

CHAPTER' XVL-(Continued.)

An hour after sunrise next morning the frail boat, which was the last hope of these four human beings, drifted with the outgoing current toward the mouth of the harbor. When first launched she had come nigh swamping, being overloaded, and it was found necessary to leave behind a great portion of the dried meat. They made tedious way with their rude oars; a light breeze from the northwest sprung up with the dawn, and, holsting the goat-skin sail, they crept along the const. It was resolved that the two men should keep watch and watch; and Frere, for the second time, enforced his authority by giving the first watch to Rufus Dawes. "I am tired," he said, "and shall sleep for a little while."

That night the wind fell, and they had to take their oars. Rowing all night, they made but little progress, and Rufus Dawes suggested that they should put in to the shore, and wait until the breeze sprung up. But, upon getting under the lee of a long line of basaltic rocks which rose abruptly out of the sea, they found the waves breaking furiously upon a horseshoe reef, six or seven miles in length. There was nothing for it but to coast again

They coasted for two days, without a sign of a sail, and on the third day a great wind broke upon them from the southeast and drove them back thirty miles. The coracle began to leak, and required constant bailing. What was almost as had, the best part of their water had leaked away also.

The position of the four poor creatures was now almost desperate. Mrs. Vickers, indeed, seemed completely prostrated, and it was evident that, unless some help came, she could not long survive the continued exposure to the weather. The child was in somewhat better case. Rufus Dawes had wrapped her in his woolen shirt, and, unknown to Frere, had divided with her daily his allowance of meat. She lay in his arms at night, and in the day crept by his side for shelter and protection. As long as she was near him she felt safe. They spoke little to each other, but when Rufus Dawes felt the pressure of her tiny hand in his, or sustained the weight of her head upon his shoulder, he almost forgot the cold that froze him and the hunger that gnawed him.

So two more days passed, and yet no sail! On the tenth day after their departure from Macquarie Harbor they came to the end of their provisions. To add to their distress, the child was selzed with fever. She was hot and cold by turns, and in the intervals of moaning talked deliriously. Rufus Dawes, holding her in his arms, watched the suffering he was unable to alleviate, with a savage despair at his heart. Was she to die, after all?

So another day and night passed, and the eleventh morning saw the boat yet alive, rolling in the trough of the same deserted sea. The four exiles lay in her almost without breath. All at once Dawes uttered a cry, and seizing the put the c sail! a sail!" he cried. "Do you not see her?" "There is no sail," said Frere. "You mock us!" The boat, no longer following the line of the coast, was running nearly due south, straight into the great southern ocean, Frere tried to wrest the thong from the hand of the convict, and bring the boat back to her course. "Are you mad," he asked, in fretful terror, "to run us out to sea?" "Sit down," returned the other, with a menacing gesture, and staring across the gray water. "I tell you I see a soil! The day had broken, and the dawn, in one long pale streak of sickly saffron, lay low on the left hand. Between this streak of saffron-colored light and the bows of the boat gleamed for an instant a white speck.

a white silk overcoat hinting that its wearer was not wholly free from sensitiveness to sun and heat-the Reverend Meekin tripped daintily to the postoffice, and deposited his letter. Two ladles met him as he turned.

Mr. Meekin's elegant hat was raised from his intellectual brow and hovered in the sir, like some courteous blackbird, for an instant, "Mrs. Jellicoe! Mrs. Protherick! My dear leddles, this is an unexpected pleasure! And where, pray, are you going on this lovely afternoon? To stay in the house is positive-ly sinful. Ah! what a climate; but the trail of the serpent, my dear Mrs. Protherick-the trail of the serpent-" And he sighed.

"Why, you are going our way," said Mrs. Jellicoe. "We can walk together." "Delighted! I am going to call on Major Vickers."

"And I live within a stone's throw," returned Mrs. Protherick. "What a charming little creature-his daughter. A sad thing. Quite a romance if it were not so had, you know. His wife, poor Mrs. Vickers!"

"Indeed! What of her?" asked Meekin, bestowing a condescending bow of passer-by. "Is she an invalid?"

"She is dead, poor soul, returned jolly Mrs. Jellicoe, with a fat sigh. "You don't mean to say that you haven't heard the story, Mr. Meekin?"

"My dear leddies, I have only been in Hobart Town a week, and I have not heard the story."

"It's about the mutiny, you know, the mutiny at Macquarie Harbor. The prisoners took the ship and put Mrs. Vickers and Sylvia ashore somewhere. Captain Frere was with them, too. The poor things had a dreadful time, and nearly died. Captain Frere made a boat at last, and they were picked up by a ship. Poor Mrs. Vickers only lived a few hours, and little Sylvia-she was only twelve years old then-was quite lightheaded. They thought she wouldn't recover She's quife strong now; but her memory's gone. She doesn't remember anything about the three or four weeks they were ashore-at least not distinct-

"It's a great mercy," interrupted Mrs. Protherick, determined to keep the post of honor. "Who wants her to remember these horrors? From Captain Frere's account, it was positively awful.

'bolter'-that's what we call an escaped prisoner, Mr. Meekin-happened to be left behind, and he found them out, and insisted on sharing the provisions-the wretch! Captain Frere was obliged to watch him constantly for fear he should murder them. Even in the boat he tried to run them out to sea and escape. He was one of the worst men in the Harbor, they say. But you should hear Captain Frere tell the story."

"And where is he now?" asked Mr. Meekin, with interest.

"Captain Frere?"

"No, the prisoner." "Oh, goodness, I don't know-at Port

Arthur, I think. I know that he was tried for bolting, and would have been but for Captain Frere's exer nged tions." "Dear, dear! a strange story, indeed," said Mr. Meekin. "And so the young lady doesn't know anything about it?"

Vickers' halr had grown white, but Frere carried his thirty years as easily as some men carry two-and-twenty.

"My dear Sylvia," began Vickers, "here's an extraordinary thing!" And then, becoming conscious of the presence of the agitated Meekin, he paused.

"You know Mr. Meekin, papa?" said Sylvia. "Mr. Meekin, Captain Frere." "I have that pleasure," said Vickers. "Glad to see you, sir. Pray sit down." Upon which Mr. Meekin beheld Sylvia unaffectedly kiss both gentlemen; but became strangely aware that the kiss be stowed upon her father was warmer than that which greeted her affianced husband.

"Warm weather, Mr. Meekin," said Frere. "Sylvia, my darling, I hope you You have not been out in the heat. have! My dear, I've begged you-"It's not hot at all," said Sylvia, pet- laid on their sides and slightly sunk tishly. butter-I sha'n't melt. 'Thank you, dear; which served as a run for our laying you needn't pull the blind down." And hens. The i would select them for hens, as though angry with herself for nests, and was a they became broody, then, as though angry with herself for her anger, she added, "You are always thinking of me, Maurice," and gave him her hand affectionately. "It's very oppressive, Captain Frere,"

said Meekin; "and, to a stranger, quite enervating."

"Ay, to be sure," repeated Vickers. "I hope Sylvia has not been attacking if possible on the natural earth floor; you with her strange theories, Mr. Meekin ?"

"Oh, dear, no; not at all," returned Meekin, feeling that this charming young lady was regarded as a creature who was not to be judged by ordinary rules. "We got on famously, my dear major-quite a plan of coop for sitting heus, that famously."

"That's right," said Vickers. "She is very plain-spoken, is my little girl, and strangers can't understand her sometimes. Can they, Poppet?"

Poppet tossed her head saucily. "I don't know," she said. "Why shouldn't they? But you were going to say something extraordinary when you came in. What is it, dear?"

"Ah," said Vickers, with grave face. "Yes, a most extraordinary thing. They've caught those villains."

"What, you don't mean-No. papa!" said Sylvia, turning round with

alarmed face. In that little family there were, for conversational purposes, but one set of villains in the world-the mutineers of

the Osprey. "They've got four of them in the bay at this moment-Rev, Barker, Shiers and Lesly. They are on board the Lady Jane. The most extraordinary story I ever heard in my life. The fellows got to China, and passed themselves off as the hen sitting; at C the slide door shipwrecked sailors. The merchants in Canton got up a subscription and sent them to London. They were recognized there by old Pine, who had been surgeon on board the ship they came out in."

Sylvia sat down on the nearest chair, with heightened color. "And where are the others?"

"Two were executed in England; the other six have not been taken. These fellows have been sent out for trial." "To what are you alluding, dear sir?" asked Meekin.

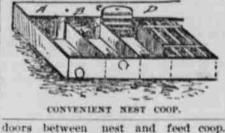
"The piracy of a convict brig five years ago," replied Vickers. "The scoundrels put my poor wife and child ashore and left them to starve. If it hadn't been for Frere-God bless him!-they would have died. They shot the pilot to tell now."

"I have heard of it already," said tice to grow a quantity of lettuce in Meekin, "and of your gallant conduct, hotbeds especially for feeding his young



Place for Stiting Hens.

We have always had a preference for having the nests of sitters low down, if possible, on the ground. In some cases we have scattered barrels, "Nonsense! I'm not made of into the ground, all over the orchard, could be allowed to sit and hatch, and take care of their brood for at least a few weeks, right in the nest of their own selection. In the hatching room, too, we have regularly endeavored to have the nests near the ground, and or if in tiers, at least the lower one on the ground. Eggs usually hatch well on the natural earth floor, A render of the Farmer, William Elwick, of Hankinson, N. Dak., gives herewith may prove decidedly serviceable in many cases. He makes these coops in rows, 16 feet long, 10 nests in a row, and 16 inches square. The nests are covered by a board 16 Inches wide by 16 feet long, and inclosed by slide



Each feed coop (or run) is covered with a lath door. If hens sit well, he lets them off in the morning, and shuts them in at night. Thus they can be kept under full control all the time. At A is shown the empty nest; at B fastened down, with sitting hen inside at D the lath cover on top of run, confining the sitter to nest and run. The runs are 4 feet long .- Dakota Farmer.

Green Food for Small Chicks. As soon as the little chick begins to grow feathers, that is, after the down age is past, green food is quite necessary to its happiness. If there is no danger of the bird being chilled or getting wet, then let it have the grassy run to pick over ; even if the weather is cool, it will do no harm to let the chicks on to the grass in the warm part of the day, but they must be watched, so that they do not stay too long and become and a soldier-and-but it's a long story chilled. One of the most successful poultrymen we know makes it a prac-

If one will stop to think how hard it is to go through the work of the morning in a dry, dusty field on a hot day without a drink, one will then have an, idea of how horses feel under the same conditions. An excellent plan of feeding and watering the horse during the warm weather is to give them water in the morning, then the hay and then the grain; at noon the water, a little hay and then the grain and at night the water, the grain and some time afterward, usually two hours or more, all the hay the animal will eat up clean. It will be noticed that the water always precedes the meal of hay and grain. During the forenoon and during the afternoon the horses should have at least one cooling drink, It will do them no harm and they will do all the better work in consequence; then, at night, see that they are properly groomed and that they have a good, comfortable bed for their tired bodies. Treated in this manuer, one will get a full day's work from every 1014-Battle of Cloutart, Inlast

Water for Horses in Summer.

Doubt as to Shredding Corn. It is not universally admitted that shredding corn fodder pays. Many

either.

cattle."

who have tried it seem to feel about like an Indiana farmer, who says: "I shred my corn fodder, but am not satisfied that it is a success. Labor is too high, and while cattle do very well on H, horses do not seem to do as well. In my opinion, corn, onts and timothy hay is the best combination of feed for horses; corn and clover hay with some bran for beef cattle, and clover hay, bran, oats and a little corn for sheep. I do not use concentrated feed. I do not grow any special variety of corn. The average yield to the acre one year with another is about forty bushels. I cut from five to twenty acres each year, using the corn harvester. I keep five horses, about twen-

Waste of Feed.

ty-five hogs, and from ten to fifteep

Straw, corn fodder and rough hay are known as coarse foods, because much of such foods contain either an excess of woody fiber and little nutrition in proportion to the bulk, or are not as readily eaten by stock as is good hay or food of a better quality. For this reason there is a large waste of valuable feeding material in the United States that might be saved and used if proper attention is given to the preparation of foods and the combining of the different materials in a manner by which all can be utilized.

and a corresponding gain in meat or milk thereby secured. Millions of stacks of straw and a still larger number of "shocks" or corn fodder rot in the fields, or are damaged in a manner to render the food valueless, though all of such could be made to perform serv-

The Success Tomato.

One of the most promising of the several new varieties of tomatoes afforded to planters this spring is Success. It has its chief merits in its brilliant red color and its splendid shipping qualities. It ripens evenly and almost to the very stem, the skin is smooth and, as yet it has shown no tendency to crack. It is very firm and yet the flesh is not hard, but yielding and juicy. In habit of growth it is exceedingly promising.

Ice.

borse and he will not suffer from it, 1349-Order of the Garter Inches Edward III.

1500-Brazil discovered by Peter res Cabral. 1500-Accession of King Heary Vin.

England. 1534-Elliza Barton, "Maid of Kant" ecuted.

1545-The mines of Potosi spend 1579-Hammond burned for breat Norwich, England,

1626-San Salvador, Brasil, arm by the Dutch to the Portag 1645-Cromwell defeated the forces at Islip Bridge.

1657-Admiral Blake destroyed by fleet of sixteen vessels. 1704-Boston News Letter, fint to can newspaper, issued.

1755-Quito, South America, der by an earthquake,

1770-Marriage of Louis XVI. and M Antoinette. Many killed in a to witness the process

1775-Gen. Putnam joined patrie at Concord, Mass. 1792-French declared war

Francis I. of Hungary and Ban 1705-Warren Hastings' trial edit acquittal.

1806-Great Britain decind against Russia. 1809-Order of Teutonic Knight r

ished by Napoleon.

1814-British army destroyed buildings in Washington, D. C.

1821-Three bishops and eight p put to death in Constantingals. 1827-George Canolog became period

George IV. 1833-Foundation laid for first Ed pal church in France.

1836-Battle of San Jacinto, Tem. 1838-Meteoric shower at Km

Tenn 1846-Arista assumed command

forces at Matamoras, Texas 1855-Riots in Chicago over liens a tion Suspension bridge at St.

thony's Falls, Minn., partially stroyed by a gale. 1860-Democratic national en

met at Charleston, S. C. 1861-Gosport (Va.) pay net stroyed by Federals Center took command of Fort Smith, At 1862-Capture of New Orleans by B ragut Mint established at De Colo.

Frere, utterly confounded, looked, with his heart in his mouth, and again did the white speck glimmer.

"Sylvia!" cried Rufus Dawes, "Sylvia! My darling! You are saved!"

She opened her blue eyes and looked at him, but gave no sign of recognition. Delirium had hold of her, and in the hour of safety the child had forgotten her preserver. Rufus Dawes, overcome by this last cruel stroke of fortune, sat down in the stern of the boat, with the child in his arms speechless, Frere thought that the chance he had so longed for had come. With the mother at the point of death, and the child delirious, who could testify to this hated convict's skillfulness? No one but Mr. Maurice Frere, and Mr. Maurice Frere, as commandant of convicts, could not but give up an "absconder" to justice.

The ship-a brig, with American colors flying-came within hail of them. Frere could almost distinguish figures on her deck. He made his way aft to where Dawes was sitting, unconscious, with the child in his arms, and stirred him roughly with his foot.

"Go forward," he said, in tones of command, "and give the child to me."

Rufus Dawes raised his head, and, seeing the approaching vessel, awoke to the consciousness of his duty. With a low laugh, full of unutterable bitterness, he placed the burden he had borne so tenderly in the arms of the lieutenant.

The brig was close upon them. Her canvas loomed large and dusky, shadowing the sea. Her wet decks shone in the morning sunlight. From her bulwarks peered bearded and eager faces, looking with astonishment at this boat and its haggard company, alone on that barren and stormy ocean.

Frere, with Sylvia in his arms, waited for her.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Society in Hobart Town, in this year of grace 1838, is, my dear lord, compos-ed of very curious elements." Bo ran a passage in the sparkling letter which the Rev. Mr. Meekin, newly appointed chaplain, and seven days' resident in Van Diemen's Land, was carrying to the postoffice. Clad in glossy black, of the nost fashionable clerical cut, with dandy boots, and gloves of lightest lavender

"Only what she's been told, of course, poor dear. She's engaged to Captain Frere.'

"Really! To the man who saved her. How charming-quite a romance! Her girlish love clings to her heroic protector. Remarkable and beautiful. Quite the-hem!-the ivy and oak, dear leddies. Ah, in our fallen nature, what sweet spots- I think this is the gate.'

A smart convict servant-he had been a pickpocket of note in days gone byleft the clergyman to repose in a handsomely furnished drawing room, whose sun blinds revealed a wealth of bright garden flecked with shadows, while he went in search of Miss Vickers. The major was out, his duties as superintendent of convicts rendering such absences necessary; but Miss Vickers was in the garden, and could be called in at The Reverend Meekin, wiping once. his heated brow, and pulling down his spotless wristbands, laid himself back on the soft sofa, soothed by the elegant surroundings no less than by the coolness of the atmosphere. He was disturbed by the sound of voices in the garden; and going outside saw a young girl talking to one of the servants. She turned, and Mr. Meekin, bowing his apologies, became conscious that the young lady was about seventeen years of

age, that her eyes were large and soft, hair plentiful and bright, and that her the hand which held the little book she had been reading was white and small. "Miss Vickers, I think. My name is

Meekin-the Rev. Arthur Meekin." "How do you do, Mr. Meekin?" said

Sylvia, putting out one of her small falls. hands, and looking straight at him. "Papa will be in directly."

"His daughter more than compensates for his absence, my dear Miss Vickers." "I don't like flattery, Mr. Meekin, so don't use it. At least," she added, with a delicious frankness that seemed born of her very brightness and beauty, "not that sort of flattery. Young girls do like flattery, of course. Don't you think 807

This rapid attack quite disconcerted Mr. Meekin, and he could only bow and smile at the self-possessed young lady.

"You have not been here long, Mr. Meekin," said Sylvia, after a pause.

"No, only a week; and I confess I am surprised. A lovely climate, but, as I said just now to Mrs. Jellicoe, the trail of the serpent-the trail of the serpentmy dear young lady."

"If you send all these wretches here, you must expect the trail of the serpent," said Sylvia. "It isn't the fault of the colony. But don't let us talk about this, Mr. Meekin," she added, pushing back a stray curl of golden hair. "Papa says that I am not to talk about these things, because they are all done according to the rules of the service, as he calls it."

"An admirable notion of papa's," said Meekin, much relieved as the door opened, and Vickers and Frere entered.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Frere, reddening.

Sylvia was staring at the strip of sunshine between the veranda and the blind, is fit to turn them on to the grass. as though the bright light might enable Don't attempt to raise young chicks her to remember something. "What's the matter?" asked Frere, bending over her,

"I was trying to recollect, but I can't, Maurice. It is all confused. I only remember a great shore and a great sea. and two men, one of whom-that's you, dear-carried me in his arms. Maurice. asked she suddenly, "what became of the other man?"

"Poor Bates?"

"No, not Bates. The prisoner. What was his name?"

"Oh, ah-the prisoner," said Frere, as if he, too, had forgotten. "Why, you know, darling, he was sent to Port Arthur.

"Ah," said Sylvia, with a shudder, "And is he there still?"

"I believe so," said Frere, with a frown.

(To be continued.)

Worth Reading.

There is no index of character so sure as the volce.-Disraeli.

Never say you know a man till you have divided an inheritance with him. -Lavater.

The manuscript of Swinburne's 'First Book of Ballads" has been sold for \$1,000.

Newspapers from Denmark to the Russian provinces must in future all go to St. Petersburg to pass the censor.

At Whakarewarewa, New Zealand, there are geysers, hot springs, bolling pools, mud volcanoes and hot water-

More than one-fourth of the inhabitants of Newfoundland are engaged in catching and curing fish for a livelihood.

The population of Russia, 120,000,-600, is increasing 1,500,000 annually. The center of the country's cottongrowing is near Jackson, Miss.

The growth of the nails is more daily. rapid in children than in adults, and slowest in the aged. It goes on more rapidly in summer than in winter.

Among the curios preserved in the Bank of England is a banknote that other durable substance. A suitable passed through the Chicago fire. The dressing must possess two distinct paper was consumed but the ash held properties. It must check the weathtogether and the printing is quite legi- ering of the wound and prevent the ble. It is kept carefully under glass. growth of bacteria and fungi, and it The bank paid the note.

An interesting trial made in England jure the surrounding bark. The dresson a farm near Biggleswade shows ing is of no value in the healing of the that fields can be so illuminated by wound, except as it prevents decay. acetylene gas that harvesting may be For general purposes, a white lead easily carried on at night. In this test paint is most satisfactory. It adheres two mowers, each cutting a six-foot closely to the wood. Wax, shellac, talswath, were employed and a field of low, etc., are lacking in both respects. fifteen acres was mowed in three hours Bordeaux mixture would be an admiraand thirty-five minutes. A gasoline ble material for this purpose if it were traction engine furnished the power. more durable." traction engine furnished the power.

chicks for green food. This seems to be a good plan in his case, because his birds are hatched very early, before it wholly on grain.

Business Methods in Farming.

Thousands of farmers in the more opulent agricultural regions of the country still conduct their farms in a haphazard way, but everywhere the advantage and necessity of the business spirit are being recognized, says the Boston Globe.

The west has been warned, for example, that the fertilizer problem of the east and the south will have to be met before many decades unless the solls are put under better rotations and economy of land is being preached.

It is now generally accepted as a truism that the better business man the agriculturist of today becomes, the more profitable will be found that occupation, which once was described by a keen, though not wholly wise farmer, In the statement that "farmin' ain't all keepin' books, by a long shot."

Planning Work Ahead.

Suppose just before the work of the spring opens, each field is planned out, the manure to be applied figured on, the quantity of seed required and its cost, together with the time the field should be prepared for planting and about the time required for the work. Then take each item of the work to be done each week and plan it out carefully the day before. So many hours for this task, so many for that, and so many for the other, and so on through the season. A half hour or even an hour spent each day in planning ahead, and then working in accordance with the plan, will save much time and labor. One of our troubles, as farmers, comes from our disinclination to systematize affairs, and we dart thither and hither and lose much valuable time.

Wounds on Fruit Trees.

An eastern fruit grower says Wounds of any considerable size should be given a coat of paint or some her baby at all times; then one will have a good cow and a good calf. must be of such a nature as not to in-



THE SUCCESS TOMATO.

the vines being vigorous and compact and the fruit setting abundantly in clusters. Taken altogether it is a sort that will make a mark for itself unless it should develop, under field culture, some traits not now seen in the testing grounds.

. It ought to be a variety of great val ue for shippers and those who grow tomatoes for distant markets are ad vised to watch the variety closely .--Indianapolis News.

Let the Calf Have Hay.

When the young calf or the young lamb is large enough to move around freely it ought to have some fine hay of good quality before it all the time so that it can begin to eat as soon as nature intends it should. Bear in mind that until its stomach is in condition to properly take care of the hay its in- try, commencing next November. stinct will keep the animal from eating much of it. The idea that any injury will result is wrong. If the young calf bered and does not use a driving im must be kept in the barn try and locate its stall where it will have pleuty of light, especially sunlight, and all the numerous retinue, including a s fresh air it needs. Keep the stall clean with the nice hay always at hand for it to nibble and it will thrive. Of course this stall must be located for a time, at least, where the cow can see

Paper Horseshoes.

The latest device for helping man, by helping those who help man, is in the parallelopipedon, the asymtole at the shape of a paper horseshoe. This is said to be as durable, easier to fit, lighter and less trying on the horse than the present iron shoes. Car wheels, notably the wheels of Puliman cars, have long been made of compressed paper.

1864-Gunboat Petrel burned by Adams' cavalry.

1873-Trial of the Tichborne dains for perjury began in London. 1877-Russia declared war against h key.

1880-Gladstone appointed Chanche Exchequer of Great Britain. 1882-Welland canal opened for mil

tion. 1884-Steamer Bear salled for the

lief of the Greely expedition. 1885-Mysterious explosion in Main Office in London....Fire hub natives perished in eruption d'a

cano, Smeru, Java. 1880-Revolt in penitentiary of S. B cent de Paul, Quebec.

1887-Suicide of Lient, John De hower, Arctic explorer.

1893-Liberty Bell left Philadelphi Chicago World's Fair Hors bill passed House of Compose to 304 Business section of Wa ner, Idaho, burned.

1894-Betrothal announced of 9 Duke Nicholas, Caarowits of Ru to Princess Alix of Hesse.

1895-Paul Schultz, emberaling agent of N. P. R. R. committee cide.

1898-President McKinley called 125,000 volunteers Beginning Spanish-American war.

Hegedus, the famous Hungarias n

lst, is to give fifty concerts in this

King Edward has nine motor cin. King does not need to have his can h King Sisowath of Camboda is an visit Paris and will bring with him

retinue of 100 dancers. John Simmond of Henley on Tak

England, who has just retired on a p sion, has walked 180,000 miles period ing his duties as postman.

Lord Tweedmouth, first lord d British admiralty, is an assiduous es or of old china.

Henry Allorge, a young French P has written a volume of postry as rhombold, and rides the pons asiserus

Pegasus' back. The Prince of Wales' son has an edly the largest collection of postal a in the world. The collection me cards from every country in the and is now too bulky for court ling, there being more than 10,000 ca