The Common Lot.

It is a common tale, a woman's lot, To waste on one the wishes of her soul, Who takes the wealth she gives him, but can-

Repay the interest-and much less the whole

As I look up into your eyes, and wait For some response to my fond gaze and touch, It seems to me there is no sadder fate Than to be doomed to loving over much.

Are you not kind? ah yes, so very kind, So thoughtful of my comfort, and so true, Yes, yes, dear heart, but I, not being blind, Know that I am not loved as I love you.

And oftentimes you think me childish, weok, When, at some idle word, the tears will start

You cannot understand how aught you speak, Has power to stir the depths of my poor heart.

One tender word a little longer kiss, Will fill my soul with music and with song, And if you seem abstracted, or I miss The heart-tune from your voice my world goes wrong.

I cannot help it, dear; I wish I could, Or feign indifference where I now adore For if I seemed to love you less you would, Man like, I have no doubt, love me the more

Tis a sad gift—that much applauded thing A constant heart. For fact doth daily prove That constancy finds but a cruel sting. And fickle natures win the truest love.

ELLA WHEELER.

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby, " Airy Fairy Lilian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII-CONTINUED.

Mr. Hastings, still adoring, scrambles on by my side, panting and puffing with the might of the too solid flesh nature has bestowed upon him and the wraps he is compelled to carry. Mr. Carrington, Dora and Miss Hastings are close behind : Billy straggles somewhere in the distance Roland and pretty Lenah follow more to the left.

Just as we reach the road Mr. Carrington

speaks, and colors a little as he does so. "Miss Phyllis, I think I had once heard you say you had had never sat on the front of a drag; will you take it now? Miss Vernon agrees with me it is a good chance for you to see if you would like it."

How good of him to remember that foolish speech of mine, when I know he is longing

for Dora's society ! "Oh ! thank you," I say, flushing ; "it is very kind of you to think of it ; but Dora likes it too, and I can assure you I was quite happy. I enjoyed myself immensely when

coming." "Oh ! in that case----" returns Mr. Carrington, coldly, half turning away. "Not but that I would like it," I go on,

encouraged by a smile from Dora, who can now afford to be magnanimous, having been made much of and singled out by the potentate during the entire day, "if you are sure (to Mr. Carrington) you wish it." "Come," says he, with a pleased smile, and soon 1 find myself in the coveted posi-

tion, our landlord in excellent temper beside

me. The herees, tired of standing, show a good deal of friskiness at the set-off, and claim their driver's undivided attention, so that we have covered at least half a mile of the road before he speaks to me. Then, stoop-ing to tuck the rug more closely round me (the evenings have grown very chilly) he whispers, with a smile :

"Are you quite sure you would rather be here with me than at the back with that fat boy.'"

"Quite positive," I answer, with an em phatic nod. "I was only afraid you would have preferred—you would regret—you would have liked to return as you came, wind up, desperately.

He stares at me curiously for a moment, almost with suspicion, as it seems to me, in the gathering twilight.

"At this moment, believe me, I have no grets, no troubles," he says at length.

My stupidity slightly discomfits my com

panion. "I only hoped you meant you-you would "You shall have the four-in-hand any day you wish, Phyllis, as it pleases you sould be the physical transmitted as a construction of the physical sectors and the the physical sectors and the the physical sectors and the physical sectors are physical sectors and the physical sectors are physical sectors and the physical sectors and the physical sectors are physical sectors and the physical sectors and the physical sectors are physica remember that. Just name a day whenever you choose, and I shall only be too happy to drive you.

What a brother in-law he will make! My heart throbs with delight. This day, then, is to be one of a series. I feel a wild desire to get near Billy, to give him a squeeze in the exuberance of my joy, but in default of him can only look my gratitude by smiling rapturously into Mr. Carrington's dark-blue

eyes. "It is awfully good of you," I say, warmly; "you don't know how much we enjoy it. We have always been so stupid, so tied down, any unexpected amusement like this seems almost too good to be true. But" with hesitation and a blush-"we had better not go too often. You se?, papa, is a little odd at times, and he might forbid it

altogether if we appear too anxious for it. Perhaps, in a fortnight, if you would take us again---will you ? Or would that be too often. "Phyllis, can't you understand how much

I wish to be with you?" His tone is almost impatient, and he speaks with unnecessary haste. I conclude he is referring to pretty Dora, who sits behind, and is making mild running with Mr. Hastings.

you know," I say confidentially, "I " Do am so glad you have come to live down here. Before, we had literally nothing to think about, now you are always turning up, and even that is something. Actually, it seems to us, papa appears more lively since your arrival, he don't look so gloomy or prowl about after us so much. And then this drive—we would never had the chance of such a thing but for you. It is an immense

comfort to know you are going to stay here altogether. "Isit? Phyllis, look at me." I look at him. "Now tell me this; if any other fel-"-" a I am had come to Strangemore, and had taken you for drives and that, would you have been as glad to know him?

Would you have liked him as well as me? He is regarding me very earnestly, his lips are slightly compressed. Evidently, he expects me to say something; but alas ! I don't know what. I feel horribly puzzled

and hesitate. "Go on ; answer me," he says, eagerly. "I don't know, I never thought about "I murmur, somewhat troubled. "It is

it," I murmur, somewhat troubled. "It is such an odd question. You see, if he had come in your place I would not then have known you, and if he had been so kind-yes, I suppose I would have liked him just as well," I conclude, quickly. 'I conclude, quickly.

Of course I have said the wrong thing, The moment my speech is finished I know Mr. Carrington's eyes leave mine ; he this. mutters something between his teeth, and brings the whip down sharply on the far leader.

"These brutes grow lazier every day,"

he says with an unmistakable frown. Five—six minutes pass, and he does not address me. I feel annoyed with myself, yet innocent of having intentionally offended. Presently stealing a glance at my companion, I say contritely "Have I vexed you, Mr. Carrington ?"

"No, no," he answers, hastily, the smile coming home to his lips. "Don't think so.

Surely truthfulness, being so rare a virtue, should be precious. I am an irritable fel-low at times, and you are find ng out all my faults to-night," he says rather sadly, laying his hand for an instant upon mine, as it lies bare and small and brown npon the rug. "You have proved me both ill-tem-pered and selfish. You will say I am full of defects." "Indeed I will not," I return, carnestly,

touched by his manner ; "I do not even see the faults you mention; and at all events no one was ever before so kind to me as you have been."

"Heard? Nothing. I would not have believed it if I had heard it. I saw it with my own eyes. An hour ago I put on my things and went out for a walk, intending to

go down by the river; but just as I came to the shrubberies, and while I was yet hidden from view, I saw Mr. Carrington and that horrid dog of his standing on the bank just below me. I hesitated for a moment about going forward. I didn't quite like," says Dora, modestly, "to force myself upon him for what would look so like a *tete-a-tete*; and while I waited, unable to make up my mind, he"—a sob—"took out of his waist-coat a large gold lookst and opened it on d" coat a large gold locket and opened it, and" --a second heavy sob---"and after gazing at it for a long time, as though he were going to eat it"—a final sob, and an inclination to-wards choking—" he stooped and kissed it. And, oh ! of course it was some odious woman's hair or picture or something," cries Dora, breaking down altogether, and sinkcries ing with rather less than her usual grace into the withered arm-chair that adorns the corner of our room.

A terrible suspicion, followed by as awful a sense of conviction springs to life withip me. The word "picture" has struck an icy chill to my heart. Can it by any possibility be my photograph he has been so idiotically and publicly 'embracing? Am I the fell betrayer of my sister's happiness ?

A moment later I almost smile at my own fears. Is it likely any man, more especially one who has seen so much of the world as Mr. Carrington, would find anything worth kissing in my insignificant countenance? I find unlimited consolation in this reflection, that at another time would have caused me serious uncasiness.

Meantime Dora is still giving signs of poignant anguish, and I look at her appre-heusively, while pondering on what will be the most sympathetic thing to say or do under the circumstances.

Her nose is growing faintly pink, large tears are standing in her eyes, her head inclines a little—a very little—to one side

Now, when I cry I do it with all my heart. The tears fall like rain ; for the time being I abandon myself altogether to my grief and a perfect deluge is the consequence. Once I have wept my fill, however, 1 recover almost instantaneously, feeling as tresha young grass after a shower. Not so with Dora. When she is afflicted

the tears come one by one, slowly, decorous ly sailing down her face; each drop waits politely until the previous one has cleared off the premises before presuming to follow in its channel. She never sniffs or gurgles or makes unpleasant noises in her throat ; indeed, the entire performance-though perhaps monotonous after the first-is fascinating and ladylike in the extreme. In spite of the qualms of conscience that are still faintly pricking me, as I sit mutely opposite my suffering sister, 1 find myself reckoning each salt drop as it rolls slowly down her check. Just as I get to the forty-ninth, Doraspeaks again :

"If he really is in love with somebody else—and I can hardly doubt it after what I have seen—I think he has behaved very dishonorably to me," she says, in a quavering tone.

'How so ?" I stammer, hardly knowing

what to say. "How so ?" with mild reproof. "Why. what has he meant by coming here day after day, and sitting for hours in the drawing room, and bringing flowers and game, unless he has some intentions with regard to me? Only that you are so dull, Phyllis, you would not require me to say all this."

would not require me to say all this." "It certainly looks very strange," I ac-knowledge. "But perhaps, after all, Dora, you are misjudging him. Perhaps it was his sister's—Lady Handcock's—hair he was kissing.

"Nonsense !" says Dora, sharply; "Don't be absurd. Did you ever hear of any brother wasting so much affection upon a sister ? Do you suppose Billy or Roland would keep your face or hair in a locket to kiss and embrace in private ?'

I certainly cannot flatter myself that they would, so give up this line of argument. · Pa

half of his allowance of that nutritious fluid still remains upon his plate. His going now means his being dinnerless for this day at least. A lump rises in my throat and my face flushes. For the moment I feel that 1 have Dora and papa and my own soup, and, leaning back in m_f chair, suffer it to follow Billy's

I am almost on the verge of tears, when, happening to glance upwards, my eyes fall upon Roly's expressive countenance. In his right eye is screwed the most enormouts butcher's penny I ever beheld; his nose is drawn altogether to one side in a frantic endeavor to maintain it in its precarious position; his mouth likewise; his left orb is

firmly fixed upon our paternal parent. I instantly become hysterical. An awful fear that I am going to break into wild laughter seizes hold of me. I grow cold with fright, and actually gasp with fear, when mother (who always knows by instinct, dear heart, when we are on the brink of disgrace) brings her foot heavily down on mine, and happily turns the current of my thoughts. She checks me just in time; I wince, and, withdrawing my fascinated gaze from Roly's penny, fix my attention on the table-cloth, while she turns an agonized look of entreaty upon her eldest hope ; but, as his only avail-able eye is warily bent on papa, nothing comes of it.

There is an unaccountable delay after the soup has been removed. Can Billy have been adding to his evil doing by any fresh mis-conduct? This idea is paramount with me as I sit staring at the house-linen, though all the time in my brain I see Ro-land's copper regarding me with gloomy attention.

The silence is becoming positively awful, when papa suddenly raises his head from the contemplation of his nails, and Roland sweeping the penny from his eye with graceful ease, utters a languid sigh, and says, mildly : ""Shall we say Grace ?"

"What is the meaning of this delay?" demands papa, exploding for the second time. "Are we to sit here all night? Tell cook if this occurs again she can leave. Three-quarters of an hour between soup and fish is more than I will put up with If there is no more dinner let her say so.'

"Perhaps Mrs. Tully is indisposed," says Roly, politely, addressing James, "If so we ought to make allowances for her." Mrs. Tully's admiration for "Old Tom" being a well-known fact to every one in the house except papa.

"Be silent, Roland : I will have no interference where my servants are concerned." declares papa; and exit James, with his hand to his mouth, to return presently with a very red face and the roast mutton.

"Where's the fish ?" asks papa, in a terrific tone. "It didn't arrive in time, sir."

"Who has the ordering of dinner in this house?" inquires papa, addressing us all generally, as though ignorant of the fact of mother's having done so without a break for the last twenty-six years. "Nobody, I pre-sume, by the manner in which it is served. Now, remember, James, I give strict orders that no more fish is ever taken from that fishmonger. Do you hear ?" "Yes, sir." And at length we all get some

roast mutton.

It seems to me that dinner will never come to an end; and yet, to watch me, I feel sure that no stranger would ever guess at my impatience. Experience has taught me that any attempt to hurry will betray me, and produce an order calculated to pre-vent my seeing Billy for the entire evening. I therefore smother my feelings, break my walnuts, and get through my claret with a with a great show of coolness. Claret is a thing I detest; but it pleases papa to form our tastes, which means condemning us to eat and drink such things as are nauseous and strictly distasteful to us.

At length, however, the welcome word is spoken, and we rise from the table. Once outside the door, I fly to the cook, and having obtained such delicacies as are procur-able, rush up-stairs, and enter Billy's room -to find him seated at the farthest end, the deepest look of dejection upon his features.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Partnership.

A little girl addressos the mothor of her pet kliten You need not be looking around at me so: She's my kitten, as much as your kitten, you And I'll take her wherever I wish her to go!

You know very well that, the day she was found,
If I hadn't cried, she'd have surely been drowned,
And you ought to be thankful she's here safe and sound !

She is only crying because she's a goose : I'm not squeezing her--look, now !--my hands are quite loose : And she may as well hush, for it's not any use

And you may as well get right down and go way; You're not in the thing we are going to play, And, remember, it isn't your half of the day.

You're forgetting the bargain we made-and so

soon ! In the morning she's mine, and yours all after-

And you couldn't teach her to eat with a spoon.

So don't let me hear you give one single mew. Do you know what will happen, right off, if you do? She'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons too!

Margaret Vandegrift, in St. Nicholas for February, 1882.

How a Little Girl Suggested the Invention of the Telescope. Some of the most important discoveries

have been made accidentally; and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combin-ation or material for carrying out a pet idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago, there was living in the town of Middleburg, on the Island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in varworking ious ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his workbench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed •

"Oh, Papa ! see how near the steeple comes!

Half-startled by this announcement, the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amaze-Turning toward her, he saw that she ment. was ooking through two lenses, one held close ;to her eye, and the other at arm's length and, calling his daughter to his side, he noticed that the eye-lens was plano-concave (or flat on one side and hollowed out on the other), while the one held at a distance was plano-convex (or flat on one side and bulging on the other.) Then, taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at their exact focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit and skilled invention saw in this accident a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses, and ere long he hadfastened a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses firmly at their exact focus.

This rough tube was the germ of that great instrument the telescope, to which modern science owes so much. And it was on October 22, 1608, that Lippersheim sent to his government three telescopes made by himself, calling them "instruments by means of which to see at a distance." Not long afterwards another man, Jacob

Adriansz, or Metius, of Alkmaar, a town about twenty miles from Amsterdam, claimed to have discovered the principle of the telescope two years earlier than Hans Lippersheim; and it is generally acknowledged that to one of these two men belongs the honor of inventing the instrument. But it seems certain that Hans Lippersheim had never known nor heard of the discovery made by Adriansz, and so, if Adriansz had not lived we still should owe to Hans Lippersheim's quick wit, and his little daught-er's lucky meddling, one of the most valuable and wonderful of human inventions. -----

quietly. "Can you say the same? Did Hastings' eloquence make no impression? I couldn't hear what particular line he was taking, but he looked unutterable things. Once or twice I thought he was going to weep. The melting mood would just suit a person of his admirable dimensions

"He was very kind," I return, coldly, "and I don't wish to hear him spoken of in a slighting manner. He is so attentive and good natured ; he carried all those wraps without a murmur, though I'm sure he didn't like it, because his face got as red and hehe lost his breath so dreadfully as we came along. None of the others overburdened themselves, and you, I particularly noticed, carried nothing.

"I'm a selfish beast, I know," says Mr. Carrington, composedly, "and have always had a rooted objection to carrying anything, except, perhaps, a gun, and there is no get-ting out of that. There are so many disagreeable burdens in this life that must be borne, and it seems to me weak minded voluntarily to add them. Don't scold me any more. Phyllis; I want to be happy while I can."

"Then don't abuse poor Mr. Hastings. "Surely it isn't abuse to say a man is fat when he weighs twenty stone.

"It is impossible he can weigh more than fourteen," I exclaim, indignantly. "Well, even this is substantial," returns

he, with a provoking air. Suddenly he laughs.

"Don't let us quarrel about Hastings," he says, looking down at me; "I will make any concessions you like, rather than that. I will say he is slim, refined, a very skele-ton, if you wish it, only take that little pucker off your forehead ; it was never

meant to wear a frown. Now tell me if you have enjoyed your day." "Oh, so much !" I say, with a sigh for the delights that are dead and gone. "You see we have never heen acceustomed to any-thing but—but——" I cannot bring myself to mention the disremutable fossil that lies to mention the disreputable fossil that lies in the coach-house at home, so substitute the words "one horse; and now to find one's solf behind four, with such a good height between one's self and the ground, is simply bliss. I would like to drive like this forever

"May I take that as a compliment?"

"A compliment ?"

¹⁴ I would be kinder if I dared," he says somewhat unsteadily.

While I ponder on what these words may mean, while the first dim foreboding-suspicion-what you will-enters my mind wereach Rylston, and pull up to give the Hastings time to alight and bid their adieux. Then we go on again, always in the strange silence that has fallen upon us, and presently find ourselves at home.

Mr. Carrington is on the ground in a moment, and comes round to my side to help me down. I hold out my hands and prepare for a good spring (a clear jump at any time is delightful to me); but he disappoints my hopes by taking me in his arms and placing me gently on the gravel; after which he goes instantly to Dora.

When we are all safely landed, papa, to our unmitigated astonishment, comes forward, and presses Mr. Carrington to stay and dine. Perhaps, considering he has four horses and two grooms in his train our father guesses he will refuse the invitation. At all events he does so graciously, and, raising his hat, drives off, leaving us free to surround and relate to mother all the glories of the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

The following Monday, as I sit reading in the small parlor we dare to call our own, I am startled by Dora's abrupt entrance. Her out-door garments are on her; her whole appearance is full of woe : suspicious circles surround her eyes. I rise fearfully and hasten toward her. Surely if anything worthy of condemnation has occurred it is impossible but I must have a prominent part in it. Has the irreproachable Dora committed a crime? Is she in disgrace with our domestic tyrant?

"Dora, what has happened?" I ask, breathlessly.

"Oh, nothing," returns Dora, reckless misery in her tone; 'nothing to signify; only—Billy was right—I am quite positive he never cared for me-has not the slightest intention of proposing to me." "What? who?" I demand in my charm-

ing definite way. "Who?" with impatient reproach. "Who

is there in this miserable forgotten spot to propose to any one, except Mr. Carring-

ton?" "What have you heard, Dora?" I ask, light breaking in upon my obscurity.

aps the person, whoever she is is

dead," I suggest more brilliantly. "No. He smiled at it quite brightly, as one would never smile at a dead face. He bie would it it as if he *adored* it," murmurs Dora, hopelessly, and the fiftieth drop splashes into her lap. "I shall tell papa," she goes on presently. "I have no idea of letting him be imagining things when there is no twith in them. I will be he here a no truth in them. I wish we had never seen Mr. Carrington ! I wish with all my heart something would occur to take him out of this place ! I feel as though I hated him," says Dora, with unusual vehemence and a rather vicious compression of the lips; "and at all events, I hope he will never mar-

ry that woman in the locket." And I answer, "so do I," with a rather suspicious haste, as in duty bound.

CHAPTER IX.

It is the evening of the same day, and we were all seated in our accustomed places at the dinner-table ; all, that is, except papa It is such an unusual thing for him to be absent, once a bell was sounded summoning us to meals, that we are busy wondering what can be the matter, when the door is flung violently open, and he enters. It becomes instantly palpable to every one of us, that, in the words of the old song, "sullen glooms his brow;" Billy alone, with his usual obtuseness, remaining dangerously unconscious of this fact.

Papa sits down in a snapping fashion and commenecs the helping process in silence. Mamma never sits at the head of her table except on those rare and unpleasant occasions when the neighbors are asked to dine. Not a word is spoken ; deadly quiet reigns, and all is going on smoothly enough, until Billy, unhappily raising his head, sees Dora's crimson lids. "Why Dora," he exclaims, instantly, in

a loud and jovial tone, "what on earth is the matter with you? Your eyes are as red as fire."

Down goes Dora's spoon, up comes Dora's handkerchief to her face, and a stifled sob conveys the remainder of her feelings. It is the last straw. "William !" cries my father in a voice of

thunder, "go to your room." And William does as he is bid.

The brown gravy soup has not yet been removed; and, Billy being our youngest, and consequently the last helped, more than

eyes meet this gloom vanishes. giving place to an expression of intense relief.

"Oh," he says, "I thought you were Dora.'

"No. I could not come sooner, as papa fought over every course. But I have brought you your dinner now, Billy. You must be

"I had it long ago," says Billy, drawing a potato from his pocket and a plate from under the dressing-table, on which mutton is distinctly visible. I feel rather disappointed.

"Who brought it to you?" I ask; but before I can receive a reply a heavy step upon the stairs strikes terror to our hearts.

hearts. Instantly Billy's dinner goes under the table again, and the dejected depression re-turns to his face. But I—what am I to do? Under the bed I dive, plate and all—thrusting the plate on before me-and am almost Eafe, when I tip over a bit of rolled carpet and plunge forward, bringing both hands into the gravy. In this interesting position remain, trembling, and afraid to stir or breathe, with my eyes directed through a small hole in the valance.

The door opens noisily, and—enter Roly with a cane in hand and a ferocious gleam in

"Oh, Roly !" I gasp, scrambling out of my hiding-place, "what a fright you gave us ! We were sure it was papa." "Where on earth have you come from ?"

asked Roly, gazing with undisguised amaze-ment at the figure I present. "And don't come any nearer—' paws off, Pompey'— what is the matter with your hands?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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PRESS GAGGING .-- Fifteen editors were summoned before the Vienna police authorities on Tuesday, and informed that the publication of any intelligence regarding the movement of troops, war material, &c., is forbidden. Prince Nikita has refused Austria's demand for the extradition of refugee insurgents, affirming that the present spirit of his people renders such surrender impossible, and declaring that the Herzegovinians are not Austrian subjects.

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM HEWIT has been appointed to the command of the East India Station, and will shortly leave to join his flagship, "Earyalus."

Artificial Fort Wine.

Dr. Collenette, a Jersey physician of temperance principles, lately gave a lecture on the "Manufacture of Old Crusted Port." One of the audience was requested to purhase from a local wine merchant of repute a bottle of port, for which he paid six shillings. This, with cobwebs, etc., was de-posited on the lecturer's table. Dr. Collenette shen stated he would, in the course of a few minutes, produce a similar article at the cost of *hve farthings*. A judge-a gentle-man said to be well qualified-was then elected by the meeting. A committee was chos-en to come on to the platform and witness the operation; this consisted of weighing out ingredients. The basis of the composition was eider; bullock's blood was used for a rich tawny color, tartaric acid to give age, cream of tartar mixed with gum water was smeared on the inside of the bottle and gave a beautiful crust. Outside, cobwebs with dust and whitewash were applied to give an ancient look, and the bottle was stoppered with a well-stained cork. The *expert* was introduced, and tasted a glass from each bottle, declaring, with a knowing wink at the audience, that the wine a la Collenette was the genuine article; the temperance audience of course applauded to the echo.

The French Financial Panic.

After mature deliberation a powerful syndicate of Paris bankers, conspicuous among whom were the Rothschilds, determined on Tuesday night to come to the relief of the embarrassed Union Generale. Stringent conditions bave been imposed at the Rothschilds' especial demand to prevent any abuse being made of the assistance given. It is probable that the Bank of Lyons et Loire will also be propped up.

A Paris correspondent says that although the disaster to the Union Generale scarcely allows a hope of its recovery, it has been shown that M. Bontoux, the manager of the bank, has been acting in perfect good faith.

An iron firm of Prague, 100 years old, and Russo, of Vienna, engaged in the Turkish export trade, have failed, the liabilities of the former are £60,000 and the latter £100. 000. Sixteen small failures are reported in Vienna.