

### A CYNICAL RHYME.

The girl of the period  
Rangeth her hair,  
And stoops to a myriad  
Tricks to seem fair.  
Her waist is diminished,  
Her feet are made small,  
Her finger-nails finished,  
By artists from Gaul.  
She uses cosmetic  
And poudre de ris;  
And oh! how aesthetic  
In dress she can be.  
Her teeth are forever  
(When paid for) her own;  
What odds if they never  
Were bred in the bone.  
Aer cheeks, so admired,  
By bluffs are made round;  
Her blushes acquired  
At so much a pound.  
Her eyes she enhances  
By painting the lash;  
But naught wins her glances  
Like good solid cash.  
Although tis alarming,  
Some fellows, no doubt,  
Will deem her quite charming,  
Well! just count me out!  
*Elery Berg, in Chicago Ledger.*

## Mathias Sandorf.

—BY—  
JULES VERNE.

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

(TRANSLATION COPYRIGHTED, 1885.)

### CHAPTER XII.

#### THE RUINED FARM.

Sandorf thinking all was safe went back to the tree, lifted his companion in his arms and laid him on the bank. He knew nothing of where he was or where he was to go.

In reality this sheet of water, which serves as the mouth of the Foiba, is neither a lagoon nor a lake, but an estuary. It bears the name of Leme Canal and it communicates with the Adriatic by a narrow creek between Orsera and Rovigno on the western side of the Istrian peninsula. But it was not known before this voyage that its waters come from the Foiba and were brought through the gorge of the Brico during heavy rains.

A few paces from the bank there was a deserted hut and Sandorf and Bathory after a short rest took shelter in it. There they stripped and waited while the sun dried their clothes. The fishing vessels were leaving the Leme Canal and as far as they could see the place was deserted.

The man who had been watching them since they landed now got up and carefully noted the position of the hut. And then he disappeared around a knoll and made off towards the south.

Three hours afterwards Sandorf and his companion resumed their clothes. They were still damp, but it was necessary to move on.

"We must not stay too long in this hut," said Bathory.

"Do you feel yourself strong enough to start?" asked Sandorf.

"I am almost exhausted with hunger!" "Let us try to reach the coast! There we may perhaps procure something to eat and something to take us to sea. Come, Stephen!"

And they left the hut, evidently suffering more from hunger than fatigue.

Sandorf's intention was to follow the southern bank of the Leme Canal until he reached the sea. The country was deserted, it is true, but quite a number of streams intersected it on their way to the estuary. This watery network along the banks is nothing more nor less than a vast sponge, and the mud is impassable, so that the fugitives had to strike southward obliquely, easily keeping their course by the sun, which had now risen. For two hours they kept on without meeting a human being, and without finding anything to satisfy the hunger that was devouring them.

Then the country became less arid. They found a road running east and west, which boasted a mile-stone that gave no indication as to the region across which they were feeling their way like the blind. There were, however, some hedges of mulberry trees, and farther on a field of sorghum, which enabled them to allay their hunger or rather to cheat the wants of their stomachs. The sorghum chewed and even eaten, and the refreshing mulberries, might perhaps be enough to keep them from exhaustion before they reached the coast.

But if the country was inhabited, if a few fields showed that the hand of man was employed about them, the fugitives had to be careful how they met the inhabitants.

About noon five or six foot passengers appeared on the road. As a matter of caution Sandorf thought he and Bathory had better get out of sight. Fortunately an enclosure around an old ruined farm lay some fifty yards to the left. There, before they had been noticed, he and his companion took refuge in a kind of dark cellar, where in the event of any one stopping at the farm they ran little risk of discovery if they waited till the night.

The foot passengers were peasants and salt marsh workers. Some were driving a flock of geese, doubtless to market at some town or village which could not be very far from the canal. Men and women were clothed in Istrian style, with the jewels, medals, earrings, breast crosses and filigree pendants which ornament the ordinary costume of both sexes. The salt marsh workers were more simply dressed, as with sack on back and stick in hand they marched along to the salters in the neighborhood, or perhaps even to the important

establishments at Stagnone or Pirano in the west of the province.

Some of them stopped when they reached the farm and rested for a little on the doorstep. They talked in a loud voice, not without a certain animation, but only of things concerning their trade.

The fugitives leant against the corner and listened. Perhaps these people had already heard of the escape and were talking about it? Perhaps they were saying something which might reveal in what part of Istria they then were.

Not a word passed on the subject. They could only continue to guess.

"If the country people say nothing about our escape it is a fair inference," said Sandorf, "that they have not yet heard of it."

"That," said Bathory, "would go to prove that we are some distance from the fortress. Considering the rapidity of the torrent which kept us under ground for more than six hours I am not surprised at that."

"That must be it," said Sandorf. A couple of hours passed, and then some salt-workers as they passed the farm without stopping were heard to speak about the gendarmes they had met at the gate of the town.

What town? They gave it no name. This was not very reassuring. If gendarmes were about it was probable that they were scouring the country in search of the fugitives.

"But," said Bathory, "considering how we escaped, they might well believe us dead and never think of pursuit." "They will believe we are dead when they find our bodies," answered Sandorf.

There being no doubt that the police were afoot and in search of them, they decided to stay till it was night. Although they were tortured with hunger they dared not leave their retreat; and they were wise.

About five o'clock the tramp of a small troop of horse was heard along the road. Sandorf, who had been out to the gate of the enclosure, hurriedly rejoined his companion and dragged him into the darkest corner of the cellar. There they hid themselves under a heap of brushwood and remained motionless.

Half a dozen gendarmes headed by a sergeant were coming along the road towards the east. Would they stop at the farm? Sandorf anxiously asked. If they searched the place they could not fail to find them.

They halted. The sergeant and two of the men dismounted, while the others remained in the saddle and received orders to search the country along the canal and then return to the farm, where the rest would meet them at seven o'clock.

The four gendarmes moved off immediately. The sergeant and the two others picked their horses and sat down to talk. From the corner of the cellar the fugitives could hear all that passed.

"Yes," we shall go back to the town this evening and get the orders for tonight," said the sergeant in reply to one of the men. "The telegraph may bring us fresh instructions from Trieste."

The town in question was not Trieste; that was one point of which Count Sandorf made a note.

"Are you not afraid," said the second gendarme, "that while we are looking about here that the fugitives may have got down the Quarnero Canal?"

"Yes, that is possible," said the first gendarme, "for they might think it safer than here."

"If they do," said the sergeant, they none the less risk being found, for the whole coast is being looked after from one end to the other."

Second fact worth noting. Sandorf and his companion were on the west coast of Istria, that is to say, near the Adriatic shore, and not on the banks of the opposite canal which runs out at Fiume.

"I think they are having a look round the salt works at Pirano and Capo d'Istria," said the sergeant. "They might hide there easily and get on board a vessel crossing the Adriatic and bound for Rimini or Venice."

"They had much better have waited patiently in their cell," said one of the gendarmes philosophically.

"Yes," added the other, "sooner or later they'll be caught, if they have not fished them up out of the Buco! That would finish it, though, and we should not have to trot about the country in all this heat."

"And who says it hasn't finished it?" replied the sergeant. "Perhaps the Foiba has been the executioner, and while it is in flood, the wretched men could not have chosen a worse road out of the donjon of Pisino."

The Foiba then was the name of the river which had carried off Count Sandorf and his companion. It was the fortress of Pisino to which they had been taken after their arrest, and there they had been imprisoned, tried and sentenced. It was from its donjon they had escaped. Count Sandorf knew this town of Pisino well. He had at last fixed on this point which was so important for him to know, and it would no longer be by chance that he would cross the Istrian peninsula, if flight was still possible.

The conversation of the gendarmes did not stop here; but in these few words the fugitives had learned all they wished to know—except, perhaps, the name of the town by the canal on the Adriatic coast.

Soon the sergeant got up and walked about the enclosure, watching if his men were returning to the farm. Twice or thrice he entered the ruined house and looked into the rooms, rather from professional habit than suspicion. He even came to the door of the cellar, and the fugitives would certainly have been discovered if the darkness had not been so great. He even entered it, and tossed about the brushwood in the corner with his scabbard, but without reaching those beneath. At this moment Sandorf and Bathory passed through almost the whole gamut of anguish. They had resolved to sell their lives dearly if the sergeant reached them. To throw themselves on him, profit by his surprise to deprive him of his arms, to at-

tack him two to one, to kill him or make him kill himself, they had fully made up their minds.

At this moment the sergeant was called out, and he left the cellar without noticing anything suspicious. The four gendarmes sent off to search had just returned to the farm. Despite all they could do they did not come across any traces of the fugitives in the district between the coast and the canal. But they had not come back alone—a man accompanied them.

He was a Spaniard employed in the salt works in the neighborhood. He was returning to the town when the gendarmes met him. As he told them that he had been all over the country between the town and the salt works they resolved to bring him to the sergeant for him to interrogate him. The man had no objection to go with them.

The sergeant asked him if he had noticed any strangers in the salt works.

"No, sergeant," said the man; "but this morning, about an hour after I left the town, I saw two men who had just landed at the point along the canal."

"Two men, do you say?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes, but as in these parts we thought the execution at Pisino took place this morning, I did not pay much attention to the men. Now I know what has occurred I should not be surprised if they were the two you want."

From the corner of the cellar Sandorf and Bathory could hear every word of this conversation which affected them so nearly. Then when they landed on the bank they had been seen.

"What is your name?" asked the sergeant.

"Carpena, and I am employed at the salt works."

"Could you recognize these two men you saw this morning?"

"Yes, probably!"

"Well, you can come and make a declaration, and put yourself at the disposal of the police."

"I am at your orders."

"Do you know there is a five thousand florins reward for the discovery of the fugitives?"

"Five thousand florins!"

"And the hulks to him who harbors them!"

"You don't say so!"

"Go," said the sergeant.

The Spaniard's news had the effect of sending off the gendarmes. The sergeant ordered his men to mount, and as night had fallen he started for the town, after having thoroughly searched the banks of the canal. Carpena at the same time set out, congratulating himself that the capture of the fugitives would be worth so much to him.

Sandorf and Bathory remained in hiding for some time before they left the cellar which had served them for a refuge. Their thoughts ran as follows: As the gendarmes were on their traces, as they had been seen and were likely to be recognized, the Istrian provinces were no longer safe for them, and they must leave the country as soon as possible, either for Italy, on the other side of the Adriatic, or across Dalmatia and the military frontier.

The first plan offered the best chances of success, providing they could possess themselves of a vessel, or prevail on some fisherman to land them on the Italian coast. And this plan they adopted.

Heaven about half-past eight o'clock, as soon as the night was dark enough, Sandorf and his companion, after leaving the ruined farm, started off towards the southwest, so as to reach the Adriatic coast. And at first they were obliged to keep to the road to avoid being lost in the marshes of the Leme.

But did not this unknown road lead to the town which it put into communication with the heart of Istria? Were they not running into great danger? Undoubtedly, but what else could they do?

About half-past nine the vague outline of a town appeared about a quarter of a mile ahead in the darkness; and it was not easy to recognize it.

It was a collection of houses clumsily built in terraces on an enormous mass of rock which towered over the sea above the harbor cut back into the re-entering angle on one of its sides. The whole was surmounted by a high campanile, whose proportions were much exaggerated in the gloom.

Sandorf had quite decided not to enter the town where the presence of two visitors would soon be known. He tried, therefore, to pass round the walls so as to reach one of the points on the coast if possible.

But this they did not do without being followed for some distance by the same man who had already seen them on the Leme Canal—the same Carpena whose information they had heard given to the sergeant of gendarmerie. In fact as he went home and thought over the reward that had been offered, the Spaniard left the road so as to watch it better, and chance, luckily for him but unluckily for them, again put him on the track of the fugitives.

Almost at the same moment a squadron of police came out from one of the gates of the town and threatened to bar the way. They had only just time to scramble out of sight, and then to hurry at full speed towards the shore by the side of one of the walls of the port.

Here they found a fisherman's hut, with its little windows lighted up and its door open. If they could not find a refuge here, if the fisherman refused to receive them, they were lost. To seek refuge was to risk everything, but the time had gone by for hesitation. Sandorf and his companion ran towards the door of the hut and stopped on the threshold. Inside was a man mending his nets by the light of a ship's lantern.

"My friend," asked Count Sandorf, "can you tell me the name of this town?"

"Rovigno."

"And we are speaking to?"

"Andrea Ferrato, the fisherman."

"Will Andrea Ferrato consent to give us a night's lodging?"

Andrea Ferrato looked at them, advanced towards the door, caught sight of the squadron of police at the end of the wall, diving doubtless like they

were that asked his hospitality and understood that they were lost if he hesitated to reply.

"Come in," he said.

But the two fugitives did not move. "My friend," said Sandorf, "there are five thousand florins reward for whoever will give up the prisoners who escaped from the donjon of Pisino."

"I know it."

"There are hulks," added Sandorf, "for him who harbors them."

"I know it."

"You could not deliver—"

"I told you to come in; come in, then," answered the fisherman.

And Andrea Ferrato shut the door as the squadron of police came tramping past the hut.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE FISHERMAN'S HUT.

Andrea Ferrato was a Corsican, a native of Santa Manza, a little port in the arondissement of Sartene, situated at the back of the southern point of the island. This port and Bastia and Porto Vecchio are the only ones that open on to that monotonous eastern coast of which the sea has gradually destroyed the capes, filled up the gulfs, effaced the bays and destroyed the creeks.

It was at Santa Manza on that narrow portion of the sea between Corsica and the Italian mainland, and often among the rocks of the straits of Bonifacio that Andrea Ferrato followed his trade as a fisherman. Twenty years before he had married a young girl of Sartene. Two years afterwards they had had a daughter who was christened Maria. The fisherman's calling is a rough one, particularly when to the fishing for fish there is added the fishing for coral, which was to be sought for at the bottom of the most dangerous channels in the strait. But Andrea Ferrato was bold, robust, indefatigable, as clever with the net as with the trawl. His business prospered. His wife, active and intelligent, ruled the little house at Santa Manza to perfection. Both of them knew how to read, write and calculate, and were fairly educated, if we compare them with the 150,000 who cannot write their names which statistics now reveal to exist out of 260,000 inhabitants of the island.

Besides—perhaps on account of this education—Andrea Ferrato was very French in his ideas and feelings, and he was of Italian origin, like the majority of the Corsicans. And at that time this had occasioned some animosity against him.

The canton in fact, situated at the southern extremity of the island, far from Bastia, far from Ajaccio, far from the chief centres of administration, is at heart very much opposed to everything that is not Italian or Sardinian—a regrettable state of things that we hope to see the end of as the rising generation becomes better educated.

Hence, as we have said, there was more or less latent animosity against the Ferratos. In Corsica animosity and hatred are not very far apart. Certain things occurred which embittered this animosity. One day Andrea, driven out of patience, in a moment of anger, killed a well-known vagabond who was threatening him, and he had to seek safety in flight.

But Andrea Ferrato was not at all the man to take refuge in the *maquis* to live a life of daily strife as much against the police as against the companions and friends of the deceased, to penetrate a series of revenges which would end by reaching his own people. Resolving to expatriate himself, he managed to leave Corsica secretly, and reached the Sardinian coast. When his wife had realized their property, given up the house at Santa Manza, sold the furniture, the boat and the nets, she crossed over and joined him. They had given up their native land forever.

But the murder, although it was justifiably committed in self-defence, weighed on Andrea's conscience. With the somewhat superstitious ideas due to his origin he greatly desired to ransom it. He had heard that a man's death is never pardoned till the day when the murderer saves another life at the risk of his own. He made up his mind to save a life as soon as an occasion presented itself.

Andrea did not remain long in Sardinia, where he would easily have been recognized and discovered. Energetic and brave, although he did not fear for himself the feared for those who belonged to him, he feared that the reprisals of family on family might reach them. He merely waited till he could go without exciting suspicion, and then sailed for Italy, where at Ancona an opportunity offered him to cross the Adriatic to the Istrian coast, of which he availed himself.

And that is the story of why the Corsican had settled at Rovigno. For seventeen years he had followed his trade as a fisherman—and had become as well off as he had been. Nine years afterwards a son was born to him, who had been named Luigi. His birth cost his mother her life.

Andrea Ferrato now lived entirely for his daughter and his son. Maria, then aged eighteen, acted as mother to the little boy of eight. And except the deep and constant grief for the loss of his wife the fisherman of Rovigno was as happy as he could be in his work and the consciousness of having done his duty. He was respected throughout the district. He was ever ready to help, and his advice was always valuable. He was known to be clever at his trade. Among the long ridges of rocks which guard the Istrian shore he had no reason to regret the Gulf of Santa Manza or the Straits of Bonifacio. He had become an excellent pilot in those parts where the same language is spoken as in Corsica. From his pilotage of the ships between Pola and Trieste he earned almost as much as from his fishing. And in his house the poor were not forgotten, and Maria did her best in works of charity.

But the fisherman of Santa Manza had never forgotten his vow—a life for a life! He had taken one man's life. He would save another's.

That was why, when the two fugi-

tives presented themselves at his door, guessing who they were, knowing the penalty to which he was exposing himself, he had not hesitated to say to them,

"Come in," and adding in his thoughts, "And may heaven protect us all!"

The squadron of police passed the door and did not stop. Sandorf and Bathory could thus fancy they were safe—at least for that night.

The hut was built not in the town itself, but about five hundred yards from its walls, below the harbor and on a ridge of rocks which commanded the beach. Beyond, at less than a cable's length, was the sea breaking on the sands and stretching away to the distant horizon. Towards the southwest there jutted out the promontory whose curves shut in the small roadstead of Rovigno.

It had but four rooms, two at the front and two at the back, but there was a lean-to of boards in which the fishing and other tackle was kept. Such was the dwelling of Andrea Ferrato. His boat was a balancello with a square stern, about thirty feet long, rigged with a mainsail and foresail—a description of boat well adapted for trawling. When she was not in use she was moored inside the rocks, and a little boat drawn up on the beach was used in journeying to and from her. Behind the house was an enclosure of about half an acre, in which a few vegetables grew among the mulberry and olive trees and the vines. A hedge separated it from a brook about six feet broad, and beyond was the open country.

Such was this humble but hospitable dwelling to which Providence had led the fugitives; such was the host who risked his liberty to give them shelter.

As soon as the door closed on them Sandorf and Bathory examined the room into which the fisherman had welcomed them.

It was the principal room of the house, furnished in a way that showed the taste and assiduity of a careful housekeeper.

"First of all you want something to eat?" said Andrea.

"Yes, we are dying with hunger!" answered Sandorf. "For twelve hours we have had no food."

"You understand, Maria."

And in a few minutes Maria had put on the table some salt pork, some boiled fish, a flask of the local wine of the dry grape, with two glasses, two plates and a white table-cloth. A "veglione," a sort of lamp with three wicks fed with oil, gave light in the room.

Sandorf and Bathory sat down to the table; they were quite exhausted.

"But you?" said the fisherman.

"We have had our meal," answered Andrea.

The two famished men devoured—that is the proper word—the provisions which were offered with such simplicity and heartiness.

But as they ate they kept their eyes on the fisherman, his daughter and his son who sat in a corner of the room and looked at them back without saying a word. Andrea was then about forty-two, a man of severe expression, even a little sorrowful, with expressive features, a sunburnt face, black eyes and a keen look. He wore the dress of the fishermen of the Adriatic, and was evidently of active, powerful build.

Maria—whose face and figure recalled her mother—was tall, graceful, pretty rather than handsome, with bright, black eyes, brown hair and a complexion lightly tinted by the vivacity of her Corsican blood. Serious by reason of the duties she had fulfilled from her childhood, having in her attitude and movements the serenity a reflective nature gives, everything about her showed an energy that would never fail, no matter in what circumstances she might be placed. Many times she had been sought in marriage by the young fishermen of the country, but in vain. Did not all her life belong to her father and the child who was so dear to him?

That boy Luigi was already an experienced sailor—hard-working, brave and resolute. Bareheaded in wind and rain he accompanied Andrea in his fishing and piloting. Later on he promised to be a vigorous man, well trained and well built, more than bold, even audacious, ready for anything and careless of danger. He loved his father. He adored his sister.

Count Sandorf had been keenly examining these three, united in such touching affection. That he was among people he could trust he felt sure. When the meal was finished Andrea rose and approaching Sandorf said:

"Go and sleep, gentlemen. No one knows you are here. To-morrow we can talk."

"No, Andrea Ferrato, no!" said Sandorf. "Our hunger is now appeased! We have recovered our strength! Let us leave the house this instant, where our presence is so dangerous to you and yours."

"Yes, let us leave," added Bathory. "And may heaven reward you for what you have done."

"Go and sleep; it is necessary," said the fisherman. "The beach is watched to-night. An embargo has been put upon all the ports on the coast. You can do nothing now."

"Be it so, if you wish it," answered Sandorf.

"I wish it."

"One word only. When was our escape known?"

"This morning," answered Andrea. "But there were four prisoners in the donjon of Pisino. You are only two. The third, they say, was set free."

"Sarceany!" exclaimed Sandorf, immediately checking the movement of anger that seized him as he heard the hated name.

"And the fourth?" asked Bathory, without daring to finish the sentence.

"The fourth is still living," answered Ferrato. "His execution has been put off."

"Living!" exclaimed Bathory.

"Yes," answered Sandorf, ironically. "They are keeping him till they have got us, to give us the pleasure of dying together."

"Maria," said Ferrato, "take our guests to the room at the back, but do not have a light. The window must not show from without that there is a

light in the room. You can then go to bed, Luigi and I will watch."

"Yes, father," answered the boy.

"Come, sirs," said the girl. A moment afterwards Sandorf and his companion exchanged a cordial shake of the hand with the fisherman. Then they passed into the chamber where they found two good mattresses of maize on which they could rest after so many fatigues.

But already Andrea had left the house with Luigi. He wished to assure himself that no one was prowling round the neighborhood, neither on the beach nor beyond the brook. The fugitives then could sleep in peace till the morning.

The night passed without adventure. The fisherman had frequently been out. He had seen nothing suspicious.

In the morning of the 18th of June, while his guests were still asleep, Andrea went out for news into the centre of the town and along the wharves. There were many groups talking over the events of the past day. The placard stuck up the evening before relating the escape, the penalties incurred and the reward promised formed the general subject of conversation. Some were gossiping, some detailing the latest news, some repeating the rumors in vague terms which meant nothing in particular. There was nothing to show that Sandorf and his companion had been seen in the neighborhood, nor even that there was any suspicion of their presence in the province. About ten o'clock, when the sergeant and his men entered Rovigno after their night expedition, a rumor spread that two strangers had been seen twenty-four hours before on the Leme Canal. The district from there to the sea had been searched for them in vain. There was not a vestige of their visit. Had they then reached the coast, possessed themselves of a boat and gone to some other part of Istria, or had they crossed the Austrian frontier? It would seem so.

"Good," said one of the men. "There are five thousand florins saved to the treasury."

"Money that might be better spent than in paying rascally informers!"

"And they have managed to escape?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Life in Montevideo.

Everybody rides. No one thinks of walking. Each family has its carriage and saddle-horse, and even beggars go about the streets on horseback. It is a common thing to be stopped on the street by a horseman and asked for a "centavo," which is worth two and a half cents of our money. These incidents are somewhat startling at first, and suggest highway robbery, but the appeal is made in such a humble, pitiful tone that the feeling of alarm soon vanishes.

"For the love of Jesus, señor, give a poor, sick man a centavo. I've had no bread or coffee to-day." And receiving the pittance the beggar will gallop off like a cowboy to the nearest drinking place.

The national drink is called cana (pronounced canyah), and is made of the fermented juice of the sugar-cane. It contains about 90 per cent. alcohol and is sold at two cents a goblet, so that a glass in Uruguay is within the reach of the poorest man. But there is very little intemperance in comparison with that in our own country. On ordinary days drunken men are seldom seen upon the streets, but on the evening after a religious feast the common people usually engage in a glorious carousal.

The vestibules of the tenement-houses, and the patios or courts which invariably furnish a cool landing place in the centre of each, are commonly paved with the knuckle bones of sheep, arranged in fantastic designs, like mosaic work. They always attract the attention of strangers, and it is a standing joke to tell the tender-foot that they are the knuckle bones of human beings killed during the many revolutions. The ladies of Uruguay are considered to rank next to their sisters of Peru in beauty, and there is something about the atmosphere which gives to their complexions a purity and clearness that are not elsewhere found. But when they reach maturity, like all Spanish ladies, they lose their grace and symmetry of form and become very stout. This is undoubtedly owing in a great degree to their lack of exercise, for they never walk, but spend their entire lives in a carriage or a rocking-chair.—*Letter to Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

### Postage Stamps.

Few people, perhaps, realize of how recent origin is the postage stamp. It was first issued by Great Britain in 1840. Brazil was the first nation to follow the example, which they did in 1843, and in 1847 the United States began the use of postage stamps. There are now 211 stamp-issuing countries. It is estimated now that every year some 50,000,000,000 letters are posted in the world. America leads with about 2,500,000,000, and England follows with 700,000,000. Japan now mails annually 95,000,000 letters, and the cancelled stamps on these letters are worth an average of one cent each. Last year there were 26,000 letters posted in England without any address on them. In 1,600 of these gold coins and money were inclosed. The cancelled postage stamps of many countries are worth quite as much as unused specimens, and many are issued solely for collections, the revenue being an important item. Monaco is the latest to issue stamps; but Stellaland, with its "fifty houses and three stores," is probably the most insignificant, even more so than Heligoland or the Virgin Islands. Bhopal has the oldest stamp, Nicaragua the finest, Siberia the largest, Zealand the smallest, Guatemala the most striking and Sarawak and Great Britain divide the honor of having the cheapest and meanest.—*Brookville (*