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[illegible] ...ould ruin his life.

Time had proved that she [illegible]en right. His wife was a beautiful woman, and her wealth had opened boundless opportunities to him. He had risen—she had known that he would. But now that she scarcely was able to know herself she would venture into his world and see for herself how happy and prosperous he was.

So, having spent all but her last sovereign for her ticket, she stepped into Langham one spring evening, steeling her heart to what might follow. The next evening she had walked past his great house and was starting back, when a sudden shower burst unexpectedly upon her. She gathered up her skirts in that particular way so characteristic of a dainty woman and was hurrying along, when all at once she was conscious of a sharp, childish cry at her side. Turning, she beheld a tall, sad faced man trying to quiet a fretful baby of about 2 years, which held out its dimpled hands to her and cried: "Mamma! Mamma!"

The gentleman strove to quiet it, and Gabrielle started on. But sharp and piercing came the cry of "Mamma!" and her heart bade her linger.

For the first time the man spoke to her. "I must beg your pardon, madam. His mother has just died, and something about you seems to have recalled her to him."

Gabrielle's heart softened at once. Going straight up, she took the tiny, outstretched hands in her own and murmured, "Poor, motherless little one."

The father held out his umbrella over her, and for the first time she looked at him. The face was Robert's!

She was glad for the excuse of turning to the baby again and murmured something unintelligible.

However, he had not recognized her, so she drew all her strength to her assistance and succeeded in hiding her emotion.

"If you will walk under my umbrella, as I am going your way, you can keep dry. And, too, I fear baby won't like to part with you now."

There was no easy way to retreat. It would have been absurd to scud off in a changed direction through the pelting rain, so she continued talking hurriedly to the child.

As they reached the foot of the broad stone steps she stopped.

"I cannot thank you enough for having calmed Leslie. His nurse left this morning, and he will not be consoled by any of the other servants. So I finally told Mrs. Clarke, the housekeeper, that I would try him for a walk. But will you not take the umbrella? It will be a shame to expose yourself to such a deluge."

She gracefully declined all thanks and such kind offers and glided quickly off, a tall, black robed figure, daring the watery drops. But a perfect shriek from baby arose when he found himself deserted in this fashion, and each succeeding cry became louder and more distressing. Again Gabrielle could not go. Again she came back to him.

"Will you please come into the house with him? Mrs. Clarke may there be better able to get him away than I."

So Gabrielle, carrying his child, Leslie, entered the house, unknown, but welcome even then. Leslie was not to be easily deceived, and all the ruses were seen through immediately by his careful, big blue eyes.

"We must get a nursemaid this very night," declared Mrs. Clarke as she endeavored, in her practical, cold hearted way, to inveigle the young lord from his new "mamma."

"But," groaned Mr. Courtright, "where can one get one whom he can trust on such very short notice?"

A bold idea entered Gabrielle's head. She tried three or four times to speak and her voice failed. Finally she choked back the lump in her throat and said: "Would it be presumptuous in me to offer myself? I can show you some excellent references, and I am looking for some such position."

"You a nursemaid?" exclaimed Mr. Courtright in amazement. Then, a moment later, he would have given much to have it back unsaid. Her plain, black gown was darned at the elbows. It was merely her way of wearing it that gave her the appearance of a woman of long founded culture and delicacy.

Two years went by, in which Miss Varney, as she was then known, undiscovered, was loved by and loved in return Mr. Courtright's two children. It was one evening in March, just before dusk, when she had left Leslie up stairs asleep and had just come down to the drawing room with Mabel to stay with the child until her father came to dinner. He was late, and Mabel wandered off to the library, thus leaving Gabrielle alone in the dimly lighted room, when Mr. Courtright finally entered.

"Shall I call Mabel?" she began, starting from her station at the window.

"No, Miss Varney, stay. I have something to say to you. You remember how moved I was the first time Leslie called you 'mamma?' You thought then, no doubt, that it was because of the memory of my wife. Partly so, but mostly because I thought for an instant that you were the woman who—who might have been his mother, if the fates had been kinder. Do you know, Miss Varney, that you often remind me cruelly of a woman I loved better than the world?"

"Your wife?" She was glad that it was dark enough to hide the trembling of her lips.

"No, not my wife. I loved Marie one way. She was tender and true to me. But the woman that I really loved"— Then after a pause he went on: "But what I meant to say to you is this: I have learned to love you a thousand times better than Marie, and sometimes I almost think as much as I loved—the dearest one. Can you, will you, hate me if I ask you thus to be Leslie's mamma in truth as well as in word?"

Slowly came the reply, "But you love the first woman best of all even yet?"

"Yes, I do. But, as I said, I often almost think that you are she, when I stop to realize how I feel toward you."

Moment after moment went by. The shadows came closer and the rim of lighter clouds near the western horizon grew narrower. At last she said:

"I, too, loved in the long ago. And I can never in any way love another man. But"—

"Miss Varney"—he broke in.

"No, let me finish," she continued. "Take an umbrella and go down to the east gate. Do not ask a question, but take the umbrella and wait there."

Then she sped up stairs. He was dazed; maybe that was the reason that he, as in a dream, did as she had bid and took his station down by the rustic gate, where the softly falling rain dripped through the leaves onto the gravel of the walk.

Suddenly he was conscious of a rustle at his side, and, turning, there stood a tall girl, with a loving smile beaming above the same dark collar, with a sweet face shining from beneath the same velvet bonnet remembered so well from long ago, and an old time voice murmured:

"Robert!"

"Gabrielle!" he gasped.

"Yes," she laughed. "Gabrielle and your nursemaid in one."

When they walked up to the house that night she clung lovingly to his arm under the narrow umbrella, for they were strangers no longer.—Exchange.

Ocean Cannibals.

Such fierce carniverous fishes as exist in the depths of the ocean are unknown at the surface. There is a "black swallower," which devours other finny creatures 10 times as big as itself, literally climbing over its victim, first with one jaw and then with the other. Another species is nearly all mouth, and having no power of locomotion it lies buried in the soft ooze at the bottom, its head alone protruding, ready to engulf any prey that may wander into its cavernous jaws. There is a ferocious kind of shark, resembling a huge eel. All of these monsters are black as ink. Some of them are perfectly blind, while others have enormous, goggling eyes. No ray of sunlight ever pierces the dark, unfathomed caves in which they dwell. Each species is gobbled by the species next bigger, for there is no vegetable life to feed on.—Spare Moments.

A PARALLEL.

A flower from Boyle O'Reilly's grave—
A type of him, the pure and brave,
That held thro' winter's withering gloom
The germs of the perfect bloom
That glorifies the summer air
And makes the world more rich and fair.
The convict's doom, the felon's cell,
The transport hulk, the living hell
Of the chaingang horror, lower d in vain
To crush that noble soul or stain.
Despite the wrath of coward foes
O'Reilly through the ordeal rose
The bright, consummate flower, the grace
And glory of our creed and race.

—Erigeni.

A RARE BILL.

Three or four years ago I was given an old Confederate bill of $100, and ever since I have kept it in my pocketbook as a kind of talisman. This summer, however, it came nearly proving anything but a talisman, for it was the cause of a disagreeable adventure.

It happened on one of those hot days in the latter part of June, when the streets of Boston are like bake ovens, and the common and public garden are so full of chattering crowds that one finds little pleasure in them. I had an afternoon off from my business and so determined to take a trip down the bay to Bass Point and Nahant. These resorts are only an hour's ride from Boston, and I could go down on the 2 o'clock boat and come back at 9.

On the water the afternoon was delightful. Back of us was Boston, its mass of dull, red bricks piled up like a pyramid and blotting the glory of the sky like a silhouette. The land extended around in a semicircle, and gradually sloped down on either side until it became a mere rim of undulating green shore, seemingly balanced between the water and the sky and vanishing into a steel gray haze. In front, the sea was dotted with islands. All about boats were darting here and there, ever changing place and gliding along with fascinating gracefulness.

The steamer I was on was fairly well crowded, but not uncomfortably, and I was sitting on the upper deck taking in the view and congratulating myself on having escaped from the roasting city, when I was interrupted by some one tapping me on the shoulder. A cripple was offering to sell me a pamphlet. I took out my pocketbook and selected a nickel, and in moving some bills the Confederate bill fell to the deck. I picked it up and put it back, and at the same time I noticed that a man who was sitting next to me eyed me keenly. Naturally I thought he was anxious to strike up an acquaintance, so I turned to him with the conventional "Pleasant day."

"Yes," he returned politely. "Splendid."

"You are going to Nahant, I suppose?"

"No—er—yes; I think so. I think I shall get off at Bass Point and walk over to Nahant. Splendid walk."

"I was only down this way once, and that was several years ago."

Then we talked on various subjects and admired the picturesque marine views which went rolling by like a huge panorama. Taken altogether, that trip down the bay was one of the most delightful I had ever experienced, for the day was so perfect, the gentle dip of the boat so soothing and my companion decidedly agreeable. He possessed all the magnetism of a clever conversationist and entertained me brilliantly.

We got off the boat at Bass Point, which is a jutting point of rocks crowded with those buildings common to popular summer resorts. It was Saturday, and the place was overflowing with pleasure seekers. We found little to interest us there and we soon started for Nahant, a small village which lay about two miles farther along the shore on another point and across a considerable bay.

About midway over we climbed a hill which commanded the whole country and sea for miles. When we got to the top, we threw ourselves on the grass to rest. We chatted carelessly for awhile, and my companion—his name was Chester Brown, we had exchanged cards—pointed out several little points of interest with which I was not familiar.

"I love to lie on the grass like this and watch the water sparkle," he said. "It looks like gold."

The scene was fascinating. Far ahead the blue water stretched out, swaying in long regular swells, and met the sky and curved up in a huge, blue vault. Away off to the north was a string of five boats, and farther, a streak of black smoke showed the whereabouts of some steamer.

We sat there for some time and talked. Then Brown sat up suddenly and asked me how I should like going in swimming. The prospect of a salt water bath struck me favorably, and I readily assented to going. So we descended the hill and walked along the curving path toward Nahant.

We went to the beach and got a bathhouse. There happened to be only one vacant and we shared it together. I did not mind that, however, for I was in an agreeable mood. The air was warm, and the water seemed a bit colder than it really was. But I enjoyed the bath hugely. Suddenly my companion rushed out of the water and made for the bathhouse, calling back to me that he had a chill. Of course I followed immediately in the hopeof being able to help him. When I opened the door, he was just sinking down on the seat as though exhausted. He shivered and shook as though with the ague. I went to work and soon had him warmed up by violent rubbing with a rough towel.

We dressed hurriedly and went out to sit on the rocks. Some people were fishing there, and we watched them. By and by we got tired and climbed down the rocks to where the water gurgled and swashed in and out of the weed covered clefts. If Brown had been bright and entertaining before our bath, he was decidedly glum and silent afterward. He would gaze steadily out to sea as though in deep thought, and his brow would wrinkle reflectively. Then he would change, and his motions became jerky and irregular. At times I thought he was excited, and I attributed his changed ways to the sudden chill.

While we were sitting in one of the clefts, out of reach of the water, a dainty boat rounded a point and glided past us. Brown quickly jumped to his feet and said: "How would you like to take a boat ride? This little bay is beautiful."

"Is there a boathouse about here?" I inquired, looking about me.

"Oh, yes," he returned eagerly. "Right on the pier."

"That would be a pleasant way of watching the sun set—from the water," I said.

We clambered up the rocks and went to the boathouse, where we got a boat and rowed out into the pretty bay. The sun was setting, and the shading of the sky was exquisite, shading from a bright lemon through reds and purples to a misty gray. Presently the big globe dipped lingeringly behind the distant hills and gradually sank down, leaving a ruddy glow behind which skimmed the ripples and shot streaks of gold through some black, rolling clouds which were poking their ominous tops above the horizon.

I was rowing, and Brown sat in the bow. He said he preferred the bow, if I did not mind the added difficulty of rowing. Sitting that way we could both see the sunset. For a long time we said nothing. I rowed on half lazily. When the sun had disappeared, I turned to Brown with a smile. "Are you enjoying yourself?" I asked.

"It's dreamy," he returned, and looked out to sea. Then he added quickly: "Pull way out. Let's row far out to sea and come back by moonlight. The moon rises early." I was more than pleased, for a moonlight ride was more than I had hoped for. So in spite of the black clouds which were gathering fast I rowed on and on. Brown offered to row once, but I told him that I was perfectly satisfied. Pretty soon a breeze sprung up and ruffled the water. I looked back again at Brown and found him eagerly scanning the horizon. He started slightly when he saw me looking at him. "Row on!" he said. "Row on!"

His manner was peculiar. I thought he was nervous. "Do you fear a storm?" I asked without turning my head. Just then a pretty large wave thumped against the bow. "It's getting rough," I added. "It always does after the sun goes down," he said. "Row on." I looked up at the sky, out of which the light was fast fading. Then I stopped rowing for a moment. We were almost out of sight of land. It only looked like a black streak through the twilight. The waves had grown considerably, and I knew that they, together with the tide, would soon carry us beyond sight of land. Then if there should be no moon, and if a storm should come up—I found myself getting anxious.

"We must go back," I said decidedly, and was just going to pick up my oars and turn about when I felt a heavy weight plump down upon me and crush me to the bottom of the boat. One oar was lifted clear out of the rowlock and dropped into the water. In a moment Brown's hands were at my throat, and he was choking me and butting my head against the boards. I could not speak, and my senses were fast leaving me. I remember his face being close to mine, and his heavy breathing sounding loud and labored. Then the sharp raised rib of the boat seemed to crunch into my head, and I lost consciousness.

The first thing I became aware of was a faint rumbling which came from the distance, and as I gradually recovered I saw flashes of lightning spread over the sky. A storm was coming fast. The boat was rocking violently, and Brown was bending over me bathing my face with water. I reached out my hand and grasped him.

"Don't," he said simply, and made me let go.

I tried to get up, but he pushed me back. "Lie still. The sea is rough."

The storm came on faster and faster. Flash after flash of lightning lighted up the heaving ocean; the thunder grumbled, rolled and crashed; the waves rose to frightful heights and rushed down upon the little boat with their tops curling and falling. The boat would rise on the crest of a wave and then take a sickening dive down until it seemed to me that we must surely reach the bottom. Then the going up was so sudden and the motion so different that I held my breath. We were wet to the skin, for the boat often plunged right through the top of a wave. We both hung to the seat of the half sinking boat and waited.

The storm was short. The thunder became fainter and fainter, and the lightning ceased its zigzag form and gave out soft, broad glares far off on the horizon. The air changed and it became cold. I do not know what time of night it was, but it must have been somewhere near morning when a big wave dashed us against a pile of rocks and completely shattered the boat. We were flung out and lodged in a large crevice between two towering rocks. With what strength we had we climbed up the ragged surface of the rocks till we were out of reach of the pounding waves, and there, in a cleft, we shivered till morning.

It was not long before the sun put in a sickly appearance through the rifts of the scudding clouds and revealed a long stretch of heaving, muddy billows, some of which still frothed and foamed. There was a stiff, cold wind blowing in from the east, and it made us numb. We waited till the light got strong, and then we climbed the jagged rocks and found we were on a jutting point of the mainland in a little bay. Far away I caught the gleam from the dome of Boston's statehouse, and I knew that the waves and tide had carried us almost back to Boston. It did not take us long to reach a house, where we were cared for until we were ready to return to the city.

I had made up my mind to tell my adventure to the good people who cared for us, but I changed it. And when I started to go Brown crushed something into my hand. He started to say something, but stopped, and turning abruptly, left me. I looked at what he had given me. It was my Confederate bill.—Henry Eastman Lower in Boston Transcript.

Money Worn by Circulation.

A number of patriotic sons of Erin were seated around a table one night discussing a little of everything, when one of them began a lamentation over a lightweight silver dollar he had.

"Th' hid an th' tail's worn down thot foine ye wouldn't know th' hid from th' tail if it wasn't that th' hid's always on th' other side."

"Got worn by cirkylation?"

"So they say, but Oi belave some smar-r-rt divil's tuk a jack plane an schraped a doime or two off her for luck. Cirkylation can't wear a dollar down loike that."

"It can, too, an Oi'll prove it," said a third. "Have ye got a good dollar, Dinny?"

Dinny, curiously enough, had one and produced it.

"Now pass it around the table."

Around it went. "Twicet more."

Twice more it went.

"Wance more, an let me hov' it."

Once again it circulated, and finally it rested in the palm of the instigator of the performance. He then leaned over to the owner of the dollar and handed him a silver quarter.

"Phwat's this?" asked the latter.

"That's yer dollar, Dinny."—Exchange.

A Legal Antiquity.

The feeling upon the subject of oaths among the earlier colonists of Maryland is shown by the following extract from a petition of assemblymen of the province, addressed to the lord proprietary in 1649 and "signed by all the members present:"

"We do further humbly request your lordship that hereafter such things as your lordship may desire of us may be done with as little swearing as conveniently may be, experience teaching us that a great occasion is given to much perjury when swearing becometh common."—Green Bag.

His Little Ode.

"Here is a little ode," said the post timidly.

"You're off," cried the editor. "Paid the last cent I owed yesterday."—Atlanta Constitution.

A FINE DISTINCTION.

A Little Story Showing the Difference Between "Cheek" and "Gall."

"Now and then I hear some one declare that a man has 'monumental gall,' but the fellow using the term has no conception of its significance. He simply means it's a case of extraordinary cheek."

It was a Cincinnati man stopping for a day or two in Detroit who spoke as above, and when asked what he knew about "monumental gall" he replied:

"I was traveling in California during the great boom and one day got around to Los Angeles and met a chap who used to be in the furniture business in my town. He had arrived only the day before and was flat broke. As he had put up at the best hotel, I thought that was a case of 'monumental gall,' but he hadn't begun to show his nerve yet.

"After a bit he came to me and wanted to know if I had any blank checks in eastern banks. I had checks on Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and Toledo and gave him six or eight. Everybody was wild over real estate, and this chap took a walk around and got options on three different lots, giving his check for about $15,000 in each case. Some one went up to the hotel to ask about him, and he turned around and took an option on the caravansary at $250,000 for 10 days. He wrote out a check for $25,000 as cool as you please, and within the next 24 hours had options on the best bargains in town.

"I gave him a dozen checks in all, and he filled 'em out for about $150,000. If any of the banks had been telegraphed to, he would have been dished, but he had a way with him which seemed to satisfy everybody that he was heeled and was working for a ten strike. I saw him make out a check for $50,000 and shake it under the nose of a man who had been offering a nice bit of land for $47,000. He scared the man half to death for a minute, and then he rushed out and put the price at $55,000.

"But he couldn't really buy any land?"

"He didn't want to. He was giving that locality a specimen of 'monumental gall.' The people were up on 'cheek,' but had never seen a face of hammered brass. What d'ye think he did? I'll tell you straight, and I'll give you the names of parties to write to if you doubt my word. Before a single one of his options expired he sold them out to a new crowd, and in eight days he had cleared $25,000 in as good gold as California ever mined. The owner of the hotel gave him $5,000 and his worthless checks in my presence and felt so good over it that he opened the champagne and brought out some cigars worth $1 each."

"And didn't you make anything?"

"Not a blamed red! Say, that cuss even depended on me for his 5 cent cigars for four or five days, and I sat around like a bump on a log and saw him rake in a fine fortune! He got out of the thing slick and clean, without a suspicion, while I had to telegraph home for a miserable little $300, and the landlord had a man watching me for two or three days to see that I didn't jump my bill! I've got cheek enough to carry me along pretty comfortable, but when it comes to 'monumental gall' I'm way down the hall. I used to mix the terms, but I don't any more. Any fool can have 'cheek,' but the other stuff is only to be found in a chain lightning sort of man."—Detroit Free Press.

Coronets.

Enlgish noblemen are the only ones in Europe who ever wear coronets on their heads, and the sole occasion when they do so is at the coronation of the sovereign. They hold them in their hands through the ceremony, and at the moment when the archbishop of Canterbury places the crown upon the monarch's head every peer and peeress present dons his or her coronet. Inasmuch as nearly half of the house of lords is composed of peers created by Queen Victoria, it is probable that none of them has taken the trouble to provide himself with the silver coronets lined with crimson velvet of their rank, and were the queen to die and the Prince of Wales to ascend the throne there would doubtless be a run on the court silversmiths for baubles of this character. The barons' coronet worn by the poet, Lord Byron, at the coronation of George IV, and which was manufactured for the occasion, is now in this country and in the possession of the proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger, who has converted it into a chafing dish for the humble vegetable known as the potato, having removed the velvet cap from the inside and turned it upside down, so that the four silver balls constitute the support of the chafing dish.—Vogue.

How Zola Writes.

Zola is a slow writer and seems to have difficulty in the mere mechanical operation of penmanship. Four pages, not a line more or less, day after day without interruption for years and years, line upon line, this has been the secret of a literary production which has not its equal among living writers.

Immense preparation had been necessary for the "Faute de l'Abbe Mouret." Mountains of notebooks were heaped up on his table, and for months Zola was plunged in the study of religious works. All the mystical part of the book, and notably the passages have reference to the cultus of Mary, was taken from the works of the Spanish Jesuits.

The "Imitation of Jesus Christ" was largely drawn upon, many passages being copied almost word for word into the novel—much as in "Clarissa Harlowe" that other great realist, Richardson, copied whole passages from the Psalms. The description of life in a grand seminary was given him by a priest who had been dismissed from ecclesiastical service. The little Church of Sainte Marie des Batignolles was regularly visited.—"Emile Zola—A Study," by R. H. Sherard.

Egyptian Weather.

As a topic of conversation the weather is branded with infamy in Egypt. It is never mentioned—except by a fool. I am not saying this maliciously, for I was that fool often enough. More than once on being introduced to Europeans I would pass the usual compliments and add, "What a charming day it is!" I got more than one withering look of contempt for this species of crass forgetfulness. Why, the sun shines like a ball of fire for eight months each year, and there is practically no variation in the weather. In my diary I read the following entries: "Beautiful morning." "Beautiful morning again." "Another beautiful morning." "Oh, bother, they are all beautiful mornings here, so I must take it for granted."—Alexandria Correspondent.

Their Ages.

I once asked my old darky the age of the two boys he left behind him in old "Kaintuck." Thoughtfully he polished his bald old skull a moment and then said, "Dere's one of 'em big enough to plow and de udder's two sizes smaller."—Washington Post.

The Conspiracy Failed.

The young attorney was telling the story to a Buffalo Express reporter. "The fellow came into my office," he said, "and we had a long conversation. Finally I said something he didn't like, and he got mad. He said he would make a complaint against me, and I told him he couldn't be too quick about it. Then he asked me how I spelled my name, pretending he wanted to make a note of it in a memorandum book. I told him. He boggled over it for awhile, then passed me the book and asked me to write it. I was glad enough to get rid of him, and I did write it.

"Just as he was going out the thought struck me that perhaps that was only a bluff, and he wanted my name to use for a promissory note. The more I thought of it the more I became convinced that that was his game, and I ran after him bareheaded. I caught him just as he was going out of the door. I took him by the shoulder and asked him right out if that wasn't his motive in getting my name as he did. He stammered and stuttered, but I had him dead to rights, and he finally confessed that he had intended to make a note over the name and get it discounted."

"What did you do?" asked his friend.

"Turn him over to the police?"

"No," said the young attorney. "I didn't do that. I told him to go on and get the note discounted if he could, but I made him promise he would give me half of what he got out of it."

The Seventy-two Races of Mankind.

M. de Quatrefages, the noted French ethnologist, read a paper before the Paris Academy of Sciences on his favorite study. In it he gives an interesting summary of his general conclusions with regard to the origin and distribution of the human species. Omitting minor differences, he estimates that there are no fewer than 72 distinct races of men now inhabiting the earth. All of these, he says, descend or branch off from three fundamental types—the white, the yellow and the black—which had their origin in north central Asia, which is without doubt the primitive Eden, or "cradle of the human race." M. de Quaterfages further states—in learned terms that would be meaningless to any one except an ethnologist—that representatives of these three primitive types may yet be found scattered over his Asian Eden—the whites to the west of the central point of origination, the yellow to the east and the black to the south. The yellow race spread to the northeast and crossed to America, where they "mixed with a local quaternary race," producing what we know as the American Indian.—St. Louis Republic.

The Camel as a Soldier.

The camel is a good soldier. It may be stupidity, and it may be bravery, but a camel is as steady under fire as a tower. The Persians mounted small cannon on the backs of their camels and called them zambwahs, or "little wasps." This fashion was adopted in India, and after the battle of Sobraon 2,000 of these artillery camels were captured. In the Indian mutiny the British had a camel corps of 150 beasts, and on the back of each camel sat a Scotch highlander in his kilt. In 1845 Sir Charles Napier had a camel corps in Sindh, and in one day he marched 75 miles, defeated a brigand chief and marched home again. In 1878 the British used camels against the Afghans, and the government paid for 50,000 camels that died in those campaigns. Many of these were driven to death by their owners in order that they might claim the government bounty.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Carleton's Chat.

And speaking about talking quickly during a half hour, there is a story that Walter Adams tells about Henry Guy Carleton, and if it is an old story Walter Adams shall bear the blame of it. Carleton stutters. He apprehended a friend on Broadway and said:

"S-s-s-say, w-w-won't you s-step into t-t-this d-do-doorway h-here fo-for ha-ha-half an hour. I w-w-wa-want to ha-have fi-five minutes' co-con-conversation wi-wi-with you."—Washington Capital.

It Would.

"This would be a nice world," said the careworn editor, "if writers had more originality and compositors less."—Washington Star.

During the Franco-Prussian war the Germans fired 80,000,000 rifle cartridges and 863,000 charges of artillery, killing or mortally wounding 77,000 Frenchmen, showing that 400 shots are required to kill or mortally wound one man.

In the number of houses Russia is second to the United States, having 11,486,000, valued at $3,505,000,000, while France comes third with 9,080,000, valued at $8,520,000,000, and Great Britain has 7,100,000, worth $12,120,000,000.

"Not worth a tinker's dam" is not profane in itself, as the last word should be spelled without an "n." A tinker's dam is a wall of dough or clay raised around a spot which the plumber is repairing.

The reports after the battle of Waterloo showed that the British artillery fired 9,467 rounds, about one for every French soldier killed on the field.