CHAPTER XII.

"I am sorry," said Don Maurizio, coming out the next morning to find the usual group gathered under the arcade, around the great doorway,-to wit, Dona Zarifa, Derwent, the horses, and the mozos,—"that I shall have to disappoint you about our ride this morning. I find by a letter which I have just received that I must go on business to Eitzatlan, and it would not be agreeable to either of you to accompany me there."

"Of course not, papa," said Dona Zarifa, who was standing by her horse's head, feeding him with sugar, which the beautiful, intelligent creature took daintily from her hand. "And it is really as well-at least, so far as I am concerned—that the ride is deferred," she went on. "When I went to the hospital this morning, I found poor Benita wandering in mind, and my presence seemed to soothe her. So I will go back at Adios, my beauty," she patted the horse's arching neck: "are you sorry that you will not have to carry me this morn-

"I am sure that he is, if I may be allowed to interpret his sentiments by my own," said Derwent. "And you are going to the hospital, senorita? I can say nothing against such a charitable intention; but before you spoke-so quick is thought-I was about to propose a visit to the canada. Ever since you said that you would like a picture of it, I have been anxious to try what my efforts can accomplish in the wa of a sketch."

"But I thought that you disclaimed any artistic skill?" she said, with some surprise. "I said that I was not an artist. That is true. But I have a little facility in sketching from nature, though not much training. I cannot promise you a finished picture, but I may make a passable drawing of the

ravine." "I shall be delighted," she said. hope that you will try. And suely my absence cannot matter. You do nt need assistance in your drawing?"

"Oh, yes," said Derwent, though he had the grace to blush, "I need your assistance to determine the best point of view, -that tone,is, the one you would prefer. But I will take my materials and follow my own judgment. Then, when you have finished your charitable ministrations, you will perhaps come and tell me if you like my choice."

"Yes, I will come," she said, smiling. And then, without waiting to change her dress, she walked away toward the village on the other side of the gardens.

Derwent stood and watched her as long as she was in sight. The close-fitting habit showed every line of her statuesquefigure and the perfect grace with which she moved, as she Padre Francisco. I left him at the hospipassed down one of the shady avenues, her tal." favorite companion, a beautiful greyhound, walking beside her, and looking as thoroughbred as herself. All around stretched the grounds, dappled with sunshin e and shadow mass of black hair; but not even the closed while the long vista of the tree-arche avenue held only the one moving figure, as a | fierce and sinister expression. A desperado perfect picture, in the heart of the green loveliness. Derwent gave a deep sigh. "If I could only paint that !" he said, half aloud, and then turned, with some confusion, to Derwent felt with a sense of shuddering horfind Padre Francisco beside him.

"What is that you would like to paint?" taken?"

poor woman who is wandering in her mind

Derwent explained, adding, "So Dona

"Benita. Yes, she will die, I fear."

"And I am going to try and sketch the canada. Will you come, padre mio, and see my failure ?" "I will come for a little while and see your

think that you are likely to attempt any when he met them first! It was like the and then doing as we would be done by. thing in which you would fail."

thinks he may."

can generally tell,—at least in some degree. once to join Derwent, while she proceeded ly, I think, what you can do." "I wish I did !" said Derwent, devoutly. ter made their appearance.

vanity, I sometimes essay tasks beyond my to such work, the padre bandaged the strength and fail. I shall probably fail wound, and the man was placed on the litter in making this sketch; but I mean to try. just as Zarifa once more appeared. Fortunately, I have sketching-materials "The doctor will be at the hospital by the thing of the kind in Mexico. This will be padre mio, thatmy first attempt."

since the day when he was first introduced has been a great shock to you. Go." to it. They tried various points of view, and it was finally decided that the sketch Derwent saw by her pallor and the expresshould be made from the pavilion. So Der- sion of her face how much she was suffering. went settled himself, with the more satis- "I will go to the hospital," she said. "I can faction because he had a support on the rail- render assistance there-" that his own work awaited him, he took his with you." of the picture.

the glen, Derwent watched it with a smile, sight for ner." saying to himself that if his picture was a success that figure should enter into it. 'Don a Zarifa will like that," he thought; for nothing-" he knew how dear the gentle priest was to

poverty and obscurity all over Mexico. figure, and of all the long line of such figures | Lady of Guadalupe stood above the doorwhich had Christianized and civilized a way, as if to welcome all who came, and savage people, as he worked with a facility where he was laid down on a white bed,that surprised himself. Perhaps the stimulus | the most wild, gaunt, bloody object that was the desire to gratify Dona Zarifa, -for had ever come within those quiet walls. love can do wonderful things and develop powers almost undreamed of,-or perhaps he possessed more talent than he had hitherto imagined. At all events, his sketch was growing in the most satisfactory manner, and he was so absorbed in its progress that he ootsy tootsy; muzzer loves her little darlin had almost forgotten to wonder if Dona Zarifa would appear according to her promise when suddenly, in such quick succession as

to be almost simultaneous, two shots rung sharply on the air, the last-a rifle-balljust grazing his ear, and then flattening itself on the stone column beside which he

The book dropped from his hand, and the sheet of paper on which he was sketching was borne by a current of air over the railing and fluttered unheeded into the current below, as with a violent start he looked up, to see Dona Zarifa standing on the path below, with a still smoking pistol in her up-

In an instant he was by her side, for instinct told him that the shot had not been fired idly. "For God's sake, what is it?" he cried, gazing with astonishment at the pale, set face, the shining eyes, and the uplifted hand pointing so steadily without a tremor in the direction of the pavilion.

"There is a man, an assassin, behind yonder rock," she answered, in a clear vibrant tone, pointing to a low, long boulder that crowned the hill which rose immediately in the rear of the pavilion. "I saw him about to shoot you, and I fired just as he had his finger on the trigger. His aim swerved, and life? he fell. I think I killed him."

ly; but she stopped him by a motion, and recall it. No, the true teacher knows all extended the pistol. " He may be merely the difficulties of his scholar and sets his wounded," she said. "Be cautious."

sprang forward and hastened up the steep speakers who have had every advantage and Derwent thought he was dead, but on ex- this he must put himself in the place of amination discovered that, though insensible, those he criticises, in short, have sympathy. he was still breathing. Throwing open his How many a stinging criticism would be unsaw that the pistol-ball had entered his to be helpful. chest some little distance below the heart. "I A stream of dark blood was flowing from it : the bitterness of grief. When your friend and Derwent's first act was to place his in affliction doubts the justice and kindness thumb on the bullet-hole. The next mo- of God, by the example of your sympathetic ment he heard a step, and, turning his head, nature he may be made to reason, 'My friend saw Zarifa standing beside him, looking cares for me, may not God care for me also? down at the man's face with an expession of | His heart is larger than any earthly friend." intense pain. But she asked, in a hushed How much misery has been caused by not

"Is he dead ?" need be fatal, if we can get speedy help. Can | hazing exists that is worse than any bodily you go for it?'

away impetuously. But before she had gone three steps she turned again, and, pathy instead of scorn for those less fortunpicking up the man's weapon, carried it a short distance away. "Have you the pistol | those who helped to make men of them. in your hand?" she said. "Be on your guard : some of these people are very treacherous. I will soon bring assistance and

When she was gone, Derwent for the first

time looked closely at the man's face.

was dark, with finely-cut features and a eyes and relaxed muscles could soften its in appearance as well as in deed, he looked thoroughly capable of the dastardly act in which vengeance had overtaken him; and ror, such as he had never before ever imagined, that but for the strangely fortunate asked the priest. "This view of the gardens? chance-or was it the mercy of heaven?deadly flash of a sword from its sheath. He | Then speak the words and do the deeds of "I should not wish to attempt what I knew found himself recalling it with such a sense sympathy even as Christ felt joy in others' to be beyond my powers, certainly, But a of conflicting emotions that it was well for joy, and grief in others' grief, so must we man cannot always tell beforehand whether him that the sound of quickly-approaching preach our message to the world and hasten he will succeed in an effort, even when he steps tore his mind from the subject. Padre the time when all shall meet in universal Francisco had been met by Dona Zarifa be- brotherhood. "If he has gauged his powers correctly, he fore she had gone far, and he hurried on at You, Senor Derwent, know pretty accurate- quickly to the hospital, and, in less time Ithan they dared hope, several men bearing a lit-

"But I am like other men: misled by With the practised skill of one accustomed

with me; for I thought I would do some- time you get there," she said. Do you think,

"He will live?" the priest said, concluding A few minutes later, with a portfolio her faltering sentence. "I cannot tell. He under his arm and accompanied by the is still insensible, but I believe he will repadre, he was on his way to the ravine, cover consciousnees soon; and I shall stay where he had spent many delightful hours beside him. Go home now, my child. This

But Dona Zarifa shook her head; and

ing for his book, and a roof overhead to keep "None," said the padre, gently, but firmaway the intrusive rays of the sun. Padre ly. "You must go to the casa. If Don Francisco lingered, talking pleasantly, until Maurizio has returned, send him to us; but onlyhe was finally at work; and then, saying you can do nothing. Take Senor Derwent

departure, with many wishes for the success | "No," said Derwent; "my place is certainly here, to help you with your burden. | find out-"! As his slender, cassocked figure went down But Dona Zarifa must go. It is too painful a

> "Nothing is to painful when one can do anything to help," she said. "But is there

She cast one more glance at the man on the neighborhood?" every one at Miraflores. He had heard from | the litter, shuddered, and turned away. Don Maurizio that he belonged to one of the Derwent followed her with his eyes and with morning, madam." proscribed religious orders, which, robbed, his heart, but an intuition told him that it exiled, and defrauded by the government, was best to leave her alone, even if there are yet quietly doing the work of God in had not been work for him to do. It was slow and difficult work conveying the The young man was thinking of that wounded man to the hospital, where Our

Had Been Through It. Mother (to baby): "It's muzzer's little Don't believe her; baby. When you lidle

Human Sympathy.

BY REV. T. E. BROWN, D. D.

"Rejoice with them that rejoice and weep with them that weep." Romans XII. 15.

Standing as our text does in a summary of Christian virtues, it is to be taken as a command and to be reasonably expected of us. As this is a command for sympathy, we may well consider what sympathy is. It is any kind of fellow feeling we have towards another, a substitution of ourselves for another, a look at life through another's circumstances This is not an easy matter but is a task that Christianity places upon us. Sympathy is not mere sentiment, which is feeling related only . to ourselves; sympathy is feeling for another. Men may indulge sentiment for the mental excitement it may cause. Sentiment is selfishness, sympathy is love.

Why should we have this sympathy, this quality that is not weakness but strength, that puts us into the place of another and makes us think his very thoughts? Because sympathy is the great way in which Christian love can express itself. To love a man means to make his need ours, and further, sympathy is essential to a life of helpfulness. How can we ever get a true knowledge of those around us unless we have enough sympathy for them to be a part of their

The true teacher is the man whose boy-"I will see," said Derwent, turning quick- | hood is not so far behind him that he cannot I task by the boy's capability and not by his With no recollection of his weakness, he own. So with the orator. You have heard ascent. Eighteen or twenty yards brought gift and yet who never moved you; why him to the boulder, and there on the ground | was it? They were not in sympathy with behind it was the assassin, his rifle where it you. So the critic. If he has any reason had fallen beside him. At the first glance | for existence it is to be helpful, and to do loose white upper garment, the young man | written if thecritic had in sight and a desire

How often sympathy lessens and softens having sympathy for our fellows. We used to hear a good deal of hazing in college. That ! "No; and I am not sure that the wound has become a thing of the past, but social injury; the social cut, the gossiping story, "Yes, certainly," she answered, starting the look of scorn, these are weapons which always have their sting. If we have symate than ourselves they will remember us as

Then sympathy is the only firm foundation for social life. In every country there is a deep rift between classes. The sectarianism of to-day is not in religion nor in science, but the dangerous sectarianism of to-day is between social classes. On one side is selfish wealth and on the other envious labor. How is this chasm to be closed? Argument will not do it, force only widens

it. There are many elements which shall enter into the solution, but the fundamental principle will be sympathy. Let us reach out the hand and realize the burdens which each has to bear and let each learn to care for the other because he is a man.

This craving for sympathy is as great as the craving for bread. One can steal bread | to quarrel. Yes, is is very charming. But is not that that brought Dona Zarifa upon the scene but no one can have sympathy unless we Dona Zarifa that I see walking away, yonder? at the critical moment, he himself would give it. Who does not want to be loved by your conduct, Mr. Pyke, I am still your How is it that your usual ride is not to be now be lying with his life-blood welling out his fellows? If you hear any one say he loving wife." and his eyes closed forever to the things of the does not want sympathy tell him he does earth. The man must be indeed insensible not know himself. Poor is he who has no Zarifa has gone to the hospital to see some who, having, as it were, felt the very breath tears for another's woe and smiles for his of Death upon his cheek, is not thrilled by joys. The soul without sympathy is one the touch of that great and terrible mystery. | without wealth or music, except the discord-Nor was the thrill lessened by thinking of ant music of selfishness. How, then, shall hand that saved him,—the gentle woman's | we win this quality of sympathy? If God hand that had never before taken even the has endowed you with a nature of this kind, life of a bird, but that had not faltered in thank him. But if we have it not, we must striking the murderer down. What a fire of determine to gain it. This we can do by success," the padre answered, "for I do not fierce indignation had been in the dark eyes picturing ourselves in our neighbor's place

Second Nature.

"This room is very close," remarked the guest to the head waiter, " can't I have a little fresh air ?"

The well-drilled automation raised his voice to a high pitch. "One air !" he yells ; after a pause adding, "let it be fresh!"

Tackling a Red-headed Woman With a

"I beg your pardon," he said, as a woman came to the door in answer to his knock. "I am looking for a man with a hare-lip and a wooden leg named Johnson-" "Is it his wooden ieg that is named John-

son, or are his hare-lip and wooden leg both named Johnson?" she demanded. "I didn't mean, of course, that his wooden leg was named Johnson. I-"

"Then what did you say so for ?" Permit me to explain, madam, I was "I haven't asked you for any explanation,

have I?" "Certainly not. My object in trying to

"Have I asked you to state why you are trying to find out anything?" "Of course not, madam, but being a stranger in the neighborhood-"

"Do you mean that I am a stranger in "No, madam, certainly not. I-I-good

He paused a moment when safely outside the front gate to mop the prespiration from his face, and then started down the street. Alf ever I tackle a red-headed woman with a boil on her nose for information again,"

he said to himself, "may I be e-sentially

dog-goned !"

How Not to be Taken for a Bridal Couple Bride (on honeymoon tour)-"I hope the people on the car won't take us for a bridal couple and make fun of us."

Bridegroom-"T've got a plan to make or two. Bride-"How delightful ! What is it?"

Bridegroom—"I'm going to leave you here by yourself while I go into the smoking car and play a few games of whist." the people in it.

They All Do It.

Two women leaned over the back-yard

(The same old fence) as the sun went While each told the other, in confidence, The scandals she'd gathered around the

town. For women must gossip, or they can't Their idea is that secrets weren't

made to keep; So they lean on the fence in the gloaming. Two women sat out on the front-door stoop,

In the evening glow as the sun went down ; They told how their children had skipped

And they sneered at the minister's wife's new gown.

For women delight in a friendly chat, Without it their lives would be stale and flat : So they sit on the stoop in the gloam-

Two husbands came home from the base ball (From the office, they said), as the sun

went down. Both ready and eager to hear the same Sweet scandals their wives had hunted

For men, though they work, love gossip, too, And that's why their wives seek some-

thing new, As they meet and talk in the gloam-

Their First Unpleasantness.

Mrs. and Mrs. Bolivar Pyke had been married about six weeks and were still oppressively happy. Not a ripple of discord had stirred the frog pond of their domestic harmony and their life ran smoothly and unobstructedly.

This may sound like exaggeration, but you have positively no idea how unreasonably and absurdly happy these two young persons

It was an evening in May-an ordinary evening in May, 1890-and the rain hadn't "Buenavista," said Bolivar, looking abstractedly about the room, "if it wouldn't

be asking too great a favor—" "What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Pyke "Please try the other knee awhile. This

one is getting tired." "You have never said anything like that before, Bolivar," she protested reproach-"Perhaps I'd better go and sit on a

"Now don't get huffy, darling. don't look so pretty when you frown.'

"I am not frowning, Bolivar." "You certainly are, Buenavista." "Then I don't look pretty!" she exclaimed, bouncing up and seating herself ten feet away. "All right, Mr. Pyke!

You-you-you're getting tired of me. I-I—wish I was—" "Now, look here, Buenavista, don't be foolish. There's nothing to quarrel about." "I'm not quarreling, sir! I'm not going to quarrel, either. If there's anything of

it, Mr. Pyke." "I am glad to hear it, my dear." "You needn't call me your dear. I am

not dear to you any more." "I thought you said you were not going

"Then, dearest-" "No, sir, I am not your dearest."

"Well, Buenavista, then-if you prefer it—if you are still my loving wife, won't you please sing something?" "What for? Are you afraid I'll try to sit

on your knee again? You needn't-' "No, no, Buenavista. I thought it might clear up the atmosphere of this room a little. That's all."

With the aspect of a martyr going cheerfully to the stake, Mrs. Pyke went to the piano and sat down before it. "What shall I sing?" she asked meekly.

"Perhaps-h'm-perhaps it would make things seem more cheerful if you should tackle 'Home, Sweet Home.'" Mrs. Pyke fixed her eyes on a spot near

the ceiling where the wall-paper didn't exactly match and wailed out the touching melody:

"'Mid ple-a-a-sures and pal-a-places tho-o-ugh-I know well enough, Mr. Pyke, you have only asked me to sing this to make me appear ridiculous, but I am going to do it,—' we may ro-o-am. Be it e-e-eve-e-er so '-I think any man who tries to make his wife the object of ridicule never, never cared anything for her-hu-u-mble there's no-o-o place like '-I have always done everything I could to make home plpl-pleasant, and you-you know it-' h-oome. A cha-a-arm from the ski-i ies seems to'-seems like the ghastiliest mockery in the world, but you would have it- ha-allo o-ow us the-e-ere. Which, se-e-eek through-the w-o-o-orld is ne'er me-e-et with elsewhe-e-ere. Ho-o-o-ome, ho-ome, sw '--I'll sing it through if it k-k-kills me-

were gathered in a close grasp, her head sank on Bolivar's shoulder, and-

But what business has any outside barbarian to be intruding here? Let us retire.

His Grand Attraction. Aunt-"But Ed is poor."

Terese-"True, but I love him." Aunt-"Old." Terese-"True." Aunt-"Ugly." A le manett golding Terese-"True." our hostific of may Aunt-"How is it he has fascinated

Terese-"He is the only man I ever met who could wag his ear and take his hat off by arching his eyebrows," at , how sau es vittor at st tone

Near Enoughyuman much Father—What time did byon get in last night, sir? as Duxbery's an

Son-About 11 o'clock 9 Father—Why, you were not in bed at 12, when I looked in your room Son I know, but I was under in uom o man I meet offers 1 e work. Montton.

LATEST BY CABLE

Bismarck and the Kaiser Some Riderin Stories as to their Relations—The F Chancellor's Eccentricities A Road Agriculture Established in London

From the reports cabled over here utterances in American newspapers and prominent German-American citizens, it evident that a lot of nonsense about Bismar and the Kaiser has been telegraphed in this side. It is ridiculously untrue that Kaiser made any attempt to muzzle the Chancellor or that he intends doing so. that has been done is to dispatch a prin circular note from Caprivi to the Germ Ambassadors, instructing them, politely a with deferential gentleness, to descri Bismarck's utterances as those of a prin gentleman, if any of them should happen run counter to any detail of the Germ foreign policy and should thus provo foreign inquiries.

As for Bismarck himself, he is undoubte ly saying at great random all the the that come into his head. I have just turned from Berlin, where, during a month stay, I heard almost daily from his frien an authentic account of some fresh man festation of Bismarck's garrulous rage. is difficult to speak definitely of the gree he King sent him a guid man's attitude toward the Kaiser and t Berlin Government, for the reason that I himself shifts about with varying moo all over the extensive gamut of his tempe ament. His general average condition though, is one of amazed wrath at findir affairs going on smoothly without him. is as much out of them as the man who fe from a balloon.

I don't believe Bismark has any settle plans of any sort. He is in a dozen min about everything. One day he decides the he will enter the Reichstag as a priva member and pulverize everybody with reach. The next day he resolves to devo the remainder of his life to writing his men oirs which shall crush half the reputation in Europe. On the third day he vields the charm of the dream of living tranquil with his pipe and dogs and trees, must like a philosopher upon the ingratitude princes and then the next morning he en gets out his railway time table and gir orders for his trunks to be packed for trave He has written a little for a few hours w and then on these memoirs of his, but he too angry and unsettled for regular vol and the publishers in Leipsic don't exte any book while he lives.

The establishment of a Board of Agr ome five and a half cent culture in London, with its chief in the me inspired by no such high Cabinet, has undeniably had a good effect lis father and uncle hav The Board keeps the farmers regularly trading expedition that formed of all that concerns them in foreign he Black Sea, through countries, and already old-fashioned method that was called Cathay, that kind done, you will be the one who does of cultivation are being abandoned is set yet twenty, on their r favor of more scientific means. The late aving given them letters movement is directed to the establishmen than of Tartary. They of agricultural schools all over the county besses, crossed deserts, endowed by the State and controlled byth sities, and were at last me Board of Agriculture.

Moderate counsels have prevailed in the erred great honors on M gasworkers' dispute, and an amicable work ing scheme is in course of arrangement owing to the increased cost of coal and bly the Venetian beauty labor. This was the company which, be ractive youth, but his p the way, paid 133 per cent. dividends is year, and has increased the price of gas.

She Said Pshaw! and So Did He!

Not a pretty word, perhaps, but then so

said it so prettily! She was a sweet little thing, and when so put her hands on her hips, lifted up her sand little face, and, looking at you with her had shut eyes, emitted this provoking monostly able, it flew as straight and swiftly to it mark as any shaft in Cupid's quiver. An just because the little minx was perfectly conscious of the effect of her "Pshaw!" sh uttered it on all public occasions.

She said "Pshaw!" to everybody and without any apparent reason, but there was Vanish magnificently enrice one to whom she said it more frequent of the best of the transfer of the trans reasons. For he loved her and she pretent reasons. For he loved her and she pictor, long thought to ed that she didn't love him, and so for a low peaking their own dialectime "Pshaw!" was all the answer the posterior. Giving a great feellow got to his prayers and protestations rich oriented. "I love you !"

"I would give my life for a kiss from hanged of seated, these

your lips." " Pshaw !" "I will blow my brains out if you refus

to listen to me!" "Pshaw!" said she, bringing her laught face still closer to his so that her tempting red lips fairly touched his beard. She wasn't a bit afraid of him, you see, ho he, poor fellow, was still a little afraid of he priceless jewels. This and she drove him almost crazy with he here and there, out hey were so were the priceless jewels.

place like'—ain't you ashamed of yourself, Bolivar Pyke, to sit there pretending you care anything about our home any more, or me either?— 'ho-o-ome, There's no-o-oo place like'—B-B. Bolivar, dear, I can't! As her quavering voice sounded the last word of the song a manly voice joined in vith a deep bass, her trembling little fingers and one place in a close grasp, her head.

And as he grew holder, and, drawing her concentrated passion of months of desire.

And as he grew holder, and, drawing her concentrated passion of months of desire.

And as he grew holder, and, drawing her concentrated passion of months of desire. And as he grew bolder, and, drawing her on his knee, kissed her white threat and clasped her yet more passionately, she be

came alarmed. She gave up struggling an had recourse to tears and entreaties. "Let me go, oh! Please let me go! "Pshaw!" said he. He didn't say it prettily as she did, and he didn't have such a saucy little face, but then he was a good deal stronger, and— Well, when he did re lease her, there were more tears and some reproachful glances and then a sweet little kiss of forgiveness, given without the less compulsion. She never said "Pshew!" him again—that is not when she had a her best frock and wanted to keep her him in order, and they are to be married next the French of

week, I believe, -[From the French Catulle Mendes. A Dangerous Locality. First Tramp—Jim, let's get out of the country; it's dangerous.

First Tramp—Worse'n that. Nearly Second Tramp—Dogs!

WALLERS AND er's Discover Polos's Adv The Fair E While modern traveller sping great gains of forget some of the old es in exploration, and had little bu Yungo Park was a S

beginning of this cen

boyhood to a surgeon, a travel by an early vo

twenty-four years

wereaccepted by the A the exploration of the his arrival, while ill in Mandingo tongue in set out on horseback ceting with all sorts of In one place a wild non him, but it refused to w meat more to its likin during a long suspens entors debated whether is life, his eyes or his rig red to escape and found nd nothing daunted, co of the King of the cou meched forbade him to d oman admitted him to are of him and sang a semory of which has sin money in cowrie-shells. rogress the tropical rains habitants of that portion ade it impossible for hi e was nearly a year in mast. There an America Antigua, and he at lea and after an absence of alf, where his return ar ism. Eight years after married and begu edicine, the British im out to Africa again wi feaptain and a company of The party reached the s val and Gambia, found hendly, but the climat Park was presently left v He continued ad at Boossa, where the ween precipitous walls, ling of Yauri attacked th murderous rain of la tones, and Mungo Park he waters of the river One of his journals was named with the savage truggle and small meed p his life at thirty-five. A very different fate fr

onducted into Pekin, wh ense and daring won sucl esaw the most sacred ras loaded with wealth an mor of a city, the rulerwhom Coleridge in

as that of Marco Polo, a

In Xenadu did Kubla A stately pleasure hou efusing to let him leave h

At length a Persian em he daughter of the Khan wn King, Marco and his iven leave of absence, or arn, and went with the H ea around Borneo and St ian Gulf, and were enter hole year in Persia bef rich oriental garments the ought to have been to

hanged after the first of At the close of the band he usual Venetian dress, ted the superb and curi ney had taken off amo then they brought out thich they had been west

> The Invention of the I A quarter of a centur

aker, of Stockton-upor in that town, was pre mixture for his own us the mixture a light w not thrown av in April 1827. "You pocketful of lucifers f for a box of 50 a sandpaper for fri

Prometheans" and din down to sixpend to be beaten dow the sale, Old ! the Stockton Al stehmaker, and the paper b Hixon, solicitor, Productio

ctions, but the lugifers."