

A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

By CHRISTIAN REID, IN "LEPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER VI.

It was with a very strange sensation that Derwent came back to consciousness. He roused from stupor with a sense of fire applied to his shoulder and to his throat. The first resolved itself into the agonizing pain of his wound, as he was lifted to a partially-sitting posture by a strong arm underneath him, and the second to a liquid which was being cautiously poured down his throat. He opened his eyes and looked up, to see a brown, solicitous face above him, and to inhale the odor of brandy from a bottle held to his lips.

"Ah! it has brought him to life," said the person administering this remedy, in a tone of satisfaction, and also in Spanish. "A little more, señor,—a little more."

But Derwent shook his head and closed his lips. He was, in fact, almost strangled by the liquid, which had nevertheless served its purpose in bringing him back to a knowledge of his surroundings. He lifted himself to a more upright position, in order to relieve the terrible pain in his shoulder, and looked about him.

He found himself in the midst of a group of men and horses, among whom were none of his own party. All were strangers, all apparently Mexicans,—as indeed what else was likely in this remote part of the country?—and a sense of despair seized him as he thought of his inability to make himself understood by them. Looking up, with eyes expressive of the suffering he was enduring, he could only touch his shoulder and say, "I have been shot,—here."

"English. I thought so," said another voice. And then out of the group of faces which seemed to swim around him, one bent over him which had a vaguely familiar look,—a face deeply sunburnt, yet fair underneath the tan, as was proved by the dark-blue eyes and the luxuriant brown beard. The exclamation which the person uttered had been in Spanish, but he now spoke to the young man in his own tongue.

"The wound is in your shoulder," he said. "Yes, I see you have bled copiously. Lie down while we cut away your coat and bandage it."

Derwent was very glad to obey this direction, for blackness was gathering around him again. He had lost a quantity of blood, and this, together with the blow on the head which he had received in falling, made him feel very faint. He lay down obediently, and the stranger began to cut away the clothing from his wound in a very practised manner. He muttered several comments in Spanish when he saw the wound; but he bandaged it skillfully, administered to Derwent another dose of the stimulant, and then asked him how he had been shot.

"The account was briefly given. 'The last thing I recall,' said the young man, 'is falling down the precipice. I must have struck my head against a tree or rock, and from what I remember of the blow, which instantly stunned me, it is wonderful that it did not kill me.'

"Your head is badly cut and bruised," said the other, examining it. "But if the last thing you remember is your fall, how did you get back here in the road?"

"Did you find me in the road?" asked Derwent, with surprise. "Then I can only imagine that the man who shot me had sufficient humanity to drag me back where I was found. I suppose that he robbed me,—yes, my watch is gone, and also my purse."

"But were you travelling alone?"

"No. I had dropped behind my party, because I was tired of riding and wanted to walk a little. Of course they will discover my absence soon, and return for me."

"It is strange that they have not done so before this. At what time were you shot?"

"About two o'clock. I am certain of that, for I had glanced at my watch not long before."

"It is now four. Is it not a little strange that they have not returned before this time to look for you?"

"It is incomprehensible," said Derwent. "Can they have been killed?"

"That is very unlikely. Nothing of this kind has occurred before in years; and while a robber might be bold enough to attack a solitary traveller, he would consider long before attacking a party. How many were you?"

"Five,—and well armed."

"The thing is impossible, then. But this is not the time or place to investigate the affair. That must be done later. Meanwhile, the sooner you get medical attendance the better. Do you think you can manage to sit in a saddle and ride a few miles?"

"If it must be done, I can do it," said Derwent, with a certain grim resolution. "Help me to rise."

It was with a gentleness equal to his strength that the tall, strong stranger assisted him to his feet. Then he called a *mozo*, who brought up a richly-caparisoned horse of beautiful build and chestnut color.

"I will put you on my own horse," said the gentleman, "because he walks well, and will carry you with as little jar as it compatible with any motion."

"You are truly a good Samaritan," said Derwent, gratefully. "May I ask if we are countrymen?"

"Only in tongue, I fancy," answered the other. "I am an Irishman,—Maurice Ormond by name. You are, if I mistake not, an American."

"Yes, my name is Derwent. I know now," he added, quickly, "why your face has seemed so familiar to me. I saw you the other day in Guadalajara."

"That is likely. I have been there lately. Now, Señor Derwent, make as little effort as possible and let us lift you into your saddle. There,—as half a dozen ready hands did the work,—that is accomplished; but if you are to stay there you must take more brandy."

The deadly faintness that almost overpowered him warned Derwent that this was indeed necessary. He took the stimulant willingly, and, thankful for the deep Spanish saddle which afforded him some support, they set out.

He perceived, now that he had gathered his senses a little, that the party formed quite a cavalcade. There were six or eight riders, beside himself and the man who, having had to resign his horse to Señor Ormond, walked with a long stride and lithe bearing in advance of them. All, with the exception of the stately Irishman, were Mexicans of the purest type, and all seemed to be his attendants.

As they proceeded down the mountain,

Derwent looked about for some time in the expectation of finding the bullet-riddled bodies of Fernandez, Aranda, and the *mozos*. But, since no sign of them appeared, his wonder increased over the remarkable fact that they had apparently not concerned themselves in the least about his fate.

"I cannot understand this," he said presently to Señor Ormond. "It is incredible that my companions should have deliberately abandoned me."

"If you will tell me who they are," said that gentleman, "I can better tell you whether or not it is incredible."

"One of them was a man from this part of the country,—Señor Aranda—"

"I know him. Who else?"

"A man who accompanied me from Guadalajara to show me a mine. His name is Fernandez. And two *mozos*."

"I know him also,—by reputation, at least,—the Fernandez of whom you speak. May I ask what mine he brought you to see?"

"The Buena Esperanza. Do you know it?"

"Yes," replied the other, smiling, "know the Buena Esperanza. Did you, while there, see or hear anything of Señor Barrera?"

"I saw him yesterday at the mine. He came and had a fierce altercation with Fernandez. What passed between them I do not know, for, unfortunately, I have little knowledge of Spanish; but I perceived that there was trouble, and I declined to buy the mine. You do not think—?" he looked at his companion with a sudden, startled glance—"that it could have been Barrera who shot me?"

"No," was the decided answer. "It certainly was not Barrera. He is a man of fiery temper and dauntless courage, capable of killing an enemy on sight, without reckoning consequences, but absolutely incapable of shooting him from ambush. Besides, what quarrel had he with you? No, derwent, do not even in your thoughts do so great an injustice to one who is in all respects a true gentleman."

"I was favorably impressed by him," said Derwent. "But the whole thing is so strange. Why should I have been picked off, and why have my companions made no search for me?"

"You were probably picked because you were lingering in the rear of your party—a foolish thing to do, had you been aware of the danger—and so offered an excellent opportunity to the robber. Why your companions have not returned for you is more than I can answer. I advise you not to trouble yourself further about it now. I consider myself fortunate in having found you, and I really think it is fortunate also for you. I am the only English-speaking resident of this part of the country, and my hacienda is near at hand, where you can rest and recover your strength."

"You are more than kind," said Derwent. "I put myself entirely in your hands. It was the greatest good fortune that brought you along this road."

"It was a lucky chance, certainly," said the other, cheerfully. "I have been for several days visiting the outlying ranches of my estate, and am now homeward-bound. Our road turns off at the foot of the mountain, and we will reach Miraflores in about two hours."

Two hours! If he had said two days, Derwent could hardly at that moment have felt more dismay. With the terrible pain of his wound, and the deadly faintness from loss of blood, how was he possible to maintain an erect position in the saddle for that length of time? His companion must have read his thoughts in his paling face, for he said, quickly,

"Whenever you feel too weak to go on, we will stop and rest. I know that you are suffering horribly. Ah, I have a thought,—Antonio!" He turned, and as a young Mexican came forward, spoke at some length in Spanish. "Si, señor," was the reply when he had finished, and, touching his horse with the spur, the young man rode on in advance, so rapidly that he was soon lost to sight.

"I have sent him to the hacienda with orders to bring a carriage to meet us," his master said to Derwent. We shall be out of the mountains and on the level land of the valley by the time reaches us. Now, señor, if you can manage to keep up—"

It was hard work,—the hardest, Derwent thought, that he had ever attempted,—but, by the aid of renewed stimulant and desperate resolution, he fought the constantly threatening faintness, endured the pain which momentarily grew worse, and kept his seat. Once or twice he felt himself reeling, but a strong arm was instantly thrown around him and a halt commanded. He never consented to descend from the saddle, for if he did he could not regain it, but, after the rest of a few minutes, insisted on going on. It was like a dark and evil dream to him afterward, that passage through the mountain defiles, until suddenly, even to his pain-darkened sight, there unrolled a glorious picture,—a vast extent of wide, beautiful plain, green with cultivation, broken by stretches of forest, and with a distant silver lake gleaming in the last rays of the setting sun.

"Courage!" said his companion. "We are over the bad road now; the carriage must meet us before long, and Miraflores is not five miles away."

Derwent tried to smile, but he knew that his strength was going fast, and that if the carriage did not meet them he could never hold out for that five miles. Antonio had made good speed, however. With their slow progress they had hardly covered another mile, and he was on the point of saying, "You must take me down; I can bear no more," when a joyful exclamation from the whole party greeted the appearance of a carriage rolling rapidly towards them over the level, dusty road. Ten minutes later, he placed an insensible man in it.

CHAPTER VII.

"It is worth a journey to the Sierra Madre to see Miraflores," said a gentleman in the city of Mexico, many months after this, to Derwent. The latter agreed with the sentiment before having heard it, and added on his own account that it was well-nigh worth a bullet in the shoulder, when, a week after the accident, he lay on a couch near an open window, with an enchanting picture before his eyes.

Through the arches of a gallery beyond he looked out over the great plain that rolled away like a verdant sea from the foot of the

slope on which the hacienda stood, stretching in level expanse for miles, until it melted into blue, magical distance. Nothing was allowed to obstruct this glorious view, with its limitless turquoise sky above, its shifting shadows falling here and there, and the wonderful sense of vast space, of boundless freedom, and all the conditions of a wild, romantic, patriarchal life, which these immense table-lands of Mexico suggest. As he lay in the pleasant weakness which follows the cessation of fever and pain, Derwent felt as if he could never weary of the wide, marvellous scene. But if he did he had only to turn his head a little, and there was a glimpse at one side of a pleasure that recalled the beautiful *huertas* which he had seen and admired at Tacubaya, near the city of Mexico. Like these, the grounds of Miraflores were half garden, half park, but, as he learned later, were far more picturesque and extensive than anything at Tacubaya.

Meanwhile, his immediate surroundings were pleasant enough for any but the most wandering fancy. The apartment in which he found himself was large and airy, with floor of shining tiles, frescoed ceiling, and delicately-painted walls. The furniture was simple, but very graceful,—a bedstead of polished brass, and a pretty toilet-table of French pattern, a center-table also French in design, the slender, curving legs of which were faithfully reflected in the glistening floor, while on it stood a bowl of splendid roses. The couch on which he lay was covered with pretty chintz, as were also two or three easy-chairs; rugs were scattered over the floor; and on a small table near him was a crystal dish heaped with oranges. Three immense windows, opening on the gallery already mentioned, gave light and air to the room; while on the other side the double door opened on the court, which, with its Oriental arches and brightly-frescoed walls, its tropical plants and fountain, delighted Derwent's eye whenever he obtained a glimpse of it.

But there had been days after his arrival when not even these picturesque surroundings had power to charm him,—when, indeed, he had hardly been conscious of them. After the painful operation of extracting the ball from his shoulder, he had been partially delirious from fever and weakness, and had seen as in a dream the people around him. He was not certain whether he had really seen, or only imagined, Fernandez standing by him once, regarding him with a look in which he had felt that there was little real compassion. But he had never any doubt when the handsome, kindly face of his host bent over him; and presently he began to know equally well a delicate brown countenance, with gentle dark eyes and masses of black, curling hair, which belonged to the deaf, noiseless attendant detailed for his service. As he grew better, he found that Ramon needed only a glance or a gesture to understand and fulfil his wants. And so willing, with so much gracious charm of manner, was this service rendered, that Derwent, when he placed his arm around the offered shoulder to raise himself, felt as if he touched an affectionate friend rather than a servant.

The soundness of his constitution soon asserted itself. The fever yielded after a few days, and the wound began to heal in a satisfactory manner. But he was exceedingly weak, and it was only with Ramon's assistance that he could walk from his bed to the couch by the window, where he had now lain for two days, inhaling the fresh, delicious air, as it came to him over leagues of space, and feasting his gaze on the wide, beautiful scene. With returning strength came a deep sense of gratitude for the wonderful chance which had brought him into such kindly hands and brought him to this charming place.

It is not to be supposed that among the elements of pleasure around him he ignored the probability of seeing again the beautiful face that had so attracted him in the Alameda of Mexico and the plaza of Guadalajara. But illness dulls all emotions save those of pain; and when pain ceases, this in itself is pleasure enough for a time. As he grew better, he wondered a little if Dona Zarifa was at the hacienda; but no one had mentioned her name, and had his interest been much keener than it was, he would still have felt that it was not fitting for him to make any inquiry on the subject. But in fact his interest was not very keen; and, although the idea of meeting her was a pleasant prospect, he would not have been very much disappointed had this anticipation not been fulfilled.

While he was lying, wondering a little how he should communicate the news of his accident to his mother, the door softly opened, and Ramon entered. He was a slender, handsome young fellow, with lithe Indian form well set off by tight-fitting trousers and short jacket. He wore sandals on his feet and moved noiselessly across the floor. "Don Maurizio, señor," he said, "wishes to know if you feel able to see him."

The question had been asked so often before that Derwent was perfectly familiar with it; and he answered in the formula that he had learned, "Certainly. Beg Don Maurizio to enter."

Ramon smiled approvingly, moved a deep arm-chair near the couch, and then, retiring, returned after a moment, ushering in the tall, stately form of his master.

"How are you feeling to-day, Mr. Derwent?" asked that gentleman, with a cordial smile, as he crossed the room and sat down in the chair arranged for him. "I am sorry to be rather late in making the inquiry; but the doctor gave a good report of you this morning, and I have been far out on the hacienda to-day. My daughter accompanied me, and she is so devoted to riding that we made a circuit of at least thirty miles."

It was the first time that he had mentioned his daughter, and Derwent felt a certain thrill of interest at the name; but he only replied that he was feeling much better, and was, he thought, gaining strength rapidly. "How could it be otherwise," he added, "in such delightful quarters and with such admirable care? I do not know how I am ever to express to you, señor, my deep obligation for your great kindness."

"The kindness on my part is really nothing," said Don Maurizio. "I am sincerely glad to have been able to be of service to you, and to see you improving so fast. But I am sorry to tell you that the mystery of your shooting remains a mystery still. The government officials have been making diligent efforts to find the robber, but there is no clue as yet. And, mea wile, I regret to say that your companion Fernandez does not hesitate to accuse Señor Barrera of the outrage."

"What ground has he for the charge?" asked Derwent.

"Only his own enmity, in my opinion,"

replied Don Maurizio; "but he says that Barrera uttered threats against the whole party when he was at the mine, and this assertion Aranda—who is Fernandez' tool—corroborates. Unfortunately, not having any knowledge of Spanish, you cannot tell what passed."

"No," said Derwent, regretfully. "I cannot tell, further than this, that if Señor Barrera made any threats—and it is likely enough that he did, for he was a very angry man—they were directed against the others, and not, I am sure, against me."

"Fernandez affirms that he included you, as a probable purchaser of the mine; that he went away declaring that no one should buy the Buena Esperanza and that his intention in shooting you was to inspire terror, and prevent the possibility of selling the mine to any one else."

Derwent lay back on his cushions, and was silent for a moment. Then he said, slowly, "I have been trying to bring before me as clearly as possible the appearance of the man I saw behind the boulder, and I can most certainly swear that he was not Señor Barrera. The latter impressed me so much that I should know him again anywhere."

"Unfortunately, that does not help matters," said Don Maurizio. "Fernandez does not pretend that Barrera shot you himself, but he declares his belief that he did it done, and that the robbery was a blind,—not to deceive him, but the government."

"He is more likely to have had it done himself!" cried Derwent, impatiently, without pausing to consider his words.

Don Maurizio's eyes met and held his, with a flash. "You have spoken my own suspicion," he said. "I should not have spoken it, because I have no knowledge of how long you have known Señor Fernandez, nor what your degree of intimacy with him may be. But I certainly suspect him of a plot to injure Barrera and at the same time revenge himself on you for your refusal to buy the mine. I know," he said, answering a look on Derwent's face, "that this sounds to you very melodramatic; but you must remember that we are a primitive people in Mexico, that we love and hate with a good deal of intensity, and that things as strange as this of which I speak are of sufficiently common occurrence among us."

"I am sure," said Derwent, "that Fernandez is a very vindictive man, I suspect that he is also an unscrupulous one. But it requires time to arrange a plot such as you suspect; and what time had he?"

"You spent the night at a ranch which belongs to Aranda. The matter might easily have been arranged there. I do not say it was; but it might have been. It certainly offered him an admirable opportunity to achieve a double revenge,—to punish you, and throw a stigma on Barrera which he may never be able to disprove."

"But it shall be disproved!" said Derwent; whose indignation grew, as the idea seemed to him more and more probable. "If Fernandez is accountable for this thing, I will follow the trail like a blood-hound until I fasten it on him. Certainly his neglect in failing to return for me is very suspicious. He has been here, I know. How did he explain that?"

"Oh, plausibly enough: he is always plausible, you know. They were in haste to reach Eitzatlan by night, and so they pressed on, thinking you were behind. It was only when dark was closing in—and there had been time for you to die comfortably on the mountain-side—that a *mozo* was sent back to look for you. He found your mule loose on the road, and presently met my messenger on his way to obtain a doctor and report to the authorities what had occurred."

Derwent smiled slightly. "I certainly owe no thanks to Señor Fernandez for my present safety," he said. "I shall be very glad if you will show me some way by which this affair may be thoroughly sifted. I am more than ever anxious now to know to whom I am indebted for this"—he touched his shoulder.

"It is a difficult affair to sift," said the other thoughtfully. "I will, however, see Barrera and get him to come and talk to you. Something in the way of a clue may be elicited. It is unfortunate that his enmity to Fernandez with regard to the Buena Esperanza is well known; and it is doubly unfortunate that he should have gone to the mine in that reckless manner."

"I should like," said Derwent, "to know the true state of the case between Fernandez and himself. Can you tell it to me?"

"In a few words," was the reply. "Fernandez, as you may imagine from the character of the man, is the pliant tool of the corrupt officials with whom Mexico is cursed. There is no transaction so infamous that he is not ready to serve as an instrument in it, and he has therefore an influence altogether out of proportion to his real importance,—for men fear him as it is in human nature to fear those who have something to dread, and those who have much to gain from the government. But Barrera is one man who has neither feared nor bribed him, and since he is well known as an uncompromising opponent of the present government, he has suffered in consequence. He has been imprisoned on false charges, mulcted by heavy fines until his fortune is greatly diminished, and harassed and persecuted in innumerable ways. He is the chief owner of the Buena Esperanza, and on this Fernandez has long been known to have a covetous eye. But aware of the value of the mine, Barrera has never been willing to sell; and he was in negotiations with me to obtain the money to work the mine, when his son—who is as impetuous and uncompromising as himself—fell into trouble with the government. Fernandez was sent to the father, and while demanding a heavy bribe for those who sent him, he demanded also the Buena Esperanza for himself. Barrera thought that he had no alternative; he gave the bond on the mine, and it was not until later that he learned that this had been no part of the official bargain. He then demanded from Fernandez the return of the bond which had been obtained by fraud and falsehood. The reply was a contemptuous refusal. Do you wonder at the anger of the man when he met the spoiler of his own property?"

"I only wonder," said Derwent, "that he held back his hand from shooting him then and there. This I can say for myself, that I had not the faintest doubt as to which was the honest man and which the sounder, when I saw them face to face. I told Fernandez that nothing would induce me to buy the mine until I was assured that all was straight and clear regarding the title."

"And made a deadly enemy, as the result abundantly proves," said Don Maurizio. "I am more than ever sure that Fernandez alone is responsible for what might have been your murder. But it will be difficult to prove it."

"Let me regain my strength," cried Derwent, "and I will make it my business to prove it."

"Your business, more likely, to be shot again, and perhaps with a better aim," said the other. "No, you must be quiet, and leave Barrera and myself to work out the matter if possible. I will only ask you to remain here for a time, in order to give your testimony in case we should be successful. In any event, it is necessary that you allow your wound time to heal thoroughly. If you have never before been on a Mexican hacienda, life with us for a few weeks will at least have the attraction of novelty for you."

"It is the best fortune I could have imagined, to have an opportunity to see how life goes on at a great Mexican estate," said Derwent, eagerly. "It is something I have desired from my boyhood; and I really do not feel much enmity toward the man who shot me, when I think of the result."

"I am delighted to be able to gratify you," said Don Maurizio, smiling, "and very glad to offer some counterbalancing good to atone for the manner in which you have fallen among thieves. It is settled, then, that you will be my guest for some time to come. And now that you are getting better, you must be rather lonely in solitary confinement. Do you not think you might make an effort to join us this evening? My daughter will be glad to see you."

"You are very kind to see you," said Derwent. "I shall be happy to be allowed to do so; that is, if I can manage to put on a coat; for he was at present clad in a silken dressing gown that Ramon had brought from his master's wardrobe."

"You must not think of putting on a coat," said Don Maurizio; "not, at least, of putting it on your injured arm. Simply button it around you. And if you have nothing large and loose enough, send Ramon for something of mine. We shall see you, then,—after dinner, or before."

"After, I think. My strength is not yet that of a giant."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Christianity v. Science.

The *Christian Union* says: "What Christians object to is not the scientific testing of all scientific conclusions, whatever the subject matter with which they have to do, but the assumption in certain quarters that there are no ascertainable truths except such as can be scientifically ascertained—that is, ascertained by processes of reason applied to observed phenomena. What Christians insist upon is that there are truths just as certain and indisputable which the senses cannot perceive and the reason cannot arrive at. They are arrived at by other faculties which are as trustworthy as either the senses or the reason. What we insist upon is that the truths of goodness in life and character, as real, as certain, as ascertainable as scientific truths. They are not what people happen to think about them. They are not imaginations or motions. They are realities. They exist, not in the mind, but independently of the mind; as the law of gravitation would still continue if all matter were blotted out of existence, and would begin forthwith to operate anew if all matter were called into existence. These religious truths do not vary, though men's capacity to appreciate them varies. They are eternally the same. The mind does not create them; it perceives them. The mind which cannot perceive them is ignorant, just as the mind which cannot perceive the truth that the world revolves on its axis is ignorant. The one incompetence is different from the other, but it is no less a real incompetence than the other."

"It is a scientific conclusion that the Ten Commandments were written in the age of Moses; it is a religious truth that it is wrong to steal, to murder, to commit adultery. It is a scientific conclusion that Jesus Christ lived, died, and rose again from the dead; it is a religious truth that his life and character, as they are portrayed in the Four Gospels, are of a unique moral beauty and excellence, unequalled in human history. It is a scientific conclusion that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed; it is a religious truth that we come into direct personal, spiritual communion with the invisible Father of spirits. These religious truths are truths, not conceptions or imaginings or mental creations. There are more men who have the capacity to perceive the higher religious truths than there are who have the capacity to perceive the higher scientific truths. And any man who has not the capacity to perceive the fundamental and primary religious truths, those truths of purity and goodness on which the whole fabric of society is built, is a moral idiot. He belongs among the abnormal specimens of a diseased humanity. His place is in the hospital for incurables."

"We sum up our whole philosophy on this subject with three aphorisms, which we recommend to the thoughtful consideration of our readers: 'Ideals are realities. 'Imagination is sight. 'Unfaith is ignorance.'"

Threads of Truth.

Life is too short to spare even the strongest their own wings. A shadow is always darker and larger than the figure that makes it. Flattery is but the condoling of our misdeeds rather than a true estimate of our merits. In accordance with the ancient proverb, he who would accumulate must spend also. We might take lessons from childhood of that enviable art of being easily made happy. If it be true that "truth is stranger than fiction," how exceedingly queer it must be sometimes. Force may compel compliance for the moment, but gentleness and affection endure and reign continually. The one deserving the greatest commendation is that one whose thoughts and emotions are given to others. One who has wronged another with malice prepares some to find it difficult even to show him a due regard again.

Why Not?

"Mother, our teacher came near killing me this morning." "What for, Johnny?" "Cause I argued that when it was more than one gooseberry it ought to be called 'gooseberries'."

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Mr. Brundell Maple shortly introduce into Commons a bill to be ce Shop Assistants' Weekly This will entitle each p This has been three months in to have a weekly half ho four o'clock.
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The patent lifeboat Sto town on April 18 for Mel craft, which is only 30 fee boat sent left London orf was expected to reac Christmas Day. She id mntor, Capt. Joergenson named Nelson.

Journalistic criticism is a Hingry. An article w unity in a journal at Kl and that it led to tighrteen duels. The edit of opportunity; the auth or article passed safely thro and the sub-editor too with six combats.

It is good that gre competition. The l