

# THE LONE STAR.

## CHAPTER X.

Sir Reginald had at once stepped his mast, and fixed a tall sprit-sail, admirably suited to the boat. He had, before leaving the brig during the day, taken several observations which gave him a pretty good idea of his position, which was far from being a pleasant one. The nearest land was the island of Porto-Rico, belonging to the Spaniards, his sworn enemies. But he was not personally known to any, and he trusted to the feelings of humanity which might be naturally expected to exist in the bosoms of all men toward persons in their position. But then he knew the vindictive character of the mulatto, who, though for years a faithful servant, would now, he was fully aware, readily risk his own life to gain revenge. He had but to speak a word, and the secret of the captain of the Lone Star was betrayed.

"It would have been wiser to have killed him," said he, suddenly speaking aloud, without being aware of it.

"Who?" exclaimed Eleanor, who sat beside him in the stern-sheets, in a terrified tone.

"The black. He will yet, I fear, prove our ruin," and the fingers of the impulsive soldier mechanically played with the butt-end of his nearest pistol, while his dark eyes glanced menacingly toward the black.

"Nay, better risk any thing than imbue our hands in blood, Reginald," said Eleanor, with a shudder, while at the same time she laid her hand firmly on his arm.

"True, love," said the freebooter moodily; "but we must rid ourselves of him before we seek hospitality in Porto-Rico."

"Let us put our trust in Providence," answered Eleanor in a low tone; "it has been our friend until now, and will not desert us. Remember your own words."

Sir Reginald did not reply; he was looking back at the brig, fast sinking into a mere black spot, while at the same time he slightly shifted the sail before a change in the wind.

"What is that skimming along the water afar off?" exclaimed Eleanor suddenly, pointing in the direction where she perceived something. "It is a large bird, I suppose?"

"It is the Lone Star!" cried the captain joyously; "the boys are again in search of us. They are making once more for the brig."

He then gave the tiller for a moment into the hands of the young girl; and taking up the long glass before mentioned, deliberately and carefully swept the dark horizon.

"It is the Lone Star, but twelve miles distant," he continued. "They are alongside the Royal Charley, and were it not nearly night, they would in all probability find us. It is impossible with this craft to steer except before the wind. If they see us, we must continue our adventurous journey."

He then described the movements of the schooner to Eleanor. It remained alongside the wreck a few minutes, and then hurried away, with all sail set, in a direction which left very little hope of its look-out noticing the devoted fugitives.

"The brig is sinking, I am sure, by their haste to depart," observed Sir Reginald at length. "Eleanor, the wind is fair and steady; you have slept; I have not for two nights, and my eyes close of themselves; do you keep her exactly as she is now, while I snatch a hasty nap. Wake me, dearest, if the breeze stiffens in the least, and wake me under any circumstances in a few hours. I would not lie down, but nature will assert its influence, and I must have a clear eye for to-morrow. God bless you!"

And the soldier lay down, and in a few minutes his heavy breathing showed that he slept soundly. Eleanor was now alone. The mulatto lay forward in the bows of the boat, also fast asleep. She gazed round, and could not but be charmed at the scene which presented itself. The sun was setting in a clear expanse of sky, illumining the waters, and tinging with a pinky-red hue the fleecy bank of clouds which hung above it. The water had become comparatively smooth; and the wind, lately so biting and cold, was balmy and warm. There was a novel odour, too, about the air which seemed redolent of land; an odour of flowers, and green trees, and of earth. On went the boat, up one side of a wave and down the other, seeming to make rapid and satisfactory progress. Presently the moon rose upon the now pellucid waters, changing the whole wide flood to a mirrored sheet of molten silver. White glanced the sails in its beams, themselves so bright, that Eleanor saw distinctly the play of her sleeping lover's features. She gazed curiously for a while at the face of the man who had so suddenly and wonderfully become as if were her fate. And then once more she looked round, and influenced by the hour and the scene, forgetting all save the seemingly prophetic words of Sir Reginald, Eleanor gradually allowed herself to give way to pleasant thoughts. She glanced at the future with some little hope, and forgot the present. She actually, that she began to doze. First all around seemed a vague picture, then all was distinct again—the boat, the sky, the moon, the waters; and then she saw an old arched hall, crowds of servants, Sir Reginald smiling by her side, with a vapoury outline of satiny little faces which she had never seen before, and yet which were quite familiar to her.

"Lie down, dear Eleanor," suddenly said a voice near her, and she was again quite awake.

Sir Reginald held the tiller in his hand, and was pulling aft the sheet of the sail, which, during the brief doze she had taken, had got loose.

"Was I asleep?"

"Yes, Eleanor, and so was I, like a Dutch hog. The boat gave a lurch as your head loosened its hold from the helm, which awoke me. I have slept more than six hours. Go you now to rest."

Eleanor did as she was directed; Sir Reginald threw a heavy boat cloak over her, and she was soon in a deep slumber; but the same dream came not back to her, though she wowed it from curiosity, to see how it would end. They continued their journey all night without further accident, and toward morning found the wind so slight, as to send the boat along at a pace which, however pleasant and agreeable, as far as sensation was concerned, did not at all satisfy their impatience. The sun rose hot and bright in an unclouded sky, promising a lovely tropical day. The fugitives breakfasted with appetite, after giving some bread and water to the negro, who remained in sullen silence. He ate what was given him, and Sir Reginald fed him with his own hand, but he made no observations or remarks.

"What has made you suspect Josh?" said Eleanor in a low tone when Sir Reginald returned to her side.

"I have more than suspicion. I know the fellow's eye well; he cannot deceive me; I have studied his character and countenance too much for that."

"You know best," replied Eleanor, who, like most women, had a kind of blind confidence in the words of the man she loved. "But what a glorious day! It is quite cheering to see the sun peer forth after so long an absence."

"It is a glorious day. But, Eleanor, I must warn you. The sun is rising far too hot, and in too cloudless a sky, not to be followed by a calm. I fear we shall have to row under this terrific heat. If the wind continues, the broiling rays may be tempered by the breeze, but I like not the look of the heavens!"

"And yonder dark mass before us; is not that a cloud?"

"Ha! how sharp are your dear eyes! That is land, and land I know well. Let the breeze last two hours, and we can take shelter on the Mona Island. There, too, is Porto-Rico rising before us."

"Then our dangers are nearly over?"

"I know not; we have passed through so much, that we may have to pass through more before we reach the goal we seek. But eat on, dearest; nothing keeps up courage and hope like wholesome food."

Eleanor did as she was directed, the soldier-sailor setting her a good example. Meanwhile the breeze continued, and even slightly freshened, which was hailed as a good sign, and the land became more distinctly visible every quarter of an hour. Presently, instead of gazing on a dark mass like a cloud, they could clearly distinguish the trees and the green tropical vegetation of Porto-Rico—one of the loveliest sights which man ever gazed at from the sea—the hue of the land is so rich, the verdure so deep in its tints, and then spreads itself upward unchanged to the summit of the hilly coasts from the very edge of the water. But the sun grew scorchingly hot, and Reginald was compelled to make a small awning for Eleanor, who began to suffer severely from the unusual heat and exposure. The rays of the great luminary fell almost perpendicularly on their heads; the air grew sultry and close, and the only relief to the weary eye was the sight of distant vegetation. About one hour after mid-day the boat, however, touched land, and Sir Reginald drew it under the cover of the trees, which on Mona Island grow down to the very edge of the water. A small cove, or rather creek, had been selected by him, which he well knew, and here it was determined to pass the hours during which the heat of the sun was too oppressive. Eleanor lay still in the boat under her awning, and carefully shaded by thick trees. Her lover, however, after well having himself begun to make his way through the tangled and almost impenetrable wood. The journey was difficult. Up the hill sides the trees grew close together, while many lay rolling on his path, still further impeding by bushes and huge parasitical plants. At length, however, and time brought him to the summit of the island.

He ascended a lofty tree, and looked around. The scene was lovely indeed, but he saw it not; for a few hundred feet off the opposite side of the small island to where they had landed was the Lone Star beaunting downward, as if in search of the boat. Sir Reginald had his own private flag with him. He kept it by him to the last, intending to destroy it if he fell into the power of the Spaniards; a contingency now, however, of very unlikely occurrence. He fastened it to a long bough, and waved it aloft. It was not noticed at first; he waved it again, raising it as high above the tree as possible, at the same time discharging his pistols. A flag flew to the peak of the Lone Star, a gun was fired, and a loud shout was heard, and he knew that they were seen. Again he waved his flag; but this time pointing to where lay the boat. The schooner eased off her sheets, and headed for the extreme eastern point of the island. Satisfied with this sign of intelligence, the delighted man descended from his post, and hurried down toward Eleanor. He found her sleeping soundly on the boat, the sweet sleep of innocence and fatigue. Without caring for the heat or sun, he pushed out, set his sail, and stood clear of the land. He had scarcely gone two hundred yards round a projecting point, when he saw his faithful vessel come in sight, and ten minutes later they were alongside.

(To Be Continued.)

Three charitable ladies in Camden, N.J., collected \$75 to aid a poor woman who had just lost her husband. They called at the house of mourning, saw the supposed corpse on the bed, and gave the money to the widow. Just after leaving the house one of the ladies returned quickly to get a glove she had dropped and found the corpse counting the money.

# THE LUCK OF A TENDERFOOT.

Discovered a Gold Mine While Trying to Get Away from a Bear.

John B. Sargent, of San Francisco, who has been in the Kootenay mining districts for the past two months, tells a remarkable story of the way a tenderfoot from Montreal discovered a gold mine in that far-away mining region. The young man, who was a clerk, was spending a few weeks with a friend engaged in mining, and put in his time fishing and hunting. The location of his friend's cabin was far up toward the headwaters of one of the tributaries of the Kootenay River, far from any other prospector, and in a section where the bears were not only numerous, but inquisitive and troublesome.

When both men were away from the cabin it was necessary to carefully close up all the openings, and the bears had an unpleasant habit of climbing into the cabin, and, besides getting away with all the provisions in sight, playing football with the cooking utensils. The bears were of the

COMMON BROWN VARIETY, none of them very large, and were not considered dangerous—in fact, their worst trait of character was the familiarity which bred anger, rather than contempt. One day as the two friends returned from a hunting excursion they saw three bears investigating the surroundings of the cabin, occasionally stopping to roll about a camp kettle, which had been thoughtlessly left outside.

Both men were armed with rifles, and as they succeeded in getting near the animals without being perceived, were able to take deliberate aim. As they delivered their fire two of the bears fell, the third scampering off up the mountain. As they supposed both animals dead, they neglected to reload, and had approached to within a few feet of the prostrate bears when the largest suddenly sprang to his feet and, with a fierce roar, made directly for them.

The young man from the city had never cultivated a close acquaintance with the bear family and did the first thing that occurred to him—dropped his weapon and sprinted for the nearest tree, about 100 yards away, and growing on the edge of a gulch twelve or fifteen feet deep. The bear stopped a few seconds to sniff at the rifle and then, contentiously tossing it aside, continued the chase. The hunter reached the tree and had climbed to the lower limbs when his pursuer reached it and without any hesitation commenced the ascent. This was something that the amateur huntsman had not calculated upon, and he at once rested the forefinger of his right hand on the antagonist might get tired and give up. The tree seemed somewhat over the ravine, making the climbing as well, but the fact favored the bear, and when near the upper branches the young fellow found to his dismay that the bear was entirely too close for comfort. At that moment, however, his friend, who had recovered from his fright and reloaded

SHOT THE ANIMAL through the head.

The mother danger manifested itself. The combined weight of the man and the bear had been too much for the slender hold of the roots of the tree upon the soil, and as it leaned further and further over the gulch it became evident that unless he could scramble down the man would be thrown upon the rocks at the bottom. Clinging to one limb after another, he made desperate efforts to get down, but before he had accomplished more than half the distance the last root gave way, and there seemed to be nothing between him and death and serious injury. His grip closed upon the limb to which he was clinging, and in another moment the top of the tree while the thoroughly frightened man dropped upon the carcass of the dead bear, himself almost dead with fright.

But the strangest feature of the adventure was that in falling over the tree had removed the earth from a four-foot vein of rich quartz, the existence of which had been entirely unsuspected. Now the young man from Montreal is a horny-handed miner, making a good income out of his claim, which he named "The Bear."

TREATMENT OF THE DRUNK. In Denmark, when a man is found too drunk to find his own house he is placed in a cab, taken to the police station, examined by the doctor, detained till sober, and then dispatched to his home in another cab, and the police attendance has to be paid by the publican who served the bibulous delinquent with his last drink. But for a "drunk and incarable" we must proceed to Turkey. There the punishment for the first offence is the bastinado; for the second and third offences are also followed by chastisement; but after the third offence the offender becomes "privileged," and is entitled to be carefully taken home by a policeman. The anxiety to get over the first three convictions must be considerable, but the thoughts of the after-joy will doubtless heal the tenderest sores.

MEDICAL. They say now that a bicycle cures consumption.

Yes, I can't expect three meals a day until I get mine paid for.

FORETHOUGHT. This butter seems strong, said the young husband, at their first breakfast at home.

Yes, she answered; I talked to the market man about that, and he said that it was economy in the end never to buy weak butter. He said that even though it might cost a little more, people could get along with less of it, and it would last longer.

Nansen is to receive the degree of doctor of science from Cambridge University this month.

# THE HOME.

THREE GOOD RECIPES.

Graham Gems.—Beat one egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little salt together, adding one heaping cupful of graham flour in which a teaspoonful of baking powder is mixed, and one cupful of sweet milk; or, same amount of flour without the baking powder, and one cupful of sour milk in which one-half teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Mix quickly and pour into greased gem pans. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. This recipe makes eight gems.

Apple Float.—This is a simple and delicious dessert. Take one quart of water, one cupful of sugar, the juice and pulp of two lemons, five tarts, juicy apples, and four tablespoonfuls of corn starch. Put the water on to boil. Moisten the corn starch with a little cold water, and cook slowly for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Take from the fire, add the sugar, lemon juice and pulp. Peel, core and chop the apples into small pieces; pour the boiling corn starch over them, and stand away to cool. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

Cranberry Tart.—One pint of berries, carefully washed and picked over. Add one cupful of granulated sugar, in which has been stirred a very little flour to absorb the juice. Make a paste like the following: One cupful of lard, the white of one egg, three tablespoonfuls of ice water, one tablespoonful of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a heaping teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-quarter of an even teaspoonful of soda dissolved in water, flour to roll, to which add the cream of tartar well mixed. Three and a half cupfuls will be about right. Beat the white of the egg and sugar together. Work the lard quickly into the flour with a knife and the wetting and mix slightly. Roll one-quarter of an inch thick. The cooler it is the better it will be. Bake in tart molds or cut into squares, fill with cranberries, fold over and bake.

CHICKEN.

The monks and friars of the old monasteries are said to have had a decided weakness for the epicurean flavor of a good, fat capon, and a French king once voiced an aspiration that his realm might be so prosperous that every peasant might on Sunday have "a nice young pullet in the pot." Poultry has always been highly esteemed as a table delicacy, and a chicken dinner is a treat in both town and country. The farmer's wife who has a fine flock of fowls at her door need never despair of being able to get up an acceptable meal at short notice.

The plump young cockerel or the tender pullet sacrificed to the exigencies of the table should never go direct from the yard to the pot "before the crow has fairly left his throat." Like any other food intended for human consumption, the animal before being allowed to leave it and the flesh become perfectly cold. It will be more tender if it stands over night, or even for a day or two in cold weather.

To prepare a chicken for the table it should be drawn at once, for the entrails quickly taint the flesh; wash thoroughly in three waters, in the first of which a little soda is put, then wiped dry, the inside dusted with pepper, and hung up until it is to be cooked. Some good recipes for preparing chicken in different ways follow:

Roast Chicken.—Stuff the hollow in the body and also the craw with force meat, but do not pack it in. To do so makes the stuffing heavy. Sew up the body and draw the skin covering the neck to the neck and fasten it with a cord. Bind the legs and wings close to the body with a strip of tape or cord. Unless the chicken is very fat, lay a few slices of fat pork or bacon in the pan and the chicken on them. Pour a cupful of boiling water over it. Baste every ten minutes if you use an open dripping-pan, every half hour if you cook in a roaster; each time dip up at least ten spoonfuls of the gravy over the fowl. Cook fifteen minutes to the pound. A quarter of an hour before it is done up melted butter all over it, pepper and salt it well and brown. Chop the giblets fine, stir a spoonful of browned flour wet up with cold water into the baking-pan gravy, let boil up, season and add the giblets. For the stuffing take a cup of fine bread crumbs, moisten with a tablespoonful of butter, season with salt, pepper and a bit of parsley. Sage, onion and thyme are too coarse and destroy the delicate flavor of the chicken.

Broiled Chicken.—Split the chicken down the back, leaving the breast whole. Rub with melted butter; grease the broiler and lay the chicken on it, breast upward. Cover and cook till the juice dripping on the coals threaten to smoke it; lift the broiler now and then to avoid this. Allow about ten minutes to the pound. When half done, turn to cook the other side. Remove to a hot platter and spread with butter. A teaspoonful of lemon juice and as much fine parsley put with the butter are an improvement to the taste of many.

Roast Chicken.—Joint the fowl, dust the pieces with salt and pepper, dip in beaten egg, then in salted and peppered cracker crumbs. Make two tablespoonfuls of butter hot in a baking-pan, lay the chicken in it, cover, and roast in the oven half an hour, or till nicely browned.

Smothered Chicken.—Take a chicken not over a year old, split up as for broiling, lay in a pan or spider, season with salt and pepper, pour over it a cup of boiling water or weak soup stock. Cover and cook fifteen or twenty minutes to the pound. Turn the chicken when half done. Just before it is done, turn the breast upward again, baste well with the gravy, dredge with flour and set it in the oven to brown. Thicken the gravy with browned flour and serve in a bowl or gravy boat.

Chicken Pie.—Cut up two chickens, cover with cold water and stew gen-

tly till done. Remember to skim thoroughly. Take out the meat, add a stalk or two of celery, salt, pepper, and a little butter. This is for the gravy. Line a pan or baking-dish with a rich crust made as for short biscuits, or rolled thinner. Lay the chicken in, letting the bones lie toward the centre of the pie in order not to interfere with carving. Put bits of butter among the pieces of chicken, and a few long scraps of the crust, put in a few spoonfuls of the gravy as above, then cover with the crust and bake till the crust is done. Thicken the remaining gravy to pass with the pie. Turkey may be cooked in any of the above ways. Oysters make a nice addition to the stuffing for turkey. They should be chopped fine.

HOME HINTS.

Lamp burners should be washed frequently and occasionally boiled in a solution of washing soda. Dust and burnt wick accumulate upon them, and unless they are thoroughly cleaned, a good light is impossible.

A good sweetbread salad is made by first balancing the sweetbreads after taking them from the cold water in which they have stood for one hour in order to draw out the blood. Take the skin off and then put a bit of butter into a sauce pan and stew the sweetbreads with a little water or soup stock or a teaspoonful of beef extract. When quite tender cut each sweetbread in four or six slices and place on lettuce, pouring over all a mayonnaise or any other cold sauce.

Mildew may be removed from linen by the application, with a brush on both sides of the linen, of a little soft soap, a little powdered starch, a pinch of salt, and the juice of a lemon. Leave the article on the grass twenty-four hours, and repeat the application if necessary.

To purify the water cooler, either porcelain or zinc lined, pour a little vinegar on a clean cloth and wipe it well once or twice a week.

To clean the silver spoons and forks in every day use rub them with a darning cloth dipped in baking soda, then polish them with a little piece of chamois skin.

Though not as choice as embroidery, linen is now sometimes marked with indelible ink in a fashion so artistic that it looks like etching, as the crests and letters of any size, in any text, are done to order.

Instead of keeping sugar, tea, oatmeal and other groceries in the paper bags in which they are sent from the store put them at once in small wooden boxes or large jars with tight fitting covers. A great deal of strength will be lost if the groceries are kept carelessly in the paper bags, besides the untidy appearance of the pantry shelves, the inconvenience and the waste that is sure to be great in the course of the year by the soiling of the paper bags and the soiling of the contents over the pantry shelves.

In giving medicine in liquid form to an infant, place the point of the spoon in the mouth, the medicine against the roof of the mouth. Administering it in this way it will be impossible for the child to choke or eject the medicine.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Braised Mutton.—Remove the tough membrane and the superfluous fat from a thick piece of mutton, leg or shoulder. Cut in pieces a small carrot, an onion and a thick slice of turnip. Put them in the bottom of a pan or kettle with a tight-fitting cover without solder. Pipe the meat and lay that also in the pan. Add about three cups of boiling water, cover the dish and put it in the oven. If a leg or tender piece, cook two hours; if a tough piece, four hours in a very slow oven. When half done turn the meat and add two spoonfuls of salt, also peppercorns and a little bag of herbs, besides a darning cloth and let the meat brown for the last half hour. Take up the meat and thicken enough of the liquid for gravy, using a tablespoonful of flour to a cup and a half of the liquid. If the liquid is not brown, make a brown sauce.

Brown Sauce.—Brown two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add equal parts of onion juice and mushroom ketchup, and let it brown quite brown add two cups of hot water or stock or one cup water and one cup of strained tomato.

Macaroni.—Break one-quarter of a pound of macaroni into inch pieces; put into three pints of boiling salted water and boil rapidly for half an hour. Drain and pour cold water over. Make a brown sauce, cut half the macaroni into a baking dish; sprinkle over it three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, then half the sauce, then the rest of the macaroni and sauce, with one tablespoonful of cheese on top. Bake fifteen minutes.

Curd Cheese Cakes.—Take a pint and a half of new milk, and curdle it with a teaspoonful of strong rennet. Break the curd with a wooden spoon, and drain the whey from it. Add to the curd one well-beaten egg, a dessert-spoonful of brandy, a tablespoonful of sugar, currants and chopped candied-peel. Flavor with grated lemon rind to taste. Line some patty pans with good puff paste, fill with the mixture, and bake.

ENGLISH LAWYERS.

In Great Britain there are barristers at law who are counselors, learned in the laws, qualified and admitted to practice at the bar; solicitors who are attorneys, advocates, or counsels at law, who are authorized to practice in the English Court of Chancery; sergeants at law who are lawyers of the highest rank, and answer to the doctor of the civil law; only after 16 years of practice at the bar can one become a sergeant-at-law. Queen's counsel are eminent lawyers who are given by the Government that title and from their number all the Judges are chosen.

There are no orphan asylums in Australia. Every destitute orphan child is sent to a private family at the expense of the State, and maintained until he or she is fourteen years of age.

# CURRENT NOTES.

It is evident that the Triple Alliance has been considerably weakened by the events of the past year. What was said to the contrary, Prince Francis Joseph's disclosure of his own policy in conspiring with Russia and Austria has shaken the latter in her German ally, and the two empires are, further, not in accord on eastern questions. Germany is in Austria's fear of the Russian control of Constantinople, through her recent treaty with France, has drawn her to her former friend and ally, and desires to approach nearer to curtailing her military expenditures in the hope of securing a peace that end, will order new elections. Apart from the great fit to be gained from a better standing with France, the Russian Government is doubtless fully aware of the fact that its recent policy has done nothing but embarrass its credit, and that the alliance it has trusted refused to save humiliation in Africa. Italy's safest ally would be the interests of the two powers Mediterranean being identical in the long run her best policy is that of independence, and she has one ally and then another, circumstances might dictate. Thus grows weaker and weaker, although it would be unsafe to believe that it will be maintained, or that when it breaks the great European league will be recast on more natural lines between France and Russia, incongruous than that which central powers, for it binds whose cardinal principle is religious liberty to an absolute chry, whose chief motive is not friendship or commercial interest, but financial gain.

The natural ally of France, each representing in Greece the democratic principle of government, and each in its domestic and foreign policy principle. The natural ally of Russia, on the other hand, many and Austria, the thing the monarchical power and pledged to maintain against the advancing democracy. Each of these great interests which they their union, France and Austria, to expand in Africa, question of Egypt and settled, able to do so. The other group might, inate Europe from the Black sea, and divide the empire and the minor Balkan states, as they of Poland. The two alliances might last fifty years, conflict and often in work for civilization, a minish armament that be greatly reduced, and spread of socialism. The jealousies of dynasties for a long time, if not coalition of the imperials such obstacles stand in the Anglo-French alliance. Preservation of peace be four-fifths of a century their interests are not as they are made to

# ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Few Paragraphs Worth Reading. The Chinese presence in the world. Nearly two-thirds of Spain cannot read. Over nine-tenths of singers in England. Expert chicken thieves by the neck; the insect by the legs.

London has an area of 359 square miles. The Legislature of Cuba was the first to be elected by universal suffrage.

A diver in Sydney has succeeded in reaching a depth of 157 fathoms.

Paper floors are in vogue in Germany. It is laid on a smooth, and then on it are noiseless.

A room in the Queen's Hotel, Milan, Italy, has a loud noise, such as "Mice pipes" were repeated sixty times.

Colonel Bratt, of the inventor of a machine which he claims to be the best in the world for over nine inches high, at the front of the air. He is able to travel 100 miles a minute. Herr Brunel, an theatre, while performing a man who has just been put in his face, silently weeps. The audience caused the audience to weep. One night black in his pocket chalk, and the ludicrously black.