wilhelm got close to the burning building, and helped to work the engine. But there was other and braver work for him to tackle. For look! the faces of the firemen were pale, and their hands were shaking. The fire was spreading, and the smoke was thick. Wilhelm saw that the fire was spreading, and the smoke was thick. Wilhelm saw that the fire was spreading, and the smoke was thick.

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pipes near the little cottage. Wilhelm is its wealthy owner, Marie his mistress. And long indeed they would think that day that did not bring them a visit from father Albano—Gordon Stables, M. D., R. N., in Cassell's Magazine.

A New Navigable River in Africa.

The report published by Lieut. Von Nimptsch, of the German army, son-in-law of Gen. Von Lese, aide-de-camp to the emperor, gives some very interesting details of the journey which he made with Herr Wolff, a traveler in the service of the Congo Free State, and which has resulted in the discovery of a river likely to be of material value to traders with the Congo.

The Congo in its course from the southeast, makes a very wide bend to the north, and then descends again to the Atlantic, a very large tract of country being embraced in this curve. Within this curve is the river Kassai, which Lieut. Von Nimptsch regards as being "of even greater importance to commerce than the Congo itself." Describing their journey, he says that as far as Luabu, the Kassai flows through wide plains well adapted for cultivation, pastures, and forests of palm trees and gutta-percha trees. There are many villages on the banks, and the travelers met with great civility in all of them save one, the inhabitants of which fled at their approach. One tribe, adds Lieut. Von Nimptsch, "was remarkable for its joviality. The natives accompanied the steamer 'Le' their canoes, and when we landed, organized dances and songs in our honor. There is a great deal of ivory all along the Kassai, and large pieces of the finest quality were readily given in exchange for empty boxes and tins.

They discovered several affluents of the Kassai, and they calculated that they were navigable for a distance of 250 miles. "But the most important affluents," the report goes on to say, "is that which Herr Wolff explored in the months of February and March. He ascended this stream to a distance of 450 leagues from its mouth, and one of its northern affluents brought him to within a week's march of Nyangone. He might have gone still further, had his steamer not met with an accident, for there are no rapids in this river. All the network of navigable water, more than 5,000 miles, is most admirable, and in the future it will be possible to travel eastward from the Atlantic, reaching Nyangone and thence to the interior, by following the Congo at the mouth of the Kassai, without being obliged to ascend the whole of the former stream, thus avoiding the Stanley falls."

Dogs are subject to "Raining Fits."

The talk about Pasteur and hydrophobia, a dog-fancier informs us, has had a marked effect on his trade. The sending of people across the water to be treated for hydrophobia has riveted attention to the danger of keeping dogs, and many fashionable ladies have disposed of their pugs and other four-footed beasts and have taken to the more respectable and useful dogs. Dogs have a habit of "raining fits," which will pass off if they are left alone. If caught by the tail, they will bite, and if caught by the head, they will be cured of these fits. They may be nervous, but such talk, even though widely advertised, will not help the trade. Dogs with "raining fits" will continue to be treated as mad, and they are not likely to get the benefit of any doubt on the subject, either.—New York News.

In the Swamp of Arkansas.

In 1859 I was working south on levee work. In these days each mile got four or five jiggers, who, when even more. A jigger is a tin cup on top of a dinner pail. The first question asked was: "How many jiggers do you give?" "Ten." "Oh, you do good. I know a man up here who'll give fourteen." The next question was: "How much do you pay?" "It was in the swamp of Arkansas, where even the cats and dogs had gone. I was there sick and worn, but I felt I could not give up. I was told I could not give up, but I was the only man out of there who made full time. I gained ninety pounds, while men who could have thrown me over their head at the beginning of that year were reduced to skeletons. Pat Brady is a Globe Reporter.

Mitigation of Whooping-Cough.

Whooping-cough, paroxysms, it is well known, are sensibly ameliorated by the atmosphere of gas works, and there is some reason for the belief that cures of this disease may be effected by breathing steam from the gas works. A gentleman in the West, who has been an old hand at this work, has written a paper on this subject for the purpose. His plan is to attach a piece of rubber tubing to a burner, the tubing being long enough to reach the floor. The gas is turned on just enough to make a perceptible odor, and the child is to inhale it for a few minutes at a time, as often as convenient.—Chicago News.

A Blessing on the Pinks.

The picnic is an ancient institution, but it has reached its full-blown maturity on American soil. With all its big bags and little bags and red bags and hampers it comes to us like water in a thirsty land, like a benediction, of rest to the weary. It is better than the bath, with its full dress and its stirring, and lamps above and laughter below. It is better than the religious festival, so common in the great cities of the north, when a man is reborn to the sound of sacred music and cast system of machinery at \$1 a dozen.—Columbus Dispatch.

Travelling Fifty Miles a Day.

The daughters of the prince of Wales think nothing of traveling fifty miles a day, and justly so, at the American girl who faints after a half-mile walk.—London Letter.

From Milk for Fever Patients.

The London Athenaeum thinks the new book, 'Milk for Fever Patients,' is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject. It is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the treatment of fever patients.—Chicago Times.

When Xmas Work and Sleep.

Science has found out something very novel, namely, that the fruit trees slumber in day-time and work at night. This modern idea is that fruit trees acquire most of their growth at night. The fruit of the cherry laurel, for instance, has been found by Dr. Krumm, of Halle, to increase at the rate of 60 per cent at night and only 40 per cent by day, while apples increase 80 per cent at night and 20 per cent in the daytime.—New York Mail and Express.

Persons Engaged in London Theatres.

A CURIOUS MANUFACTORY.

Visit to a Place in Paris Where Skeletons Are Made—Gladly Debris.

The other day being in Paris it occurred to me that it would be an excellent opportunity of obtaining some really good osteological preparations which I had heard were to be had at a more reasonable figure than the fancy prices asked for them in England. One day while assisting at the clinique of a well-known physician, one of the patients being asked, her profession said she "depended on skeletons," which on inquiry I ascertained, to mean a "bone preparator." I at once interested myself in her condition, which was one of chlorosis, and ingratiated myself with her so that a week or two later she accepted, though reluctantly, to my request, to take me to the fabric where the specimens were prepared. It was a long journey, right away into one of the desert plains bristling with chimney stacks which bound Paris on the north side. The building to which she conducted me was an immense wooden construction, subdivided into a main atelier and out-houses. The larger room was occupied by a series of large cauldrons, the emanations from which were, even to one accustomed to the stave odor of the dissecting-room, nauseating in the extreme, and the blend formed with that of various crude antiseptics was more peculiar than fascinating.

The disarticulation of skulls is carried out separately, as it is a branch requiring greater skill and nicety in its manipulation. It is effected on the skulls of young adults or children, by the ingenious use of filling the emptied cranial cavity with dried peas, which are then steeped in water, and in swelling compel the disjunction more delicately than could be done in any other way. Some of the cauldrons contained the bodies of animals whose skeletons, if not as valuable as those of human beings, are still indispensable for the study of natural history, and are forwarded in large numbers to the various collegiate establishments in France and abroad. After a prolonged boiling the limbs are placed on a table and the adhering tissues carefully removed, each workman or work-woman having his or her own specialty. I saw some men at work on frogs, lizards, etc., to obtain a satisfactory preparation of which requires a special and highly remunerated, dexterity. The grease which collected at the top of the water was scooped off and consigned to a receptacle in the corner of the room, but its ultimate destination I was unable to ascertain.

The bones are then bleached, the cheaper varieties simply by means of chloride of lime, the better ones in the sun, and they ultimately pass into the finishing room, where they are titivated, assorted and, converted, as far as may be, into articulated skeletons. It requires a small amount of ingenuity and knowledge of this particular department to be able to dispose of the miscellaneous collection of bones which will be consigned to a skeleton shop, and only the best bones are so disposed of, the remainder going to make up the disarticulated and half skeletons which have to answer the purpose of study for the more economically disposed students. Customarily the sex appended to have a distinct influence on the value of the skeleton, a female skeleton possessing a value many francs higher than that of the corresponding male.

In another part awaiting treatment, were a number of infant bodies, varying from nine months to two or three years. In the show rooms they were arranged in a graduated scale (schelle montante), from the diminutive little exhumed, whose height did not exceed four inches, to the adult body, measuring from eighteen to twenty, all being in the attitude known in the military world as that of "attention." These have a special value of their own, far greater in proportion to their size than that of their bigger brethren. I naturally wondered where all the bodies came from. I was told that the dissecting-rooms and hospitals furnished a large proportion, and that the proprietor of the establishment took care to monopolize the supply, which was always short of the demand.—London Medical Press.

American Contractors in Foreign Lands.

In traveling through Mexico, Central and South America, and some parts of Europe, I have been struck by the fact that United States contractors and engineers always carry American rates of advantage, while Englishmen take advantage of any local rates which may profit them. Thus in Mexico contracts were carried out side by side, and while American contractors pay \$1 and \$1.25 a day, European contractors pay fifty cents and seventy-five cents. It is just the same in the Argentine Republic, on all the public works there. Local labor is absurdly cheap, and English contractors pay just as little as they can, while Americans pay decent rates all through, and in the long run come out the best, their terms attracting all the best men.—J. S. McGinnis is Globe Democrat.

Method of Advertising in Paris.

One of the first things which strikes the eye of an observant American traveler in England and France is the difference in the nature of the wares advertised in large letters on a blank wall. Show bills of theatres and circuses are seen in abundance on both sides of the Atlantic coast, writes a correspondent, but second only to these in importance are the flaming advertisements in America of various tobaccos, in England of various eatables and drinkables, and in France of various newspapers and books. In Paris a large poster is likely to recommend a new book or a new newspaper, in New York a new brand of tobacco or a new cigar. The comparison is not so disadvantageous to the Frenchman. Another thing to be noticed is that the press is called upon to do public work more often here than in England or even in America. If there is great catastrophe the newspapers not only open a subscription for an entertainment, a performance, or a fête of some kind. And the political newspapers combine in groups administering convulsions. There was an election here in Paris the first or second Sunday in May, and M. Gautier, the successful competitor, was announced as the candidate of the railroad-society press.—Cor. New York Graphic.

Comments Should be Abolished.

The San Francisco Report wants to have commentaries abolished on the grounds that they are out of place in a country where free education is offered to all. "The college commencement," it says, "is a relic of the ancient time when the scholar was a rarity and a distinguished person who must be treated with exceptional honor. He generally was compelled to suffer hardships and privation in order to obtain his knowledge, and he was treated with corresponding respect upon winning it. But it is absurd for the state to furnish the children of this state with a free education, and then to make heroes of them for accepting it."—Chicago Times.

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THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

Sketch of the Man Who Gave His Life to Make the Undertaking Successful.

Jean Fabre, a Savoyard of humble parentage and obscure birth, conceived and executed the colossal work of piercing Mount Comis and, uniting Savoy and Italy. This gigantic scheme was carried out in defiance of all the obstacles that assailed its originator. After years of patient, unswerving toil, without the aid of the sturdiest appliances of later days, this extraordinary man completed the tunnel and was proclaimed the conqueror of mountains, the king of engineering, the benefactor of his country. Desirous of obtaining the rest he had so richly earned, Monsieur Fabre retired into the peaceful, comfortable villa he had erected, and prepared to live there with his only daughter. He called it by the curious and unusual name of La Remise, the literary meaning of which is "coach house," and which is sometimes used figuratively to imply cessation from active work and retirement from the world. He may have intended to imply that he had taken his retreat and expected to live in repose. Apparently he had given up his profession when the turn of a new and even more stupendous enterprise reached his ears—the piercing of the St. Gothard—a far more difficult, far more hazardous experiment than the previous one. He was eagerly solicited to place himself at the head of the undertaking. The stimulus of a great obstacle to conquer since his hesitation, and he consented to visit the mountain with the German and Swiss engineers. After a minute examination of rocks, crests, and slopes he gave his decision: "I shall do it," he said, "if it costs me my life."

These words were prophetic. Jean Fabre began his colossal struggle with nature. He fought inch by inch, hour by hour with difficulties of all kind; by the invasion of water threatening the newly-constructed vaults; with ingenious stratagems sufficing the workmen; with pestilential atmosphere felling them at their task. But to struggle against the colleagues sent to him by Germany, men ignorant of the soil, the locality, the mountain, whose petty jealousy and obstructing opposition made his mission exceedingly bitter and tenfold more arduous. At one time the scheme was about to be given up, when Fabre, undaunted, indefatigable, redoubled his efforts, perfected old machines, invented new ones, encouraged, rallied, comforted, nursed his men, and at the end of eight years of unremitting toil was able to summon the German delegates and the representatives of the Swiss government to the tunnel opened from end to end. He led them of the obstacles he had surmounted, the dangers he had braved, his whole fortune sunk in that herculean undertaking, crowned by such magnificent success. Suddenly his words died on his lips, he staggered and fell senseless on the subterranean way, he had given the world. The strain had been too great, and through the darkness, through the crushing weight of holed soil fled to the blue heavens above.

The ingratitude of quick oblivion has well forgotten his name. His daughter has disappeared. His inheritance earnings have melted away. The house he built stands desolate, the gardens are deserted, the smokeless chimneys rise black in the clear air, and no trace remains of him who twice passed triumphant, cleaving the stone as he went, through eternal night from one land to another.

La Remise, such as it is, seemed the fitting abode for a great misfortune, but neither the modest villa, nor the historic castle wall, for the present at least, shelter the exile of France.—London Cor. New York Sun.

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READY FOR THE NAVY.

The Books Found on Board a Ship—Few Novels—Various Works.

Although there have always been libraries on board our naval vessels, it was not until Commodore Walker became chief of the bureau of navigation that they were of much use to any of the crew except the officers. Formerly the books on board a ship