IN ARCTIC SEAS.

A Talk With an Old Whaler.

"Yes, I have read some of the news about the finding of the Greely party," said an old salt, who had been in the Arctic regions in his earlier days.

He had all the marks of "a life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep." A weather-beaten and browned skin, India ink tattoos, and several scars, the result of blows from capstan bars, boat oars and harpoon hooks.

"No, I never went on an exploring expedition, but came very near doing it once. I am told that Dr. Hall makes mention in one of his books of his meeting with Capt. Parker, of the old "Truelove," in Coddling Bay, in the fall of '61. I was one of the two men he mentioned as volunteering to join his party and winter with him in Davis Strait. Hall had lost two of his crew and one of his small boats, and he wanted to make up his deficiency from the whaling fleet when they were ready to leave for home. I was a young fellow then, and me and my chum were ready to face any climate and any hardship, but Capt. Parker said he felt himself responsible for our safe return to our friends in England, and he wouldn't let us go with Hall. But we let him have one of the "Truelove's" small boats. That was the nearest I ever come to being an Arctic explorer."

"But you have seen a good deal of life in the Arctic regions, nevertheless?" said the reporter, by way of drawing him out on a subject which the finding of the Greely party has been made interesting. "Where is Coddling Bay?"

"I don't suppose you'll find it on the maps. We whalers had names of our own for Arctic ports and didn't bother our heads much about what the explorers called 'em. We could talk among ourselves about the east and west shore all the way up to parallel 71 just as familiar as we could about the English Channel and the Mersey, but after you got above Lancaster Sound we were off. We left that for the scientific chaps to navigate and give all our attention to whale oil. The was more money in it and

LESS SHIPS AND MEN LOST.

Of course we kept a weather eye open for any relics of the Franklin crew that might be drifting about in hope of the reward offered, but we didn't go out of our way to hunt for 'em."

"Can you give me a general idea of what the surface of the country is like up there?" as the reporter. "The general idea, I think, we have is of a surface entirely and always covered with ice."

"Well, that is pretty near it. About the only bare spots are the perpendicular faces of the rocky shores, with here and there a bit of stunted vegetation during the Arctic summer. The west shore of Davis Straits is very mountainous, only broken here and there by a 'fewer' (fiord) as we call Arctic rivers. I don't know as anybody has ever been on those mountain tops to see what they bear, but I don't think they're up to much. Wouldn't care to own a farm there, anyway."

"Do you know how icebergs are formed?" he asked, by way of turning the subject to something he had more definite knowledge about. "You know an iceberg is made of fresh water while the water they float in is salt. Some people think that the saltiness is taken out by the freezing. That's a mistake. It is the spring water falling down the mountain sides that make icebergs. It runs from the springs in the mountains and freezes as it falls until its accumulated weight breaks it off and it goes drifting down the channel, if it falls into plenty of water. I have seen icebergs grounded in 400 feet.

"Talk about your Niagara Falls! I have seen nothing prettier than some of them mountain cataracts in the Arctics. There's variety about 'em, too. They are always breaking away and forming in new shapes, so

THEY NEVER LOOK TWICE THE SAME.

Fine place for a landscape painter that, but I suppose they prefer to draw on their imagination. Them pictures of the finding of the Greely survivors in the illustrated papers show all they know about it.

"No, we never had a vessel ground up in the ice in our voyages; always had the good luck to get out of the way. The way we did it was to make artificial harbors in the shore ice. When we saw a big ice-floe coming, and the wind was crowding it to our side of the channel, it was 'hurrah boys!' I tell ye. We carried long ice saws with pulley attachments and trestles to support them overhead. When put in position for sawing a part of the crew manned the pulley ropes while others held the teeth of the saw against the ice. The rope and pulley made the raising of the saw easy, and its own weight carried it down. We would start three saws at the outer edge of the ice and cut three seams, starting a hundred feet apart and verging toward each other. When the two shorter seems met, and a small triangular piece of ice had been shoved out into the current it was easy to loosen the larger piece and send it adrift. Then we unshipped our rudder and hauled our vessel into the harbor we had made just in time, sometimes, to see a cake of ice ten to twenty miles in area go grinding past our little harbor of refuge. The ice we sawed through would be ten feet thick, and the sawing took us five hours sometimes.

"But we got the most excitement out of our fishing. Talk about your fresh water regattas. If you could take a crowd up there to witness a whaler's crew get away after a fish it would be something worth seeing," said the old sailor, as his storm-dimmed optics seemed trying to flash youthful fire again in the mental contemplation of a spirited picture he had once been a figure in.

"A big thing on ice," suggested the reporter, just to show he was listening.

"I have seen a crew all asleep in their berths when the cry of 'a fish' was given and in one minute and a half the boats were pulling away from the ship. Their clothes hang in a bag beside their berths, and they grab it and

DRESS AS THEY GO.

The boat that get the first harpoon in gets an English pound for their harpoon thrower, and when several ships sight the same fish and each ship sends off several boats you can believe there is some good pulling done. The harpooner in the first boat generally encourages his crew with the promise of a pound of tobacco out of his prize money if they get him to the fish first.

"But the best long pulling is done when the first boat get a harpoon in and the fish has to tow it while the crew rest on their oars. Then they bend to their oars and keep up for fifteen miles. This usually tires out the fish when we strike a fish that had his young with her. At other times they dive immediately they are struck. But a young fish usually tires sooner than the mother, and a fish with young skipping along the surface carrying the young one on her back is too youthful to keep up with her. We once had a pull of twenty miles of that sort, and it was the prettiest regatta you ever seen. Don't know how much further we would have gone if the young devil hadn't slipped off its mother's flipper, and she turned around to find it. Then the man in the second boat struck her again, square between the eyes. If the harpoon thrower had missed his aim there would have been trouble on that boat. Nobody cares to get in front of a maddened fish, I can tell you, but that one turning back came on 'em unexpected like.

"Did I enjoy that kind of life? Well, I did. If I had my time to come over again that's just where I'd go—on an Arctic expedition. Healthiest climate in the world. Never heard of any of us being sick. They either freeze or starve to death up there. Only those two ways of going to Davy Jones' locker in the Arctics. No yellow fever and cholera as we get in the tropics. Don't wonder at the Greely survivors being ready to go again. Would do the same thing myself if I hadn't got my anchor down in fresh water in the shape of a wife and seven children to look after. There's no money in Arctic expeditions, but it's the independentest kind of a life."

The Newspapers of the World.

London, as might be expected, with its population of 4,000,000, takes precedence of all other great cities in its list of publications, which very nearly approaches 2,000 These have an annual circulation of about 1,017,000,000 copies.

But while London shows a longer catalogue than any other city, Paris, with a population of less than 2,000,000, issues 1553 periodicals, and these have an annual circulation of about 1,000,000,000 copies; so that, in point of fact, the citizens of Paris are far more liberally supplied with daily or weekly literary provender than their British neighbors. In fact it is estimated that the journalistic products of Paris amount annually to almost one-tenth of the issue of the entire press of the globe.

New York and Brooklyn (which bear to one another somewhat the same relation as Birkenhead to Liverpool) have a combined population nearly equal to that of Paris. They produce 587 publications, with an annual circulation of about 516,000,000; Berlin produces 536; Vienna, 483; Madrid, 253; Rome, 211, showing a gradual diminution till we reach St. Petersburgh, with a population of 601,969 and only 57 periodicals. The latter, however, are exceedingly varied, and offer something for all tastes—literary classes, medical students, horse-breeders, stock-rearers, musical societies, law, mathematics, horticulture, agriculture, the drama, commerce, satire, history, ecclesiastical questions, science, and a very limited allowance of politics.

I must not omit to notice one point of interest, suggested by the languages which chiefly predominate in this vast newspaper literature. Though there are comparatively few tongues which are not in some measure represented, we find that an enormous majority are published in four languages. As a matter of course English heads the list, inasmuch as English speaking races have peopled North America and Australasia. The German races rank second, the French third, and Spanish fourth; but, inasmuch as the latter tongue is the lingua franca of Mexico and South America, it is probable that it will find a more extensive circulation in print as these nations advance. Meanwhile, the proportion is as follows:—English, 16 500 publications; German, 7,350; French, 3,850; Spanish, 1 600.

Taking the nationality of the 34,000 papers of the world we find that close upon 32,000 are published in Europe and North America, leaving little over 2,000 for all the rest of the world! South America only issues a sufficient number to allow each of its inhabitants three newspapers a year—exhibiting the curious contrast in this, as in all else, between the great Northern and Southern Continents.

The combined annual product of Asia and Africa amounts to 227,000,000, which, in proportion to the population, would allow one copy in ten years for each person. Of course the newspaper circulation of Africa is confined to the extreme north and south, with a very feeble commencement on the west coast. In like manner Asia has neither supply nor demand except in parts of Turkey, Persia, China and Japan. Not a newspaper of any sorts is to be found in Arabia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, or Turkestan.

Strange, to say, China, that nation which of all others holds literature (that is to say, its own dry-as-dust classics concerning a remote past) in highest honor, has so small a thirst for news of the present day, that it produces fewer papers than any other nation with the smallest claim to civilization. The proportion of newspapers to population is in the ratio of about one publication to 2,000,000 inhabitants. The Chinese Empire produces only 22 periodicals, of which 12 are in Chinese, 9 in English, and 1 in French. Even of this small number, the circulation is extraordinary small, and, as a rule, a newspaper may be said to be a thing unknown to the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Celestial Empire.

A Curious Custom.

About 100 yards from Kilmainham Prison, Dublin, Ireland, is the ancient well of St. John, with which an old tradition is attached that water taken therefrom on the eve of the 24th of June possesses curative properties. This is firmly believed by many people, and quite 5,000 persons assembled at the well on that day recently, having made a pilgrimage there for that special purpose. It is regarded as essential that the water should be drawn before daylight on St. John's eve, and the pilgrims came provided with every class of vessel to bring away the precious fluid. The well is in a recess under a wall, and candles had to be used to light the people down the steps, the scene thus presented being of a weird character. The people dispersed about three in the morning.

A good editor must always be in his write mind.—[Merchant Traveller. And have a pen-chant for work.—[South and West. And be ink-quisitive about affairs that concern the public.—[Gorham Mountaineer.

THE SEA SERPENT.

Again Seen—This Time off the Gaspe Coast, on the Way to Montreal.

The much vexed sea serpent question is at last brought home to Canadians by the appearance of one of these monsters off the Gaspe coast. The creature was seen from the steamship "Silksworth," of Sunderland, which arrived at Montreal recently from Pictou, N. S., with a cargo of coal consigned to Wm. Muir & Sons. A reported visited the vessel at her berth in the new canal basin, and the chief officer, a gentleman of wide experience, very readily gave the particulars of the appearance of the monster. He stated that the point where the creature had been sighted was about midway between West Point, in Prince Edward Island, and Cape Gaspe, in the Province of Quebec. It was seen on Saturday morning between three and four o'clock. He was in charge of the deck for the middle watch and was pacing up and down the bridge when the lookout on the forecastle called out "There's a

QUEER LOOKING THING

on the starboard beam." He immediately looked in the direction indicated, and saw something about a quarter of a mile off. It was a remarkably clear moonlight night, and the sea was calm, and he could easily see what, in the momentary glance he took, looked like a sail. Without giving any particular attention to it, he thought it must be a vessel, but jokingly replied to the hail of the lookout that it was probably the sea serpent. He assured the reporter that previous to this, he looked upon sea serpent yarns as the sheerest nonsense. A second glance at the object, however, showed him that there was something remarkable about it, and this prompted him to take up the night glasses, and he brought them to bear upon it. The result was a perfect surprise to him, for there undeniably was the much doubted sea serpent. It rose

BETWEEN TWENTY AND THIRTY FEET

from the water at the least. It appeared to rise perpendicularly from the sea by a movement which resembled more the opening of a telescope than anything else he could name. As it appeared above the water its body seemed to expand as if inflated with the air, and the body tapered off from the surface of the water towards the head. At the water, as near as he could judge, the diameter of the body must have been between three and four feet. The whole appearance of the creature was that of a huge conger eel, the head, which was an enormous size, resembling that of this species of fish in every particular. The head was the most prominent part of the creature and principally attracted his attention. The body of the beast appeared to be

STRIPED LIKE A MACKEREL

with black and light colored bars running round the body mingling in black at the back and a silver gray at the belly. After looking at the creature through the glass sufficiently long to comprehend what it was, he ran aft to notify the captain and a couple of passengers they had aboard. By the time they had hurried into their clothes and got on deck, however, the serpent had disappeared. It appeared suddenly to sight the ship and sank beneath the water with the same steady telescopic movement with which it had elevated itself, although quicker. The part of the brute which appears particularly to have impressed itself upon his memory was the mouth, which much resembled that of a shark. About two feet below the head

TWO TREMENDOUS FINS,

stuck out from the body, extending for several feet on either side. Fortunately the creature rose to the surface again and was seen by Captain Read and the passengers, or the serpent might have been set down as the fruit of the imaginations of himself, the lookout and the wheelman. As a matter of fact he remarked that even with so many reliable witnesses as to the genuiness of the serpent he would not have believed in it, had he not seen it with his own eyes. He had, he said, given the matter serious consideration since seeing the serpent, and he is now unable to account for his previous scepticism on the subject of sea serpents, as it is easy to suppose that sea eels are capable of attaining a gigantic size. The serpent on the second occasion of rising was about half a mile distant from the ship and well within the range of the night glass. It rose in the same quiet manner as before and was exposed to view altogether about three minutes. Before sinking below the surface it opened its mouth to its fullest extent, as if gulping in a supply of air, and closing its jaws gave vent to

A LOUD BELLOW

resembling both a dog's bark and the lowing of a cow. The noise was one of the most horrifying things imaginable, and involuntarily all on the deck of the "Silkworth" trembled when they heard it.

The lookout and the other members of the steamship's crew who saw the creature corroborate the chief officer's statement in every particular, and the affair is regularly entered in the log. The lookout states that he first saw it when its head had risen above the surface, and his attention was directed to it as the only object in sight.

SANCTUM-ONIOUS LEVITY.

The key to wealth—luc-key.

Many are comfortable only when others are not.

The argument of ignorance is often based on the force of bigotry.

Clothes don't always make the man—unless he sells them at a good profit.

No tombstones mark the graves in the cemetery where lost hopes are interred.

The world is a great barber shop and every man waits his turn to be shaved.

Men and horses differ. The latter is worthless unless he is broke, and the former is worthless if he is ditto.

The bee that is loudly proclaiming that the world owes it a living goes honeyless to bed.

More money can be made by one day's strict attention to one's own business than by ten day's minding the affairs of one's neighbor.

Lover of the Antique—"What's the price of that antique Louis XIV. cabinet?" Bric-a-Brac dealer—"Five hundred dollars." "Mercy! Why, a friend of mine got one just like that for $150." "Where?" "At Milburgville, Conn." "O, of course: you can't expect us to compete with Milburgville." "And why not?" "That's where they make 'em."

THE TURKS AND EGYPT.

Envious of England's Supremacy—Baron Hirsch and the New Railway.

The Turks have now very little to say about the conference. They were hoping for much wider issues than merely financial agreement in respect to Egypt's indebtedness; but seeing that neither France nor Germany would support the demand for the withdrawal of the British troops they care little as to what may be said or done, provided there be no further encroachments upon the sultan's rights. The hint thrown out as to the future neutralization of Egypt is not at all relished at Constantinople. The advisers of the sultan do not understand that if an arrangement of that nature could be really effected it would be the surest possible guarantee for the preservation of such rights as the sultan has been left by the course of British action in Egypt. To them it wears the aspect only of an independent Mussulman state, created at the expense of the Ottoman empire, which might eventually seek to become its rival. Turkey was quite prepared to send troops, if called upon to do so by the conference, both for the maintenance of order in Egypt proper and the subjugation of the Soudan. Mouktar Pasha was to have been intrusted with the command of ten thousand men, with a certain Hadji Achmet Pasha, who speaks Arabic well and has had much experience in dealing with Arabs, as his second in command.

The Turco-Servian railway junction may be looked upon as a settled thing, although it will doubtless be some time yet before a final iradeh on the subject is issued. What all Baron Calice's insistence at the porte and Prince Rudolph's recent visit to Constantinople failed to effect has been brought about, apparently, by a timely present of horseflesh to the sultan. His imperial majesty has a real passion for horses. He understands their management well, and is both a good hand at the reins and a bold rider. The delicate flattery conveyed in such a tribute to his favorite pursuit as the six superb horses sent by the Emperor Franz Josef could not be withstood by one whose generosity is likely to pass into a proverb, and as the most pleasing acknowledgement of the same in his power to make, the sultan decided to allow serious negotiations to commence with Baron Hirsch for the construction of the required length of railway. The Turkish railway king is expected here shortly to conduct the affair in person. He is sure to succeed, as no one knows so well how, when, and where to use the arguments that alone carry weight in Turkey as the wily baron, who has managed to have a huge railway system constructed in the name of the porte with other people's money, apparently for his sole benefit.

Not satisfied with what he has already made out of the affair, to the prejudice of the Ottoman treasury, the lessee of the Roumelian lines now comes forward with an offer which is no compliment to the acuteness of the Turks. The baron is ready to undertake the construction of the line at his own expense, and to work it, giving the Ottoman government, as his draft contract declares, a large share of the gross receipts. This sounds well, but a very cursory examination will show that the proposed bargain is all in favor of Baron Hirsch. The new line is to form a link in the general system, and as such is leased with the other sections to the constructor until such time as the share of the receipts carried to the credit of the porte shall have reached the amount expended upon it by Baron Hirsch. The Ottoman government is to receive 47½ per cent. of the gross receipts upon the whole lines—so runs the proposed arrangement. It would seem, however, that before any division at all is made 7,000 francs per kilometer have to be handed over to the working company as cost of administration and working, etc. It may be safely predicted that for many years to come the books of the company will show little in the way of earnings beyond the 7,000 francs above referred to, and thus the new contract with Hirsch, if concluded, will tend to secure the possession of these railways to him for an indefinite period.

There is joy among the Armenian sarafs. His imperial majesty has ordered the grand vizier to make some arrangement for the payment of the havallehs. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be explained that a havalleh is a bill upon a provincial treasury. These bills are given when the treasure-chests of the department are dry, either in payment for goods purchased or as salaries to the army and navy. Usually they were discounted for cash at rates varying from 40 to 50 per cent. discount. Eventually they were paid in full, so that the traffic in havallehs was very profitable. Recently the grand vizier obtained a iradeh, putting a stop to all further encashment of these bills, and so they became a drug in the market. The holders, however, have been vigorously attacking the generosity of the sultan by petitions, and at last made a formidable demonstration at the palace, which in the time of Mahmoud would have sent their heads rolling in the dust. A deputation of some sixty per ons drove in carriages to Yildiz, asking permission to lay a petition at the feet of their sovereign. After some parleying, three of their number were admitted to the presence of the chief chamberlain, and they placed in his hand a statement of their grievances for transmission to his majesty. The reader should understand that it is not the intention of the government to repudiate these papers, but merely to put a stop to the traffic which has benefited a few officials while enriching a lot of usurers at the expense of the army and navy. The idea is to obtain a proper account of this portion of the floating debt by compelling registration before settlement.
—*Constantinople Cor. New York Herald.*

Pleasant People.

We are sometimes surprised to find how many pleasant people there are sojourning upon this planet, and how ready they are to do and say pleasant things, and fill the world with "sweetness and light" for others. Sometimes when we least expect it, when it has seemed to us as if almost everybody was made upon the bias, so to speak, we suddenly happen upon one of these pleasant people, and the cobwebs are all swept out of our heaven and the whole complexion of things is changed. They make a dull day cheerful; they have something of the same effect in a room as an open fire or bouquet of flowers; or they are like the trill of a brook hidden in a still wood, or the unexpected whistle of a bird in early spring.

A rolling stone gathers no moss. Neither does a paving stone for the matter of that.

THE BASTINADO.

A Terrible Punishment Inflicted on Robbers—Graphic Description by An Eye-Witness.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 15.—The districts surrounding Constantinople are infested by robbers who have for some time carried on their trade almost with impunity. The police have recently made an effort to clear the country of the thieves. A dozen of the thieves were captured, were given a summary trial and the bastinado was inflicted upon two of them; the others were acquitted for want of evidence.

THE BASTINADO.

Mr. Hilaire Gay, a Genevan, who has published a brochure in which he details his experiences of torture in Egypt, says: "The second time that I presented myself at the Prefecture," he writes, "I was compelled to witness, much against my will, the punishment of the bastinado inflicted on some unfortunate Arabs, and on several subsequent occasions I had to undergo a similar ordeal. I hesitate to describe these scenes which to us Europeans recall the dark days of mediæval times; but it is my duty as a faithful chronicler to set down the most striking facts that come under my observation I must ask my readers to overcome their repugnance and accompany me to the place of torture. His Excellency Osman Bey, is seated on the divan of a room of cold and sinister aspect, the walls covered with large slabs and lightened by windows looking on the street. He wears the *stambouline*, or official costume, a frock-coat with a straight collar, a waistcoat, black trousers and boots. His face, of a light olive tint, is adorned with a scanty black beard and whiskers; the nose is strong, the lips are thick, the eyes dark and deep. Though rather stout he is well formed and above middle height. When Osman Bey smiles his countenance becomes pleasing and amiable, but when the smile is absent his regard is cold and stern. Near him, before a little table covered with green baize, sits his secretary.

THE PREFECT.

"As I walk up the room a clock strikes the hour of two. The Prefect offers me a hand, and at his invitation I take a seat at his side. Then a negro, clad in a long white robe and wearing on his head an enormous yellow turban, brings me a little cup of coffee and a bundle of cigarettes. As I light back my cup to this imposing servitor, some Arabs, escorted by two guards, are brought before the Prefect. These unfortunates seem to belong to the poorest of the people; their feet are bare, their clothing is worn and ragged, their hands tremble convulsively, their eyes are haggard, and their lips twitch in apprehension as they listen in mournful silence to the words addressed to them by the Prefect. But they answer questions with feverish vivacity, and after the exchange of a few words two of the prisoners are led from the room. Then men enter. These are the torturers. No nothing more fell or hang-dog than their looks can be imagined. Four of them seize the Arab who is still standing before the Prefect, and the poor wretch, as he is thrown on the ground, throws at him a glance eloquent with agony and fear, but the torturer man's countenance remains fixed and passive, and he makes no sign of grace.

THE VICTIM.

"The victim was then placed on his back on the slabs with his chest resting on the bench, in which position he was held by two of the executioners. Two others next raised his legs until his feet were in a horizontal position, a position in which they were retained by means of a cord fastened to either end of a stick. Each man held the stick with one hand while with the other he kept hold of one of the Arab's legs. In the hands of these four powerful and expert men it was impossible for him to move and it was impossible for him to writhe. On this the fifth torturer, who had taken no part in the preliminary proceedings, came forward, holding in his hand a sort of lash composed of five strands of twisted gut or hide. The face of this man was singularly hideous—repulsive—the yellow and tawny skin, the low forehead, the round eyes, dull and glazed, the thick black eyebrows, the unshaved chin retreating from coarse, thick lips, the creased and furrowed cheeks, imparting to the countenance of the chief executioner an air of ferocious and bestial stupidity.

THE TORMENTOR.

"The tormentor raised his arm and struck with the regularity of a pendulum the upturned feet of his helpless victim. At the fourth stroke the Arab uttered a cry of pain, and at every fresh stroke the cry was repeated. But soon the cry became a sob, the flagellated flesh visibly shuddered, and the soles were seamed with red and purple streaks. Sitting silently on my cushion, chewing mechanically the tobacco of an extinguished cigarette, I could not but shiver with horror at the sight of so much suffering. I felt as if I were under the influence of some terrible nightmare. Osman Bey, his secretary, the five executioners, with their stern and sinister features, looking unmoved at so cruel a sight, seemed for a moment rather the creations of a diseased imagination than beings of flesh and blood; but the heavy thud of the stick and the screams of the victim recalled me to the sad reality which I was so reluctantly witnessing. Then the punishment ceased and the Arab, with ghastly face, and body shaken with a feverish trembling, had to incline himself respectfully before the man by whose order he had been so cruelly tormented. Helped by a guard, for his mangled and bleeding feet refused to support him, he was then led, still moaning with pain, from the torture chamber. The two other Arabs were afterwards punished in the same manner. It was now past three o'clock and his Excellency, putting on his most pleasant smile, gave me his orders concerning the service of the police. I then saluted him and hurried away from the place where I had seen the practical application of barbarous jurisprudence."

In Vino "Vulgaritas."—The earl of Romonger, stiffly: "Yes, Mr. Bullicrop, that is a good glass of wine, as you say. It is, in fact, sir, some of my '39 port—a good wine, as it is called." Mr. Bullicrop, member of parliament: "Lor, bless my lord! You don't say so? That's port? Why that's only three and tuppence a bottle! Wherever d'ye you get it, my lord, eh? I haven't a drop in my cellar but stands me in less than five an' six, and that's the truth."

A German scientist says that a cubic foot of air contains fifteen million insects, and a traveling man says that in country hotel beds he has been sleeping must be built entirely of air.