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ANSWERING TO ROLL CALL! This one fought with Jackson and faced the fight with me; That one followed Sherman as he galloped to the sea; But they're marching on together just as friendly as can be.

THE EMPEROR'S ABSENCE.

BARET had oft been told of his resemblance in face and voice to the Emperor, and had, indeed, found it a method of amusement for his friends.

Many of them Die Without Ever Having Left Their Homes. How can we expect much of the Chinese women? They spend their time, shut in their apartments, gossiping and reading novels.

Even Colonel Carolet, grave and methodical, was surprised from his usual composure at a summons from the Emperor; and when he presented himself a conversation took place which will not be found mentioned in the State annals or even hinted at on the pages of history.

The Emperor was seated at a table, and merely glanced at the white-haired soldier as he entered. "I am going to honor you with my confidence in a certain manner," he began, abruptly, "and as my first command, I require absolute obedience."

As the older man bowed, placing his hand on his heart, the Emperor continued to be disturbed again to-night for anything, Laurent. You understand? For anything! Give orders to that effect instantly.

The door closed softly behind the servant, and the Emperor turned to the young soldier, who stood near him in respectful silence.

"The snapper is for you, Baret," he whispered. "And before I go, I wish you to speak to Laurent, that I may determine your coolness. When he brings the dishes, say from within this room: 'That will do for to-night, Laurent.'"

The young man hoped his voice did not sound so oddly in the ears of the Emperor. "I have heard of this young man, and I heard of his yesterday for the purpose of judging as to his fitness for the service that I need. If you can assure me that he is brave—"

"As a lion, sire," "And loyal," "As death, sire," "And can be silent," "As the grave, sire."

"I shall be at home at three—perhaps," "And, placing his finger to his lips, he disappeared through the secret panel.

To be an Emperor, even for a few hours, was not such a bad thing, thought Baret, as he looked about him. The many luxuries—massive hangings, richly embroidered with the imperial emblem, the curious tapestries on every side, the furniture and fine cabinets—all deeply impressed him.

"By my faith, I have a better night before me than the Emperor, I am sure. There is small chance of a single sound reaching to this room before morning."

So thinking, he stretched his long arms about his head and walked slowly toward the room.

The voice of Laurent was suddenly heard. "Your pardon, sire. I had forgotten to restore the fire."

With only a second's pause, Baret replied slowly, calmly: "Good, Laurent; but it will last yet awhile, and I shall retire soon."

Again silent; and with a peculiar sense of still having the eagle eye of the Emperor upon him, Baret paced the floor.

Suddenly remembering the supper that had been ordered for him, he sat down to the repast. He had heard that the Sovereign favored on plainer food than any other man in the country; and although that was an exaggeration, he found himself wishing that his meal had not been quite so simple.

Hark! Twelve booming strokes sounded from the Cathedral tower. So loudly they fell on the heavy silence that Baret's heart stood still for an instant before he realized the nature of the peculiar crooning whirr preceding the stroke.

There was a noise at the outer door of the ante-room where Laurent slept. It was repeated again and again. "Somebody is knocking at my door for admittance? Suppose the Emperor, whom no one would dare deny, should demand an audience?"

Baret stood near the door as he heard Laurent, at last aroused from sleep, talking to the newcomer. "A thousand pardons, my lord. To see the Emperor to-night, since he has ordered me to admit no one, you would have to walk over my body."

HORSE FLESH FOR FOOD.

In a report to the State Department, Mr. DuBois, United States Consul General at St. Gall, Switzerland, makes some interesting disclosures regarding the general use of horse flesh as an article of food in Europe.

"An American horse-meat company has been organized in Kearny, N. Y., whose object is to prepare horse meat for the European market in the form of sugar-cured horse ribs and salted horse flesh. This meat will be sent in boxes marked distinctly 'horse meat' and each shipment is to be carefully inspected and accompanied by a certificate that it is pure horse meat and in a wholesome condition."

"I cannot find any town by the name of Kearny in the State of New York, and the item looks like one of the kind that the European journals, jealous of American trade, take pleasure in circulating."

"Whether there is truth in this report or not, there is certainly a demand for good, wholesome horse meat in some of the markets of Europe. In many towns are to be found well-stocked markets where nothing but horse meat is sold—fresh, salted, smoked, and in sausage form. The prices range from five to eight cents per pound, according to cut, and a large amount of this meat is purchased by the poorer classes. The horses used are old ones or those killed by accident. The people who buy this meat claim that they prefer it to the tough cow meat that is sold for from eight to twelve cents a pound. It is sweeter, more tender, and quite as wholesome, according to their statements. The shops where horse meat is sold always have a horse-meat market sign conspicuously displayed, so that no deception is possible. If the purchaser buys horse meat and eats it, he does so knowingly. In this respect the municipal inspection is very thorough; a butcher licensed to sell beef, if found selling horse meat, would be severely and promptly punished."

Judge Credits a Bill on the Fine. A few lawyers were sitting in one of the city restaurants a few days ago eating lunch and discussing different subjects, when one of them told the following story:

"This occurred some years ago in the office of a former justice of the peace. An attorney, who has since left Sioux City, had been engaged to defend a man for the crime of petty larceny. The lawyer knew that the case against his client was a pretty strong one, and he decided to bear the lion in his den. As he entered the room he told the justice of the case, the name of his client, and added he did not think there was any evidence to convict. At the same time he slipped a \$20 gold piece into the hand of the justice and gave him a knowing wink. The court said nothing, but pulling open the cash drawer, slipped the money in. The case went to trial, and after the evidence had all been introduced there appeared to be no question of the guilt of the defendant. But his counsel was confident, thinking the gold piece had done the work. The court then summoned up the case, and to the astonishment of the defendant's counsel, said:

"The court finds the defendant guilty as charged in the information, and fines him \$100, of which amount \$20 has been paid. The defendant will be committed to the county jail until the remainder is paid into this court."

"Nothing more was said, and the justice settled back in his chair, satisfied that the laws of the State had been upheld and a dishonest attorney had been left in the lurch.—Sioux City Journal.

The Quest of Fortune. "The longer I live the more firmly I am convinced," said Mr. Gozzle, "that a man who wants a fortune has got to do something besides wish for it. Fortunes, large and small, are shy, very shy. In one form and another they are passing by all the time, but they won't stop for the mere asking, however polite and graceful and earnest the invitation may be. We might sit and wait for a year or more till somebody comes and how and scrape at every one of 'em that came along and ask 'em all in, but never one of 'em would stop. They might want to come in, but nothing short of actual collaring would bring 'em in. The fact is that if we want a fortune we've got to work for it."

"Men have made fortunes, to be sure, without working. Oil may spout out of the ground and silver may cover the earth with riches. Another man may find iron ore in his land, and so on. But such cases are so few in number that they don't count, the chances of our getting rich in that way are really not worth considering. If we would be rich we must work for it. And work early and late; all the time. Plug at it, and keep plugging at it. There is practically no reward for new till somebody comes and how and scrape at every one of 'em that came along and ask 'em all in, but never one of 'em would stop. They might want to come in, but nothing short of actual collaring would bring 'em in. The fact is that if we want a fortune we've got to work for it."

Dr. Evans, the famous dentist who died a few months ago in Paris, had mentioned in his will a number of jewels which he wished to bequeath to certain heirs. A casual examination through the doctor's effects did not reveal their presence, and it was supposed that they had been disposed of some time prior to his death. The other day, however, they came to light. The lawyers of the estate were making a careful inventory of the contents of the dentist's late residence in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, when, on opening an old document safe, they came upon a secret drawer quite unexpectedly. In the drawer was an enormous collection of precious stones, including two magnificent sets of diamonds, besides a quantity of remarkably large and pure unset diamonds, rubies, emeralds and other precious stones, together with a profusion of jewels. The diamonds were, it is said, presented to him by Napoleon III, the Emperor Frederick, the Empress Frederick and other crowned heads. The value of the treasure has been placed at \$50,000.

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