

OVER FOUR HUNDRED BRITISH TARS GO DOWN

Later Particulars of the Awful Naval Disaster.

THE VICTORIA WAS THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE SQUADRON.

Excitement in London—The Queen and Mr. Gladstone Greatly Shocked.

Rear-Admiral Albert H. Markham, of the Trafalgar, the flagship of the rear-admiral in the Mediterranean, has telegraphed officially to the Admiralty from Tripoli, Syria, under date of to-day as follows: "I regret to report that while manœuvring off Tripoli, this afternoon, the Victoria and Camperdown collided. The Victoria sank in fifteen minutes in 18 fathoms of water. She lies bottom uppermost. The Camperdown's ram struck the Victoria forward of the turret on the starboard side. Twenty-one officers were drowned. Two hundred and fifty-five men were saved. The injury to the Camperdown has not yet been fully ascertained but it is serious and will necessitate her going on dock for repairs. I propose to send the survivors to Malta."

A PREVIOUS DISASTER.
In January of last year the Victoria was aground off the Greek coast near Plateau and she was only floated off after an immense amount of labor and large expense. It was said the accident was due to carelessness.

Hon. Maurice Bourke, captain of the Victoria, and a son of the late Earl of Mayo, who is the youngest post captain in the British Navy, was held responsible for the accident and was severely reprimanded by a court-martial. Capt. Bourke was in command of the Victoria when she sank.

THE OFFICERS.
According to the navy list the principal officers of the Victoria were:
Vice-admiral—Sir George Tryon.
Captain—Maurice A. Bourke.
Commander—Chas. L. Ottley.
Chaplain—Rev. Samuel S. O. Morris.
Fleet surgeon—Thomas Bolster.
Fleet paymaster—Valentine D. J. Rickard.
Fleet engineer—Felix Foreman.

The complement of officers and crew of the Victoria comprised 600 men. The list of officers drowned includes, besides Vice-admiral Tryon, Chaplain Morris, Lieut. Munroe, Fleet Paymaster Rickard, Fleet Engineer Foreman, Engineer Harding, Assistant Engineers Deadman, Hatherly and Seaton, Gunner Howell, Boatswain Barnard, Carpenter Beall, Midshipmen Inglis, Grieve, Fawkes, Lanyon, Henly, Gambier and Scarlett, Cadet Stooks and Clerks Allen and Savage.

A change had recently been made in the commander attached to the Victoria, Charles L. Ottley having been detached and succeeded by Commander Fellicome, who was also, as were also Capt. Maurice A. Bourke and 15 other officers.

SCENE OF THE DISASTER.
The first despatches concerning the accident led to the belief that the disaster had occurred off the coast of Tripoli, in northern Africa. Later advices show that the scene of the calamity was near Tripoli, a seaport town on the eastern Mediterranean, 50 miles north-east of Beyrout, Syria, and a comparatively short distance from the island of Cyprus.

As soon as the officers of the Victoria saw that there was danger of their ship foundering orders were given to close the collision bulkheads, in order to keep the water in the compartment into which the Camperdown had shoved her ram. The sailors tried to obey the orders, but the ship was making water too fast to allow of closing the bulkheads, and while the men were still trying to shut them the ship, with her immense guns and heavy topmasts, turned over and carried them down.

THE NEWS IN LONDON.
As soon as the news of the disaster became known in London, the Duke of Edinburgh, who was lately promoted to the position of admiral of the fleet, cited the admiralty and conferred with the officials there. A conference of the Admiralty Board was held, and a telegram of instructions was sent to Rear-Admiral Markham.

The news of the calamity has caused the most intense excitement, not only among those who had friends aboard the ill-fated ship, but among all classes of the population. The admiralty office in Whitehall is besieged by relatives and friends of the officers and crew, reporters seeking further details of the disaster and throngs of people attracted by curiosity. So dense was the throng in the vicinity that the admiralty officials were compelled to summon the police to restrain the crowd.

No information has been received at the admiralty, since the receipt of Rear-Admiral Markham's first official telegram. The Victoria was

A SINGLE TURRET SHIP.
carrying two 110-ton guns, mounted in a forward turret coated with 18 inches of compound armor, one 10-inch 29-ton gun firing aft and a broadside auxiliary armament of 12 6-inch 5-ton guns. Of artillery of smaller nature she carried 21 quick-firing and eight machine guns. Her maximum speed was 16.75 knots. She could stow 1,200 tons of coal in her bunkers, and her radius of action at 10 knots speed with her full complement of coal was estimated at 7,000 knots. Her armored belt and bulk-heads consisted of compound armor from 16 to 18 inches in thickness. She was built at Elswick.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
Mr. Gladstone was greatly shocked when he received the news of the disaster. He informed the House of Commons of the accident and paid a most glowing tribute to the worth of Vice-Admiral Tryon, who he said was one of the ablest and most esteemed officers in the service. Mr. Gladstone said there were 611 officers, seamen and boys, and 107 marines on board the ship. It was feared of this total of 718 souls 430 had been lost. He was sure the deepest sympathy of the House would be felt for the brave men who had found an early grave in the service of their country, and that it would be extended to their relatives and friends.

Lord George Hamilton, formerly First Lord of the Admiralty, endorsed everything Mr. Gladstone had said, and expressed the deepest regret for the calamity that had befallen the country in the loss of so many brave officers and men.

LATEST FROM THE SCENE.
A despatch received at 2 o'clock Friday morning from Beyrout says that the collision occurred at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, about seven miles from Tripoli. The vessels were almost at right angles when the Victoria was struck. Those on the Victoria's deck at the moment of the collision scrambled away and were rescued by boats from the Camperdown and several other vessels. The men below had no time to reach the deck. The sudden heeling of the Victoria caused her to begin to fill immediately and no escape was possible. She went down in 80 fathoms of water. It is difficult to obtain the names of the rescued, as they are aboard several vessels, and so far all efforts have been devoted to recovering all bodies. Shortly after the collision five bodies were taken from the water, one of them the body of the chief paymaster. They were buried next evening with military honors at Tripoli.

A FORMER DISASTER.
The accident to the Victoria has never been equalled in the fatal results in naval annals of recent times. The foundering of this newest type of warship calls to mind a similar accident, as far as great loss of life is concerned, that befell the English line-of-battle ship Royal George in 1782. In that year the Royal George, carrying 108 guns, was lying off Spithead. She had been keeled over for repairs when a sudden gust of wind caused her to keel over until the sea entered her open ports. She filled and went down with all on board, including Rear Admiral Kempenfelt. A number of women were on board at the time, and they, too, were drowned. Altogether about 600 persons lost their lives in that disaster.

THE QUEEN TO LADY TRYON.
The Queen has sent Col. Carrington to express her sorrow and sympathy to Lady Tryon.

On the evening following the afternoon of the disaster Lady Tryon, who arrived from Malta three weeks ago, was holding her first reception of the season. Two hundred guests were present. When the news of her husband's death reached her she fell in a faint.

The state concert and other royal functions on the programme for next week have been postponed.

The Lord Mayor has opened a relief fund for the benefit of the needy families who lost members in the disaster.

THE MAN AND THE VESSEL.

The Paris Played by Admiral Tryon and the Victoria in Naval History.

The names of Admiral Sir George Tryon and the great vessel Victoria are connected closely with the most important events of British naval history in recent years. In 1885 there was adopted under Mr. Gladstone's Government what is called the Northbrook programme of naval construction. Under this plan the Victoria, launched in April, 1887, was one of the finest additions to the navy. Upon her were tried many of the experiments with some of the heavier guns then coming into vogue. In the summer of 1888 naval manœuvres on an unprecedented scale were resolved upon, and a supposedly hostile fleet consisting of 9 armored and 12 unarmored vessels and 12 torpedo boats, under Admiral Tryon's command, was blockaded in the two Irish ports of Berehaven and Lough Swilly by a fleet of 13 armored and 13 unarmored vessels and 12 torpedo boats, under Admiral Baird. Admiral Tryon managed his fleet successfully. First a cruiser escaped from Lough Swilly, and then two big ships ran the blockade at Berehaven in spite of electric lights and rockets. The torpedo vessels, Sir George Tryon on board of one of them, went north; carried the mimic warfare into the northern coasts; attacked Aberdeen, Leith and Edinburgh; preyed on the commercial shipping; and when pursued Sir George made for Liverpool, took possession of the harbor and the iron-clad left to defend it, while another squadron "levied tribute" on the ports on the east coast of England. These experiments demonstrated the weakness of the navy. It showed that the navy, for instance, in time of war could carry the entire coast of England and all the shipping except that in the mouth of the Thames. A great agitation for additions to the navy sprang up. Admiral Tryon's achievements had roused all England. The Government were forced to satisfy public feeling with a shipbuilding programme of 70 new vessels, to be built in five or six years, costing £21,500,000. This programme is now pretty nearly concluded. In 1860 Admiral Tryon was again a central figure in naval manœuvres. The object was to illustrate, by two fleets, a slower one with 24 hours' start of a faster one, how long the pursued fleet could maintain itself on one of the principal trade routes, intercept traffic, and yet avoid a general engagement. Admiral Tryon commanded the pursuing fleet, and demonstrated in a 10-day cruise that it was impossible to overtake the marauders. In 1891 Sir George replaced Sir Anthony Hoskin as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, having previous to that been attached to the Royal Naval Reserve. In 1892 Admiral Tryon issued a report on the trustworthiness of this force, making a number of suggestions which were carried out by the Government. The great ship Victoria had meanwhile been sent to the Mediterranean, and in February, 1892, she ran ashore while exercising in shallow waters with torpedoes. After great exertions by officers and men she was got safely off and reached Malta without serious damage. A court martial followed, but it resulted in acquitting the officers of culpable negligence.

Influence of Example.
Factum—"You'd hardly think that such a dumb thing as a hen would be influenced by the example of man, but it's so."
Rawlins—"That seems strange."
Factum—"I know it does, but it's so."
Rawlins—"How do you know?"
Factum—"From observation. You remember the other evening when the crowd of sports came up from the village and had a set-to in my barn."
Rawlins—"Yes."
Factum—"Well, it was only a day or two after that I found two of my hens clucking around looking for a place to set too."

Do Ants Talk?
This query is made by a writer in the Magazine of Natural History, and he then goes on to say: "I one day saw a drove of the small black ants moving, perhaps to better quarters. The distance was some 150 yards. Almost all which came from the old home carried some of the household goods. Some had eggs, some had what may have answered for their bacon or meat, some had one thing and some another. I sat and watched them closely for over an hour. I noticed that every time two met in the way they would hold their heads close together as if greeting one another, and no matter how often the meeting took place this same thing occurred, as though a short chat was necessary."
To prove more about it, I killed one who was on his way. Others being eye-witnesses to the murder went with speed, and with every ant they met this talking took place as before. But instead of a pleasant greeting, it was sad news they had to communicate. I know it was sad news, for every ant that these parties met hastily turned back and fled on another course, as much as to say "For the king's sake and for your safety do not go there, for I have seen a monster, just behind that is able to destroy us all at one blow. I saw him kill one of our family, I do not know how many more are killed." So the news spread and it was true. How was the news communicated, if not by speech?"

She Knows Him.
Postman—"I can't make out the address on this letter very well, but I fancy it belongs to Mueller, the young student who boards in your house."
Landlady—"Is it a letter from the city?"
Postman—"No, the postmark shows that it has come from the country."
Landlady—"Then it doesn't belong to young Mr. Mueller. All his creditors are city folks."

Patience.
Be patient! Easy words to speak
While plenty fills the cup of life,
While health brings roses to the cheek,
And far removed are care and strife.
Falling so glibly from the tongue
Of those who often think of this—
Whom suffering has never wrung,
Who scarcely know what patience is.

Be patient! when the sufferer lies
Prostrate beneath some fell disease,
And longs, through torturing agonies,
Only for one short hour of ease.

Be patient! when the weary brain
Is racked with thought and anxious care
And troubles in an endless train
Seem almost more than it can bear.

To feel the torture of delay,
The agony of hope deferred;
The labor still from day to day,
The prize unwon the prayer unheard.

And still to hope and strive and wait
The due reward of fortune's kiss;
This is to almost conquer fate,
This is to learn what patience is.

Despair not! though the clouds are dark,
And storm and danger veil the sky;
Let fate and courage guide thy barque,
The storm will pass, the port is nigh.

Be patient, and the tide will turn,
Shadows will flee before the sun;
These are the hopes that live and burn
To light us till our work is done.

Buttercup Days.
Buttercup days are the best my dear,
Of the beautiful, wonderful, changing year—
Slices of opal and sapphire blue,
Boughs with sunlight woven through,
Fields alight with golden blaze—
How we all revel in buttercup days!

Yonder, where fields were sodden and gray
When snows melted slowly and trickled away
Acres of velvety verdure are seen,
With buttercup scattered like gold in the green.

April brings out with her mellowing rays,
Peach-bloom and pansies in buttercup days.

Buttercup days are the best my dear,
Of life's long, varying, changeful year—
Bits of clouds in the sapphire sky—
(Gossamer clouds that float and fly,
Scattered away by the sun's clear rays)—
How we remember our buttercup days!

Innocent brows by the zephyrs fanned
Straight from the groves of the heavenly land,
Spirits sunny, and hearts as light
As wind-swept plumes of the elder white,
Souls unblemished by worldly ways,
Blessed remembrance of buttercup days!

Little Girls.
Where have they gone to—the little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls?
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind,
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaus"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who, at nine and ten,
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men,
Weary of travel, of balls, of fun—
And find no new thing under the sun.

Once in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know;
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of their clothes,
They never imagined that boys were "beaus";
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they;
Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere send her to me,
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of these dear little girls of old,
With an innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or "style."
—[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Lullaby.
Sleep, my baby, sleep,
With folded dimpled hands that know no toil,
And little feet that know no journeyings,
And sweet seraphic soul that knows no soil;
Thou fairest thing of all created things!

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
All tender infant things are slumbering!
The lambskins in the fold all safely lie,
The birdling bath its head beneath its wing,
Hushed by the mother bird's last lullaby.

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
A sense of soft repose breaths on the air,
The daffodils are nodding on the sea
With petals folded like small hands in prayer,
The breezes rock the lily-cradled bed.

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
The violet bends its sweet head, wet with dew,
The wind whispers low, the leaves make soft reply,
And thou, thou fairest blossom, slumber, too,
And in thy dreamland hear my lullaby.

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
Thy flaxen, flossy hair a nimbus seems,
Like folded blue forget-me-nots thine eyes,
Oh, all sweet things conspire to make thy dreams
Idyllic echoes from Paradise,
Sleep, my darling, sleep.
—[Rosaline E. Jones.

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Victims of Superstition.
If one will take the trouble to go through the names of most of the bravest people in history, he will find that they nearly all suffered from some superstition or other. Napoleon Bonaparte was simply eaten by superstitions, and so was the Duke of Marlborough. Literary men have always been notoriously superstitious, from the days of Dr. Johnson, who would go back half a mile if he remembered that he had omitted to touch any one of the lampposts on his daily walk, to Dean Swift, who would never change a garment if he found that he had put it on, inside out, and Lord Byron, who would get up and leave a dinner party instantly if anybody spilt the salt. Statesmen have not been exempt from superstition either. Lord Beaconsfield would always take especial care to enter the house with his right foot foremost when he was going to make a speech. William Pitt would return home at once, however important his business, if he met a cross-eyed man on the street, while Sir Robert Peel would always make the sign against the evil eye with his fingers and thumb under similar circumstances.

Putting a horse upon the market unbroken and trying to get a good price for it would be a parallel case to putting green lumber on sale and expecting the value of the seasoned and finished product.

LEPROSY.

The Cases in Canada—The Disease not Increasing Anywhere in the World.

Leprosy is far from being unknown in Canada there being a leprosy hospital in Nova Scotia where Acadians stricken with that dreadful disease have for years been interned. Occasional cases have occurred on the Pacific coast, but these have been confined to the Chinese and to associates of theirs and are imported cases rather than indigenous ones. There have also been cases discovered in some of our Ontario and Quebec cities, but these have been very rare indeed, and merely of strangers passing through. It is doubtless owing to the publicity given to such cases by the ubiquitous press that the impression has become ground that leprosy as a disease has become very much more prevalent of late years. So firm is this impression that the anti-vaccinationists ascribed the spread of the disease to the practice of vaccination. These charges had such an effect upon public opinion that the Imperial Government three years ago appointed a Leprosy Commission to investigate the whole subject and report thereupon. The Commission visited India, where the disease is perhaps most prevalent within the Empire and, therefore, afforded the best field for a British official investigation. Their report, which has just been made public, is calculated to reassure the world with regard to the increase of leprosy. It denies that the disease has become at all more prevalent during recent years and declares that at the very worst it is only stationary. It was charged that the last census had underestimated the number of cases in India, but the commission, after a thorough investigation, deny this charge, and declare that so far from this being true, of nine hundred and eighty-seven cases referred to in the census, over ten per cent had been found under examination to have been free from disease. It states that there has been no increase whatever in the number of cases during the last thirty years, and that investigation clearly shows that the use of vaccine matter has had no effect whatever. Analyses of vaccine matter fail to show in any cases the presence of the bacillus of leprosy, nor could a trace of these germs be found even in the blood of the lepers. Another striking fact has been brought to light by the commission, namely, that not a single case of congenital leprosy could be discovered and that, of over two thousand cases examined, in not more than a half a dozen could a couple of scores of cases of the disease had only made its appearance after the full age of manhood had been reached. The commission is still disposed to class leprosy among the contagious diseases, but it reports that it has failed to prove clearly in a single case that the disease was acquired by contact. A theory which seems to prevail among the lepers themselves that mosquitos are the chief agents in the spread of the disease, seems to have been disproved by the evidence secured by the commission, and the general belief that a fish diet must be a secondary cause of it, because lepers are always fish eaters, is set aside, as a colony of lepers was discovered, not one of whom had eaten of fish.

Demonstration of Sound Waves.
Prof. V. Dvorak, of Agram, Nature says, "using a very simple apparatus for demonstrating the oscillation of the air in sound phenomena. In an ordinary resonating sphere the short neck is replaced by a small metal plate with a conical hole opening inward, its shortest diameter being about 2 mm. When the resonator sounds, the passage of air through the hole is strong enough to extinguish a lighted match. If a small paper wheel resembling a water wheel is placed a little below the opening, and the resonator stands about 3 cm. in front of a wall, the blowing of a horn, or the singing of the proper note, is capable of setting the wheel in rapid rotation. A very serviceable lecture apparatus for measuring the intensity of sound is illustrated in the Zeitschrift für Physikalisches Unterrichts. A narrow glass tube bent at a very obtuse angle is half filled with alcohol. One end of the tube has a conical opening, and this is placed at a distance of 0.5 cm. from the opening of the resonator described. The whole is mounted on a board capable of adjustment to any angle. The puffs emitted from the resonator when responding to a sound affect the level of the alcohol, and the displacements are read off on a scale attached to the tube, projected, if necessary, on to a screen. Another effect of sound easily observed is that of repulsion. A light resonator of the ordinary construction is floated on water, its axis being kept horizontal by means of an attached piece of wire. On blowing the horn, the sphere will float in the direction opposite to that which the neck is pointed. To produce continuous rotation, four resonators are attached to a light cross of wood turning on a needle point, or one resonator with four bent necks is suspended by a thread. If this acoustical lecture theater, it can be set rotating from the opposite corner by a strong tuning fork, or even by singing through a conical tube."

HE MADE ALLOWANCES.
A Farmer Who Went Easy on an Amateur's Attempt at Plowing.

A certain eminent clergyman, who is greatly loved for his gentleness and forbearance with offenders, recently said that an experience of his own in years long taught him the grace of ready excusing. When he was a boy he was a very poor boy, but he had already a strong theological bent and was studying hard during the winter and working even harder during the summer trying to get a preparation for college.

He wanted to be a preacher, and the fact that he didn't seem to be good for anything tended to convince him that he had not mistaken his calling. One spring he was entirely out of money and had to get out of school, and go to work. Not being able to find anything to do in the small college town where he had been studying, the youth—call him Richard Vernon—went out among the farmers to see if he could get work from them. He found a man who was very busy with his furrows plowed in a hurry to get the furrows plowed in a big field for potato planting.

The weather was favorable for planting; the farmer's boys would be home from school the next day, which was Saturday, to do the dropping and covering. He told Richard that he might ask the plowing, and if he suited he might be hired for two or three months. Meantime the farmer saw that the boy was very anxious to stay and that he had evidently a good disposition.

So the young theologian went to work with tremendous vigor. He did not stop to take breath until he had marked off a large tract of ground with deep furrows. Then came his employer from his work in another part of the farm and looked at the boy's work, and leaned up against the fence and laughed until he shook. The potato field had been scraped and scalloped all over with the ridiculously irregular and wabbly little ditches which Richard had turned.

There was not a clean, straight furrow in the lot; the ground looked as if an insane elephant had tossed up the earth; the furrows were of all depths and at all distances from one another, for Richard had driven the horse most of the time at a smart walk, and he had been too much occupied in keeping up and maintaining a precarious grasp upon the plow handles to be able to pay any attention to the regularity or evenness of his work. Richard Vernon laughed too, as he stood and looked over the field.

He wiped the sweat from his brow and looked very anxiously at his employer, that was evident. His laughter faded away and there was a certain faint twitch in the corners of his mouth as the boy said: "I guess you don't want any more of my work, sir?"

"Oh, yes—yes, I do," said the farmer. "Maybe 'tan't your fault that the furrows are crooked. You see, the sun's pretty hot to-day, and I reckon the heat warped them."

An Indian Experience.
Dr. Russel, who was in India during the Mutiny, was present at the siege of Lucknow, and also served in the campaign of Oude, Rohilcund, &c. Whilst on one of the many night marches Sir Colin Campbell made in India, he received a kick which nearly led to the loss of his life.

"A horse broke loose and commenced to attack my little stallion," he said. "I went to its assistance when the brute, which belonged to Donald Stewart, an officer on my staff, let fly at me, catching me on my right thigh. The kick bent the scabbard of a sword I was wearing, and fairly drove it into my right thigh. We were just on the move, hoping to come into action with some Oude rebels and I was in agony—unable to move a step—so I was placed in a litter and carried along with the sick of the headquarters staff into Rohilcund. Smallpox broke out at Lucknow, and clung to us on the march, and among the sick were Sir W. Peel (he died at Cawnpore), Sir David Baird and Major Alison. On March 25, 1858, the battle of Bareilly was fought. Our coolie bearers had carried the sick litters into a shady top or grove of trees—the sun was fierce. There I lay, helpless, listening to the sound of battle close at hand. Suddenly a cry burst from the camp-followers—'The sowars are coming! The sowars are coming!'"

"Our syce ran up with the chargers. How I did it I do not know. But I hopped out of my litter and scrambled up into the saddle—the flaps fell like molten iron, and the blister on my leg rolled up against the leather roasted by the sun outside the top—on my horse. My servant—a very brave fellow—held on for I had only bare feet and bare legs. Suddenly he let go. He saw a sowar making for us, and he released his hold so as not to impede my flight. He was out down—and his wages were due. I saw him again—and his wages were due. I struggled on, but I had only proceeded a few yards when I fell off my horse insensible—with sunstroke."

"Then I heard a voice.
"Look—a white man!"

"It was some of our people, thank God! They thought I had been killed, and that the sowars had stripped off my clothing, for I was naked, all save my shirt, and it was bloody. They bent over me."

"He's warm," cried one of the men—it was Tombs' battery that had come up. I got back to camp, but I was very near the point of death; and, indeed, I had the unique and unpleasant trial of listening to my good friends and physicians, Tice and Mackinnon, discussing the question of my burial at the foot of the charpoy on which I was stretched apparently dead."

Such is one of the experiences of Dr. Russel during the Indian Mutiny.—[Strand Magazine.

Audiences are not permitted to applaud in Russian theatres.

The British Museum contains many rare and beautiful snuff-boxes of the last century, plain and enamelled, made of papier-mache, horn, silver and gold, simple and complicated, small and large. Curious materials were sometimes used in the manufacture of these boxes. Some six years ago potato snuff-boxes were in common use. They were made of potato pulp, which, mixed with some glutinous material, was pressed into moulds, dried, varnished, and slightly fired. The best quality of potato boxes was made at Brunswick, and hence they were sometimes known as Brunswick boxes.