ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from Poor and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

INVEST probable 100. "wildcat," no gambling. cases GUARANTEED. Loans. Fields — British ... ton, Missouri, ... ments preferred. ... enay," "Silver ... "Western Consolidated Development," Mining ... Marble, Cave, Missouri ... LYNCH, offices, Spokane, ... Ottawa and Montreal ...

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS ... CURED ... H. G. ROOT M. C., 186 West ... Toronto, Ont.

SOLID Leather. The Best Goods Sold by the Principal Boot and Shoe Dealers. Every Pair Stamped. J. D. King Co. TORONTO

TURKISH DYES. EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced. One Package equal to two of any other make.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. SETTLERS' TRAINS ... LEAVE ON FEBRUARY 24th, 1891 ... P.M. AND EVERY TUESDAY THEREAFTER DURING MARCH AND APRIL. COLONIST SLEEPER ATTACHED FOR MANITOBA AND THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST ... For full information and descriptive pamphlets ... North-west Territories and British Columbia, apply to any C.P.R. agent.

... Constituents of Prime Beef ... JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF ... food for all who need strong ... in an easily-digested form.

... tion Life Association, ... TH ANNUAL REPORT. FINANCIAL STATEMENT. DISBURSEMENTS. ... TO POLICYHOLDERS. ... BALANCE SHEET. LIABILITIES. ... J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED ... inform your readers that I have a positive ... its timely use thousands of hopeless cases ... glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE ... umption if they will send me their P. O. address. ... SLOCUM, M. C., 186 West Adelaide St. ...

LYNDON OF HIGH ...

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "Into a Larger Room," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER V.

DEEP DEANE AND THE MACKENZIES.

General Mackenzie, as well as Lady Flora Winstanley, had a son in the army. Sharing the general feeling of the neighbourhood that Miss Browne's visit should be made as pleasant to her as possible, and having a deep conviction that a house with only one man in it—and that man an old man—could not be very attractive to a handsome unmarried lady, he had strained every nerve to insure the presence of his youngest son, Captain Mackenzie, for the first few days, at least, of her visit to Deep Deane.

Up to the evening of her arrival he thought he had succeeded; but a letter, which reached him shortly before he started for the station, brought disappointment to his hopes. This upset the general, and the utterly unexpected meeting with Percy Winstanley at the station upset him still more. The Winstanleys had, he felt, in every sense stolen a march upon him.

He explained the situation to Miss Browne as he drove her home. "I am afraid you will find it shockingly dull with us," he said, "no one at home but my wife and my youngest daughter, Janet."

"Oh! pray don't think I want entertaining," cried Miss Browne. "You know I am more American than English, and American girls are not accustomed to be much looked after. Will you be able to lend me a pony sometimes?"

"Lend you a pony? My dear girl, you shall have the run of the stable. Are you a good rider?"

"I don't know about 'good,'" said Veronica, with a little laugh. "I never saw the horse I was afraid of."

"That's the style!" cried the old general, with delight. "Then you shall ride Browne Bess. My Janet goes like a bird, and she'll show you all over the country."

"Oh, I am sure I shall enjoy it," said Veronica warmly; and then, a little to the general's annoyance, she began to ask him all sort of questions about Castle Ettrick and its inhabitants.

Being remarkably keen, she judged, from his way of answering her questions, that he did not much care for talking about his neighbours at the castle.

Veronica was sorry for this, as she had become very much interested in her fellow-travellers, and was anxious to know more of them.

Very different was the old general's manner when she proceeded to speak of Colonel Lyndon.

"I tell you plainly," he said, with an emphasis which was highly characteristic of him, "that my old friend the colonel is one of the best men I know. Fact, I can assure you. A soldier in a thousand. Why, I could tell you stories of him that would make your hair stand on end. He ought to have been a general long ago if he had had his deserts. But he is more than a good soldier. He is the gentlest-natured man I ever came across. Ask any wife about him if you wish to know what he is."

"I shall certainly ask her. I am very much interested in Colonel Lyndon. He reminds me of the chivalrous soldiers that one reads of in English romances," said Veronica. "There is something of the Middle-age knight about him." said General Mackenzie. "He is the sort of man to lead a forlorn hope."

"Or to rescue a distressed maiden at the point of the sword," said Veronica, laughing.

By this time they were within the gates of the general's small demesne. Deep Deane was built in the heart of one of those cup-like valleys that are to be found here and there on the moorland, and, it was surrounded by a beautiful old-fashioned garden where all sorts of lovely things grew together. The whole of the valley, in which there were two or three comfortable homesteads, besides several rough-stone cottages inhabited by shepherds and cattle-herds on estate belonging to the general, and he farmed it himself, leading a primitive patriarchal life, for the greater part of the year, amongst his people. The house, itself, originally a small farm-house, which had been added to from time to time in a hap-hazard sort of way, to suit the requirements of successive tenants, seemed still, though its size was now considerable, to retain its early homeliness.

As Veronica saw it in the moonlight—its old walls smothered with roses and clematis, its verandah overhung with clusters of wild hop, and the yellow light from the parlour-windows shining out upon the avenue—there was a stillness, an almost Paradisiacal softness of beauty and peace about the little dwelling, that went to her heart.

"How happy you must be here!" she said, in a low voice.

"Yes, we are pretty comfortable. It is a good place to end one's days in. My dear, I hope you will be happy with us," said the old general kindly. "Your father was my comrade in arms years upon years ago. It gives me sincere pleasure, for his sake as well as your own, to bid you welcome."

"Thank you; thank you!" Veronica.

And now the wheels had been heard, and the doors and windows looking out on the verandah had been thrown open, and the faces of the house and two women servants came out, and Veronica was received by them all with effusive welcome.

Mrs. Mackenzie, a pretty old lady of sixty odd years, with hair as white as snow, soft dove-like eyes, and fresh-coloured face, and her youngest and only unmarried daughter, Janet, were curiously like each other. They had the same soft eyes, the same gentle manners, the same passion to make every one that came in reach as comfortable as circumstances would permit. To Veronica their slight feminine figures, dressed in the plainest, neatest attire, and their soft, caressing, somewhat old-fashioned manners, harmonised wonderfully with their surroundings.

It was her wont to boast that she did not often find it difficult to make herself at home, but here, at Deep Deane, she felt at home as soon as she stepped across the threshold. Whether her smart maid, who was to follow in a hired carriage, with the Saratoga trunks and other effects, would be of the same mind, it was impossible to say. Veronica did not trouble herself much about this.

"I have brought my maid," she said to Mrs. Mackenzie, "because Uncle Alick thought it best; but I don't want her in the least. When she has put away my things straight she can go away for a holiday."

"Oh! we have plenty of room," answered the old lady heartily. "This house is much larger than one would think from the outside."

They took her up to the airy room, smelling, as Veronica said, laughing, of heather and roses, which had been prepared for her, and brought her down again to the oak-panelled and beamed dining-room, where the general was busy mixing his particular salad sauce, and concocting iced lemonade. Over supper, Mrs. Mackenzie, who was not less aggrieved than her husband—although not for such deep reasons—by the non-arrival of their soldier son, spoke plaintively of the quietness of the house.

"We've not a great deal to offer in the way of amusement to one that's accustomed to a town life," she said; "but there are neighbours here and there, and not one that's not neighbourly; and my Janet will show you the way about, and you'll be making acquaintances all round the country."

"Acquaintances!" echoed the general. "Veronica has made some already. She travelled with the Castle Ettrick people today."

"Oh!" said Janet, looking interested. "I heard that Mildred and her pretty governess were expected."

"And her brother—did I tell you about him?"

"Her brother—Captain Winstanley?"

"She has only one brother that I ever heard of," said the general irritably. "He was travelling with them to-day."

Kind Mrs. Mackenzie looked at her husband with brimming eyes. "Dear, dear!" she said. "What joy there will be in the Castle this night! Do you mean to say he has come to stay, Andrew? And I, that was pitying Lady Flora from my heart! It's no such an easy matter, Miss Browne, to bid good-bye to your sons for the first time. And I suppose we'll see them all soon."

"No later than to-morrow: you may take my word for it," said the general: he was gone out with them, but several other visitors had in the meantime dropped in, and she was bound to respond to the many kind speeches that were being made to her.

There was a perfect little shower of invitations. One kind matron was expecting the boys from Edinburgh—her boys, as Lady Flora knew, had left school a long time ago—she was giving a little garden party, "just to amuse them, you know;" would not Miss Browne come? Another expected a visit from a talented musician, and was looking up the young people in the neighborhood who had any knowledge of music to help him in getting up a concert for the benefit of the Deane Valley Schools. "We shall rely upon you, Janet," she said; and when Mrs. Mackenzie protested that her Janet was nothing extraordinary—that she could just sing and play a little, to amuse her family and friends—Miss Browne was requested to ask Janet to sing, and to judge herself of what she could do. "And we hope you will come too," said the effusive Scotch lady; "and if you can help us, so much the better; and if not, there will, at least, be the change, and young neighbours meeting, and a pleasant little supper in the ball to finish the evening with."

All this time Lady Flora, who suspected that the feelings of the general towards her were not very amiable, had been unusually subdued in her manner.

When he left the room, and the other visitors came in, she felt more at her ease. Up to this she had merely acknowledged her introduction to Veronica. She now crossed the room to where she was sitting, and said, in her prettiest and most gracious manner, "I want to thank you for your great kindness to my little girl and her governess yesterday. Milly was wild to come over for us to-day; but I could not let her leave Miss Morrison alone, and we had only room in the carriage for one. They were in raptures with their journey."

"So was I, and I think the gratitude ought to be all on my side," said Veronica. "Even to look at so lovely a girl as Miss Morrison is a privilege. If she were only dressed as I should wish her! Do you know," with a smile, "I could scarcely keep my hands off her."

"Poor Letty," said Lady Flora, with a sigh. "I would like to dress her becomingly, too; but I am afraid she must play her part properly. She has to make her own way in the world."

"She is poor, you mean?"

"She has nothing. However"—Lady Flora saw several pairs of eyes fixed upon her, and knew she would not be allowed to hard at work on a refractory cork, which accounted for the purple hue of his face. "How long is it since *you* have seen Lady Flora?" he said turning to his daughter.

"Now, now, father!" said Janet cheerily, "you must not always harp on the same string. London is not like the country. It is a great number of worlds rolled up together, and the worlds are as far apart as if seas and chains of mountains divided them. I am not at all vexed with Lady Flora for seeing little of me in town. I am sure it cost her an immense effort to see me at all."

General Mackenzie, however, was not to be mollified, and the following day, which brought the expected influx of visitors to Deep Deane, found him in anything but an amiable frame of mind. He could not forget that tremendous burst of laughter of his in the Castle Ettrick grounds. It was well for the peace of the household that Colonel Lyndon formed one of the party from the Castle, for in the face of so welcome a visitor, it was impossible for him to preserve his ill-humour.

While the ladies made one another's acquaintance and Percy told Mrs. Mackenzie and Janet how he happened to be at home, the two old soldiers fell into talk about old times. Their talk interested Veronica, and being accustomed to speak and move freely, she crossed over to the hearth-rug, where they stood.

"I don't want to interrupt you," she said, taking a seat in the chimney-corner. "I only want to listen to you. Do go on talking."

She addressed the general, who had just pulled up in the middle of a long reminiscence of camp-life in India. Delighted to find that his stories were appreciated, he followed it up in his best style, and then appealed to Colonel Lyndon to brush up his recollection. But the colonel, who had not seen so much as his elder comrade of the world of society, was a little abashed, and declined to remember anything. This handsome girl with the flashing brown eyes embarrassed rather than pleased him. No doubt she was clever, and she was certainly good-looking and well-dressed; but her manners were rather too composed to suit his taste.

After a few moments the general, upon whom had fallen the principal burden of the conversation, proposed that Colonel Lyndon should come out with him and inspect the stables. Veronica would willingly have followed. He had always been a favourite with Mrs. Mackenzie, who had known him from the days when he was an infant in arms; and, up to the time of his lucky, or unlucky, appearance at home, just as the master of Deep Deane was congratulating himself on his absence, there was no one, with the exception of his own sons, of whom the old general thought more highly. Even he, however, was conquered presently by the frank boyishness of Percy's manner. When the many visitors had gone, and he was alone with his old friends and their guest, the young fellow was so delightfully happy and gay, that there was no resisting him. What jokes he cracked—old jokes, of course, but stories he told! What inexhaustible energy he showed in devising new amusements for filling up the bright summer days! To tired of languid people he would have been fatiguing. But Mrs. Mackenzie and Janet were accustomed to gaiety, and Veronica was herself overflowing with health and energy; and the general, who was seldom without "boys" about him—who was, in fact, in his best moods, something of an "old boy" himself liked noise.

When, accompanied by Janet and Veronica as far as the gate, Percy started for his long walk home across the moor, he had the satisfaction of feeling that he had made a good impression. His kind old friends had forgiven him for seeming to neglect Janet in London—we must mention, in justice to Percy that he had not heard of her being in town until she was on the point of returning home, and that then he had called upon her at once. His new friend, the handsome girl with the curiously frank manners, who, from her unlikeness to every one else, had taken his fancy—what did she think? Percy thought she was pleased with him. She had been interested in his stories, and she had laughed at his jokes, and she had expressed a hope that they might meet often during her stay in the North.

This from an ordinary—one of those girls whom you meet every day in society—would have meant nothing. Veronica Browne was not ordinary. She said what she meant and meant what she said. Percy, who considered himself apt in reading character, felt convinced that she carried about with her the stamp of reality.

It was a long walk from Deep Deane to Castle Ettrick, and being a little more absent-minded than usual, Percy passed one of the well known land-marks and went about a mile out of his way. When he appropriate the Mackenzies' distinguished guest much longer—"you must come and see them at home, in their school-room. When shall it be?"

"Oh, whenever you like. I am longing to see Castle Ettrick," said Veronica frankly. "We might ride over——" She glanced towards Janet, who, helped and attended by Percy, was sending round cups of tea and plates of home-made cake.

"Any day you like," said Janet. "Brown Bess is eating her head off in the stable, father says, and my sweet little Snowflake has been in for two whole days."

"Then let it be to-morrow. Come over in the forenoon, and stay for lunch," said Lady Flora. "No, thank you, my dear Janet; no more tea. I ought to be on my way home. Can you spare Percy?"

"Go back without me, mother. I shall enjoy the walk home across the moor," said the young man.

"Oh, do as you like," said his mother, rising. "Colonel Lyndon will see me home. Where is he, I wonder?"

He was not far away. He was, indeed, just coming in from the stables, and he readily consented to return at once in the carriage with Lady Flora.

"You will come again soon?" said Mrs. Mackenzie when he said good bye. "This has been a visit to the general not to me. You know I like to talk about old times too."

"I am afraid, if I came to see you as often as I liked, you and Miss Janet would soon be tired of me," said the colonel. "But I will come; oh, yes—you will see me again."

"And will you not sometimes join us in our rides?" said Janet. "Miss Browne and I are going to scour the country."

"We must talk about it to-morrow," said Lady Flora. "It would be very nice to organise one or two picnic parties. What do you say, General Mackenzie?"

"I say that I leave such sports to the young folks," he answered. "I have no mind to catch my death by eating my dinner on the wet grass, or to get sunstroke by riding out under a broiling sun. But every one to his taste. I won't interfere."

"Ah, well! we must think over it. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Mackenzie. Good-bye, Miss Browne. I shall rely upon Janet to bring you over to see me to-morrow," said Lady Flora.

Two or three other visitors followed Lady Flora's example. Percy held to his post reached home dinner was over. He found the whole family on the terrace, drinking their coffee, and looking out over the moorland, which, with its lochs and rivers, was bathed in the soft crimson after-glow that is so long and so lovely in the North.

It was Milly who saw him first, and she ran to meet him, and brought him into the hall, where a substantial cold meal was waiting for him.

"Isn't it lovely," she cried out as she waited upon him.

"What is lovely, Milly?" he asked, with a smile.

"Everything: this dear old house, and the moors, and the lochs, and the sunset, and Veronica—she is coming to-morrow; Percy—and my dear old Letty, and—*you!* I do believe," said the child in a stifled voice, "that I've never been so happy before."

"And I do believe," said Percy, "that I quite agree with you, Milly."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"OH, MOTHER! MOTHER!" CRIED MILLY, "YOU WON'T SAY 'NO.'"

A "BROKEN HEART."

Observations on Animals to Ascertain Whether There Be Such a Thing.

That severe mental distress or fright sometimes produces physical disease and occasionally even death is an admitted fact, although the way in which it acts has hitherto been but little studied. In order in some measure to supply the deficiency in our knowledge regarding this matter Dr. G. Bassi has recently made a number of observations on animals which apparently died in consequence of capture. Birds, moles, and a dog which had succumbed to conditions believed by Dr. Bassi to resemble those known among human beings as acute nostalgia and "a broken heart" were examined post-mortem. Generally there was hyperæmia, sometimes associated with capillary hemorrhages of the abdominal organs, more especially of the liver, also fatty and granular degeneration of their elements, and sometimes bile was found in the stomach, with or without a catarrhal condition. The clinical symptoms were at first those of excitement, especially in the birds, these being followed by depression and persistent anorexia.

The theory suggested by Dr. Bassi is that the nervous disturbance interferes with the due nutrition of the tissues in such a way as to give rise to the formation of toxic substances—probably ptomaines—which then set up acute degeneration of the parenchymatous elements similar to that which occurs in consequence of the action of certain poisonous substances such as phosphorous or to that met with in some infectious diseases. In support of this view he points out that Schule has found parenchymatous degeneration in persons dead from acute delirium, and that Zenker found hemorrhages in the pancreas in persons who had died suddenly; he refers also to some well-known facts concerning negroes in a state of slavery and to the occasional occurrence of jaundice after fright. He hopes that these hints may induce medical officers of prisoners and others to study both clinically and anatomically this by no means uninteresting or unimportant subject.

Between right and wrong there is no middle ground but a battle ground.

REMINISCENCES OF BARNUM.

Stories Illustrating the Great Showman's Nature.

He Loved The Children and They Loved Him—He Loved Joking, And Never Got Angry—The Epigrammatic "Philosophy" of His Life.

There is perhaps no name that it would be harder to erase from the minds of the people than that of Phineas Taylor Barnum, the great showman. There are few men who do not retain through life the distinct impressions made on their minds in youth, and since the old men of to-day were boys the advent of Barnum's circus has been an event in the life of young America and Canada. Barnum, with his wild beasts and his wonders, his been the connecting link between the children and the land of their story books.

While to millions Barnum was only a name that was synonymous with circus, the man himself had to hundreds of thousands been a personal presence of familiar form and features. Until a few years ago, when the pressure of the hand of time became so heavy as to check his enthusiasm, it was his pleasure to appear at the performances of his circus in the larger cities of the country. In this way he formed a slight acquaintance with perhaps more persons than any American of his time.

The life of Barnum is a familiar story to the public. Enough has been printed concerning him to fill a library, and his death has resulted in a deluge of anecdote and reminiscence. The ways and wherefores of his success have been assigned by a thousand pens. That is his success was a genuine one, who can deny? Born with no inheritance save Yankee shrewdness, he made millions in a business that it remained for him to raise from a disreputable to a legitimate standard, and he died honored and loved by those who knew him well, and respected by all. At this time, therefore, it is fitting to tell those who had not a personal acquaintance with him something of those characteristics in him which were most pronounced to those who did.

No phase of Barnum's character was so full of human interest as his love for children and his apparently innate power of attracting children to him. A happy smile on a child's face acted like a tonic on the old man. To be surrounded by a group of such was his paradise on earth. His face would light up, his eyes sparkle, and he would rub his hands together delightedly. No title ever given to him pleased him nearly as much as that of "The Children's Friend," a name he received many years ago. With him it was not a case of liking some children. He loved them all, black and white, homely and pretty, so long as there were smiles on their faces. And the affection of children seemed to go out to him at first sight. Barnum was probably never more sincere than when he wrote what he was pleased to call his "Philosophy," which was printed in the appendix of his book. It consists of the following epigrammatic sentences:

If you would be as happy as a child, please one.

Childish wonder is the first step in human wisdom.

To best please a child is the highest triumph of philosophy.

A happy child is likely to make an honest man.

To stimulate wholesome curiosity in the mind of child's to plant golden seed.

I would rather be called the children's friend than the world's King.

Amusement to children is like rain to flowers.

He that makes useful knowledge most attractive to the young is the king of sages.

Childish laughter is the echo of heavenly music.

The noblest art is that of making others happy.

Wholesome recreation conquers evil thoughts.

Innocent amusement transforms tears into rain' ows.

The author of harmless mirth is a public benefactor.

In the old days the matinee performances in Madison Square Garden were Barnum's special delight, because the children were there. He always reserved a box for himself in the centre on the south side of the garden. The happiest moments of his life seemed to be those when he was walking across the arena to his box. "There is Barnum," would go around. The children would all clap their little hands and Barnum taking off his hat, would bow to the right and the left, smiling to the ears. After one of these receptions he remarked with a chuckle, as he took his seat in the box:

"I don't value the applause of the adults half so much as that of the children. The clapping of their little hands and their shrill laughter is a whole symphony to me."

Barnum knew how to talk to children, and it was a pleasure to him to do it. No Sunday school entertainment in Bridgeport, his home, was complete unless Barnum went and addressed the children. On a score of occasions at the matinees in Madison Square Garden, he used to mount the stage before the performance and talk. In what he said he never considered the adults. It was the boys and girls to whom he spoke, in words that all could understand, telling them stories about animals and birds in the menagerie, and asking them to go after the performance and see particularly the birds or animals of which he spoke, so that what he told them might be impressed on their minds. Barnum believed what he said when he asserted that his show was a great educator to young minds.

Any feature of the show that could be made particularly interesting to children, Barnum was quick to turn to their enjoyment. It was at his suggestion that a great saddle was built for Jumbo, on which twenty children could be seated. It was a pretty sight when the great elephant used to make trips around the garden before the performances with a score of laughing youngsters on its back. If any animals were born in the menagerie Barnum at once issued orders that the attention of the children be specially called to the "babies."

Two stories that are now will illustrate more forcibly than anything else could the bond of affection that existed between Barnum and the children. Three years ago, when the show was about to open at the garden, a most pathetic letter, addressed to Mr. Barnum, came from a little nine-year-old boy on the east side. It was printed on a scrap of paper, and is given here verbatim:

DERE MR. BARNUM: I am a little boy an I am verry sic in bed, I hav ben waiting a long time for yure circus to come an now its come I can not go the doctur sais. Dere Mr. Barnum please let the peraid go by my hous.

Mr. Barnum at once ordered the parade to conform its route to that sick boy's wish, though it was four blocks out of the line originally laid down.

Another story, showing the children's love for Barnum, is told in connection with the story of his deathbed. Monday a week ago a package arrived at Mr. Barnum's Bridgeport house. It was opened and found to contain a little folio with twenty crude little sketches illustrating the circus. There was also a letter addressed to Mr. Barnum. It came from a ten-year-old girl in New York. She said she had been to his circus and had liked it very much. She heard that he was sick and could not come to see his circus, so she had drawn him the pictures about it, as she hoped they would please him.

Barnum was an inveterate joker, and a joke did not lose its flavor to him if it was turned against himself. He loved to relate the practical jokes in which he had participated. One of his last jokes was played on a party of good deacons and elders, pillars of the church of which he was a member. They were aboard his private yacht, and early one Sunday morning were steaming toward New York, intending to go to church there. Two of them needed shaving. Barnum also wanted a shave. Barnum had the only razor on board. They drew lots to see who should shave first. Barnum was the lucky man.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Barnum with a chuckle. "I'll shave one side of my face and pass the razor along to you. You both shave one side of your face then. While I am shaving the other side of my face you can be lathering the other side of your's and we'll get through quick."

The good Deacons fell into Mr. Barnum's trap without a struggle. Each shaved one side of his face. Barnum started in, and finished his shave. As he did so he turned and threw the razor out of his stateroom window. His merriment and that of the rest of the party at the plight of the two half-shaved men restored their good-nature. Making the best of the situation, they washed the lather off their faces and finished the trip with one-half of their faces bearded and the other half covered with a heavy stub.

Barnum's last joke was perpetrated on his legal adviser two days before his death. He turned to that gentleman and very seriously said: "My neighbor here has a lot of peacocks. Suppose they come over in my garden and lay eggs. Are the eggs mine or his?"

"Well," the lawyer innocently responded, "that is an intricate point. The next time his peacocks come over here and lay eggs we'll make them use to recover them."

Barnum chuckled and asked: "But suppose the peahens come?" The accent he put on the "hens" showed the lawyer how he had been caught, and he turned from his client with: "Confound your neighbor's peacocks and peahens!"

No man in the world was closer to Barnum than Ben Fish, his secretary. Three days before he died Fish was standing beside his bed. Suddenly Barnum turned to him and said, in his high-pitched voice:

"Ben, I am going to die this time."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" Fish answered with feigned indignation. "You know you ain't going to die, Mr. Barnum. You know it as well as I do. You'll be up around making plans for the Summer in a week."

"No, Ben," Mr. Barnum answered slowly, "I am going to die."

Fish made no answer, and for a moment there was silence. Then Barnum turned to him again and said brusquely:

"I say, Ben, you had better see the contractor about putting up some houses on those shore lots. I've got too much money in the bank, Ben, too much money in the bank."

"Why, Mr. Barnum," Fish answered in surprise, "you said you were going to die!"

"Yes, Ben, yes," Barnum responded with a twinkle in his eye, "but I ain't dead yet, Ben, am I?"

The man has yet to make himself known who ever saw Barnum angry. He exhibited his displeasure by getting testy once in a while, and when in that mood he was a hard man to swerve from an idea. Where most men would take offense, however, Barnum would turn the tables on the offender. On one occasion, in the Madison Square Garden office, he said to an employe who ranked as an agent:

"Well, Mr. Blank, this work is in your department, you know. Look to it right away, right away. You are the bill-poster, you know."

"No, I ain't no bill-poster," hotly answered the man addressed, his dignity offended; "and you know, Mr. Barnum, I ain't no bill poster!"

"Oh, ain't you, ain't you?" Barnum snapped out. "What are you then, what are you?"

"I am an agent, Mr. Barnum. That's what I am and you know it," the employe responded.

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. Agent," said Barnum, taking off his hat, and bowing low; "excuse me. Do what you're told to do just the same; do what you're told!"

Barnum was very proud of the way he had hobnobbed with royalty when in Europe; but he hated to have it thought here in America that he bended his knee at all to Princes and peers. On the occasion of his last trip over, the Prince of Wales came to the show. Barnum had met him before. The Prince was very cordial, and, extending his hand, said:

"Mr. Barnum, I am very glad to see you again."

According to the reports of that meeting Barnum took the proffered hand, bowed very low, thanked the Prince very profusely, and answered:

"Ah, your Highness, you have made an old man very happy."

Barnum went great lengths to contradict any impression that he had been over-obsequious to the Prince, and insisted that instead of saying, "You have made an old man very happy," he had said, "You have made an old friend very happy."

Though Barnum in his life showed his big-heartedness by giving away hundreds of dollars to his children, to institutions and charities, there was a streak of closefistedness in his character that bordered on eccentricity. He was most scrupulously particular in getting every five-cent piece that he thought he was entitled to, and, in spite of his open-handedness, he was as quick as lightning to see an opportunity to turn an honest penny. When he came down to New York on show business, the best that the Murray Hill Hotel could give him was what he wanted; yet he would turn in to the Treasurer of the show an expense bill for his car and cab fares. One instance is also related where on Thursday he borrowed $30,000 of a partner. On Saturday evening he handed the partner a check for the $30,000, with two days' interest. Banking hours were over. The check was not available until Monday. So Mr. Barnum saved himself two days' interest on the money, or about $13.

In Barnum's nature, however, there was everything to admire and little to criticise. His acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. Chapin, the Universalist orator, began when both men were in their prime. It soon ripened into warm friendship. Mr. Barnum attended, whenever in the city, the Church of the Divine Paternity, of which Dr. Chapin was pastor, and the clergyman and showman found time to enjoy each other's company when either needed relaxation, as Dr. Chapin's liking for a joke equalled the showman's. When one of them got a chance to play a prank on the other, the story went the round of their friends.

Dr. Chapin lectured a good deal in his best days within a limited circuit of New York. It was of him that the story was first told that when some one asked him why he bothered with lectures, having a rich parish and comfortable home, he replied: "Lecture for f-a-m-e, fifty, and my expenses." Mr. Barnum wanted him to lecture at Bridgeport. It took several years of persuasion before he would consent. When at last the day was set Mr. Barnum arranged that the lecturer should make the Barnum home his stopping place during the stay in the Connecticut town.

Before leaving home on that eventful day, Mr. Barnum said to his wife: "Business may detain me late in the city. I must ask you to receive Dr. Chapin. You will find him a most affable and pleasant man, but he has one great infirmity. He is as deaf as a post. And, like all deaf people, he is very sensitive about his affliction. Speak loud to him but on no account let him think that you notice his deafness."

Arriving in town, Mr. Barnum sought out Dr. Chapin. He informed him that he doubted his ability to return to Bridgeport with the doctor, but assured him that all preparations had been made at home for his entertainment. He would find Mrs. Barnum at the house to receive him. Then he spun for Dr. Chapin a pathetic fairy tale about Mrs. Barnum's deafness, warning him that she was exceedingly sensitive about it and that he would need only to speak loud without appearing to notice that she was deaf.

Dr. Chapin arrived at the Barnum house as had been planned. Mrs. Barnum was waiting to receive him.

"Dr. Cha-pin-I-be-lieve," screamed that good lady in tones like a shrill clarionet.

"I am de-light-ed-to-meet-Mrs. Barnum," roared the pastor in return.

"You found your way here eas-i-ly, I hope," the hostess shrieked, as it the house was on fire.

"Mr. Bar-num was kind-e-nough to give me di-rec-tions," replied the pastor with the voice of a sea Captain in a storm.

As the conversation proceeded each seemed to think it necessary to increase the volume of tone for the other's benefit. When they were both on the point of vocal collapse a boisterous guffaw from behind a pair of curtains revealed the presence of the showman, who was unable any longer to contain himself. After laying his deaf trap he had taken an early train back to Bridgeport, and managed to slip unseen into his house, to overhear these exhaustive greetings. Dr. Chapin was never able to square off that practical joke.

Tunnel Building.

The art of tunneling may be considered as having been reduced to a science, as no distance is too great and no material too hard to be penetrated if the object sought is sufficient to justify the expense. The building of the Clair River tunnel, where iron cylinders were forced through the clay by hydraulic pressure, was a great advance in the art of building tunnels through certain kinds of soil. The tunnel built under the streets of London, where the top of the arch is just below the cobble stone pavement, was built without in the least obstructing travel at the place where the work was being carried on. According to the *Industrial World*, a tunnel 5 miles long is now being driven through the solid rock under Gray's Peak, 60 miles west of Denver, Col. This tunnel, which is 8x18 feet, is being built primarily to tap the mineral veins in the mountains, which are thought to be quite rich. After the tunnel is complete it will be enlarged and opened for railroad traffic to accommodate an extension of the Utah Central railway, which is to form a through line from Denver to Salt Lake. Thus far about a mile of the tunnel has been driven by hand power, but a plant of ten Rand drills, with Ingersoll air compressors, has just been put in, and an electric light plant is soon to follow, after which it is expected the rate of working will be greatly increased. The excavating of this tunnel is through rock about as hard as any that can be found anywhere.

"I say, as the poet said of his ballads, if I might provide the amusement of a nation, I would not care who made its laws."

THE HERO OF 1812.

Brock's Administration in Upper Canada—The Difficulties He Faced and Overcame.

General Brock was appointed president and administrator of the Government of Upper Canada on the 9th October, 1811. On the 2nd December, the same year, he says, in a letter to Sir George Prevost: "I cannot conceal from your excellency that unless a strong regular force be present to animate the loyal and to content the disaffected nothing effectual can be expected." On the 4th February, 1812, Brock opened the session of the Legislature and urged upon the House: 1. A militia supplementary Act. 2. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. 3. An alien law. 4. The offer of a reward for the apprehension of deserters.

"The many doubtful characters in the militia," he says in one of his despatches, "made me anxious to introduce the oath of abjuration into the bill. It was lost by the casting vote of the chairman. The great influence which the numerous settlers from the United States possess over the decisions of the Lower House is truly alarming, and ought immediately by every practical means to be diminished." The bill for the suspension of the habeas corpus was also beaten by a very trifling majority. Willcocks, Mallory and Marcle were all members of this House and leading spirits of the Opposition.

When war was declared Brock at once called out the flank companies of the militia. This produced a force on the Niagara frontier of 800 men, who turned out very cheerfully, and he calculated that all over the province the number would amount to about 4,000 men. In the districts originally settled by the U. E. Loyalists the flank companies were instantly completed with volunteers, an almost unanimous disposition to serve being manifested, and on these men General Brock seems to have depended to overawe the disaffected and to aid him in the field. In fact he said in answer to an address at Kingston that "it was the confidence inspired by the admirable conduct of the York and Lincoln regiments of militia which had induced him to undertake the expedition which terminated in the capture of Detroit." These men who were with him when he died at Queenston were the sons of the loyal veterans of the revolution. All along the St. Lawrence the same spirit was manifested, the men of Glengarry in particular performing at Chateauguay and in other fights the most brilliant service for Canada.

On the 6th July General Brock issued a proclamation, ordering all persons suspected of traitorous intercourse with the enemy to be apprehended and treated according to law. His letters are filled with references to his anxiety as to the machinations of the disloyal and disaffected.

HULL'S INVASION.

On the 12th July General Hull invaded Canada at Sandwich, and the militia in that district behaved very ill. They seemed either to lose hope or to be disaffected. Five hundred of them, chiefly of those alien settlers, gave in their adhesion to the enemy, and a party of General Hull's cavalry, amounting only to about 50 men, led by a traitor named Watson, a surveyor from Montreal, were able to penetrate eastward as far as Westminster, about 110 miles east of Sandwich, a conclusive proof of the apathy, to say the least, of the settlers in that district. The Yankee settlers in the Norfolk district also refused to turn out.

At this time General Brock called the Parliament together, and on the 27th July, 1812, opened an extra session. In his speech he says, "A few traitors have already joined the enemy; have been suffered to come into the country with impunity, and have been harbored and concealed in the interior." "To protect and defend the loyal inhabitants from their machinations is an object worthy of your most serious deliberation." His speech concluded with these well known and memorable words, showing in the face of all his difficulties and dangers, and in the face of overwhelming odds, the true heroism and confidence of a gallant soldier.

"We are engaged in an awful and eventful contest. By unanimity and despatch in our councils and by vigor in our operations we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by free men, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of of their King and constitution, can never be conquered."

Two days later Brock appealed to the militia of this place, the York flank companies, whether they would follow him any where in this province or out of it, in defence of it. The whole force volunteered cheerfully, without a moment's hesitation. The House, however, refused to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, or to act as promptly as he desired. The disloyal section, led by Willcocks, assisted by Abraham Marcle, did everything they could to thwart and embarrass General Brock. The state of the country certainly required prompt and vigorous measures, but many of the House of Assembly were seized with apprehensions and endeavored to avoid incurring the indignation of the enemy. In consequence of these difficulties Brock, feeling that General Hull's emissaries throughout the country were very numerous and active, called together his executive council on the 3rd August and made the following representation to them:

"That the House of Assembly, instead of prompt exertions to strengthen his hands for the government of the militia, providing for security from internal treason by the partial suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act authorizing a partial exercise of martial law concurrently with the ordinary course of justice, and placing at his disposal the funds not actually applied of the past appropriation, had consumed eight days in carrying a single measure of party, the repeal of the school bill, and passing an Act for the public disclosure of treasonable practices before the magistrates should have power to commit without bail. That under these circumstances little could be expected from a prolonged session. The enemy had invaded and taken post in the western district; was multiplying daily his preparations to invade in others; that the militia in a perfect state of insubordination had withdrawn from the ranks in actual service; had refused to march when legally commanded to reinforce a detachment of regular forces for the relief of Amherstburg; had insulted their officers, and some, not immediately embodied, had manifested in many instances a treasonable spirit of mutiny and disaffection; that the Indians on Grand river tampered with by disaffected whites, had withdrawn from their volunteer services, and declared for a neutral ity which was equally inadmissible as with the King's other subjects. That in the western and London districts several persons had negotiated with the enemy's commander, hailing his arrival and pledging their support. That the King's forces consisted of the 41st 900 strong, part of the Royal Newfoundland 200, with a detachment of Royal Artillery and several vessels. That the extent of coast and distance of prominent parts to divide that force to support and countenance the militia. That the conduct of the western militia had exposed the regulars at Amherstburg, and he had made a large detachment of the 41st with militia from the home and Niagara districts. That the commandant at St. Joseph had taken Mackinac and might descend to Amherstburg, and compel the invaders to retreat, with the aid of the detachment now on the march to Long Point; but that no good result could be expected unless he had power to restrain the militia and general population from treasonable adherence to the enemy or neutrality by summary procedure, asked whether it would be expedient to prorogue the House of Assembly and proclaim martial law.

VIGOROUS MEASURES TAKEN.

The council adjourned till the next day, the 4th August, for deliberation, and then unanimously expressed the opinion that, under the circumstances of the colony, it was expedient from the prorogation of the Assembly that the general should proclaim and exercise martial law under authority of his commission from the King. On the 5th Brock prorogued the House and proclaimed martial law. In all probability the action contemplated by General Brock became known on the 4th; for on the 5th, day of prorogation, the loyal party carried in this same House a most spirited and patriotic address to the people of Upper Canada. In this it is stated that the population is determinedly hostile to the United States, and "the few that might be otherwise inclined will find it to their safety to be faithful," and calls upon the people to "deem no sacrifice too costly which secures the enjoyment of our happy constitution."

The outlook must have been very disheartening to General Brock when he wrote this minute for the council on the 3rd August. With only a handful of troops and no money or supplies, with a House of Assembly weak and timorous, and containing a few infamous secret traitors, sufficiently influential to delay and embarrass every step for the defence of the country; with an invading army within our borders, and a portion of the militia in the invaded district ... and disloyal.

Mair, the author of "Tecumseh," puts in Brock's mouth this picture of his difficulties and his ... courage:

'Tis true our ... heavy odds;
Of regulars but ... men,
To guard a frontier ... a thousand miles;
Of volunteers ... we can draw
From seventy thousand widely scattered souls—
A meagre showing against the enemy's.
If numbers be ... But odds lie not
In numbers only, but in spirit too,
Witness the might ... England's little isle!
And what made ... great, will keep her so—
The free soul and ... valor of her sons;
And what exalts ... will sustain you now,
If you contain her courage and her faith—
So not the odds ... are to be feared
As private disaffection, treachery—
Those openers of the door to enemies—
And the poor crouching spirit that gives way
Ere it is forced to yield.

The turning point ... was the proclaiming of martial law on the 5th August. Then Brock was master of the situation, and the change in the aspect ... in a few days was almost miraculous. That very day the House went forth to the people, ... next day Brock left for Amherstburg, arriving there on the 13th at midnight. On the 15th he was at Sandwich, with 330 regulars, 400 militia and 600 Indians. On the morning of the 16th he crossed to the Michigan side of the river with these 1,330 men and captured Detroit, with the whole of Hull's army of 2,500 men and their immense stores and supplies. (Loud applause.) Two or three days after he set out again for York, where he arrived on the 27th August.

The success at Detroit, as unexpected as it was, produced an electric effect throughout Canada. It ... the timid; fixed the wavering and ... the disloyal. After this event the disaffected said that it was as much as their property was worth to disobey orders, and what they were at first compelled to do, after awhile they did from choice. Aliens were required to take the oath of allegiance or leave the province. Many were sent out of the country, large numbers left on their own account—passports being furnished those desiring to leave. Those who refused to take the oath of allegiance, or to take up arms to defend the country, and remained in the ... on the 1st January, 1813, were to be considered alien enemies and spies and ... accordingly. When the militia of the London district were ordered out, Smith, the author already referred to, says:

"Many refused of their own accord and others were persuaded to refuse by a Mr. Culver and a Mr. ... and one more, who rode among the people for six days telling them to stand back. However, they were apprehended and the most of the people became obedient. After this they had their choice to go or stay, and some went."

This power of controlling the traitorous to cease their treason soon bore fruit. Large numbers went to the States, among them three members of Parliament—Joseph Willcocks, the leader of the Opposition, Benjamin Mallory and Abraham Marcle. At the next session Willcocks and Marcle, who were still members, were expelled the House "for their disloyal ... infamous conduct in having traitorously deserted to the enemy." Mallory had not been re-elected in 1812. Willcocks was killed at Fort Erie in 1814 in command of a regiment in the Yankee army—Mallory served during the war as major in the same regiment. Fifteen traitors were tried at Ancaster during the war and sentenced to death. Seven of these were hanged together at that place by order of General Drummond and eight were sent to Quebec for punishment. A large number of the disloyal must have been arrested and put in prison very early in the war, for on the day of the battle of Queenston Heights, October 13, 1812, the jail and court house at Niagara were filled with political prisoners, as well as the block house at Fort George, amounting altogether to over 300 aliens and traitors in custody, with only a few raw militia to guard them. When Brock lost his life at Queenston he did not leave many more than 300 soldiers with him in action, as the main forces had not come up. After the commencement of the war the officers of the army, the Indians and the loyal militia all volunteered their ... the few laggards into the ranks. ... thought it hard and unreasonable that they should bear all the burden and dangers of the war, and numbers of the ... were engaged in bringing forward the disaffected. Some 40 men of Col. Graham's regiment refused to turn out in the neighborhood of Whitchurch township and retired into the wilderness, and the whole regiment volunteered to go and ... them in, an offer Col. Graham ... probably feeling that such ... better in the woods.

The result of the war was practically that the disloyal minority were driven out, and the apathetic, ... and serving the country, soon became enthusiastic in the cause. Three years of war welded out the bad elements and united the Canadians into a loyal and patriotic people. It also stopped the Yankee emigration, and afterwards the country was filled with loyal English, Irish and Scotch, who felt sure that they might retain their allegiance and remain under their flag.

Canada can never be called upon to face such dangers and difficulties. It seems impossible that the ... could ever again be anything like ... against us, yet there are too many ... of Canada born upon her soil and ... many other men loyal to their sovereign ... the land of their adoption for a ... strangers ... be able to seriously endanger ... national life.

"THE GHOST EXPRESS."

The Latest Sensation in Railroading.

The superiority of the accommodations generally provided by railways for the Canadian and American travelling public is frequently commented upon by European visitors. It is to be remembered, too, that the comparisons usually made on this score are with the first-class passenger service of foreign countries, neglecting entirely the third and fourth class passenger cars, which carry three-fourths of the passengers, as with us substantially all the travel is what is known as first-class. In most foreign countries it is never possible to be oblivious of the numerous class distinctions among the people, and the corresponding variations in the service are very conspicuous.

A notable new train of Pullman cars has just been put into service, and which has been styled by the railway men the "ghost train," because it is composed throughout of cars which are exteriorly of a creamy white. The lettering and outside decoration is done in gold, and the cars present a striking contrast with the cars of all other trains on the road. This train leaves New York for Boston at 3 o'clock every afternoon, except Sunday, over the consolidated road of the New York and New Haven and New York and New England lines, arriving in Boston at 9 P. M. A similar train, made up exclusively of the same style of cars, leaves Boston at 3 o'clock every afternoon, arriving in New York at 9 P. M. As the distance between the two places, by the route traveled, is only 237 miles, it will be seen that no special effort is made to attain a high speed, the rate of travel being a little under thirty-eight miles an hour, including stoppages, but for the clock-like regularity and comfort the service leaves nothing to be desired.

These cars have paper wheels, which is said to contribute to their easy running, and are brilliantly lighted by gas at night, their platforms also having special burners. The gas supply is carried in cylinders nine feet long under each car. No bell cords are employed, but each car has a conductor's signal connecting with the engine, there being just over the door a short lever working in a pipe connecting with a rubber hose under the car supplied with compressed air, whereby a whistle may be blown in the engine cab. Near this lever is another lever by means of which the conductor or any passenger can open a valve to operate the air brakes for stopping the train. The cars are at present fitted with the Baker heaters. Each train has a combination car, regular passenger coaches, and drawing room cars, there being thirteen in all of these specially built cars provided for the daily make-up of the two trains. The combination car has a small portion of its forward end adapted for a baggage room, the remainder being fitted up for a smoking room, with upholstered willow chairs, a rich carpet on the floor, and the windows fitted with silk shades and draperies. The drawing room cars have each twenty revolving chairs and six reclining chairs, and all modern conveniences to promote comfort in traveling are provided. The cars cost about $8,500 each.

Religious disorders have been stirred up at Benares, India, by the local authorities commencing to demolish the temple in order to furnish a site for a new waterworks plant.

Several thousand of the poorest Jewish families will emigrate from Western Russia and Russian Poland in May, the destination of most of them being the Argentine, Republic.

LATE CABLE NEWS

The British Parliament to Dissolve in a Few Weeks—Parnell and Ireland—Grief of Germany Over Moltke's Death.

LONDON, April 25.—Suddenly out of a sky which, if not wholly clear, looked most inoffensively dull and hazy, has descended political bolt of the first magnitude. The two big English parties have been so unevenly matched during the present Parliament, at least numerically, that their prolonged sparring and backing for position against another lie and death grapple had palled on popular curiosity even before Mr. Parnell's treason had further depleted the Gladstonian ranks. Since that event the Liberals themselves had grown negligent, and they confess themselves now to have been taken by surprise. Apparently the Government is going to dissolve within the next month or six weeks and go to the country on a cry of free education.

I hear to-day that Mr. Gladstone is in great spirits over the prospect of an early dissolution and is both eager for the fight and confident of the result. Whether the contest comes or is postponed till next year the remainder of the Parliamentary session, which, in an ordinary course, would stretch into August, will be full of striking episodes and important debates.

I have spent the last two weeks in Ireland, covering a good deal of ground in Leinster and Munster, and taking the situation over at first hand with scores of representative persons, priests, merchants, professional men, and landlords. There are just two towns in Ireland where Mr. Parnell has probably a majority following. One is Dublin, where the *Freeman's Journal* has exerted tremendous influence in his favor, and the other side has since been unable to get an intelligent hearing. The other is Thurles, where Mr. Parnell is to speak on his way to Clonmel. The secret of the Thurles attitude is as curious as it is characteristic. Archbishop Croke lives there, and, as Mr. Parnell's most powerful opponent among Irishmen generally, it might be expected to exert paramount influence in the town. The fact is just the reverse. His Grace is a Cork man, and through all the years of his episcopal residence has had all his groceries and other provisions brought daily by railway from Cork. This has made every merchant in Thurles his enemy, and the town at large reflects this sentiment.

On the Continent everything is momentarily overshadowed by the death of Count von Moltke. Death came with absolute painlessness, just as one would have preferred the grand old figure should depart from among men, and in a restful evening after a busy day. Apparently there had been no warning, but it is found that the venerable soldier's work was all done, and his accounts were in order. His position is ideally secure in the hearts of his countrymen.

It is impossible to describe to you the sweetness and purity of affection with which, during these last few days, this son of the first year of the century has come to be regarded all over Germany. It became greatly heightened and strengthened, of course, by the necessary contrast between his simple, knightly, loyal behavior to the young Kaiser, the old sovereign's grandson, and Bismarck's froward, stupid behavior. Moltke never really liked Bismarck. He had no sympathy with the Chancellor's splenetic egotism, which led him to regard himself as more important even than the empire and openly to use all the powers of the Government to hunt down and persecute every German who dared to criticise him or his acts.

ESKIMO PUNISHMENTS.

Fines, Floggings, and Banishments Are the Means Usually Adopted.

According to the census of 1880 there were 10,221 Eskimos scattered in 1880 settlements from Cape Farewell to Upernavik. For the purposes of government the country is divided into two sections, called the North Inspectorate and the South Inspectorate, each of which has a governor called the inspector, who is responsible only to the colonial department at Copenhagen. The North Inspectorate is divided into seven districts, Upernavik, Umanak, Godhavn, Ritenbenk, Jacobshavn, Christianshaab, and Egedesminde; the South Inspectorate are five districts, Holsteinsborg, Sukkertoppen, Godthaab, Frederikshaab, and Julianehaab.

Each district has a colony governor responsible to the inspector, with every little settlement within the district has its resident government agent, who is responsible to the district governor.

The Eskimos are a peaceful race, with the hearts of children, and good children at that. In the old days they used to kill one another under the vendetta principle; but there has long since died out. They will still steal if good opportunity offers; they will quarrel over game taken; they will commit adultery; they will sell furs to other than government agents if the market happens to them properly. For these deeds the governor, after judicial investigation, may punish the men by fines up to about $12 by tying them to the flagstaff in front of his house while the flag of the nation floats above and flogging them, the number of blows being limited. A woman who is proven to be clearly guilty in a case of adultery has her hair cut off.

Couldn't Help But Admire Him.

An enraged man went into a butcher shop kept by a negro. "You old hound!" exclaimed the man, "I have a good notion to kill you."

"Why, what fur, cap'ne?"

"What for? You good for nothing scoundrel, that beef you sold me yesterday was from a cow that died."

"Now, jest lis'sin ter dat white man's talk. De cow didn't do no sich of a thing."

"But I heard a man say that he saw her drop down in your lot."

"Wall, I do 'clar ter goodness. Ain't folks got nothin' ter do 'cep' go er bout talkin' erbout dar neighbor's cattle? Uster be dat dat talked erbout folks an' now da has gun ter talk erbout de cattle. Do beat any country eber lived in since de day I wuz borned."

"But I tell you this man saw the cow drop dead in your lot. How do you account for that?"

"Why, de cow did drap caze she was knocked in de head."

"But the man says that there was no one near her when she fell. How about that?"

"Now, lemme tell you. Dat was de wildes' cow I eber seed in my life. W'y, sah, she didn' want ter do nothin' but run all de time. And the udder day she had er notion she was runnin' fit on 'er an' de fust thing she knowed, ker-blip, she run er gin de end o' a rail. De rail hit her 'zackly 'tween de eyes an' killed her in er minit. I hated it mighty, too fur she wuz de fines' stock ah I wuz gwine ter keep her. W'y, sah, you oughter be 'gratulatin' yo'se'f dat you got some o' dat fine meat 'stead o' comin' roun' yere tryin' ter raise er row wid er man dat is tryin' ter ack squar wid eberbody, an' I've got de rheumatiz so bad right now dat I doan hardly know whut ter do an' de doctor he done tole me dat lessen I wuz keerful I wa'n't gwine live but er mighty short time, an' my folks all sick an' dun buried my wife yisterday an' my son hatter be set up wid all night an' daughter dun married er man dat beats her like she wuz a dog. I doan think I gwine live long caze de Lawd He sorter whisperin' ter me dat my time dun almos' come."

The white man looked steadily at the negro for a moment and then said: "I ought to knock your head off, but you are so complete a rascal and so thrilling a liar that I cannot help admiring you."

To Creep From Russia to Paris.

A Paris telegram says: "The prevailing fashion of making extraordinary journeys on foot, which was first introduced in Paris by Lieutenant Winter, gains every day an additional adherent. The *Figaro* has announced the somewhat incredible information that a Russian officer intended to proceed from the Russian frontier to Paris on all fours and to return in the same manner. A glazier from the village of Figarieres is now said to have made a wager of 300 francs that he will walk backwards from Marseilles to Paris on foot in order to salute the ashes of Napoleon I. Should he fail, M. Cartagne—for such is the name of the eccentric glazier—offers to present 300 francs to the museum of rare medals at St. Helena. M. Sylvain Dornon, the Landais baker, who is on his way to Moscow on stilts, reached Herzberg on Saturday. He complains of having met with serious difficulties in the Herz Mountains, being covered with deep snow.

Some people," said a clever observer, speaking of an over-sensitive friend the other day, "leave their feelings lying around for other people to step on."