

The Last Stake.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY S. R. ABBURY,
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Count Reinhard takes the box, the dice he throws,
Count Dassel only laughs for 'ow he knows
Reinhard has lost whatever he pledged,—his all,
His fertile meadows, his ancestral hall.
And at last the Count's heart will nigh break,
"Now, must I say, 'tis throw your fortune makes;
You have my house and lands and all so fair,
None can, Count Dassel, throw you compare,
I even staked the dowry of my bride.
Those noble fields that long have been my pride:
I pray thee let me see them yet this year.
The harvest reaped, I yield the lands so dear."

Count Hans von Dassel strokes his beard and cries
"You wish to grant you in knightly wise,
But Reinhard in a year mine are the fields,
Once only yours is the oak's brown fruit he sows."

Count Reinhard then his people calls straightway:
"Come, hasten all, and let us sow to-day."
Then he himself along the furrows goes
And low it is the oak's brown fruit he sows,

"Ha! roguery indeed!" Count Dassel cries,
"Is't thus that Reinhard to outwit me tries?
Ere this crop ripens age will flow,
His heirs will hold the land 'en as their own.
Reinhard! no more will I play such foolish games,
Let us pursue together nobler aims!"

And still he looks down upon the neighbouring ground
The castle with its grove of oaks around,
And still the tale is told how, o'er a game,
The Counts firm friends and noble knights became.

SENTENCED TO SIBERIA.

(CONCLUDED)

That was about the substance of the fellow's answer. His appearance seemed to bear out his statements, and I was inclined to believe him. "It's sheer nonsense," I said "for you to talk of setting off for a walk of a thousand versts, if I let you go. You might as well talk of flying. You have not the strength to walk ten. You would only fall by the roadside, you miserable scoundrel, and die in a ditch. I should be doing the kinder thing by you if I handed you over to the authorities. If I do let you go, I must give you something to eat first. Come with me."

The miserable wretch hardly believed that I really meant to feed him, and would have run away had he dared. I took him into the empty house, of which I had the key, and brought him as much food as I thought it safe for him to eat.

So there I was, with an escaped convict on my hands. Had I been more prudent I should have reflected that the fellow was most likely a hardened scoundrel, quite undeserving of pity, and that his gratitude would probably be shown either by robbing me, or if he should happen to fall into the hands of the police, by getting me into trouble to save his own worthless neck. I ought to have thought of these things; but, as I said before, I am a soft-hearted old fool, and neglected to do so.

I kept him in that empty house for several days, in fact, till he had so far recovered his strength as to be fit to go on. Nobody knew about him, not even the members of my own family, for if I was doing a foolish thing, I had sense enough to run as little risk over it as possible. Feodor Stepanovitch, for that my convict told me was his name, enlightened me on some few points of his personal history. His native village was, he said, in the government of Vladimir, and he had left it to get work in the town of Ivanova, where there are factories. Every man tries to make out a good case for himself, so I did not feel myself bound to place implicit reliance on Feodor's statement that he had never committed anything that could properly be called a crime. According to his showing, the sole source of his troubles had been a difficulty with an *ouvadnik*—a police agent. I do not exactly remember the particulars, but, of course, there was a woman in the business; blows had passed, and the *ouvadnik* had, by a false charge, procured Feodor's condemnation to Siberia for life. This, I say, was his story.

Feodor told me that his place of exile had been somewhere far up the country; and of the severities he had had to endure, and of the tyranny of officials, he spoke bitterly. After making his escape, the privations and dangers he had undergone before reaching Ekaterinburg were such as I should not have believed from his words, had they not been verified by his appearance.

For a Russian, he appeared to me to be a not uninteresting fellow, and I pointed out to him the difficulties he would find in making his way to Ivanova—a distance of not less than twelve hundred versts from Ekaterinburg, as the crow flies; and advised him, as he was used to mill-work, to stay and find employment where he was. I was weak enough to offer to help him, and see what could be done in the way of getting a passport for him. But the fellow was bent on going forward. He was resolved, he said, to see his family again, and he was resolved to see Basil Makaroff. This Makaroff was, I found, the *ouvadnik* to whom Feodor attributed his troubles, and it seemed to me that this particular hankering to see this person meant a craving to have his revenge. I confess that when I learned this much, I felt no desire to detain my friend Feodor longer than was necessary. I was glad to give him something more decent in the way of clothing than he had brought, and a trifle in money to help him on his way, and to be rid of him. I never expected to see him again, nor wished to do so; and I was somewhat startled when a few weeks later, among a gang of convicts which were being marched by a guard of soldiers out of the town on their way eastward, I recognized Stepanovitch. I was standing close by when he passed, and was so much surprised to see him, that I somewhat imprudently, perhaps, spoke to him by name. But, will you believe it?—the ungrateful dog stared me in the face, and marched sullenly by without word or sign of recognition. "So much," thought I, "for gratitude!"

Some months later, when the next summer was getting well advanced, we had one night an alarm of fire. Many of the newer mills at Ekaterinburg are of stone, but the main building of ours, being comparatively old, was of wood. It was a thing to blaze up like a box of matches. It was not, however, in the main building that the fire had broken out, but in some sheds connected with the main building by a range of shopping. This last was stone-built, but as ill luck would have it, covered with wooden shingles.

A good many people were soon got together, mostly our own hands, and I directed and encouraged them as well as I could to get the fire under. But they were a stolid, heavy set of fellows, those Russians, and the way in which they take care not to over-exert themselves at a fire is enough to drive an Englishman wild. Yet there were some few worked well, and one fellow in particular, I noticed, a ragged fellow, a beggar I took him

to be, who really worked splendidly, and in a way that ought to have made many of those whose daily bread depended on the existence of the mill ashamed of themselves. What between the apathy of those lazy scoundrels generally, and want of water, it was soon plain that the sheds which were on fire could not be saved, and that what we had to look to was the mill itself. The danger of the main building was increasing every moment, for the fire was beginning to make its way along the shingled roof of which I spoke.

I could see what had to be done—those shingles had to be stripped off. I had a ladder reared against the building, and called for volunteers to mount it. The height of that roof from the ground was considerable, and the fire every moment was getting more and more hold upon it. To strip off the shingles would be a hard job, and a hot one, and it is not to be denied, a dangerous one. Not one of those cold blooded rascals who had eaten our bread for years would come forward. I stood at the foot of the ladder, and told them I was going up myself. I offered twenty roubles—fifty roubles—to any man who would help me. But it was of no use.

Just when I was about to mount alone, the ragged stranger-fellow, whom I had before observed working so vigorously, came running up. He had been too busy in another place to know what was going forward sooner. That was scarcely a time for taking any particular notice of people's looks, yet I had an impression that he was not altogether a stranger to me.

He looked up to the roof. The delay of those few minutes had given a fearful advantage to the fire. "There is death up there," he said; "is saving this mill so very important to you?"

"If it is burned, I am a beggar. Every kopeck I am worth is in it. A hundred roubles if you will help me save it!"

"We can talk of the reward afterwards," he said, as he sprang past me and up the ladder like a cat.

I was following, too eagerly, perhaps, to be careful, and I am a heavy man. A round broke, and down I came, with a knee so much twisted that I could scarcely stand. It was no longer in my power to climb to the roof.

But from where I propped myself against a wall, I could see that ragged fellow, who was up and doing enough for three or four ordinary men. You should have seen how he sent the shingles rattling down. Seen from below, he seemed at times to be working with fire all round him, but he went on without minding it. I never saw an English man—let alone a Russian—go to it with a better will. I heard the people round me say that he worked more like a fiend than a mortal man—and so he did. He handled the burning wood as though his fingers had been iron instead of flesh and bone, and scarcely seemed to shrink from the flames that blazed up round his face. He never appeared to rest or stay for breath till he had succeeded in cutting off the communication between the fire and the mill.

I made the men below set the ladder as handily as they could for him to get down, and he did his best to reach it. But he must have been quite used up, besides being pretty much blinded and suffocated with the smoke. Anyway, he lost his footing, and down he went through the rafters, and crashed among the burning rubbish below. It was an ugly fall.

We got him out as well as we could; and such a scorched, smoke blackened, smashed-up copy of God's image I should never wish to see again. But he was still alive, and to the proposal to carry him straight to the hospital I said, "No; take him into the house." So they took him in.

After we had got the fire quite under, and made all safe about the mill, I limped to the side of the bed where they had laid the poor fellow. He had come round a bit by that time. He tried to open his eyes, but it seemed to me that the fire and smoke had not left him much power of seeing with them. He spoke, however, more distinctly than might have been expected, and his first question was whether the mill was safe.

I told him that owing to his pluck it was. I was surprised to find that he recognized my voice, and still more when he named my name. "You do not know me," he said—and, indeed, it was not likely that any one should know such a crushed and shapeless mass of cinder as he was—"You do not know me—Feodor Stepanovitch. They caught me and took me back. I knew you when you spoke to me in the street, but durst not answer, lest they should suspect you of having befriended me. I have escaped from them again, and am going home to Ivanova. I must see my wife, and that villain Makaroff."

He lay a little, and then added: "I am glad I was here to help you to-night. I am glad they did not take me again before I got here. I do not think the *politzia* will take me again."

And they did not; for he was dead within an hour of that time.

That, sir, is the end of my story of a *Siberiak*. Do you happen to have a light handy; for, somehow, I have let my pipe out! And bless me, my pipe-bowl is quite wet. I believe I'm crying. What an old ass I am!

Age of Animals.

A bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a fox, 14 or 15; lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of 70; the average of cats is 14 years; squirrels and hares 7 or 8 years; rabbits 7. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought very valiantly for the King, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Juniper, has dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found 354 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages from 20 to 25 years; camels sometimes live to the age of 100 years; stags are long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of 1000 years. Dolphins and porpoises attain the age of 30. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104. Ravens have reached the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 360 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107 years.

Microscopists have ascertained that flies are annoyed by minute insects. Has the microscope ever discovered a bald-headed fly? If so, we will call it even.

STATISTICS.

England's milk product is estimated at \$15,000,000 per annum.

If the German Anthropological Society is correct, more than one-fourth of the school children of Central Europe are pure blondes, about one-sixth are brunettes, and the rest of mixed type.

The population of London has almost exactly doubled itself in the course of forty-one years. The population of the rest of England has taken fifty-seven years to multiply in an equal degree.

The oldest book in existence of American origin is the "Doctrina Christiana," a manual of Catholicity, printed in Mexico in 1539. They were printing books in that country over one hundred years before any printing was done in New England.

The Isle of Man was purchased by the British Government from the Duke of Athol in 1765. It had come to him in 1763 by inheritance, and he received £70,000 for it. A further sum of £133,000 was paid to the Athol family in discharge of revenue in 1829.

To entertain the Emperors at their last meeting there were sent from Vienna 6500 sets of forks and spoons, 10 000 wine glasses, 300 coffee pots, 300 complete breakfast services, 150 clocks, all in going order, and the other articles in equal proportion. For a 30-hours' visit the outlay was enormous.

The amount of common salt in ocean is estimated at 3,051,342 cubic geographical miles, or about five times more than the mass of the Alps. Were all the salts in the ocean precipitated and spread out equally over the land, they would, it has been computed, cover the ground one mile deep over an area of 7,000,000 square miles, or about twice the area of Europe.

A Tennessee man finds that there are 300,000 worthless dogs in that State, which consume food enough, if fed to hogs, to make 30,000,000 pounds of bacon, which would be equal to feeding meat to 100,000 able-bodied men a whole year. At ten cents per pound the bacon would be worth \$3,000,000, and if in silver would load down ninety-four 2-horse waggons, and make a wagon train more than half a mile long. He has not figured on the cost of powder, strychnine, etc. necessary to remove said worthless dogs.

At the present moment the canal has been commenced along its whole length of 73 kilometres. Naturally the works are at some places more advanced than at others; but increasing activity prevails everywhere. Some idea of what is being done may be formed from the fact that there are over 20,000 navvies at work on the canal, and that on the 73 kilometres along which the works extend there exist as many as 200 kilometres of rails and 6000 trucks of all sorts used in the excavation works.

The irrigation works of Colorado are on a great scale. The "Grand River Ditch" in Western Colorado, at the beginning is thirty-five feet wide at bottom, fifty feet wide at the top, five feet deep for the first ten miles, then diminishing until the last two and a half miles are sixteen feet wide at the bottom, with three feet depth of water. The grade is a little over twenty-two inches to the mile, which gives a strong current. One company engaged in the irrigating business has constructed over 100 miles of canals in the Rio Grande Valley at a cost of \$750,000.

Stories of Lawyers.

Gen. Barnes told a story about a lawyer the other night which is a legal lunch class, but which derived a great deal of novelty from a singularly humorous description of the hero. He said this lawyer was rather given to the bottle, and, indeed, he was in the habit of going on protracted sprees. A great many lawyers do. I know lawyers who go on a spree when they win a case, and they go on a spree when they lose a case; and I have known some to go on a spree every time they got a fee, never knowing how long it might be before he got another. But there is something rather novel and original about the proclivities of Gen. Barnes' hero. He never knew when he started on a spree where it would end. It always began in San Francisco, but he very often sobered up in Virginia, Nev., or Milltipas, or New Mexico, or somewhere miles from home. He was always prepared for it, however, and whenever he sobered up he immediately hung out his shingle and started practicing for enough money to take him back to San Francisco, which he always reached ultimately.

The story is worth repeating, says the San Francisco Chronicle: He got on a "bust" once, and when he came to the end of his tether he found himself sobering up in Carson. Having but one suit of raiment, he hung up his shingle outside the door of his room in the hotel and went to bed while his costume was being renewed for wear. He was in the depths of slumber when a knock aroused him. He requested the knocker to enter, and a Carson man, in somewhat rough attire, walked in.

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Yes," he answered, from the pillow.

"I've got a case for you."

He sat up in bed, drew the bedclothes around him in an instant, and assumed an interested air.

"State your case."

"Well, you see I rented a field for grazing from a man. I put a horse on it and the horse died."

"Indeed! Well?"

"Well! Hain't I got a case against that man?"

"Unquestionably. But, tell me, what did the horse die of?"

"You see, a rattlesnake bit him and he died."

"Ahem!"

"Can't I sue the man for the value of the horse? He hadn't any business to go and rent me a field with rattlesnakes in it, had he?"

"You're right, sir, perfectly right. Do you want me to take up the case?"

"Yes, of course."

"Ahem! What—what amount—what fee do you propose to offer?"

"Well, I haven't got any money. I'll give you—I'll give you half the value of the horse."

"Very good. What, may I ask—what do you consider is the value of the beast?"

"It was't very young. It had been kicked by a mule and the gophers had nibbled at it, and it had fallen down a shaft, and it had been fifteen or sixteen years drawing quartz from a mill. Well, it wasn't—well, I should say it was worth about \$9."

The lawyer gently lay down in bed and pre-

pared to go to sleep. He gave one last look at the client.

"Good morning. I am engaged for the snake."

A well known lawyer in town had once a case which developed immense importance for a man who is now a millionaire, but was at that time poor. This was a suit brought against him about a piece of land under the Van Ness ordinance. The defendant had engaged to give the lawyer one-third of the property as a fee, contingent. In the District Court the case went for the plaintiff, but on appeal the decision was reversed and the defendant won. The lawyer took his third. A few days after the decision the client came in, looking troubled.

"Look here, that fellow's sued me again about that land."

"On what grounds?"

"An alcalde grant or something; I don't know. I want you to defend me."

"All right."

"Yes, but I don't want to put up any money. How much will you take?"

"One-third."

"One-third?" yelled the client; "Go many; another suit cleans me out."

Alpine Guides.

Once there were but few guides, but those few were good guides. Now, apart from the good men, there has sprung up a class of guides, so called, which is far from being composed of the conscientious and competent leaders who showed the way of old to victory. These new guides will undertake to conduct any man, woman, or child up anything. The old guides would not work with a man upon a dangerous peak unless they knew that the applicant for their services could go and climb, that he would not become dizzy, that he would not break down or slip. To-day a stranger may be waylaid by unskilled guides, who will try to induce him to attempt the most difficult things, the things of most renown. They can alling the stranger up bad places; if they fail they fail, but then they try for the full fare, and not infrequently they expose their victim to an amount of danger which he is happily unable adequately to estimate. The great guides and true men of a noble craft hold these sham guides in great abhorrence and contempt. The really good guide is a really fine worthy. The best illustrations of the giant race of great and noble guides are the men themselves, who are in themselves illustrations of all that a guide should be. I would cite as the two supreme men Melchior Anderegg and Christian Almer. Both are now getting a little old. Younger men may be as good craftsmen, may go as well (though not better) on ice, on snow, on rock, and may have as much enterprise and dash, but who can compare with the two old heroes in judgment, in experience, in knowledge of the mountains, and of all those signs of nature which they can read like a map? Again, neither of the two great guides, who are ideal types of all that a high class guide should be, would start upon an expedition when a mountain, or the snow on it, was in a dangerous condition. Either of them would insist upon turning back if any passage on any mountain should be found to be too perilous. I have worked a good deal with Melchior Anderegg, and have known him to refuse positively to go on when he held it to be unwise to do so. In the case of both the men their fortunes are secured and their reputations cannot be increased. Rising or low-class guides are tempted by the payment, and are desirous of winning renown. Hence they will often start when it is imprudent to do so. With the greatest guides conscience and character are equal to enterprise and ability. When we charge old lamps for new lamps we may find that we have lost the one which possessed a magic power.

Sponges.

Editors could a tale unfold of the way some people get their advertising done for nothing, and lawyers could tell of tons of legal advice given by them without receiving the slightest acknowledgment, pecuniary or otherwise. Doctors, also, are the victims of these questioners. Men old in the tricks of these friendly sponges manage to evade them, but the young editor, lawyer, or doctor, though he knows he is being defrauded, has not the courage to cut short the confidential chat, by saying that he hopes to make his living by receiving pay for that which his friend expects to get for asking.

No one expects a carpenter, blacksmith, jeweller, or any other who plies a trade, to do the smallest job for nothing, and yet those who willingly pay for such labor, seem to think that they have done nothing of which to be ashamed if they "manage" to get legal or medical advice without paying for it.

And among women the fault is as great. Women who make their living by dress-making, millinery, teaching fancy work or painting, are daily imposed upon by friends and strangers who come to them for suggestions and advice about material, shades, designs, and patterns—defrauding the workers of hours of valuable time, without a thought of paying for the advice given, and often do not thank the person for the suggestion, which she has spent time and money in acquiring.

Strange to say, these sponges are oftenest found among those who could well afford to pay for what they want, and stranger still is the fact that they would resent with the greatest indignation a refusal to oblige them, or an intimation that they were taking advantage of another's politeness, and thus getting for nothing that which the giver has a right to expect something more substantial for than mere thanks.

Just Like a Scientist.

The celebrated Prof. Neander was spending an evening out when rain began to fall, and the host begged his guest to put up with him for the night. The renowned theologian shook his head and said he would willingly remain, but at present it was out of the question, as he had not his night clothes with him. Suddenly it was discovered that the professor had disappeared, but a half hour later he rushed in as suddenly as he had left. He was wet through to the skin, but he pointed with satisfaction to a small packet in his hand. "My night clothes," he said naively.

"Now, my dear friend, I can stay with you!" The professor had walked home in a tremendous rainstorm for the purpose of fetching his night clothes.

When a fly lights on a fly-paper he is not very fly any more.

HOME.

HINTS.

Oatmeal porridge, although beneficial to most people, is too heating for others. When the latter is the case cracked wheat may be substituted, as it is desirable to have some wheat food for the morning meal.

The inside doors in a flat should all be taken down and stored in the cellar and portieres on rods take their place. When one door is draped at a time it costs but a little, and a few months will complete the entire work. An airy and graceful look is thus given the rooms. Portiere poles for ordinary doors can be purchased with the fixings for a small sum. Madras muslin or India gauze in pretty Persian tints is as handy for the curtains as the more expensive Turkomans.

A nice sponge cake for tea can be made quickly, as follows: Have the oven moderately hot, butter and heat the baking-pan before pouring in the mixture. Take three eggs, beat the yolk and whites separately. Cream a cup of sugar with a tablespoonful of butter. Mix the above ingredients together well, then add a half cup of sour milk and flour enough to make a rather stiff batter. If the flour is unprepared add a teaspoonful of baking powder.

Many fine cakes are spoiled because they are looked at too often when first put in the oven. The heat should be tested before the cake is put in. If somewhat too hot put a brown paper over the top of the pan and do not open the oven door for four or five moments at least. The cake should then be quickly examined and the door shut, or the cold air will cause it to "fall"—a calamity dreaded by even the best of cooks.

Cucumber pickles are put up at this season of the year, and when done at home are vastly superior to those purchased at groceries. The cucumbers should be selected of a similar size; small ones are best. After carefully looking them over to see that all are sound they are placed in a strong solution of salt and water in an earthen jar and left forty-eight hours. After the brine is poured off they are placed in glass or smaller jars, and vinegar boiled with spice, cloves and cinnamon poured over them. For a peck of cucumbers a half gallon of cider or white wine vinegar and an ounce of each spice are required.

Very dainty little tea or afternoon creams are fashionable. They are made of cream-white batiste canvas, a yard long and the full width of the goods. The bottom has a deep hem and above it are run basket lines of quarter-inch gross grain ribbons in two shades, blue and buff and pink and blue being favorite combinations. The ribbons are woven in and out of the canvas and resemble basket braiding. A pocket and bib finished in the same way and broad satin stripes complete these bits of fancy work.

A new pattern in silk quilts is taking the place of the crazy work so long popular. The pattern is called the "diamond half," the pieces having that shape. Four rows of diamonds are joined by a two-inch strip of plain silk, embroidered with floss silk. Eider-down is used for a lining, with a facing of some bright color.

Hand-knit silk purses are the height of fashion. The plain knitting stitch is used, and the beads that cover the purse are best strung on the silk.

Lovely little waste-paper baskets are made out of old fishing-hats, stiffened with a coat of copal varnish, and held in the centre by a twist and bow of yellow and garret satin ribbon. The inside may be lined or not as fancy dictates.

It is said that French women wash their faces in warm water every night before retiring and dab them with a little eau-de-cologne in the morning and that this process prevents wrinkles.

DOWN WITH THE FRAUD.

A contemporary inflicts this receipt upon its readers:

JELLIES WITHOUT FRUIT.—add to one pint of water 3 ounce of alum, boil a little, then add four pounds of white sugar; boil and strain. Flavor with any desired flavor.

Shall we denounce the rascals who mix milk with lime-water, flour with gypsum, sugar with glucose, and poisons of all sorts with tea and coffee and mustard, who sell hog's lard and oil for butter, and muriatic acid for vinegar, as wholesale murderers and fit for the gallows, yet allow the agricultural press to introduce this same damnable practice of food adulteration—even in its mildest form—into the farmer's household? Great Caesar! Is it necessary that we should torture our stomachs with alum solutions as a substitute for fruit, when the most favorable climate and the most liberal soil work harmoniously together to reward the least effort with an abundance of the genuine article? Far be it. Canada is large enough to give her people all the fruit they can possibly consume. Away with vile substitutes!

The Czar's Railway Train.

The carriages which are used by the Queen when travelling long distances are comfortable enough to satisfy the most exacting passenger, and the Imperial train of the late Emperor Napoleon used to be considered a miracle of luxury; but the latter was not good enough for the late Czar, who purchased it, and it was improved and altered and refurnished out of recognition before it was pronounced fit for use in Russia. The English saloons sink into utter contempt when compared with it. This train, which is always used by the Emperor and Empress for long journeys, carried them to Krenmsler and back. There are sixteen carriages, of which the first is a kitchen, and then come one for police agents, one for the military suite, three for members of the household, and two for the Imperial Family, each Grand Duke having an entirely separate compartment, which can be fitted for either day or night use. The carriage of the Empress has a spacious sleeping compartment, with a hammock-bed, furniture of ebony and utensils of silver, and an immense looking-glass. There is a bathroom completely fitted, and a compartment for the lady-in-waiting. The Empress's sitting-room contains a writing-table, a sofa, and easy chairs. The Emperor's sleeping-carriage is fitted with olive-green leather, and only contains a bed and a dressing-table and bath. Then comes a sitting-room, fitted very simply; and lastly the dining-room, which is furnished with carved oak, and merely contains tables, chairs, and a sideboard. There is communication throughout the train from one end to the other.