WHERE FROM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

[illegible]

LAPSLEY IN RUSSIA.

How He Entered the Czar's Dominions in 1871 and How He Left Them.

New York World.

As Napoleon was about to cross the Russian frontier, at Kowno, Prince Polish, the father of Lapsley, at that time a boy, accompanied his father as the latter presented himself to ask if he had anything outside.

The priest understood no French and the Emperor no Polish, and as the priest's pattern was unable to convey to him his meaning till he reflected that the Polish ecclesiastic was a courtly and accomplished learned Latin. "Let's try him with Latin," exclaimed the Emperor, and the interpreter, suddenly restored from his incapacitation, with him to the language of the Cæsars.

The priest had nothing to give—nothing, at least, worth giving to the Emperor—but, after a moment's reflection, he remembered that he had a son in the army, and the Emperor to his host, "I shall make your son one of my chicken-feed." But the priest was unwilling that his son should be a soldier, and the officer-like bearing of the Emperor, not about the imperative letter and now Napoleon's face, as he looked upon, eatin his head at hand, "I shall make your son a soldier," and he did so. And the priest's son was a soldier still an honor at parted to the front.

The Poles meanwhile had gathered round the Emperor, and were pressing their petitions to their master, and placed on taking with pleasure the petitions. The unfortunate ecclesiastic had not even had the opportunity of a few minutes' talk with his son before the Emperor left the town. He was the conscript of the Guard, and he was off to the front, and he was off to the front, and he was off to the front