A Lullaby.

(Eugene Field in Chicago News.)

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
Where are you going, and what do you wish?
The old moon asked of the three.
We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,
Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes, while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

"LAST CENTURY LOVERS."

A Tale of the American Revolution.

The pale water blended with the sky, and in the shadows by the verdant meadows the tremulous willows shadowed the silver ripples that, with the air and sky, grew brighter and more alive, until one fiery snake, and then another, curled through the water, and the waving sheet became a broad path of gold. Over the eastern fields and woods, the low-lying farm-houses and roofs of the village the sun rose. The mist grew golden; birds sang; the farm-yard became noisy, and Mammy called out from the kitchen window that breakfast would soon be ready, so Betty ran away to her room to dress.

After breakfast Miss Bab, who was suffering from a bee-sting on her eye-lid, poulticed and bandaged until her head had a most one-sided and grotesque appearance said to Betty:

"Child, as I look too monstrous ill to go to church, and cannot see, pray you come into the garden and read the church-service to me, that this holy day may not pass unnoted."

They both went out and sat on a bench in the shade of a laurel bush, quaintly and fantastically clipped. Under foot the grass was fresh and bright where the sunlight fell on it, and on the gay beds of poppies and tulips, nodding in the breeze that swayed the tree tops into a sunlit tremor of shimmering green.

Blue sky, blue water, a breeze that seemed the blueness of heaven in motion, through which the butterflies reeled like incarnate sunbeams. No wonder that the day seemed to Betty like a rose unfolding in sweetness, and bearing in its yet hidden heart a golden secret, and that the printed ritual was less like worship than just to sit in silent happiness, thanking God for the beauty that entered through every sense.

She was so very inattentive and in such a gale of spirits that Miss Bab—who said that the very sight of her gazing around was a distraction—banished her behind the bush, when her voice came suspiciously like Dr. Wells'. When at length, at the exhortation, Miss Bab heard, instead of "Dearly beloved brethren," "Dearly beloved Barbara, the spirit moveth us, etc.," and looking up, saw Betty's face dimpling through a triangular opening cut in the bush, she was obliged, perforce, to laugh herself.

"I protest that you would make a very poor preacher, Betty. You are as fly-away as thistle-down. What ails you?"

"I do not know what it is, but I feel as if this day would never come to an end, as if would last forever. Did you ever feel that way when you where young, Bab?"

"It is so long ago that I cannot recall it, but I never was so sprightly and gay as you are. No, child, I am glad that the day will come to a close, and my life also, to go, I hope, to a fairer day than this."

Betty, in the fullness of her young life, could understand that Miss Bab should feel thus, she looked so fragile and worn, so little in keeping with the freshness around. Then her aunt having as Miss Stacy said, "washed up the dishes," began to repeat poetry.

"There is a sweet poem of George Herbert's that speaks well of earthly beauty:

'I made a posie while the day ran by;
Here will I wear the remnant out and tie
My life within this band.

But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.

. . . . . .

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaint or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.'

"Now that," continued Miss Bab, "is what I call good, sensible poetry:

'Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.'

"There's religion and sensibility and useful information! It is pleasant to think how many useful simples and remedies I shall cull from these same fair flowers. Now, there are dried camomile and balm for teas to be given to feverish bodies, and tansy tea for infants in convulsions; there's rue and tansy to purify the air, and peppermint—the use of which is well known; besides marjoram and sage for condiments, and lilies that, mixed with lard, make a delightful pomatum."

Betty, lying on the grass, feeling as small as a red lady-bug climbing up a clover-leaf, in view of the immensity of blue space above, where the tall poplar was lost and dwarfed, heard nothing of Bab's utilitarian designs upon her pets. She was thinking that she could almost hear the roots of the grass and the flowers in the earth under her, reach to each other and pass on the message: "Keep on growing."

Along the sward, to the right of a diamond-shaped plot, where red and white and yellow tulips grew in alternate rows, like the little maids in the garden of "Mistress Mary, quite contrary," she could see the space under the hollow of a huge box-bush where, when she was a little girl, had stood her doll-house. She remembered how, once, when she had dressed her rag dolls in their best, and arranged them for a ball, she had returned to find them with their indefinite throats cut and stained with pokeberry juice, the victims of a red massacre, which the culprit, Tom, would never confess, save by implication in the way of various gratuitous and reparatory offices. He had been a sad dare-devil to have grown so oddly grave of late.

"Bab," said Betty, "do you know, something is going to happen to-day. I feel it in my bones."

"Yes, and, rash girl, you will feel something else in your bones ere long—a twinge of the *tic-douloureux*. The earth is as yet full of the cold and damp of winter, and goodness knows how much of it may not passing into your body. I will have you to bed and administer a draught horehound tea. Rise, child, there is the first church-bell. Go and dress; you must be careful not to miss divine service, as no one else in the family is to attend."

"Oh, Bab, I believe that you think that you and I and Aunt Clem have one family soul, which is under my charge to-day."

"Hush, I will not hear any such light talk. If you see Tom or Will, ask them to come to tea, and Betty, be certain to remember Dr. Wells's text and sermon to tell me when you come home, and to notice who is at church—but don't let that hinder you from being devout."

On that memorable occasion Betty was attired in a cream-colored damask gown, figured with bouquets of roses, which she had taken for the first time from the chests where it had lain in press, folded in rose leaves. It was worn without hoops, and ooped over a petticoat of the same, that hung in full folds to her ankles. The tightly-fitting bodice was finished by a large muslin neckerchief, tenderly veiling her rounded throat and bosom. The mitts that should have been on her hands and arms were carried in her prayer-book, Betty declaring that they made her feel "all tied up, like a crab in a net.'

Her face, cause of greatest anxiety, critically scanned under the shade of the large flat hat of yellow gauze, trimmed with bows of pink and green ribbons, met, for once, with her approval, for either the winter or the dew had proved efficacious, and it was free from freckles—as fair and clear as the lilies on her breast.

"Thank goodness, I am pretty!" Betty thought, though she did not realize her ideal beauty, which was something tall and blonde and languishing—the style of heroine then in vogue.

(To be continued)

Kept Him on the Roll.

A short time ago a prominent resident of Brooklyn was found to be a forger. He was a member of Plymouth Church, and, before his sentence, wrote to the pastor admitting his crime and declaring his repentance. Then he went to his place of imprisonment. When the church was called upon to act on the letter it was resolved that the criminal's name should remain on the rolls of the church as one in full membership. Plymouth Church congregation has courage as well as a large share of the spirit of the religion it teaches. —*Montreal Herald.*

An Opinion.

New York *Herald*: "What do you think of Job?"

"I think," replied the quack, "that he would have got more patients if he had advertised."

A Treat For the Old Girl.

Edith—Young Mr. Goodfeller just kissed Hetty Prim under the mistletoe.

Maud—He was always a kind-hearted chap!

THE Supreme Court of Michigan has just upset a decision of a lower court in reference to the civil rights of colored people. The Supreme Court ruled that

In Michigan there must be and is an absolute unconditional equality of white and colored men before the law. The white man can have no rights or privileges under the law that are denied to the black man. Socially people may do as they please within the law, and whites may associate together, as may blacks, and exclude whom they please from their dwellings and private grounds. But there can be no separation in public places between people on account of their color alone which the law will sanction.

Cases were cited where it had been held that separate cars, schools, etc., may be provided for colored persons. To this Judge Morse quoted the civil rights statute of Michigan, and replied: "Under it no line can be drawn in the streets, public parks or public buildings, on one side of which the black man must stop and stay, while the white man may enjoy the other side or both sides at his will and pleasure; nor can such a line of separation be drawn in any of the public places mentioned in the Act."

A new departure has been made in periodical literature in the form of a quarterly entitled "The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature." Edited by Prof. S. D. F. Salmond, of Edinburgh.

"The Dominant Seventh," the musical novel by Miss Kate Elizabeth Clark, which was recently published by D. Appleton & Co., has been re-published in England, and has received remarkably cordial reviews in the leading English journals.

MONTREAL is going through an experience somewhat akin to that of Hamilton some time ago when she was held up to the gaze of the world as the wickedest city in Canada. The Montreal Law and Order League has issued a pamphlet or circular giving the city the hardest kind of a character. The Chief of Police pronounces the charges of the League grossly exaggerated and the *Gazette* says: "There is not the slightest doubt that the Chief is correct. There is no reason to believe that there is anything like an approach to the number of places set down by the League circular in either of the classes to which it refers, and its publication must be regarded as a mistake, very damaging to the reputation of Montreal, which, while far from what it should be, and not all that it might be made, is not worse than the majority of cities of its size, and is much better than some."

The Road Committee of Quebec city has decided to erect a solid wall 300 feet long, 40 feet high and 30 broad at the place where the catastrophe occurred in Champlain street, in September, 1888.

—The reigning belle at an afternoon tea appears to be just pouring.

In Cincinnati's thirty-two cemeteries 400,000 dead sleep.

At Hardanger, Norway, no girl can marry until she is proficient in spinning, knitting and baking.

"Politics is a lottery," wrote the editor, and his edition was promptly thrown out of the mails by the postmaster, under the law against advertising lotteries. There is risk in printing anything about Lot's wife, even.—*Ex.*

THE IRONY OF FATE.

Survived One of the Greatest Battles of History to Die by a Fall.

WITH SCARLETT AT BALACLAVA.

Men often run the gauntlet of grave and terrible dangers to die by the simplest of accidents. A few days ago Mr. Henry Hunter was instantly killed in Toronto by slipping and falling on a stairway; yet he passed safely through one of the most brilliant, daring and successful cavalry charges of history.

Stand with me under the steeps of the Chersonese and we will watch this thrilling scene in the bloody Crimean drama. It is the 25th of October, 1854. Gen. Scarlett has just witnessed the flight of the Turks as they deserted Sir Colin Campbell and trusted to speed for safety. As the magnificent brigade known as the "Heavies," consisting of the second squadron of the Inniskillings and the Scots Greys swings into the valley a quick communication passes between Aide-de-Camp Elliot and its commanding officer. Elliott's sharp eye has just noticed wheeling obliquely toward the line of the Wornozoff road a dark mass of Russian horse. How many are there? The front is wide; the end of the mass is not yet visible. Still they advance, forming as they do so into that oblong square peculiar to the sons of the "Little Father" when bent on a charge or resisting one. It is our guns they are after! We have had disaster enough in the last few days. Scarlett has grasped the situation. The little band of about 300 Greys and Inniskillings have been riding across the front of a body of horse over ten times their number, who are contemplating a charge down the slope which, if executed, must by sheer weight and force of impact scatter the handful in the valley like chaff in a hurricane. What will Scarlett do? It is certain destruction to await the onset of such a force. He will not wait. The game is a desperate one, but between retreat and the chances of a charge he is not the man to hesitate. Facing his flank he calls out: "Are you right in front?" and receiving the answer, "Yes, sir!" he gives the command, "Left wheel into line!"

Leader or General? What will Scarlett be? No time for long consideration; he needs none. As the brigade wheels quickly into line Scarlett takes his position a few yards in advance of his men. Lord Lucan, cold, surly, impatient, has sent assurances of support. The Russ watches the line of red coats forming beneath him. Why doesn't he charge? Does he fear an ambuscade? Perhaps. It is not unnatural that he should suspect that those three hundred men performing barrack yard drill in the face of his masses have strong supports. Why, Scarlett is even waving back the men of the 5th Dragoons with his sword as he notes irregularity in their front! The trumpet of Lord Lucan sounds the "charge!" Scarlett either hears not or heeds not. He is in command and he will not be too late. The Russians seem bewildered. They slacken their pace; they trot; they walk; they come to a dead halt. Is it possible that the little body of horse means to attack them?

They are not left long in doubt. That officer in the brilliant blue tunic who rides out in advance of the line is Scarlett. Steadily men; the eyes of Britain—of the world—are upon you! Scarce 400 yards distant stands the enemy. His formation is grand; his hillside position gives him an enormous advantage. But he is at rest! This is the moment. The space is just wide enough to gather momentum. No time for the routine of "Trot!" "Gallop!" "Charge!" Scarlett spurs his horse forward, giving his trumpeter the word, "Sound the charge!"

Onward speeds the red line—faster—faster! Spread to the right and cover and bear on the enemy's left wing. Slower Scarlett! quicker Greys!—your commander if fifty yards ahead of you! Not a hundred yards now, yet the Russ stands immobile! Scarlett strikes the line! Elliot is at his heels! Crash!! The Heavy Brigade strikes into the solid array of horse as if shot from some mighty catapault! There is no cheering; only a dull, hoarse roar, mingled with the clash of sabres, the shrieks of the wounded and the half-human cries of dying horses. Where is Scarlett? Far in advance of his men when he struck the line there was room in the enemy's ranks for movement and springing aside the Russian horsemen received him into their midst. There with his good sword he enacts the part of a demon, parrying, slashing, thrusting. Elliot is there too. As he dashes upon the line a Russian officer prepares to shear him down. No ordinary tactics will do now. He dodges! Clinging to the neck of the horse he avoids the mighty stroke and presents his point to his adversary. It is bad policy, but his aim is true. As he strikes the line his sword pierces his adversary to the hilt and so fearful is the impact that the body of the impaled Russian is turned round in the saddle! Free your blade, Elliot! free your blade! You need it now! Your own men are upon you. No parade ground sword play this! Three hundred wedged in amongst over three thousand! Only here and there rising amid flashing swords and stabbing spears are seen a few shakos or helmets. It is every man for himself in a one to ten battle. Col. Griffith is down, shot in the head. Major Clarke leads the right and succeeds to the command, but as yet he knows it not. His horse has dug far into the column, and, bareheaded and alone, he is the centre of a group of dark grey riders whose swords seek his blood. Those Russian bear skins resist our sabres; their great coats almost repel a thrust; it is as if they were armor-clad. Clash! Heard on the steeps of the Chersonese is on there shouting; there is no wind to waste; every man's strength is required for his sword arm and bridle hand. Scarlett?—he is still in the thick of it. Elliott is fighting like a fiend. His horse became unmanageable, and while he struggled with it his face was slashed by a sabre, and blow after blow was rained upon his head. Still, semi-unconscious, he sits in his saddle as if he grew there, and his long sword sweeps down those within his reach. He is cutting his way toward a group of his fellows, and he will succeed. Nay, he will even be returned as "slightly wounded," and Lord Lucan's shabbiness will prevent his being accorded the honors his bravery merits. Col. White is near him fighting like a Trojan, although a blow from a Russian sabre has cloven his helmet and touched his brain. And there are those who can't fight; who are so jammed into the mass that they must be the victims of circumstances.

And all this time the spectators with Lord Raglan on the hill, with Lord Lucan up the valley and along the steeps of the Chersonese look on and marvel! What a panorama!

But, see! the Russ is awakening! Paralyzed for a time by the sheer audacity of the blow dealt him he begins to move. His long arms come into use. The order issues to close in on our rear—to double in on his own front, out of which our men are now hewing their way. Why are supports not forthcoming? Must the "Heavies" be annihilated while the 5th, the Royals, the Light Brigade and Hunt's Inniskillings look on supinely? Hark! What is that cry—that word of command rising out of the hell of carnage? It is the voice of Sandy Millar, the giant adjutant of the Greys. Over the clangor and roar it rings out like a trumpet: "Rally!—the Greys!" It is not a mere war cry; it is a command. But a rally under such circumstances! Is it possible? He means to try it. Bareheaded, streaming with blood, he fronts down the slope, swings aloft his reeking blade and gives the command: "Face—me!" Prendergast is with him; Elliot is hacking his way to his side; Scarlett's horse seems to have caught his meaning, and soon there is the rudiment of a front.

But why—Why hesitate the 4th and Royals while their comrades battle thus unequally?

The 4th Dragoons have been slowly and with swords in scabbards riding up the defile. They skirt the edge of the Vineyard and emerge upon the open near the remains of the camp of the Light Brigade when the whole panorama of the hillside bursts upon their view. Col. Hodge rises in his saddle with a shout as he sees the long overhanging wings of the Russian host swing inward as if to engulf the handful of men struggling to re-form within sword's-length of their superior enemy. Every sword instantly flashes in the sun as a murmur of alarm and eagerness runs through the division. Hodge was an old yachtsman in his day, and now when the safety of his comrades hangs on his action and moments mean lives—mean salvation or destruction—he finds the terms of the manual all too long and inexpressive. Turning his charger toward the left flank of the contending mass he waves his sword to his men and with the astonishing direction, "Hard all across!" launches them at the moving wing of the now thoroughly awakened Russian, swinging in to surround the Greys and Inniskillings.

Meanwhile the Royals chafe on the steeps of the Chersonese. They have no orders. The Light Brigade also stand cursing the command that dooms them to holding their position while their comrades win death or glory on the Balaclava heights. But the blood of the Royals is up; every movement of their comrades as they struggle to secure a formation is visible to them. They see them struggle against fearful odds, yet hold their own nobly. Ha! The Russian wings swing inward! There is no order given, but wrung from some brave man comes the cry, "By G—, the Greys!—the Greys are cut off!" and along the line the word runs like an electric flash: "Gallop, Boys! Gallop!" And Lord Raglan from his commanding hill looks down to see the little struggling knots of Greys and Inniskillings drowned as it were in the dark tide of Russian horse whose wings were now at a trot to enfold them still more securely; but to see also from the Chersonese and down by the Vineyard the bright uniforms of the 4th Guards and Royals plunging down upon his flanks.

Crash! There is a new element in the fight. Even those who hold their lives by the sword feel that something has happened. Those who can do so look up. The column moves; it undulates up the slope. The 4th Dragoon Guards have struck the moving flank of the Russ, cutting off his extended arm and driving it back in disorder. And from the right flank come the sounds of conflict! The Royals are there! Hear them cheer! They have headed off the enfilading column and driven in the skirmishers on the main body. They actually halt and re-form ere they renew the attack! Conolly, too, has arrived. He was sent by Scarlett to seek reinforcements, and meeting with Captain Hunt's squadron of Inniskillings he descends on the Russian flank with an impetuosity not exceeded by the first wild charge of the "three hundred." The Russians are stunned, disorganized. Here and there their second line wavers. Now arises a mighty cheer as Scarlett, panting from long-continued exertion, gains the front and the trumpets sound the "Rally!" Again they face to the mass of Russians and again they drive into his columns with wild Irish cheers and the cry of "The Greys!" But it is not only the Greys and Inniskillings, nor yet the 4th Dragoons nor the Royals that charge. Here are camp-followers without uniforms, bareheaded, armed with axes; yonder are two butchers whose strong arms swing cleavers and who fight as if the fate of England depended on their every stroke. There is a single rider in civilian's clothes—a mere boy—armed with a tent axe, pressed on every side by swords and lances. His strait is a desperate one; his fate seems sealed, when with a dash his antagonists are driven many yards up the hill. He looks to see who are his rescuers. Privates from the Light Brigade, who tired of the inaction have given way to the strain and dashed up to assist their sorely beleagured comrades. Brotherhood in arms; brotherhood in loyalty; brotherhood in danger. Strike now, Scarlett! Strike now, Hodge! Upon them, Millar and Conolly! The dark mass so lately a solid phalanx is now in disorder; another moment it is a mob in mad rush for safety, in utter rout! Sound the "Rally!" Scarlett, but it will be useless. Train your artillery on the fugitives, but you cannot further disorganize them. Your work is done and done well. And the cost? Just 78 in killed and wounded, while 550 of the enemy are hors de combat. But it is more than a battle; there is more won than a mere engagement. While war is remembered your exploit will stand out as an example of British daring unparalleled in history.

And it was through a conflict like this that Mr. Hunter came unscathed to be killed by a fall on a stone step! Such is fate.

MASQUETTE.

WHICH IS THE MOTHER?

'Twould Take Solomon or Sancho Panza to Decide.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, Judge Hosmer took up a case which bids fair to give him the greatest puzzle of his life, and which he may have to toss up a cent or play a game of seven-up with himself to decide. It is a case of disputed parentage. It happens quite frequently that disputes arise as to who is the father of offspring, but it is very rare that two women will swear that they each, separately and individually, gave birth to the same child. It has been considered, and with pretty good reason, that one single, solitary, lone child of either sex or of any color cannot be born of two separate and distinct mothers. Yet such is the testimony now before the judge, and as his experience in the affairs appertaining to matrimony is presumed to be confined to the less than two years of his married life, it is fair to presume that the case before him will prove something of a conundrum.

Mrs. Wm. Moran, whose husband was a bartender at the McCarthy road house, got a writ of habeas corpus to determine her right to the possession of Annie Duggan. She swore that she gave birth to the girl at the House of Providence, Aug. 4th, 1887, and called it Annie Duggan because its father's name is Duggan A couple of weeks later a Mrs. Corbet came to the house and asked her to give the child to Mrs. Corbet's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Mundary. She did so but gave no papers of adoption. Lately she heard that the child was not being well cared for and went to get it, but Mrs. Mundary refused to let her have it. She said that the child had a mole on its temple, but Mrs. Mundary had cut it off, leaving a scar. The family living in the same house with the Mundarys swore that the child was two or three weeks old when they first saw it, and that it was brought there by Mrs. Moran, they thought. A Mrs. Donnelly swore that she went to Mrs. Mundary's with Mrs. Moran, and that Mrs. Mundary at first claimed that the child was dead, but finally came down and tried to have Mrs. Moran go and make out adoption papers, but Mrs. Moran would not. Mrs. Mundary then swore that she gave birth to the child November 3rd, 1887, and she never obtained a baby from her sister, Mrs. Moran or anybody else. In fact, this is the only baby she ever had. She did not call a doctor till ten days after the birth, when she called Dr. Smith, and the only witnesses of the birth were her husband and two women now in Dakota. Her husband corroborated her story and produced a picture of the child taken when it was six weeks old.

Judge Hosmer said that the picture looked like a young image of Mundary. Dr. Smith thought the child was a week or two old when he saw it, and he thought he could identify it now. Everybody swore to the mark on the temple, and the judge continued the case until 4 p. m. to-day, when the child is to be produced and compared with its numerous progenitors.—*Detroit News.*

Charley Was Slow.

Annie—Are you going to give Charley anything at Christmas, Ida?

Ida—I'm thinking of giving him a hint.

Couldn't Stand Water.

"What kind of goods is it?" asked Col. Blood, of Kentucky, when his wife displayed her new gown. "It's watered silk. "Ah! that's why it turned my stomach as soon as I saw it."

THIS is the season of the year for pneumonia or lung fever. It results from exposure to wet or cold, and is therefore more general in the winter than in the summer, and is dreaded by medical men on account of the large percentage of fatal cases and the suddenness with which a fatal issue is generally reached. The first symptom of pneumonia is generally a pronounced chill, attended by a severe pain, very much resembling that caused by a stab, within a circumscribed space at or near the nipple on the affected side. Then follows a racking cough, with expectoration, high fever, loss of appetite, full and hard pulse and increased respiration. In the second stage of the disease the pain may cease, although the cough will continue; while in the third stage respiration will resume its normal condition, appetite will return, and pain will almost if not entirely disappear—one of the peculiarities of this stage being that in the intemperate it may lead to delirium tremens. A grave complication in pneumonia is inflammation of the membranous sac which surrounds the heart; but when once convalescence has begun recovery from the disease is almost certain, and fatal relapses are very infrequent. The oldest method of treating pneumonia is bloodletting; and this is again coming in vogue in cases where the patient is plethoric. In the first stage quinine and antefebrines are used, hot flaxseed poultices being also applied. In the second stage the treatment is mainly alcoholic. Some radical methods of treatment have lately been adopted in Germany, notably oxygen gas, to aid the functions of the lungs, and the placing of patients in the open air. The merits of the various methods are now being freely discussed, and with the advance in medical science there is a prospect that pneumonia may yet be robbed of many of its terrors.

No fewer than five European countries are at the present time governed by regents—Holland, Spain, Bavaria, Servia, and Brunswick. The monarchs of three of them are children of tender years. King Alfonso, of Spain, is four years of age; Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, ten; and King Alexander, of Servia, fourteen.

The inquest on the body of Patrick Foley was closed at the Toronto Police Court yesterday, when the jury returned a verdict to the effect that deceased came to his death as the result of violence from the hands of parties unknown.

The Governor of Mozambique reports that agents of the British South Africa Company induced Matassa's men to revolt and lower the Portuguese flag at Massikessa. The revolters imprisoned a French engineer and three Portuguese.

Figures do not lie, but liars sometimes figure.