

Before the Rain. We knew it would rain, for all the more...

THE TELEGRAPHISTS' REVENGE.

There were eight of us belonging to the telegraph department of the German army...

Well, our billets, in our respective judgments, promised very little. I, for example, was sent to the house of a linen-weaver...

The house to which we were directed was called "The Shark." If the name was somewhat ominous...

Our host watched our glasses with Argus-eyes, and hardly were they empty when he waited in obedience to our...

Such-like landlords were not new to us, and consequently the contradictory expression of his words...

At six o'clock we were all assembled again around the table, busy with our coffee, when the Shark appeared...

Two hundred and thirty-three francs! I cried; "that is impossible! it cannot be!"

"Si, si, monsieur, it is quite correct," answered the Shark, blandly.

Little town of dear remembrance, which we reached about midnight, and there we were to spend the night...

"Send me your comrades to him—that is, if you can."

"Why not? Eight men—yes, certainly I can send you to him. The fellow is rich; the other houses are full, and he has only three or four Bavarians left...

"Oh, you are very welcome, gentlemen," he replied, rubbing his hands with a sort of satanic glee.

"Perhaps I shall put a bottle of champagne on ice," he suggested. "I hope Messieurs les Prussiens found my wine to their taste the other evening."

"Perhaps three, messieurs." "Four if you like." "Bon, let us say six."

Our host continued to compliment each other until our jaws were busy with supper, which, thanks to the generosity of our host, was truly Lucullan in its character.

"What is it you wish?" I asked with all the naive I could command.

"The amount of my little bill, messieurs, if you please," repeated the Shark, in his blandest tone.

Power of the Eye.

Cooley has got a new dog, says Max Adler, and I am sorry to say that he is exceedingly vicious; indeed, that very few of the neighbors have courage enough to enter Cooley's yard.

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Orphan Asylum Tortures.

An investigation of the stories of torture in the Orphan's Home at Wormseldorf, near Reading, Penn., confirms their truth.

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FRENCH BALLOONING.

An Ascent from Calais and a Plunge in the North Sea.—M. Durouf's History of a Perilous Voyage.

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Fashion Chat-Chat.

All things have their day and fashions come and go with meteor-like rapidity.

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MARK TWAIN'S NEW PLAY.

The Gilded Age—A Synopsis of the Plot. Mark Twain has taken a hand at play writing, and "The Gilded Age" is the result.

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And again we took the road to the...

Probably not!

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