

LATE FOREIGN NEWS

Murder and Suicide.

TWENTY-FIVE FARMERS DROWNED.

A Village Annihilated.

Yellow fever has broken out near Lyons. It is declared that a young newly-married couple, their aunt, and the servant in the house, have just succumbed to this deadly disease. The story is that the infection was conveyed by two parrots, which had been brought as a present from South America.

The head-hunters of New Guinea recently attacked and annihilated a village of forty inhabitants. They threatened to attack the Government miners at Sudest and killed and ate a number of papuans. A force was organized for the purpose of vengeance, and several were captured and imprisoned by the British Administrator.

It is said that Senhor da Costa, a well-known Portuguese scientist, has discovered at Goa a substitute for gutta serena, fit for making telegraph cables. The new gum is said to be juice of the nyol-cantem, a hedge plant in the Concan district. The juice is white on flowing out, but when dried resembles gutta serena, and can be moulded like the latter.

"Electricity" was represented most ingeniously at the recent Berlin fancy-dress ball. The lady taking the character wore a dark blue velvet dress with golden lightning flashes. Round her waist was a girdle of six thick wires with telephones suspended to the ends, another elaborate arrangement of coils of wire and gold and silver plates simulated a galvanic battery, and tiny incandescent lights shone amid the puffs of her hair.

A gorgeous ice-boat is being used by the Chinese Emperor at Peking for his winter outings. The boat resembles a small coach on runners, but is drawn by men harnessed yellow trappings, which contrast brightly with the red paint of the vessel. Four brass dragons, with yellow tassels in their mouths, ornament the corners, and a large dragon is fixed in the front. The inside is padded with yellow silk, while a watch, a mirror, and hanging pockets to hold papers, etc., are added for the Emperor's use.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* states that another absconding banker, following the example of Mace and Bernaert, named Alary, trading on the Place Boieldieu, has decamped, leaving nearly two million francs deficit. Alary has written from London stating that as he was quite unable to meet his engagements he thought it more advisable to leave the country. His safe, which was opened yesterday morning, was found to contain 12 francs 50 centimes.

Further trials of the rapidly with which machine guns can be fired were made in the vicinity of Havre in the presence of several admirals and others. French naval officers, as well as a number of foreign officers. Two volleys of five rounds each, were fired successively from Canon guns of 12 and 15-centimetre calibre. The volley from the smaller gun occupied thirty seconds, and from the larger twenty-four seconds, the latter showing a rate of twelve rounds per minute.

There is at present a veritable epidemic of suicide at Copenhagen. Those who put an end to their lives are either young couples, who thus bring to a close an affection contrary to the wishes of their families, or writers or artists who kill themselves in despair at seeing their works not appreciated by the public. The melancholy poetry of the North has a most tragic effect. A curious detail is that the majority of these unhappy persons are Finlanders or Swedes. They escape, by committing suicide to Danish soil, the law of their own country, which gives the bodies of all who take their own lives to the dissecting room of the medical schools.

A tragical affair took place between two boys at Montmartre, Paris, on Monday night. They had been fast friends, but quarrelled about a girl. They accordingly challenged one another, and a duel with pistols was arranged. It was to take place on a piece of waste ground behind the hill on which the church is situated, but one of the youths, named Deschamps, declared at the last moment that he would not fight. His companion, Masson, upbraided him with cowardice, whereupon the other took aim at him and fired. Masson fell mortally wounded, and was conveyed to the hospital, his rival declaring to the police that he had used his pistol in self-defence.

The Church Missionary Society has just received news from the south end of Victoria Nyanza to December 13th, 1890. Bishop Tucker and six missionaries arrived at Usambiro on October the 13th, and were detained six weeks waiting the return of the mission boat, which the Rev. R. Walker had taken across the lake to secure canoes for the transport to Uganda. During this detention the Rev. W. Dunn and Mr. H. J. Hunt died of fever, and the Bishop suffered from four successive attacks of fever, from the last of which he was just recovering when, on November the 28, the mission boat returned to Usambiro. On December 4th the Bishop, accompanied by the Rev. B. A. L. Hooper and Messrs G. L. Pilkington, G. K. Baskerville, and F. C. Smith, started for their voyage across the lake, leaving the Rev. O. Dermott and Mr. D. Deeks at Usambiro, with instructions to move their quarters to Nasa, on Speke Gulf.

A mysterious passage has been discovered on a Bohemian railway. A conductor discovered that the ground between two sleepers near Aussig gave way. He dug a hole, and found that he could lower himself into what afterwards proved to be a subterranean passage. He at once announced his discovery, and arrangements were made that no train should pass the dangerous spot. Upon the place being examined, a long, well-made passage, was found nine feet below the line followed by the rails. The passage ran directly under the track for a length of about forty feet, and then branched off in a different direction. As the route is much used, there is no time to search further into the affair, and the dangerous passage was filled with stones and gravel. The passage led upwards, so there is reason to believe that it was a secret way through the hill to a castle that may once have stood upon it.

Advices from Argentina, received at Queenstown, announce that on the night of the 1st inst. the city of Cordova, in the province of that name, was inundated by an

overflow of the Primera River. Two hundred persons were drowned, and property valued at a million pounds was destroyed. The city was in darkness, the gas factory being flooded, and half the city was under water.

The Czar owns a house in Holland, and is having it thoroughly overhauled and made sound. It was Peter the Great's house, in Zaandam.

The wheat crop of South Australia is estimated at 12,600,000 bushels, or about 2,000,000 bushels less than that of last year. The Victoria crop, on the other hand, is believed to be about 5,000,000 bushels more than that of 1890; but the productions in New South Wales and New Zealand is so much smaller than it was last year that the surplus of Australasia cannot be a great one. It is estimated at 1,250,000 quarters for Europe, but it is doubtful whether sufficient allowance is made for the disastrous character of the New Zealand harvest—one of the worst ever known.

Cleopatra's asp reproduced in diamonds is the most fashionable jewel in Paris just now. Frenchwomen are copying the American in making a great display of jewellery, and cover the bodies of their evening dresses with brooches of every description. Diamond and sapphire lizards glitter in their bonnets at the theatre, a Joan of Arc diamond sword or a crescent of brilliants, sparkles at the throat, even with a high dress, and the largest jewel they possess acts as a buckle at the waist. The earrings are small, usually a single emerald, turquoise, or sapphire surrounded with diamonds. Bracelets are quite out of date for day-wear, but any number is used to adorn the arm in the evening.

Emperor William enjoys surprising his friends by dropping in suddenly to spend a quiet evening. Recently Dr. Miguel, the Prussian Finance Minister, was dining with a colleague when he was summoned home to entertain His Majesty who had arrived "to drink a glass of beer with him." Another evening Emperor William appeared at the dress-rehearsal of an important new play, and sat in the stalls, offering suggestions and criticisms. Until recently the Emperor and Empress were accustomed to walk in the Berlin Thiergarten unnoticed like any ordinary people, but the public have not respected their *incognito* of late, and hunt Royal as zealously as the English people. So a note in a Berlin official journal requests the Berliners to mend their ways.

Despite all efforts of the authorities to check the tide of emigration, large numbers of Polish and Russian peasants continue to depart from the region of the Vistula and from Volhynia to foreign lands. The "emigration fever," as the newspapers call it, is spreading even among the peasants and mechanics of the interior. Some of the lands vacated by the emigrants are bought up by German settlers, who set up colonies under the protection of their Ambassadors. The newspapers of Warsaw and St. Petersburg depict the lot of the Russian immigrants to Brazil and the United States in the darkest colors; the clergy preach against emigration—but all to no avail. The peasants believe that every one who speaks against emigration is a hireling of the Government and an enemy of the laborers. If they cannot get permission to leave the country they steal across the frontier at the risk of being shot by the guards.

A sad occurrence is reported from the Vaal River, says a Reuter's telegram from Cape Town. A number of farmers, trekking from the Free State to the Transvaal, arrived at the Vaal to find the river swollen, and the water over the guiding ropes of Engelbrecht's pont. The owner refused to convey them across owing to the dangerous state of the river, but they insisted on crossing at their own risk, and accordingly placed two wagons on the pont, and 27 men got on board to work it across. When they had arrived in mid-stream the top cable broke, and being still attached to the lower one, the pont capsized, throwing all the men into the river. Two alone managed to reach the shore all the rest being drowned. The wives and children of the men were standing on the bank in full view of the catastrophe.

A painful sensation was produced on Thursday night in the Brittany seaport of Lorient by the discovery that a widow named Malardeau, residing in the Rue Victor Masse, murdered her youngest daughter and taken her own life. Madame Malardeau occupied the first floor of a house at the bottom of a court. Her two eldest daughters were invited on Friday to dine with their grandmother, who lives on the flat above. On returning to their own dwelling about seven o'clock they were horrified to find the bodies of their mother and youngest sister stretched upon the floor, in a pool of blood between the bed and the fireplace, the throats of both having been cut so effectively that death in each case must have been instantaneous. The head of the child, who was only two years old, was almost severed from the body. On the table lay a knife covered with blood. All the circumstances pointed to the conclusion that Madame Malardeau, in a fit of temporary insanity—brought about, it is supposed, by imaginary persecution—murdered her daughter and then destroyed herself with the same weapon.

A Shocking Superstition.

The British Vice-Consul at Messina mentions a characteristic example of a Sicilian pilgrimage. At a mountain town about 50 miles from Messina there is a *fiesta* in September called the Madonna of the Chain (Madonna della Catena). If a man is dangerously ill, or in trouble, or in love, or for whatever reason it may be, he vows to go for one, two, three or four years on the pilgrimage of the Madonna della Catena. The devotees strip themselves of all but a cloth about their loins. They have in their hands soft pieces of pithy wood called *spersa*, about the diameter of a penny piece, through which are stuck from 40 to 50 pins, their points projecting one-eighth of an inch. The procession starts from the town to the chapel of the Madonna della Catena, about four miles distant, the men stab themselves with these pins on the shoulders, breast, thighs, and legs, shouting all the time, the women encouraging them with wine and bread, a priest leads the way with a banner. When the Vice-Consul saw this there were over 100 men in the process, and the stabs given over and over again on the same spots caused horrible bleeding tumours, and two deaths occurred. The women who have made vows pass their tongues upon the ground through every impurity from the church door to the high altar. The men, it is said, never break a vow when made under the sense of religion.

TRAPPED DOWN FROM ALASKA.

The Long and Lonely Journey of Isaac Beels, a Mining Man.

Isaac Beels, formerly of South Dakota, has arrived in Laramie direct from Alaska. He told a reporter that he left the mining region away to the north of Sitka last October, travelling some 1,600 miles, he says, on horseback and on foot. This was a long and wonderfully hazardous journey alone and occupied a long time. His horse gave out during the trip and he was obliged to continue on foot and take refuge among the Indians. He induced some of the natives to pilot him to the nearest white settlement. Reaching this point he was still 160 miles north of Sitka, but worked his way into Sitka alone. From Sitka he came down to Vancouver, British Columbia, from thence to the United States, continuing his journey on foot, covering most of the distance to Laramie that way.

Beels is a young man not more than 25 years of age, and he relates a wonderfully interesting story of his trip from the Callio mines away to the north to Sitka. He left Dakota last spring with some German friends. They succeeded in catching one of the boats which makes an occasional trip up the river, and in that way reached the northern mines. When Beels finally decided to leave Alaska it was not the season for the boats, so he set out on horseback. He says that 1,600 miles was a terrible trip. Food became scarce for his horse, and he finally had to feed it some of the bread he was carrying. In fear, however, of starving of death he ultimately had to abandon his horse and leave the poor animal to die surrounded by wild beasts.

Many times during the long trip Beels was harassed by wild animals, the mountain wolves and bear being particularly bold. The mountain bison, the moose, and other animals were quite plentiful. He is enthusiastic over the mining resources of Alaska. His 1,600-mile journey was over the great mountain ranges and through the desolate valleys of that great region. The Indians treated him very kindly. He could not exchange a word with them, but they realized that he was in distress and aided him.

About Osman Digna.

Osman Digna, writes a correspondent who knows him, is not a fighting man, but neither is he a saint, nor even a fanatical believer in the Mahdi and the righteousness of the cause he preaches to his followers. He is simply a ruined trader, broken by successful competition on the one hand, and by unfortunate slave ventures on the other, and at the outset his sole object in raising rebellion in the Eastern provinces of the Soudan, and thereby blocking the trade route to Berber, Korofan, and Darfur, was revenge upon his successful rivals at Suakim and Djeddah. He is not even a pure-bred Soudan Arab, but he is the son of a Turkish merchant and slave dealer settled in the Eastern Soudan. His father married a Hadendowa woman. Osman and his brother Ahmed became merchants also, and for some time carried on a thriving business in European cutlery, cottons, and ostrich feathers, and their headquarters were at Suakim. After a long period of prosperity evil fortunes fell upon the brothers. Several big ventures, all resulting in heavy losses, crippled the firm. The open hostility of a wealthy Djeddah merchant named Schinawi Bey caused at length the downfall of Osman's credit in Djeddah. Schinawi followed him to Suakim, and soon after his arrival there the brothers lost one after another several valuable convoys of slaves, which were captured by Government cruisers in the Red Sea. This completed their misfortunes, and Osman, vowing vengeance, fled to the hills, whither he was soon followed by Ahmet. This was in the spring of 1885. After the destruction of Hicks Pasha's army, Osman, thinking the moment favourable, volunteered to raise a revolt in the Eastern Soudan, and the Mahdi accepting, made him Emir of these provinces.

Say Agreeable Things.

There is a certain class of people who take great satisfaction in saying unpleasant things. They call this peculiarity "speaking their minds," or "plain speaking." Sometimes they dignify it by the name of "telling the truth." As if truths must be unpleasant in order to be true! Are there no lovely, charming, gracious truths in the world? asks Harper's Bazar. And if there are, why cannot people diligently tell these, making others happier by the telling, rather than hasten to proclaim all the disagreeable ones they can discover?

The sum of human misery is always so much greater than the sum of human happiness that it would appear the plainest duty to add to the latter all we can, and do what lies in our power to diminish the former. Trifles make up this amount, and in trifles lie the best and most frequent opportunities. It may seem a little thing to tell another what is out of place in her appearance or possessions; but if the information is unnecessary and makes her unhappy, it is clearly an unkind and unfriendly action.

Would it not be well to cultivate the grace of saying agreeable things, even to the extent of hunting them up and dragging them to the light when they happen to be obscure? This power to say pleasant things—true ones—is an accomplishment which is generally overlooked or left as a mere worldly matter to light-minded people. But why it should be counted more Christian-like to utter unpleasant truths than pleasant ones is a somewhat puzzling question.

The Quality of Ice on Cars.

Among the communications laid before the Provincial Board of Health at its recent meeting was one from Mr. Armstrong of Port Hope, touching the quality of the ice used on the cars in summer time. In his letter Mr. Armstrong asserts that the Grand Trunk company has been in the habit of getting a portion of the ice used for drinking purposes from a pond situated within the corporation boundaries of Port Hope, and into which is discharged the refuse of a glue factory, and of a brewery, as well as filth of another kind. This is a question in which the entire Canadian community is deeply concerned. It is hard to believe that the railway authorities could have been aware of these facts, and have knowingly exposed their patrons to such imminent risks. However that may be it is somewhat assuring to learn that having had their attention directed to the matter they have promised to give it their earnest consideration. Such reckless disregard of the public health, if willfully persisted in, deserves the severest condemnation of all right-minded citizens.

The Sabbath Chime.

When God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

But, when He came the second time,
He came in power and love,
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently fall, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceedingly loud,
The trumpet, that Angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud.

So, when the spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only the saints and angels will
No place for it is found.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—
O Thou, whose own vast temple stands
O built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise;
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passions dies.

—[William C. Bryant.]

Tuesday—I now wish you especially to note that what is called the power of the Holy Ghost in great assemblages is nothing more than the power of human ghosts, or more simply human atmospheres. It is the confusion of individualities, and the crash or break down of nature's effort at producing conscious will. The result is often unconsciousness; sometimes insanity; frequently a physical power, which is not self-power, but the power of the crowd concentrated in one. It is not of God at all, nor is it of the devil, but is a purely natural phenomenon. The fact is, we have given ourselves almost no study, attributing anything strange to either a God or a devil, a big supernatural power of some sort. The Holy Ghost is simply a term to cover our ignorance of ourselves. The one most important of all public enterprises is the endowment of professorships in our universities to encourage psychical research. It would quickly reduce to the natural what now constitutes the basis of supernatural religion.—[E. P. Powell.]

Wednesday—

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty nor good nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist.
Therefore, to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable name!
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!

What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?
—[Anonymous.]

Thursday—Any one watching keenly the stealthy convergence of human lots sees a slow preparation of effects from one life on another, which tells like a calculated irony on the indifference or the frozen stare with which we look at our untroubled neighbor. Destiny stands by sarcastic, with our dramatic persons folded in her hands.—[George Eliot.]

Friday—Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of short-sightedness that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it; cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; cunning is a kind of instinct that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understanding; cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.—[Joseph Addison.]

Saturday—

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams beholding;
The sun strikes through the farthest mist,
The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health was strongest,
But now it is the churchyard grass
We look upon the longest,
Be pitiful, O God!

—[Elizabeth Barrett Browning.]

Improvement on Railway Sandwiches.

Scene, Central Africa—(Arrival of the express train at the chief town.)
Train-dispatcher to the engineer—"What does this mean? I don't see any conductor."
Engineer—"No, the first-class passengers have eaten him up since we started."

What Microbes Are.

Two sons of the Emerald Isle sat in the depot the other day running from one current topic of discussion to another. They finally reached the subject of the great prevalence of sickness. Aren't yez afraid of typhoid fever?" said Denis.
"Yis, I am," replied Pat.
"Pat?"
"Yis, Dinney."
"What are these microbys and germs the docthors are talking about?"
"Waal, I'll tell yez my idee, Dinny. Them germs and microbys are peculiar things. Flannigan was tellin' me about them. He sez they reside in the wather. He was fishing through the ice last Monday and he pulled up his line, begob, and found a microbe on it. He sez it loked a good dale like a bullhead, but it had a peculiar face. He sez he threw it back after he got over bein' scart. Me own opinion is, Dinny, that microbys are a peculiar kind of fish."—[Albany Argus.]

Some Receipts.

COTTAGE SOUP.—One pound of good beef or mutton, two onions, two carrots, two ounces of rice, one pint of whole peas, pepper and salt and two quarts of water; cut the meat into slices; put one or two at the bottom of an earthen jar or deep dish; lay in the onions sliced; then put in more meat and the carrots sliced; the peas must be well soaked, and added with the water, and salt and pepper to suit the taste; cover the dish and put it into a hot oven for two or three hours.

POTTED FOWL AND HAM.—Cut all the meat from a cold fowl, and remove the bones and skin; cut it very fine; take one-quarter of a pound of lean ham and two tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper, salt, nutmeg and a pinch of cayenne; melt the butter, and mix all thoroughly to a smooth mass; set aside to become thoroughly cool; serve for tea or lunch, garnished with slices of lemon and celery leaves.

BAKED SMELTS.—Wash each one carefully; whip dry and then roll well in cracker crumbs, seasoned with salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg; place a sheet of paper in a dripping pan; butter it well and lay the fish carefully upon it; place a piece of butter upon each one, and place the pan in a quick oven, and let the smelts become a delicate brown in color; use care that none burn; place them in a hot dish and serve at once; garnished lemon with and parsley.

RISSOLES OF COOKED FISH.—Any cooked fish will do; remove all bones from the meat, and then pick well to pieces; mix it well with an equal quantity of bread crumbs and a little butter; season it with an onion chopped very fine, a little chopped parsley, sage, pepper and salt; add to this enough beaten egg to hold it well, and make it up into small flat cakes; fry in hot butter; when they are done, add a little water to the fat in the pan; add a little flour thickening and a few chopped capers, pour the gravy round the rissoles and serve them very hot.

ONIONS A LA CREME.—Boil four or five Spanish onions in two or three waters to remove the strong taste, then drain them well in a colander; put them in a stewpan again, with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little flour dissolved in milk; pepper, salt and a half a cupful of cream; place all over a slow fire and stir them frequently until done; serve with the sauce poured on them.

WHITE PUDDING.—Two eggs, one pint of cream, a little salt, thin slices of bread, one-quarter of a pound of raisins; beat the eggs very light; add them to the cream, with the salt; butter a pudding dish; cut the bread in slices an inch thick; prepare the raisins carefully; cut the slices of bread into small pieces, and place the bread and raisins in the dish; mix well together, and pour the cream over the whole; bake about three-quarters of an hour; serve with wine sauce.

SIR WATKINS PUDDING.—Mix one pound of bread crumbs, one pound of marrow, one pound of sugar well together; add the grated peel of four lemons and the juice strained; beat the whites and yolks of eight eggs separately, and add them to the other ingredients, and boil the pudding in a pail or mould eight hours; half the quantity can be used and boiled two hours; serve with whipped cream, flavored with wine.

WINDSOR PUDDING.—One-half pound of apples, half a pound of currants, half a pound of raisins, five eggs, half a pound of suet, half a pound of French roll, peel of one lemon, one glassful of raisin wine, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg and a pinch of salt; grate the roll and add the suet, finely chopped, the nutmeg and lemon peel; stone and chop the raisins, and chop the apples also; mix with the crumbs, adding the currants, wine and eggs, well beaten; add a little salt last; mix all the ingredients well together, and boil in a well buttered basin; sift fine sugar over the pudding when it is done and served out, and serve with wine sauce.

APPLE TRUFFLE IN PASTE.—Ten or twelve large apples, peel of half a lemon, whites of four eggs, three ounces of sugar, half a pound of puff paste; well butter the outside of a pie tin; cover it with good puff paste; bake it a nice brown; when done carefully remove the dish and fill the crust with the apples, stewed with the lemon peel and sugar; sift sugar over the top; beat the whites of the eggs very stiff with sugar; brown it delicately, and serve at once.

LONDON SYLLABUB.—Sweeten 1½ pints of sherry with three ounces of loaf sugar; add nutmeg and two quarts of milk directly from the cow; serve in glasses with frothed egg on top.

The Latest Thing Out.

Among the passengers whom the train-boy attacked every five minutes and tried to worry into buying something was a sour-faced antiquity with goat whiskers and a face containing a large quantity of wrinkles. He was one of those people who lock their pocketbooks with a padlock and throw the key away, going through life on credit and nerve. He was a man who would kick a cow when it did not give the full pail of milk.

He did not want candy or novels or cigars and every time the news butcher approached he would endeavor to smite him to the heart with a gruff "naw" and a look that would have annihilated a drummer. But the train-boy did not perish from the fusillade of looks. He merely made up his mind—or the substitute for it—to get even with Old Penurious. The last time he came into the car he had with him a box of oranges. He did not speak until he reached the rustic's side.

"Here ye are," he exclaimed. "Here's somethin' to fool the folks with. Here's ye're rubber oranges." The countryman's weak spot was revealed, for an apology for a smile strode over his face. "What be they?" said he, quite eagerly. The train boy smiled internally. He leaned down confidently and whispered: "Latest thing out, boss, to fool the folks. Them fruit is made of rubber, but don't they look real?"

The countryman nodded. Here was the latest thing out to go home and pose as the champion funny man of the town. "Why they do, that's so?" he exclaimed. "Be they really Injy rubber?" "Yep. And see here, friend. They cost me a half a dollar apiece, but I like your looks and you kin have one for twenty-five cents." Twenty-five coppers seemed to paralyze him, but after a mental struggle he produced a half a dollar done up in a paper and said "Gimme two." He got the