

Relics of Waterloo.

owned a small house near to the eventful field on which went down the star of Napoleon; and since the battle he made arrangements for accommodating, in a humble way, such visitors as chose to call upon him. In short, he opened a small tavern. The fever for *relics* was at its height. Everybody who visited the historic spot wanted to carry off some *souvenir*. M. Troyon was beset by his visitors for relics of the battle; but he modestly answered that he had nothing

worked hard to keep his little tavern going. One day he was complaining to a neighbor of his poverty, and also of the annoyance continually put upon him by relic-hunters.

"Well, why don't you make the source of your annoyance relieve your poverty?" suggested the friend.

"How can I do that?"

"If you have no relics, *make* them. At Brussels they make any quantity of them. For instance, the next man who

Not long after this, an English tourist stopped at the tavern and asked for a sale of the great battle. He heard the chair story, and bought the simple piece of furniture at an immense price, and glad to get it, he took it home. The table on which Napoleon had written at least a hundred journals, had written as many

two thousand francs (£80). By and by, M. Trovay called to mind that he still preserved the glass from which Wellington drank; and the "Wellington Glass" is still shown the admiring visitors at a substantial English residence, by the son of the man who paid fifty pounds for it. Even the nail on which Napoleon hung his military coat was pulled out from the wall to satisfy a craving relic-hunter.

In short, M. Trovay kept on until, piece by piece, he had sold the very nail

Of course, M. Viclor Troyen did not come out very poor from the shattering and scattering of his old home.

An Anecdote of Bret Hart.

Bret Hart was lecturing in Portu-

appointments he felt very much depressed. It is a peculiarity of humorists, we are told, to be unaccountably melancholy and gloomy at times. Harie was in this mood now. One of the committee went in back of the scenes to see him, and the depressed humorist welcomed him as a gleam of unusual good sunshine. They shook hands—Harie earnestly, and the committee-man decorously.

"Al" said the pleased humorist.
"Yes. The death-rate is only one a day."
At this juncture Harte took the committee-man by the arm and hurriedly asked:
"Is he dead?"
"Dead?" ejaculated the committee-man.
"Who dead?"
"Why, the man for to-day," was the grave reply.
The committee-man stared with all his

"Isn't there a clerk here, or register or coroner, or something like that, of whom you could find out whether a man for this day has died?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," slowly replied the committeeman.

"Would you be so good then to find out, and before I commence the lecture if possible, whether that man is dead? If he is dead, then I am all right, for I am to leave the city early to-morrow."

The kind-hearted committeeman immediately hurried away to get the information.

When in his room at the hotel that night a servant told him a gentleman wished him to sleep down-stairs in the hall, as he wanted to see him. Mr. Harrie went down, and there met the committeeman.

"I am sorry, Mr. Harrie, to disturb you," he said; "but I could not get

That death-rate I spoke of was merely the average."

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Hans Platzer's Prescription.

"Hans Platzer, as is well-known to all of our people, is a man not easily excited. Hans generally takes things cool. It is very seldom that any single, small mishap disturbs his equanimity. "Darn is already too much bolder in der vorit; what for should I allow a little ding to worry my prains?" is what Hans reger-

was in another humor. Hans keeps a saloon and had probably on this day been visited by an unusual number of thirsty but impunctious persons ; otherwise we are at a loss to account for his dissolute behavior. A man entered Hans's place of business and resting his elbows on Hans's bar said to Hans as follows : " I am quite unwell—have been unwell for some time, and am under the doctor's care. The doctor tells me that I must take a stiff whisky toddy about

"I couldn't you let me have a couple of bottles twice a day? I wouldn't ask it, but the doctor has said I must have it." Hans, who had been resting his elbows on his counter opposite his customer, began to swell up before he heard him half through. When he had heard all Hans seemed almost too full for utterance. The case seemed to him one to which it would be hard to do full justice. He, therefore, two or three times stropped up and down behind his bar, a stream of air coming from his

ploded: "Why don't your doctor told you dat you must take mine watch? Why don't he told you dat you must took dat overcoat hangin' dare on de wall? Why don't he told you dat he must took a mool (mule)? Why don't your doctor told you dat? Because your doctor is one tam fool! Now I bescribes for you (starting around the counter): you youst take a walk a couple of times.

HARD TO PRONOUNCE—Many years

for the night with a man who was supposed to possess but little of what people call "common-sense." Just as he was about to retire for rest, the man said to the minister:

"Tell me, sir, what three words in the English language it is most difficult to pronounce?"

"I don't know that I can," was the reply.

"Well," said the man, "I will give you till morning to answer me."

question till it was proposed to him again in the morning, when he carelessly had not thought of it.

"Then," said the man, "I will tell you the most difficult words to pronounce. They are—I am wrong."

DELAWARE A UNIT FOR SURETY COX.
During the late session for the election of the House of Representatives a Congressman Cox requested answer all applications for a field at Beirut.

answered a question in the county jail.
and a correspondent of the *Bohivado*
complaints that the recent revival in
resulted in only ten conversions.

From Joseph B. Corns, of Washington, has
resigned the Presidency of the South Mountain
and Boston Railroad.

The canal store at Fort Colden was sold
the other night of about \$50 worth of

