

AN OBSTINATE JUROR.

The jury had retired for consultation prior to bringing in a verdict of "Guilty" which was expected of them. Retiring at all seemed little more than a farce, for from the beginning to the end of the case the evidence had gone so steadily against the defendant that by the time the last witness had been called there was no manner of doubt in the public mind that Robert Sullivan had deliberately and in cold blood murdered Jack Wilder, and it needed not the vigorous speech of the prosecuting attorney to convince anyone to that effect.

The evidence being briefly summed up, ran as follows: Robert, or, as he is more familiarly called, Bob Sullivan, while in a state of intoxication, quarrelled with and lost his last cent to Jack Wilder, a professional sharper. Awakening the morning after his debauch to find himself beggared, he had sworn in the presence of several witnesses to get his money back or kill the man who had outwitted him. Accordingly he had set out to meet Wilder on his return from a neighboring town, and next day the body of the latter was found in a lonely stretch of the road with a knife sticking in his heart.

Sullivan had been obliged to admit that he had met his enemy near this spot, and that they had a stormy interview, but maintained that they had parted without blows, as Wilder promised him to restore his money. There was no tittle of circumstantial evidence wanting to confirm the appearance of Sullivan's guilt, and even the attorney for the defence was privately convinced of the falsity and absurdity of his client's plea of "Not Guilty."

The judge, a large pompous man, having instructed the jury in his most severe and autocratic manner, busied himself with some papers, and did not deign a glance to the assembly below. It was, as could readily be observed, a gathering of small tradespeople and farmers. Here and there the stranger face of a lawyer or that of a stranger from the neighboring city stood out boldly from the sea of honest vacancy which surrounded it.

The prisoner sat with his face buried in his hands, which had lost their former tan, and were pale and trembling. Near him was his wife, hugging a sickly babe to her breast, and showing in her wild eyes, twitching mouth, and every line of her meagre, stooping figure, the terror which held her in its grasp. A breathless silence was upon that audience in the shabby country court-room: even the baby had ceased its fretful wailing, and the buzz of a blue-bottle fly entangled in a spider's web in the window was the sound that broke the stillness.

Five minutes passed, ten, twenty, and still the jury had not come. A murmur of impatience began to be heard, and presently the judge beckoned the sheriff to him and whispered a few words in his ear, saw him depart through the same door which apparently swallowed up the jurors. The sheriff made his way through several gloomy passages into a large, light room, where he inquired of the foreman if they were not yet agreed.

"No, we ain't!" gruffly responded that functionary. "There's eleven of us for hangin', but Conway there won't hear to it. He wants to clear the feller out an' says he'll stay with us till Kingdom come before he'll budge an inch."

Giles Conway, the man whose obstinacy was causing such unnecessary delay, was seated rather apart from the rest, and wore the brown jeans and soft hat which marked him a farmer. Even had not the absence of any attempt at foppishness proclaimed his caste, there was something about him which insensibly connected itself in the observer's mind with the free winds and untrammelled sunshine of the country. He was much the same colour from his head to his feet, for eyes, skin, hair, and beard were alike brown, and only the deep lines on his firm, squarely-cut face showed that he was no longer young. Just at present he seemed in no wise disconcerted by the wrathful impatience of his associates, but pushing his felt hat further back on his head, and settling himself more comfortably in his wooden chair, said slowly:

"No, friends, you won't ever get me to hand over a man to the gallows on such evidence as that, an' there ain't no special use of cussin' about it, for it won't do a bit of good."

"Oh, but that's such foolishness!" broke in one of the group. "Here's all this evidence that no man in his senses could doubt, agoin' to prove that Bob Sullivan killed Jack Wilder, and here you sit like a bump on a log, and won't listen to none of it."

"That's just it," replied Conway. "You all think that evidence like that orter hang a man, but if you'd seen as much of that sort of thing as I have you'd think different. I ain't much of a talker, but maybe you wouldn't mind listenin' to a case of this kind I happened to know about, an' maybe the time I'm done—an' it won't take me on to tell it—you'll see why I don't want to hang a young fellow I've known nearly all my life for something that's very likely he didn't do."

"You all know how when I wasn't much over twenty I went West an' put all the money I could rake and scrape into a ranch an' cattle. Well, the place next to mine was owned by a young fellow—we'll call him Jim Saunders, although that isn't his name—who'd come out like me to make his fortune. We took to each other from the first, an' pretty soon we were more like brothers than a good many of the real article I've seen since. After a while Jim told me he was goin' to get married, an' a few weeks later, he brought home the prettiest little thing you'd see in a day's ride. She had lots of yellow hair that was always tumblin' down over her shoulders, an' big blue eyes, an' a voice like a wild bird, an' Jim—well, he thought there wasn't nobody like Milly in all the country."

"She seemed fond of him, too, at first, but it wasn't long before I could see that it was a clear case of misfit all round. There was lots of excuse for her, for of course it was a hard life, an' she loved finery an' pretty things, an' Jim didn't have the money to give 'em to her, though he worked early an' late, an' did his level best to make somethin' more than a livin'."

"Maybe it would have turned out all right in time if it hadn't been that one day Jim went to the nearest town to buy some farmin' implements, an' fell in there with a fellow he used to know back East, and nothin' would do him but he must go home with Jim to see how he was fixed. Well, he come, an' it was a black day for Jim when he set foot on his threshold, for from the minute he saw Milly he hadn't eyes for

nothin' else, and she bein' a woman was mightily set up to think a city man would set such store by her.

"He made himself so pleasant an' so much at home that they begged him to stay all night, an' long about twelve o'clock he was, or pretended to be, took awful sick. They worked with him till he got better, an' wouldn't hear of his tryin' to go away next mornin'; so he stayed on, settin' on the big rookin' chair with a pillow behind him an' talkin' to Milly while Jim was off at work. He didn't seem in no particular hurry about goin', but Jim never spicioned for a minute that anything was wrong, for he liked the fellow first-rate, an' wouldn't no more have thought of doubtin' Milly than he would the Lord that made him."

"One evenin' he came in late, tired an' hungry, an' found that his wife—his wife that he loved—had left him and gone away with that devil that he thought was his friend! He went wild for a while. It seemed to him like everything was black around him, an' there was great spots of blood before his eyes, an' he could hear voices that kept laughin' at him and callin' him a fool, an' the only thing he held fast to was that he must follow 'em to the world's end and kill the man that had took away all he had. So he tracked 'em, now here, now there, but always they doubled on him, till at las', when his money was gone, he lost 'em altogether."

"Then he came to himself a little, an' sold his ranch, an' went back to his old home to wait—for he knew somehow that one day, sooner or later the Lord would give him his revenge. He worked while he waited, an' made money an' got well off, an' nobody knew nothin' 'bout his ever bein' married, so he had somethin' like peace. But he never forgot, an' after awhile it seemed like he didn't feel so hard towards Milly, for he remembered how young she was, an' how foolish, an' what a devil she had to deal with; an' sometimes he could see her with the pretty colour all gone from her cheeks, an' the laugh from her voice, heartbroken an' deserted."

"At last, twenty years afterward, when he was gettin' on in life, his time came. He was ridin' along no' thinkin' about anything in particular, when he happened to look up, an' there, comin' towards him 'roun' a bend in the road an' ridin' on a big black horse, was the man he'd waited for all these years. They knowed each other the minute their eyes met, an' the fellow got white as chalk an' pulled his horse clean back on his haunches tryin' to turn 'roun' an' make a run for it, but it wasn't no good, for Jim was off his horse in a minute an' had him by the throat, an' in less time than it takes to tell it he had pulled him down, cursin' an' tussin' at him, to the ground. Then, holdin' him there, with his knee on his breast an' his knife at his throat, he says:

"Where's Milly? Tell me, or I'll cut your devilish heart out!"

"The fellow glared back at him like a rat in a trap, an' sein' death in his eyes, an' knowin' 'twas no use to lie, says:

"She's dead; she got sick when we got to New York, an' I left her, an' she died in a week."

"I'd orter kill you like a snake, but I've always lived square, an' the Lord helpin' me I'll die that way, so I'll give you an even chance. Get out your knife and fight, an' remember that one of us has got to die right here."

"Then he let him up, and they went at it. They was pretty evenly matched to look at 'em, but Jim thought of Milly dyin' all alone, an' fought like a tiger, an' pretty soon he left the man that had come between 'em stiff an' stark with a knife in his heart, an' a white face a-glarin' up at the sky."

"Then comes in the part of the story that I want you all to take for a warnin', before you'll be so quick to find any man guilty on nothin' but circumstantial evidence. When the body was found nobody ever thought of 'spicinin' Jim, but everything pointed to another man as the one who had done the killin'. He'd sworn to kill the dead man; he was on the hunt for him when last seen, an' he couldn't prove no alibi. So they arrested him, an' the first Jim heard of it he was summoned on the jury that was to try him. Jim hadn't never thought of giving himself up for a murderer, for he knowed he'd fought and killed his enemy fair an' square, an' he was glad he done it. He didn't see that it was any business of the law's to interfere between 'em, and he didn't like to drag Milly's name before the judge an' jury an' all the people who wouldn't remember, like he did, when she was young an' innocent. Even when she was summoned he didn't have any notion but he would be cleared when they'd looked into things some, an' he made up his mind not to say nothin' if he could help it."

"But when he got there everything went so dead against the prisoner that if he hadn't knowed he'd done the killin' himself, he'd a-thought sure he was guilty. He got kind of dazed at last, an' didn't seem to know nothin' till he found himself in a room with the rest of the jury, an' all eleven of 'em wanting to hang the man that he knowed was innocent. Then he came to his senses and voted against 'em, an' when they asked him for his reasons he told 'em the story I've been tellin' you."

Giles Conway stopped and gazed steadily into the eyes of his audience, who had gathered around him till they hemmed him in on every side.

"An' what did they do with him?" asked the foreman at last.

"I don't know," he answered slowly. "It ain't decided yet, for Jack Wilder was the man that run off with Milly, an' it was me that killed him."

A Weather Theory.

Professor Wiggins believes that telegraph wires cause drouth, that the atmosphere cannot absorb moisture unless it is charged with electricity, and that up an oblate spheroid like the earth the electricity will inevitably collect at the equator. "If, however," he says, "there be elevated spots on a sphere, electricity will collect on them. Should these spots or continents be connected by wires it might accumulate on each alternately. This has happened this year, and America has all the electric energy, and Europe has lost it; so that our continent is flooded and Europe is burned up with drouth." His conclusion from all this is that electric wires should be buried.

Spots of grease in silk generally disappear if covered with magnesia or gently rubbed with water and the white of an egg.

AUSTRALIAN BANK FAILURES

Object Lessons for the World—A Canadian Bank Manager on the Situation—Our Banking System a Safe Guard Against the Australian Experience—Much Quiet and Solid Prosperity in Canada.

At the recent annual meeting of the directors of the Merchant's Bank of Canada the general manager, Mr. Hague, in the course of his address, spoke as follows:—

The financial world has lately had some very striking object lessons in the matter of abuse of credit. Since the beginning of the present year there has been the most terrible succession of bank failures in Australia that has ever been known. What was the cause of it all? The cause can be stated in one word, viz., too much borrowed money. For many years back the Australian Government were borrowing money to an amount far beyond anything we have ever known. Victoria alone, with a population of only a million, has run up a debt of \$220,000,000. The other colonies borrowed somewhat in the same ratio. The enormous amount of five or six hundred millions of borrowed money was spent in a population far less than that of Canada. This of itself was sufficient to produce a certain amount of inflation, but it would not have produced the disasters that have overwhelmed the banking interest had it not been supplemented by another enormous influx of borrowed money, viz., the amount of English and Scotch money sent out to Australia in the shape of deposits. These two great financial currents were in operation at the same time, but the second was in a far more dangerous form than the other. It amounted to nearly two hundred millions of dollars, and was all poured into the banks, who, as they paid stiff rates of interest for it, were driven by constant pressure to seek employment for it. Unfortunately for the banks of Australia, they were not under the restraint of wise and thoroughly digested banking laws, as we are here. And I will pause for a moment to say that, so far as I know, there is no country in the world where banking laws have been so thoroughly discussed in all their bearings, both in Parliament and by bankers themselves, as Canada, and no country whose banking law is, taken as a whole, as good. But, to return to Australia, the effect of all this was an

ENORMOUS LENDING

by the banks on lands and mines and fixed properties, this not being confined to one city or locality, but extending to every locality and to the whole population. This was very bad banking, as we know from former experience in Canada. Along with this came inevitably an enormous increase of spending on imported goods, immense extensions of mercantile credit and lines of banking accommodation, and also of prodigious and rapid development in building and improvements of all kinds, both private and public.

There never was in the world, apparently, such a wealthy and prosperous community as filled the Australian colonies a few years ago. But the foundation was not solid. Winnipeg and Manitoba were exactly in the same condition ten years ago, and from the same cause, viz., that coincidentally with the expenditure of immense sums of borrowed money on public enterprises there were enormous sums of money taken from outside the province and deposited in banks. The very same features were common to both, viz., a prodigious rise in values, vast increase of wages, incomes, profits, and luxurious expenditure, large numbers of people rolling in wealth, and a general belief that this was the natural condition of things and would go on forever; followed by a turn of the tide, difficulty in realizing property, heavy fall in values, enormous losses to the lenders of money, and finally an all but universal break down of credit and business. In the case of Manitoba, if there had been established in the province at that time local banks and local loan companies, every one of them would have failed. As it was—every bank and loan company that did business there, ourselves included, made heavy losses. In Australia the Loan Companies were the first to feel the reaction. They also had been borrowing money freely in England and Scotland, and lendin' it on inflated values. These concerns became embarrassed or bankrupt one after another for a year or two, and then the turn of the banks came. These banks were mostly large institutions with

A HEAVY CAPITAL

and ample reserves. Yet they went down one after another, the failure of one increasing the distrust in others, until at last there were only three left; these three having been distinguished for their caution and prudence in the midst of abounding folly and excitement.

I need not remind you that the state of things above described has no parallel in Canada. No conclusions with regard to Canadian credit can be drawn from this Australian experience. The Dominion Government has not been on the English market as a borrower for years. The large expenditures on the Pacific railroad construction were finished many years ago. There has been no general inflation in real estate, and any threatening symptoms in particular localities have subsided. And as to our own Provincial Government, as I note further on, the tendency to imprudent borrowing has been entirely stopped, and an equalization established between income and expenditure. My judgment is, that despite certain unfavorable features in business which cannot but press themselves on the attention of bankers, there is much quiet and solid prosperity in Canada at present.

Canada, as a whole, never went through an experience like this of Australia, though Ontario once did from the same causes, with the same symptoms, and with the same result. At the time of the construction of the Grand Trunk railway, nearly forty years ago, immense sums of money were rapidly poured into Canada, while in Ontario a series of magnificent crops sold at high prices (two dollars a bushel for wheat) produced along with the other a condition of inflation which carried away everybody's judgment. The bank of Upper Canada made a profit of 25 per cent. in 1855, and was foolish enough to pay it all away to its stockholders, to their great glory and gratification. Three or four years afterwards the Bank was wiped out of existence with ignominy; and so in course of time was every other bank in Ontario that had participated in the abounding wealth that preceded the downfall that came in 1857.

If you want to realize the Australian

condition of things, just imagine that the deposits of our Banks were doubled; that they were fiercely competing with one another for persons to borrow the money they had at command; that the Loan Companies of Ontario had double the money to lend that they have; that everybody's discount account was doubled or trebled; that imports and mercantile credits were doubled or quadrupled; that the value of farming land was doubled, and city and town property all over Canada increased in value four or five-fold—all resting on continually increasing supplies of borrowed money; then that.

A TREMENDOUS REACTION

came; that values fell, credits were curtailed, half the country ruined, and every Bank in the country shut up except three. I make bold to say that all this might have happened, and probably would have happened, if the Banks of Canada had laid themselves out, some years ago, to obtain deposits of English and Scotch money as those of Australia did. They had the opportunity of doing it, and could have got any number of millions if they had desired it. We, ourselves, were almost teased with applications from Scotland, asking to be allowed to open agencies for the receipt of deposits there. We did not take a dollar, and for this good reason; we would have been compelled to lend the money on this side, either on the Stock Market or to Mercantile customers. The first would have driven speculation wild, the second would have eventually ruined our customers. And if all the Banks had pursued the same course, we would have had several years of wild boom, followed by the most dismal and crushing poverty that Canada has ever known. The people of the Dominion, owing to the good judgment and sober-minded sense of the bankers of Canada, are not plunged in the depths of such misery now.

FIRST USE OF COAL.

It Was a Novelty in 1656 and Was Preceded by Wood and Charcoal.

Though coal has been employed for centuries in the manufacture of salt on the shores of the coalfields wood had hitherto continued to be the fuel at the inland salt works. The use of coal at Nantwich is mentioned as a novelty in 1656. Drowich wood fuel and leaden pans were in use up till 1691. In this era the sea-salt manufacture was in the zenith of its prosperity. But the substitution of coal for wood in the island salt trade, aided by the discovery of rock salt, which took place accidentally in boring for coal in Cheshire in 1680, led to the general decline and final extinction of the manufacture of salt on the coast. The only traces now remaining of this once flourishing industry exist on such names as Howden Pans on the Tyne, Prestonpans on the Forth, Saltcoats in Ayrshire and Saltpans in Arran and Kintyre, or in the Scottish proverb, "Carry salt to Dysart," synonymous with the English, "Carry coal to Newcastle." In no branch of industry was the scarcity of wood more keenly felt than in the smelting of the metalliferous ores. Continued efforts to accomplish this with coal began immediately after the accession of James I., and were persevered in throughout the seventeenth century. But for a prolonged period the new fuel proved very intractable and scheme after scheme ended in failure and disappointment.

After eighty years of oft-repeated trials the tantalizing problem remained unsolved. Wood and charcoal still held the field in the smelting furnaces, and all hope of ever seeing coal substituted for them had well nigh died out. In 1688 Sir John Pettus, in his "Essays on Words Metallick," concludes his observations regarding sea coal and pit coal with the remark:—"These are not useful to metals." The unpromising prospect, however, soon began to brighten. Immediately after the revival of lead and copper mining, which took place about 1692—having probably been more or less in abeyance since the interruptions caused by the civil wars—these ores came to be smelted with coal.

The extraction of silver from lead with coal was accomplished by a Mr. Lydal in 1707 and the same individual appears to have been the first to successfully employ coal in the smelting of tin in 1705. The iron ores proved more refractory, no substantial and permanent success in smelting them with coal being obtained till near the middle of the eighteenth century, when the manufacture of charcoal iron had dwindled to very small proportions—in fact, was dying out for want of fuel. It then at length became an accomplished fact at Coalbrookdale Iron Works in Shropshire. The success was at first ascribed to the Shropshire coal, but probably the employment of a strong blast had a great deal to do with it. From this the coal became the life of the iron manufacture.—[Contemporary Review.]

A Frightened Whale.

Several months ago Mr. William K. Vanderbilt's yacht, the "Alva," was sunk near Chatham, off the Massachusetts coast. Efforts have been made to raise the vessel, which was a handsome and costly one, and as these have failed, it was decided to blow up the hull with dynamite in order that the wreck might not be the means of further disaster, as the "Alva" lies in the channel where vessels pass every day. A ton of dynamite was placed in the "Alva" as her last cargo; the diver who placed it there came to the surface, and was taken to a distance of six hundred feet. Communication was maintained with the dynamite by means of a wire through which an electric current was passed, and the charge exploded. An immense mass of water rose two hundred feet into the air and the region all about was discolored by the clay bottom which was disturbed by the explosion. The oldest part of the whole performance was the fright of a forty-foot whale, which had been hovering about. After the explosion it was seen lashing the sea, as if in imitation of the explosion. Suddenly the whale began rushing violently around the bay, narrowly escaping a collision with the contractor's boat, and finally running squarely into a bell-buoy. After a struggle the whale broke the chain which held the buoy to the rock below, and passed out of sight to the eastward, with the buoy still attached to him, ringing hard and loud. The ringing of the bell appeared to make the whale more excited than ever, and the last seen of him he was going at a terrific rate.

The total gold production of Central Queensland for the last year was 160,000 oz., with ore averaging 1 oz. 13 dwt. to the ton.

HEAT IN AFRICA.

The Dark Continent Is the Hottest Corner of the Earth.

Africa is the hottest part of the world. One needs to turn only a few pages of African travels to feel cool by comparison in thinking how very hot it might be. Mungo Park, the intrepid pioneer of the Dark Continent, remarks upon the awful heat produced by a vertical sun in a dry and sandy country, with a scorching wind blowing from the desert. The ground becomes unbearable to the naked foot, and even thoroughly seasoned negroes will not run from one tent to another without sandals. Often the wind from the Sahara was so great that he could not hold his hand in the current of air coming through the chinks of his hut without feeling sensible pain. Massowah on the shore of the Red Sea, has an average temperature for the month of May of 90 degrees Fahrenheit, and even in midwinter the thermometer is said to rise frequently over 100 degrees in the shade. A naval officer says the hottest town in India is nothing to Aden, while Aden's heat is nothing to that of Massowah. It was at Massowah that James Bruce, the famous 18th century traveller, was astonished to find the heat had made his sealing wax more fluid than tar. Captain Lyon, who made the acquaintance of the Sahara early in the century, was much struck by absence of vegetation. He observed many skeletons of animals, and occasionally the grave of some unfortunate human being. The sun's heat had so dried all these bodies that there was no appearance of putrefaction. Even animals just dead gave forth no offensive odor; and after a long time their skin remained unbroken with the hair still on it though so brittle as to fall apart from a slight blow.

Journeying towards the great desert John Davidson was murdered by the natives, and his private printed journal (1839) is a rare and most interesting record of African adventure. When the thermometer in the sun marked a temperature of 141 degrees, he had to wrap pieces of white wool about his stirrups, Moorish daggers and all metallic articles, because they grew too hot to be handled.

It is affirmed that eggs may be baked in the hot sands of upper Egypt and Nubia, and the Arabs say, "In Nubia the soil is like fire and the wind like a flame."

When Bayard Taylor traversed the Nubian desert he seemed to absorb the sun's heat until he glowed like a live coal. The skin of his face cracked and peeled off, and had to be annointed every day with butter, from the alternate butting and burning, attaining at last the crispness of a "well-basted partridge." This dry heat acted also upon the provisions. Dates became like pebbles of jasper, and when he asked for bread he was given a stone.

In his notes of the African experiences, which ended with his death at Khartoum, the lamented General Gordon made such remarks upon the weather as: "No man under 40 years of age should be here, and then only those who are accustomed to these climates. Young fellows never will stand the wear and tear and malaria of these countries."

The greatest of African travellers, David Livingstone, tells how the hot wind of Alahari desert warped every wooden thing not made in the country, shrinking the best seasoned English boxes, and furniture.

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.

Cases in Which Shocks to the Nervous System Have Resulted Fatally.

"I have interested myself somewhat in looking up unusual causes of death," said a well known doctor, "and have met several well-authenticated instances where fright was the cause. The English Surgeon General Francis tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and it was too much for his nerves and he died."

"Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper, and, dabbling her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks."

"But perhaps the most remarkable death from fear was that of the Dutch painter Pentman, who lived in the seventeenth century. One day he went into a room full of anatomical subjects to sketch some death heads and skeletons for a picture he intended to paint. The weather was very sultry, and while sketching, he fell asleep. He was aroused by bones dancing around him, and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashed together. In a fit of horror he threw himself out of the window, and though he sustained no serious injury and was informed that a slight earthquake had caused the commotion among his ghastly surroundings, he died in a few days in nervous tremor. I could cite many other cases where the shock to the nervous system, which we know as fright, has produced death."

Valuable Find of a Diver.

A very important archaeological find was made in November last in the harbor of Salofiche by a diver in search of sponges. When the diver came up from the bottom of the sea he displayed a handful, not of sponges, but of silver coins of a very antique date. He turned over the coins to the proprietor of the boat, who ordered him back to find some more coins. He went down to the bottom of the sea several times in succession. Finally he found at a depth of 100 feet an iron box, which contained nearly eighteen pounds of silver coin. The proprietor of the boat made the seaman in his employ promise to be silent. He made them some presents in money and the find remained a secret for nearly three months. Recently one of the seamen, having quarrelled with the master, betrayed the secret to the Greek Government and the latter compelled him to produce the coins. They date back to the days of ancient Macedonia and are in excellent preservation, showing the bust of Alexander the Great, holding in one hand the sceptre and in the other a bird, seemingly a falcon. The coins have been turned over to the museum at Athens.

In small hotels in Russia each guest is expected to find his own bed-clothing.