LATE BRITISH NEWS.

A Stroke of Good Fortune.

KILLED BY HIS LITTLE BROTHER.

Whales on the Irish Coast.

A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

At Hampton Wick, London, on Tuesday, a coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes on the body of Almachilda Primavisi, who expired suddenly on Thursday night last in the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, when the curtains of the altar took fire. Medical evidence showed that diseased suffered from heart disease, and that death was accelerated by excitement.

It revives the memories of the political past to be reminded that Thomas Cooper, author of the "Purgatory of the Suicides," and in the troublous times of 1841 leader of the Leicester Chartists, has just completed his 86th year. Mr. Cooper was originally a sceptic as well as a Radical, but in 1855 his religious opinions underwent a change, and he lectured extensively on the "Evidences of Christianity."

Three young men of the farming class, who embarked at Queenstown on Sunday on the Cunard steamer Etruria, for New York, were arrested on board the vessel charged with moonlighting in County Kerry. They were taken to Cork and brought before a magistrate before being conveyed to Tralee for trial.

The body of Samuel Hill, an aged Antrim farmer, was found on Monday almost baked in a snowdrift near Ballynure, on Thursday Hill was reported to be missing, and a search having been made daily for him since, he was discovered as described. It is supposed that under the influence of temporary insanity or other cause he went into a field close to his house and divested himself of his clothes in the belief that he was going to bed. Snow was falling heavily at the time.

On Tuesday an old woman named Rushton died at Blackburn in great agony. A neighbour was passing deceased's house when she saw smoke. She entered, and was horrified to find the deceased ablaze in front of the fire. Help was called in and the flames were extinguished, but the old woman was literally roasted and died soon afterwards. Deceased was toasting cheese when she caught fire.

Two earthquake shocks were felt last Thursday at Delabole, near Tintagel, on the Cornish coast. The first shock was very severe, the windows and doors of some of the houses being violently shaken. The second shock occurred two minutes afterwards, and was distinctly felt, some of the people describing the ground as trembling under their feet for several seconds.

In connection with the fire in the Glasgow courthouse, it was hoped the safes in the different offices would preserve intact a number of valuable documents, but it has now been discovered that some of them were vulnerable. Among the important documents that have been destroyed is the Parliamentary Register, and it is stated that it will now require a special Act of Parliament for the holding of an election.

An extraordinary scene occurred in Macclesfield Police Court on Tuesday morning, when John Thos. Cordelsley, a lad seventeen years of age, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for an aggravated case of assault on the police. He uttered a fearful oath, and swore by his father at Mr. Joseph Wright, the presiding magistrate, hitting him in the face. The prisoner was seized by several police-men and School Board officers, and a violent struggle ensued. However, he subdued, and the Bench added a week to his sentence.

The Rev. N. H. Babb, the rector of Chilcomb, Winchester, was found dead apparently while preaching on Sunday. He was removed to his home unconscious and died at night.

A marine, named Adie, one of H.M.S. Cordelia, with the Australian Squadron, recently received a draft for £2000 from his promoters of a sweepstake in which he is having drawn first horse. He had paid an entrance fee of 10s.

On Tuesday morning, in a gipsy camp at Hadsworth, a girl was nursing a two-months-old child, named Sydney Clayton, before one of the camp fires, when she fell asleep, and the child rolled on her knee into the fire. The child was at once conveyed to the General Hospital. It was found to have sustained burns on the head, arms, and chest of so serious a nature that at first no hopes were entertained of his recovery, but at night he was much better.

The melting of the snow on the coast near Salcombe, Devon, has revealed the dead body of a sailor, who undoubtedly was one of the crew of the steamship Marina, wrecked during the late blizzard. Unknowing to the other survivors he must have managed to reach land, to crawl through the snow 500 yards up the rocks and into the field, where he made for shelter beneath an overhanging rock. In this place he is believed to have perished from exposure.

The decomposed body of a child was discovered on a piece of waste land at Oldfield Road, Salford, by the wife of a carter. The left foot and right hand were missing. The body had evidently been kept for some time in a hole near by, and had probably been disinterred by a prowling foxhound.

At Liverpool, on Monday, William Tatman, a working man, was charged with attempting to commit suicide in an extraordinary manner. He went to Sefton Park, told the key of his house to a cost, along with a paper giving his name and address, and then left London, but was rescued. He pleaded desperation and want of work.

Two extraordinary outrages are reported from Tipperary. The dry goods store of Mr. O'Neill, an evicted tenant, has been broken into, and £200 worth of goods stolen. Broken glass, pins, and needles have been placed in the feeding troughs of 11 cattle, the property of Mr. Vashen, a boycotted cattle dealer, with the result that the cows refuse their food.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock on Saturday night fire broke out in the drapery establishment of Messrs. Carter Bentley, Portsmouth. A nurse girl and the infant child of Mr. Tuffly, who manages the business, were burned to death, the other inmates having a narrow escape.

A fatal crashed a draft of the National Provincial Bank of England at Southampton on Wednesday, receiving among other money ten five-pound notes. He allowed the notes to remain on the counter, while he put the gold in a purse, and while he did so the notes disappeared, and no trace of them could be discovered.

Julia Murphy, aged twelve years, was charged at the Hackets town Petty Session with putting a quantity of white corrosive sublimate into a tea kettle, with intent to murder a man named Driver. The defendant was servant to Mr. Driver, an extensive farmer and sheep dealer. He kept the poison at his house for use when dipping sheep. The only motive which could be assigned was this, a farmer who held an evicted farm was suspected to tea. The defendant is alleged to have admitted to two policemen that he, wanted to poison Mr. Driver's guest, a man named Dickson, adding that she well knew the substance to be poison. She also stated, so it is alleged, that she was induced to commit the crime by some outsiders. The girl was returned for trial to the Wicklow Quarter Sessions.

The *Plymouth Mercury* supplies an incident of the great blizzard in the west in the appended extract:—A fortnight ago Mrs. Hatherley, who resides near Bickleigh, missed a hen, and naturally enough concluded that the bird had been buried beneath the snow. As time passed, however, she had misgivings as to its fate, and ultimately gave up all idea of seeing the bird again. Great was her surprise, therefore, after a lapse of ten days, to hear a loud crackling proceed from a heap of snow. On going to the place her surprise was considerably increased to find the long-lost hen force an exit through the snow, and flapping its wings makes its way to the house with all speed. Mrs. Hatherley then examined the spot, and found on the ground two eggs which the bird had laid whilst held prisoner by the snow.

A shocking tragedy was enacted near Great Marlow on Saturday. A young woman named Maby Cooper, residing with her parents at Moors End, returned to her home in the afternoon, having been absent from the early part of the day. She found her father and mother in bed, the woman dead with her throat cut, and the man alive with a severe wound in the throat, though still alive. The circumstances indicate almost beyond a doubt that Cooper murdered his wife and then attempted suicide. A knife covered with blood lay by his side, and with it his wife's fatal wound, the injuries to his own throat, and some deep stabs in his abdomen had evidently been inflicted. A doctor was called, and when Cooper's wound had been dressed he was removed to Marlow College Hospital. He is about sixty years of age.

Several whales have been seen and killed off the coast of Donegal, and a large one was on Saturday the death of which reached four feet long was reported from Wexford. On Thursday a fisherman named Wickham, being at the entrance to the harbour, saw an unusual disturbance in the sea a short distance out. He plainly discerned the back and tail of an enormous creature, which was evidently struggling to get out into deep water. The pilots at the fort station put out in a boat, but were cautious not to approach too close to the unusual visitor. They continued to watch, and its struggles becoming weaker, Wickham ventured to approach the monster, and succeeded in plunging a long knife into the body of the creature under one of the fins. It turned out to be a whale about 100ft long, by 60ft girth.

A great sensation has been caused in Blackburn by the mysterious disappearance of Mr. John Dixon, manager of the Blackburn Bank (Limited). Mr. Dixon went to London, ostensibly to witness the English Cup final at Kennington Oval, and should have returned on Monday evening. Instead of doing this, however, he sent a letter to the directors intimating his determination not to return to Blackburn. His books were found to be in perfect order, and the motive for his disappearance is totally inexplicable. Mr. Dixon is married, and has left his wife at Blackburn.

An account has just been circulated of the suicide of a lady who is reported to be of a titled family, but who has recently been living in a somewhat secluded way at 88 Fulham Road, London. The name of the unfortunate woman is Mrs. Pringle. She went down to take some milk on last Friday morning, and almost at the same time took a heavy dose of carbolic acid, which in the end proved fatal. She is said to be the daughter of a late Privy Councillor, the widow of a baronet's son, and sister-in-law of a living baronet.

On Monday, Mr. Wynne E. Baxter held an inquest at Shadwell respecting the death of Edward Leary, aged six months, the son of a dock labourer, residing at 44 Cashiers Buildings, Ratcliffe. The mother said that she left the deceased and a boy aged two years in charge of her daughter, aged four, while she was scrubbing on Saturday last. During her absence the little boy pulled the lady off the bed on to the floor. The child was taken to the hospital and afterwards attended by Drs. Nickel, but death took place on Sunday afternoon. Dr. Nickel, 135 Commercial Road, stated that death was due to cerebral hemorrhage set up by the fall, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

The Irish Widow.

"Do Oi, like a crazy woman, Mr. McGlaggerty?"

"Not this mawnin, Mrs. Magoogin."

"No, nor ajjey other mawnin' aither, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Oi hope not, Mrs. Magoogin, but fwhy do ye ax the kastion?"

"Oh, jisht because," said the widow, evidently in doubt whether or not to proceed with her explanation. "But do ye moind me here a bit, Mrs. McGlaggerty, and Oi fwishper a saycret into yer ear. Do ye know that this blissid mawnin, fwhat should ay'ye was out av bed, a tall fame lukin' gintleman wid an eye in his head that'd make an angel blish for his sex, kem in an top av iz, an' a bow an' a schrape an' a fome bit av a pology he sed he represinted a bycyclehouse over an Adelaide St., that wanted to make me a present av a bycycle all Oi wud only promise to reside id. Oi called me daughter Toozy to shpake to Oi, gintlemin, because she kid throw in a few high chuned wourruds, an' mebbe give him a dab or two av Finch thyt wud laid him to be suspicious that we were mimbers av the fone handlherd. So out she kem in her robe de mattuney, an' up she goes an' gives id to this bycycle man right an' left. She sed she'd take th' bycycle 'dessed an' be glad to roide id, but her mimmaw—that's me Mrs. McGlaggerty, do ye moind?—was too owld an' rheumatticky for any bizniss av that koind. Lishten to that, Mrs. McGlaggerty; me too owld an' rhuematicky for ayther av thim av koorse for ridin' a bycycle or id'll anythin' else, Mrs. Mcgorry they'll be ayther sayin' bynchey that Oi'm too owld to ait or breathe. Upon me sowl, Oi felt like givin' her a clip in the lug, an' Oi no sthud hard the wourruds out av her mouth that id lept an' towld the gintleman to sind the bycycle around an' Oi'd show him an' anybody else that wanted to know that Oi was nayther too owld nor too rheumatticky to roide id. He thaght no wan koindly an' sed he'd sind it an' a latcher around to-morrow. 'There now, sinies,' sez Oi to Toozy, 'don't you think you'll come any av yer little doidoos over me with yer owld an' rheumatticky nonsinse,' sez Oi. 'But you an' too owld, mimmaw,' sez she. 'Mebbe Oi am,' sez Oi, 'but it's nobody's bizniss to tell me so,' sez Oi, 'an' lek id here, mad-ame in ordlyn,' sez Oi, 'Oi wasn't as bit owlder than you av fwhin Oi was yoan gurl,' sez Oi. She shtuck up her nose an' sailed out as mooch as to say that Oi wasn't in id. But Oi'll have th' bycycle anyhow, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi'll thrip to roide id all th' breaks me nick an' dislockits me jaw. Oi moosh get me a pair av devoided shkerts an' a conductor's cap an' fwhin Oi gloide through Cinthral Park an' me Tooze," as Tammy calls id—not me, buick bone, he, me bycycle—th' arshtocrats'll have to time their rigs out av the way an' give me plinty av elbow room. Ow, wow, but wait till ye see me! Oi'll be out av soight intoirely, Mrs McGlaggerty."

A Woman With Forty-Three Husbands.

A young Englishwoman named Eveline Leal is said to be exceedingly handsome, has for a second time fallen into the hands of the French police for practising what may be called the marriage trick. When, in 1887, she was first arrested she was at her thirteenth marriage, but to-day she is in no fewer than 43 husbands. Her method of procedure was as simple as it was ingenious. She put advertisements into the journals, stating that a widow, possessing a fortune of one million two hundred thousand francs, desired to marry a man in good circumstances, belonging to the nobility or to the high commercial class. Answers were to be sent to a post office. Her accomplice, who occupied the position of companion, seems to have had the important duty of choosing the victims from among the applicants. At anyrate, a suitor was never admitted into Eveline Leal's presence unless personal appearance was in his favour. Then he was granted a rendezvous either in a sumptuously-furnished apartment in the Champs Elysees quarter or at one of the best hotels. Naturally, Eveline took a different name on almost every occasion. For some of the suitors for her hand and fortune she called herself Mdme. Ferbank, Mdme. Bapin, Mdme. Secomiy, Mdme. Burnelly, &c. She always commenced by making some objection. Sometimes assuming the character of an ingenious miss, she said that, after all, her mother considered she was too young for marriage, and that the applicant must, if he loved her, wait awhile. She often managed things so cleverly that she received rich presents from her suitors, and after getting as much as she could she suddenly disappeared. In most cases, however, she considered it better policy to secure possession of the wedding gifts by going through the marriage ceremony. For this she invariably crossed the Channel. After the clergyman had in all good faith pronounced the nuptial benediction she returned with her victim to the hotel, and always managed to disappear before night, but never leaving her wedding gifts behind her. Her last exploit, which led to her arrest at the Hotel Meurice, Rue de Rivoli, was with a certain noble Viscount, who had pretty well ruined himself through gambling, and who was anxious to regild his armorial bearings with the 1,200,000fr of the fair charmer. It would even seem that he was really in love with the adventuress; for he travelled with her and her companion, a certain Mr. Caba, in England, Belgium, Norway &c. It was, of course, the Viscount who paid all the expenses, and by borrowing money right and left on his expectations, made Eveline rich presents wherever they went. At last back in Paris the viscount insisted on having the day fixed for the wedding, but to no avail. Miss Reynold—that was the name she had assumed—was inexorable. He must. This fact at last awakened the suspicions of the Viscount, who laid the case before M. Goron, the chief of the detectives. When the officers presented themselves at the Hotel Meurice, Eveline Leal was greatly astonished, but followed them bravely. As for her companion and accomplice Mrs Caba, she was absent from the hotel when Miss Eveline was arrested, and has not yet been seen there again.

"Four years ago," writes Col. David Wylie, Brockville, Ont., "I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and could not stand on my feet. The pain was excruciating. I was blistered and purged in true orthodox style, but all to no purpose. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, which I did. I had my ankles well rubbed and then wrapped with flannel saturated with the remedy. In the morning I could walk without pain."

SLAUGHTER OF GIRL BABIES.

Two Hundred Thousand of Them Killed Every Year in China.

In China tens of thousands of recently born girls among the poorer classes are thrown out to perish, and at Shanghai I saw a tower formerly used to facilitate this infanticide, says Dr. Joseph Simms, who has recently returned from an extended trip of the flowery empire. It is practiced in every part of China, but especially in the interior and in the Lecss district. As soon as one can get many miles from the coast, it is quite unusual to see near a house, or place of worship, a small stone tower from 10 to 30 feet high, with no door, but a hole in one side, reaching into a pit in the center. The children that parents wish to be rid of are thrown into this hole, and quicklime soon consumes the lifeless little form. It is said that the priests take charge of this cruel work. It has been estimated that every year 200,000 female babies are brutally slaughtered in the empire. One Chinaman being interrogated about the destruction of his recently born girl, said: "The wife cry and cry, but kill allee same."

In every large city in China there are asylums for the care of orphans, supported and conducted by foreigners, into care yearly from slaughter tens of thousands of female infants. At Han-Kow, which is 600 miles inland, I visited a Roman Catholic orphanage for children that have thus been cast out to perish. Mother Paula Vismara, the lady superior of this institution, informed me that she had received seven that day, and one day thirty were brought in. Of course these had never been consigned to a baby tower. Sometimes they are found wrapped in paper and left at the edge of the river. Sometimes they are buried alive by the father, but while yet living are dug up by some one else and brought to this institution. Several women are employed by the mother superior in Hankow for the little victims. Upward of a thousand are received every year. Many of them, of course, die soon after the exposure and neglect they have suffered through being abandoned, and many are boarded out by the institution in the town. Those who accept the charge have to bring the children once a week for inspection, and often, all being right, they receive pay for maintaining them. This is an Italian charity, and one of the most estimable in China. During the twenty-three years of its existence it has saved the lives of say 25,000 to 40,000 children, of whom a fair proportion have grown to womanhood. It received considerable support from the European residents at Han-Kow, of whom there are about 120.

Those children who remain within the premises of the institution are fed and clothed and when old enough, taught to sew, make lace, knit stockings, and do other useful work. They never know where they came from, or who their parents were. When they are of age to get their feet are bandaged, according to the general custom of all classes in China, to keep them small, as that increases their chances of marriage.

ENGLISH COINAGE.

Gold First Coined in Henry III.'s Reign and Copper in 1672.

When England was being made into pinecrest and blocks of real estate by the Saxons and Danes silver and brass were in use as currency, says the *Age of Steel*, but the Normans subsequently installed the aristocratic metal and left the democratic brass to take care of itself. Gold was first coined in Henry III.'s reign and copper was made into coins in 1672.

An ounce of silver was used for coining in 1680, and the national farthing was made of this Cambrian product with a dash of copper set in the centre. In 1690 and 1691 tin half-pence were issued in considerable quantities. The only pure gold coins issued in English history were those of Henry III.

In the reign of Edward I. the pound in tale of silver coins was equal to the pound in weight of standard silver. The pound in tale was divided into 20 shillings, and 240 shillings into 12 pence, and each penny piece weighed a penny-weight or twenty-four grains. Before the mintage of gold coins in England the bezant, valued at 10 shillings, was imported from Constantinople, and florences of the same value from Florence. Edward III. subsequently quintered the noble, Edward IV. the rial, Henry VII. the double rial, James I. the laurel, and Charles II. revived the old laurel coin under the name of the guinea.

The guinea in the reign of Queen Anne, originally issued as a 20 shilling piece, rose in value to 30 shillings, and was ascertained in values till Sir Isaac Newton received authority, ordering the guinea to pass for 21 shillings sterling. The present English sovereign was issued in 1817 and weighed 20.21 parts of a guinea. The present standard of fineness for silver coins is eleven ounces or two penny-weight silver and thirteen penny-weight alloy.

Bronze coins were introduced in 1860, replacing the old copper coins first legalized by the fiat of Charles II. and afterward made by James II. from old guns, copper, vessels, pewter pots, and a general assemblage of comparatively worthless metal.

Dogs and Languages.

Certain experiments are gravely proposed, among French and English men of science, which have for their object to determine whether man cannot, by persistent training through several generations and by selection, introduce a totally new faculty into the brain of an animal. It is proposed to make the experiment with dogs, and ascertain if it is possible to produce a dog which will utter articulate sounds, like those of human speech.

There is already, in France, a dog which makes a sound not unlike "*ma maymma*" It is little more than a howl, but the dog appears to be striving to "talk," and it is proposed to begin the series of experiments with him.

M. Paul Bert, a French man of science, who died five years ago, has left on record a statement, which, if demonstrated to be true, seems to prove that dogs sometimes understand ordinary spoken conversation.

An old woman, to test her dog's devotion, feigned to be engaged in selling him to a friend. "In an ordinary tone of voice, and without gestures, without resting on any particular word, she agreed upon a price for the dog, and concluded the bargain; whereupon the dog came up to her, whining and rolling at her feet in a supplicating way."

Stories have been told of dogs which understand the same command in two different languages. A companion to this story is one related, on very good authority, of an English dog which was taken to France and left among people who spoke only French.

For a considerable time the dog appeared confused, disconcerted, ill at ease and even melancholy. It was plain that he understood nothing of what was said about him. Everything was new and strange.

After a time, and little by little, he recovered his gaiety, self-possession and intelligence. He was himself again; he seemed, indeed, to have "learned French."

Death of a Famous Tichborne Witness.

Our Liverpool correspondent telegraphs the death of Mr. Vincent Gosforth in that city. Deceased was a remarkable witness in the famous Tichborne trial, he being agent for the estate at the time the real Roger Tichborne left this country. He was given possession of the famous sealed packet by Roger Tichborne previous to his departure from England, but which was unfortunately destroyed by Gosforth. Lady Radcliffe, it will be remembered, confirmed this by producing a similar document to that mentioned in Mr. Gosforth's evidence, her ladyship's copy being actually signed by the missing heir to the estates. Mr. Gosforth's examination at the hands of Sergeant Ballantine extended over three weeks, and the contents of this sealed packet were differently described by the claimant and his advocate, Sergeant Ballantine contending that Mr. Gosforth had been won over by the holders of the Tichborne estate—in fact, he designated him as the villain of the piece. Deceased was 74 years of age.

Fight Between Bears and an Engine.

While crossing "Rattlesnake Trestle," near Lakeland, Florida, the other day, two large bears were overtaken by a train. The bridge was too high to jump from and, finding escape impossible, the bears turned, stood upright, and faced the train with fore-paws up in prize-fighter style. The engine dashed one of them off the trestle, but the other was thrown up into the air by the cow-catcher, and in his fall clutched the brass rods in front of the locomotive. Desperate with pain, he growled savagely and scrambled along towards the "cab," where the stoker's face was visible. The stoker had just been raking the fire, and made a lunge at his ferocious assailant with the great red-hot poker. With a terrific howl the poor beast tried to spring upon the stoker, but lost his footing and fell almost under the wheels. He lost part of a hind leg, but in spite of all his wounds he picked himself up after rolling down the embankment by this time the train was off the trestle, and bounded off into the woods.

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It will cure when in the power of medicine, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, Cancerous and all other Humors, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all difficulties with the Liver and Kidneys.

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A DEVILISH DEED.

A Butcher Kills His Wife and Two Children—A Strange Letter Left Behind Him.

A despatch from Kansas City, Mo., says: The police last night received from Archie Mo., the details of a horrible crime, the murder by E. S. Soper of his wife and two children. On Tuesday night he bought a ticket and left for Kansas City on a Missouri Pacific train. His absence on Wednesday and Thursday caused suspicion, and the city marshal broke into his house to make an investigation. When he burst open the door he witnessed a terrible sight. In the middle of the sitting-room floor was the body of a young child, a boy with its head crushed into a shapeless mass, and through the open bedroom door was seen the dead bodies of Mrs. Soper and another child. Mrs. Sopers's head and face were chopped nearly to pieces, and the head of the child was split in twain. An axe standing in the corner of the room, the blade covered with blood and matted hair, told the method of the murderer. A letter on a table in the sitting-room addressed—"To the authorities, or whoever may find these bodies, present." In the letter occured this passage—"I was best for me, than to act rather than to desert them. I have slain them. What could I have done for a living? They would have lived miserable." The letter was signed by the husband of the murdered woman and the father of the children. Soper was a butcher. Although poor he was regarded favourably by the community. No motive for the crime, be-yond that hinted at in the letter, has been discovered.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe; deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

A QUEER LAKE.

It Lies East of Lake Tanganyika and Is Slowly Drying Up.

Lake Hukwa is about 100 miles long and from thirty to forty miles wide. The lake lies in a very barren and inhospitable country, in which respect it forms a great contrast with the surrounding regions, which are among the most fertile and prosperous in Africa. The lake is east of Lake Tanganyika, and about sixty miles from it, in about longitude 29 degrees east of Greenwich. The parallel of 8 degrees south latitude crosses the lake, and the mouth of the Kalungu river is about 8 degrees 30 minutes south latitude