

LATE FOREIGN NEWS

The Crofters Commission have made sweeping reductions in rent in the Lewis and in Barra.

The crew of the fishing boat *Osprey*, five in number, were drowned in the Tay late on Tuesday night.

The Crofters Commission have assigned the island of Skerry to seven of the Duke of Sutherland's crofter tenants.

Smallpox has broken out in many of the famine-stricken districts of Russia, and a heavy mortality has been caused.

Mr. Moody's evangelistic campaign continues to be followed with great interest throughout the Highlands.

On Monday, at the Glasgow Sheriff Court, Wallace Thom, the medicinal sweetmeat manufacturer, was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment for perjury.

Three young men residing in the neighbourhood of Wishaw, were arrested on Sunday on suspicion of having caused the death of a woman named Simpson.

A great political demonstration was held on Monday night in the Grand Theatre under the auspices of the College Division Liberal Association. Upwards of 4500 were present.

The Glasgow ship *Enterkin*, bound from Hull to Brisbane was wrecked on the Galloway Sands, off the Suffolk coast, last Saturday afternoon, and of her crew of thirty-one only three were saved.

In Nieder-Wernelskirchen, Germany, a man has been fined \$15 for calling another a Socialist.

Russia has seven Pasteur institutions, in which 1,652 patients were treated during the year, 42 of whom died of hydrophobia.

According to the reports of the Medical Commission of the Ministry of the Interior, there were 2,215 suicides and 665 infanticides in Russia this last year.

The Russian Ministry of War has resolved to shorten the rations of the soldiers by a half pound of bread daily (the present rations are three pounds a day) and to pay them the value of that half pound in cash.

In the government of Voronezh fire breaks out very frequently in the granaries of wealthy farmers and land owners. On investigation it was found that in most cases such fires are due to incendiaries. The peasants are embittered against the landowners for withholding their stocks from the market, and burn the grain for spite. "If we must starve," they say, "we will not have the *pomestchiks* (landowners, nobles) enrich themselves by our calamity."

The Governor of Tambov has proclaimed that the peasant who refuses to work when called out to clear the railroad tracks or help at any of the communal works will get no help either from the Government or from the communal storehouses. He ordered the *natchalniki* of every district to keep a list of the peasants who refuse to do communal work when called upon.

Berlin police authorities are trying to devise a method for the more thorough cleansing of beer glasses in restaurants. The city health physicians say that disease is spread by the glasses washed as they are at present.

Luigi Emanuele Farnia, the Italian Deputy a short time ago, was a politician of unique electioneering devices. On one rainy election day he sent to each of about 400 voters an umbrella with his compliments. At another time he had pigs driven through the streets with this notice hanging from the snout of each: "Whoever votes for Farnia may eat of me."

A powerful body of Belgian manufacturers are organizing an agitation to reject the treaties unless the terms, already considered here unduly favorable, are bettered for Belgium. King Leopold, indeed has assured Emperor William that the treaties will be passed by the Legislature before the New Years, but a King of the Belgians may not find it so easy to control parliamentary action as a German Emperor.

The exporters of Odessa and other port cities are doing an unusually extensive trade in the exportation of cattle. On account of the lack of food large cattle are sold by the peasants for any price they can get; and the recent ukase, which deprives foreigners of the right to own or to farm land outside of the limits of corporate towns, causes many ranchmen of the south to sell their sheep and other small cattle at very little prices. Working cattle, like horses and oxen, are in demand in Turkey, Greece, England, and Italy, and sheep are exported into Egypt and even to Australia.

Russkiya Viedomosti of Moscow has received the "second warning" from the Censor for "publishing disquieting reports about the hunger in Russia." Tolstoy's letter which appeared in that paper on the 18th ult. was the cause of the rebuke. The existence of this most liberal and thoughtful paper in the dominion of the Czar now hangs on a thread as the "third warning" from the Censor is followed by a decree to stop the publication.

The wine culture in southern Crimea is being extended very largely this year. Millions of acres which have been lying idle are at present planted with vines. The peasants of the famine districts streaming southward have made labor so cheap that breaking an acre of land and planting vines costs very little, and the land owners are not slow to take advantage of the position.

In the various departments of the Russian Ministries of Roads, of intercommunication, and of Imperial Property extensive plans have been sketched for a thorough topographic and agronomic mapping of the territories along the trans-Siberian railroad built by the Ministry of War. The new maps are to give exact information about the nature of the soil over an area of fifty to a hundred versts on both sides. They are to designate with precision the rivers, mountains, and woods, and the qualities of the soil for farming purposes. This gigantic work is to be done to establish Russian settlements along the line for the benefit of the peasants who emigrate from the interior. It is expected that even before such settlements are established on a firm basis, the increased traffic on the new road will repay all the expenses of prospecting and mapping the territories.

The remarkable agitation in the Polish population of the eastern provinces of Prussia, which broke out recently, is spreading and growing more rabid. The national Liberal

journals, which lately attacked Caprivi for indulging the Poles, declare that the preparations for the consecration of Baron Stabrowsky, appointed Archbishop of Posen, have taken the aspect of arrangements for a political festival celebrating the independence of Poland.

It is predicted that this year will witness important changes in home policy, which will bring about the bitterest debates in the Reichstag and rearrangements of parties. Chancellor Caprivi is credited with schemes of electoral, political, and social reform, inspired by the Emperor, which are certain to be fiercely opposed by Conservatives and others. It is rumored that there is a design of meddling with Russia's position in the empire and her relations with other German States, one of the thorniest subjects that can be touched upon.

Offers have been made to England to enter into a commercial compact with Germany, giving her all the privileges enjoyed by the members of the Dreibund in their new treaties. Sir E. B. Malet, the British Ambassador, who privately expressed regret that England is unable to enter into a special treaty, congratulated the Emperor on Wednesday last on his masterly commercial policy, increasing the prestige of the empire and further proving his ability to lead Europe. This broad piece of flattery the Kaiser swallows whole, gratified that his work was at least appreciated in an important quarter.

EXPLORING NOVAIA ZEMLIA.

A Solitary Explorer's Years of Work in an Almost Unknown Land.

An interesting man has for three years been studying the geography and physical conditions of one of the bleakest parts of the world. His name is K. Nossilof, and he was first heard of in 1888 after he had spent a year studying the twin islands of Novaia Zemlia, north of the European mainland. He said he intended to devote five years to Novaia Zemlia, and he has now completed three years of investigation. This persevering young Russian has returned every year to Archangel, on the northern coast of Europe, with valuable botanical, mineral, and zoological specimens. He has carried on his work with only one or two assistants, and they have passed at least one dark winter in that bleak land. Only twice before have white explorers wintered in Novaia Zemlia. The first occasion was when the famous Dutch explorer, Willem Barents, rounded the northern part of Novaia Zemlia and with his little party spent the long winter night of 1596-97 amid much hardship and discomfort on the northeast coast. The second occasion was not many years ago, when some Norwegians attached to an exploring party were so enamored of the life they led among the natives, who had a temporary home on the twin islands, that they remained behind when their comrades returned to civilization, and their friends saw no more of them for a year or two until they grew weary of their isolation.

Nossilof, in the spring of 1889, reported the discovery of four coalfields and deposits of iron, copper, gold, and sulphur, which he said would pay for the working. He also collected a great deal of information regarding the animal life of the island, kept a careful record of the meteorological conditions, and surveyed a large extent of country. While engaged in tracing the coast-line he discovered three new islands, one of which about nineteen miles long and three broad, he named Possiet island. Last winter Nossilof lived at the western entrance of Matshew [Matotskhi?] strait. He had a comfortable house, which had been specially constructed for him after his own plans in Archangel, and was carried on a schooner to Novaia Zemlia.

The significance of Nossilof's work is that almost single-handed and alone he is exploring one of the least known parts of the world. The best maps of Novaia Zemlia show little more than blank spaces in the interior. Seal hunters say the island is very rocky, and it is likely that in the interior there are mountain chains running parallel with the coast. The country has no inhabitants, but is visited annually by Samoyeds from the neighboring mainland. In recent years a number of expeditions scientific and commercial, have touched at Novaia Zemlia, but the island is still little known, and even the greater part of its coast line is not yet accurately laid down on the maps.

During the summer of 1890 Nossilof made several excursions into the Kara sea, collected many birds and animals, surveyed a part of the coast, and took soundings. He says that last winter was unusually stormy and that the sea remained open until spring. Torrents of rain fell so that the country was covered with a coating of ice, and many reindeer died from hunger. Hundreds of seals were frozen on the ice and fish were thrown up in heaps on the shore. The weather during last spring and summer was very severe, and the temperature did not rise above 41 degrees Fahrenheit up to the end of July. The explorer was, however, able to carry on the scientific work of his expedition without interruption and to make large zoological investigations.

This enthusiastic Russian has led a more isolated life during the last three years than almost any other civilized man. He has faith that there is good to be obtained from Novaia Zemlia, and believes it will pay to develop its mineral resources.

A Wild Boy.

Another wild boy has been found. Dr. Ornstein, of Athens, writes to the Berlin Anthropological Society that near Trikala, on the frontier of Thessaly and Epirus a boy has been found in the woods in a wild state, sometimes going on "all fours," sometimes walking erect, incapable of speech, but imitating the voices of animals exactly. In summer he nourished himself principally on milk, visiting the cattle of the neighbourhood by night. In winter he ate roots and acorns. He was taken to Trikala, and seems to accustom himself to the people, but cannot learn to articulate words. It has been found that he was the son of a Wallachian labourer. Dr. Ornstein does not mention the boy's age.

A Cautious Sleep-Walker.

All sound-sleepers should adopt the plan of a Dundee (N. Y.) sleep-walker if they wish to avoid a disastrous ending to their nocturnal travels. The Dundee man keeps a treadmill beside his bed, where he will step on it the minute he gets up. He can then walk in his sleep all night without being in danger of tumbling down a well or off a roof.

CHASED BY A PACK OF WOLVES.

A Perilous Adventure in the Pennsylvania Forest.

"The nearest I ever came to being killed," said Harrison Phillips, of the Pocono Mountains, a few days ago, "was in the winter of 1831, when I was eighteen years old. In those days we had to get our oxen shod in South Canaan, Pa., sixteen miles from where we lived, and in February of that year my father sent me over there with a yoke of four-year-old steers. A long thaw had taken the snow off and all the frost out of the ground, and the weather was much like early April when I started for South Canaan at daylight. It took me till 11 o'clock to get there, and when the blacksmith had finished shoeing the steers it was 4 in the afternoon. A regular March snowstorm had sprung up from the northwest by the time I was ready to start for home, and I saw that I was going to have a tough trip of it if the storm continued as violent as it had set in. But the moon was about full, and I calculated that I wouldn't get caught out

IN PITCH DARKNESS,

even if the snowsfall kept up. I had to drive the steers through thick woods nearly all the way, and as wolves were numerous all through this region at that time, I felt a little ticklish about my night end of the journey homeward.

"It was sundown when I entered the first long stretch of woods on my way to the Dutch Flats, and the snow was then falling so fast and in such big flakes that it almost blinded me. A terrific gale was blowing, but I was going in the same direction that the wind was, and I felt somewhat encouraged on that account. The storm increased in violence, and the wind fairly howled through the forest as I directed the steers along the trail, and I remember that I felt every minute as though great trees were going to fall and crush me. I had never been a bit frightened in the woods before, for I had been raised in the forest, but I now up that I was badly scared that night. When I reached the Dutch Flats a woodman coaxed me to put up with him for the night. I had a good notion to do so, but I knew that my folks would worry about me and probably sit up all night waiting for me, and so I plodded through the snow at the head of the near steer and soon passed Promised Land Pond. Then I

STRUCK ACROSS THE HILL

to the head of the Buckhill Creek, and as I was leading the steers along the trail down the mountain side the snow stopped falling, the clouds broke up and occasional glimpses of the moon made me feel a good sight better than I had for a couple of hours.

"My folks reckoned in the morning that I would be home by dark. I was six miles from home when the moon came out, and it was all of three hours after nightfall, but I felt all right after the blinding snow ceased, although the wind was blowing hard. All at once I heard a noise in the dense woods some distance behind me, and I halted the steers and listened. What I heard made me shiver, for it was the howling of a pack of wolves, and I quickly saw that the blood-thirsty brutes were running down the trail directly toward me. There were at least a dozen in the pack, and I instantly realized that they were bent on attacking me. The winter had been uncommonly severe up to the time of the thaw, and in a twinkling I recalled the fact that wolves had slaughtered a good many domestic animals in the Pocono Mountains within a few weeks. So I put whip to the steers, and in a moment I had them going at a brisk trot behind me. The howling pack rushed down the hill like a lot of fiends and before I had gone an eighth of a mile further the hungry brutes were

SNAPPING AND SNARLING

at the heels of the steers. The steers immediately began to plunge and bellow, and the wolves bit their legs until they started on the run and came near trampling me under their hoofs.

"Seeing that the steers were ungovernable and that the wolves would kill me if I got in their path, I threw my gad away, seized the yoke of the near steer and jumped astride of his neck. The steers kept the trail and ran like wild cattle, bellowing at every bound, and I had all I could do to keep from being hurled headlong over the near one's horns. I could tell from the howling of the wolves that they were close at the heels of the runaway steers, but I had no chance to look around. I expected every second that the steers would sheer off from the trail and bring up against the trees, but so scared as they were they kept in it until we had led the wolves all of two miles down the Buckhill Creek. The steers panted in the frosty air and the wolves continued to howl. By that time all the clouds had disappeared and the moon shone so bright that I could see ahead in the woods quite a distance.

"Suddenly I heard some one shout, and the next moment I saw three men standing at the side of the trail several rods ahead. Before I realized this the steers dashed past the men and then I heard rifles crack a number of times, and I noticed that the wolves stopped howling at the heels of the steers. Pretty soon the steers slackened their speed and I talked to them until they came to a walk, when I jumped off and halted them, turning them from the trail. The rifles kept cracking up the creek, and I ran back and found that the three men had killed eleven of the wolves. They were my father and two older brothers and they had started out in search of me, fearing something had happened to me. I was about used up, and as I said before, I came nearer losing my life that night than I ever have since then."

Where Isinglass Comes From.

The best isinglass comes from Russia, where it is obtained from the giant sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian sea and the rivers which run into it. This fish often grows to the length of twenty-five feet, and from its air-bladder the isinglass is prepared. It is subjected to many processes before being ready for sale, but the Russians, knowing its reputation of being the best, take great pains in its preparation, and in the world's markets it has practically no rival. A great deal is made along the Amazon, in Brazil, but it is very coarse and inferior, and is used for the refining of liquors and similar purposes. The adulteration of good isinglass with the inferior kinds can always be detected by placing samples in boiling water. The best isinglass will dissolve completely, leaving no visible residuum, while the inferior variety will show threads of fibrous tissue and be of a dark color, often almost brown.

The Gudewife.

My gudewife—she that is so be—
O she shall seeme sang-sweete ta me
As her ain croon tuned w' the chiel's
Or spinnin' wheel.
An' faire she'll be an' saft an' light
An' mair bright
As her spick apron, jimpy laced
The round her waiste—
Yet aye as rosy sall she bloom
Till the roome
(The maid o' fauldless spirit,
As a full-fine
Ripe rose, lang rinsed w' the raine,
Sun-kist againe;
Sall sene, me at her table-spread,
White as her bread—
Where I, sae kissen her for grace,
Sall see her face
Snudged, yet aye sweeter, for the bit
O' flour on it,
Whites, witless, she sall sip w' me
Luv'e's t'pastaib-bubblin' ecstasy.
—James Whitcomb Riley, in January LITTON-CORR.

The Ideal.

Ah, dream not, gentle youth,
That the maiden bright and fair,
With the eyes outshining angels'
And the flowing golden hair,
That the maid o' faultless spirit,
And of soul engaging mien,
Will stay to weep and perish
In your cottage on the green!

Her brow stains a star
That the love of Heaven bestowed,
And her robes are lucent ether
Of no passing earthly mode;
And though pity move her bosom
O'nd she visit thee by night,
Her home is in the regions
Of the immaterial light.

Awake the song of love
And her praise thro' life prolong—
With a constancy unchanging
Wreath her name in deathless song;
Oh, worship her and laud her,
And her foot prints stop to kiss,
But believe not she will tarry
In a land so cold as this.
—BY WILLIAM GREIG.

Papa Puts Baby to Sleep.

Your wife wants to "run over to mother's and you promise to put the baby to sleep. Well, mamma departs, and you take the white-robed baby—the nearest to an angel there is on this earth, no matter how he may get up and tear about in the hour to come. You pick him up and say fondly but firmly,—"Now papa's little baby boy must go right to sleep."
"Go, go," he says.
I suppose that is his way of saying good-night. It is also his way of saying forty other things.

"Now baby shut his eyes," you say, as you cuddle him up.
"Go, go," he says, with his eyes wide open, and a sort of intimation in them that he will shut them when he gets ready to do so, and not before.

"Baby," you say, a little more severely, "papa wants to read his paper, now, and baby must go to sleep."
If ever a child said "I won't do it" with his heels upon his head, it was this time, for the way he lets his little pink heels fly into the air can mean nothing less than a distinct and positive "I won't."

You hold him firmly in your arms, and he begins to squirm. He writhes and wriggles with unexpected strength and pluckily contends for freedom, until you let him go through sheer admiration of his grit.
"Go, go," he says, which means that he'll show me a thing or two.
You begin to feel scared.
"Baby, dear," you say plaintively, "won't papa's nice little man go to sleep now? That's a good boy."

Then the good boy manifests his intention of getting down and crawling over the floor; but foiled in this he concludes to crawl all over you. You haul him down and say,—"If baby won't go to sleep papa must whip him."
"Go, go," he screeches.
The merry little chap! How mean you feel for having threatened him! You begin rocking him to and fro in such a manner that he couldn't go to sleep if he wanted to. Then you sing everything you know all in one key, for ten to one you cannot sing a note correctly to save your life.

This concert lasts an hour and a half, and the boy lives through it all, and has vitality enough to pop up at the close with a cheery,—
"Ya, ya! Go!"
Then you shake him and say,—
"Here, young man, I've had just about enough of this. You've simply got to go to sleep! Go to sleep!"
Now you've made him cry. He slips limply down in your arms and opens his mouth in one prolonged yell, followed by another and another until he has emitted a thousand of them. You walk the floor with him; you jump him up and down; you coax, and scold, and wheedle, all to no effect.
By-and-by his cries grow weak and few; you feel his little form relaxing in your arms his little limbs hang limply, his head lies heavily on your shoulder, his eyes droop, and with that saddest of sounds, the sobbing of a sleeping child, he wanders into dreamland.

Death of a Famous Railway Dog.

The death is announced of "Help," the railway dog of England, which has just occurred at Newhaven, where he has been staying since he retired from active service. The dog was trained by Mr. John Clipson, who had been 25 years guard of the tidal train from London Bridge to Newhaven, and the idea was to get "Help" to act as a medium for the collection of money in aid of the Orphan Fund of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. It was the late Rev. Norman Macleod, who, struck with the excellence of the object for which the dog was to be trained obtained a fine Scotch collie from Mr. W. Riddell, of Hailes, Haddington. The mission of "Help" was made known by a silver collar, to which was appended a silver medal, having on it the following inscription: "I am Help, the railway dog of England, and travelling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is at No. 65 Colebrooke Row, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged." At the Bristol Dog Show in 1884 "Help" was presented with a silver medal, and his visit realized 10 guineas. Altogether the faithful animal, who was very docile, was instrumental in obtaining upwards of £1000 for the orphan fund. In 1884, also, Mr. F. W. Hughes, of the Grenham Club, presented the dog with a silver collar and tablet, and he constantly met with tokens of the esteem in which he and the cause of the orphans were held by the public. In former years "Help" was a regular attendant at the railway-men's congresses, but had not been on active duty for the last two years.

WHAT THE YOUNGSTERS SAY.

Pretty Hard for Their Elders to Beat Them in General Philosophy.

Little girl of 7, being asked why she ate her tart all around the edge first, and consequently got her finger covered with jam, answered reproachfully: "Meg, don't you know? Duty first and pleasure afterward."
Tootums (aged 3), seeing the cook plucking a goose: "Nurse, is Mary undressing the goose to give him his bath?"

Little girl to her nurse, who had told her the story of Adam and Eve's dismissal from the garden of Eden: "I suppose they were both sent away without a character."

A girl, on hearing of the raising to life of the widow's son, thought it over quietly, and eventually remarked: "I presume they had to pay for the grave all the same."

Mother (reprovingly to the little girl just ready to go for a walk): "Dolly, that hole was not in your glove this morning." Dolly (promptly): "Where was it then?"

Little girl (to new governess): "I know prenez garde means not before the children. Mamma always says it to papa when he is going to say something at dinner she doesn't want me to hear."

A tiny girl of 2½ years, when nurse fetched her to be dressed for dinner, exclaimed: "Oh, dear! there is no yest for the 'icked'."

One day, after giving an object lesson on volcanoes, a teacher asked a child of 8 what name was applied to a mountain which brought forth fire from its mouth. "Why, a spitfire of course," was his answer.

It was promised that a certain very small boy should have his portrait painted. He was greatly distressed, saying, between his sobs: "Oh, father, I don't want to always hang up on the wall!"

A boy of 5, having been checked to no purpose by his mother for teasing her when she was busy, was thus addressed: "My dear little boy, if you loved mother you would try and please her by doing what you are told." Whereupon replied the boy; "Mother, I'm trying to please God; I can't please everybody."

Little girl, reading the chapter in Genesis recounting the fall, comes to the curse pronounced upon the serpent: "On thy belly shalt thou go." "What!" exclaims the child, "did he go on his back before?"

Tommy, who has listened with breathless interest to the story of Daniel in the den of lions, and how the wicked men who accused him were punished: "I is so glad those poor lions got their breakfast at last."

The following quaint question was asked by my little niece, aged 6 years: "When shall I have holes in my head for the hairpins to go in?"

(Mamma, explaining to her little girl, aged 5, that everything she does and says is written down in a large book in heaven): L. G. asks: "Are all the naughty things, too?" Mamma: "Yes, dear." L. G. (pensive-ly): "Then I think I'll take a piece of India rubber with me."

Once Tommy was silent at the request of his elders for many weary minutes, and when he could no longer contain himself he was told that silence was golden. "Yes," quoth he, "but you know we want change sometime."

A child of 3½ years had been taught by his mother a text in the morning: "Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." At night, at the end of his prayers, he, unasked, repeated the text in the following form: "Wash my heart, O God, and hang out to dry."

A little 5-year-old of my acquaintance interviewed his mother the other day upon the subject of angels having wings, and, on being told that there was reason to believe that they were so equipped, exclaimed: "O mamma, how funny they must look when asleep roosting like turkeys."

A little girl on being asked by her mother whether she was not glad to hear that an old friend, of whom she was very fond, had recovered from a dangerous illness, replied: "Yes, of course I'm glad, but still I'm sorry for God not to have his own way sometimes."

A little girl whose attention was called to the fact that she had forgotten to say grace before beginning her meal, shut her eyes meekly and said: "Excuse me, Amen."

Constance, aged 3½; her mother, having forgotten to do something for her which she had promised, said: "O darling, I forgot it; wasn't it naughty of me?" Constance replied consoling: "Oh, no, mother dear, not naughty, only stupid!"

Little Dorothy (to old wooden horse, which she insists on taking to bed with her every night): "You dear old horse; I am a good mind to call you my sweetest nightmare."

A Terrible Wreck.

Particulars have reached Liverpool of the loss of the vessel *William L. Bradley* and the entire crew, excepting the master, Captain Lee. The vessel was bound for Weymouth from Charleston (North Carolina), when she was overtaken by a terrible storm. The sea ran very high, and one of these, which Capt. Lee believed to be a great tidal wave, almost completely engulfed the vessel. The crew of eight hands were on deck at the time, and every one of them excepting the captain and mate was swept overboard. In a few minutes the vessel sank, and the captain found himself floating on the top of the wheelhouse. The mate disappeared with the vessel, but a short time afterwards Captain Lee saw the cook floating by the aid of a piece of wood. The captain tried to succor him, but found himself too weak to give him any assistance and he believes the cook was drowned. For the next 24 hours the captain drifted about on the wheelhouse, and was then picked up by a Spanish vessel and landed at the Canary Islands. Captain Lee believes he is the only survivor of the crew. As the *William L. Bradley* was an American vessel Captain Lee obtained a passage in a steamer and was subsequently landed at New York.

A Strange Crime.

A Vienna correspondent says an extraordinary case is reported from a village in Western Hungary. A man, aged about thirty, asked for shelter over night from a peasant woman whose husband was absent at the time. He said that he had come from America, and displayed a heavy purse containing about seven thousand florins. The woman, whose cupidry was aroused, cut his throat during the night and concealed the money. When her husband returned he recognized in the murdered man their own son, who had emigrated sixteen years before.