

A BARTERED LIFE.

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CHAPTER XII.



WILL you have the kindness to ring that bell again, Harriet, and inquire whether Mrs. Withers has returned?" fretted the convalescent. "It is after six o'clock, and I am faint for want of nourishment."

The dutiful dependent obeyed, then slipped from the room to push investigations upon a plan of her own. In a quarter of an hour she reappeared with an agitated, yet important countenance, that arrested her cousin's regards.

"What is it? Where is she?" he demanded, impatiently. "You have heard something. Tell me at once what it is?"

Harriet collapsed as gracefully as her upland sinews and stays would allow into a kneeling heap upon the floor at his feet. "My beloved cousin! My dear, deceived angel! I have heard nothing that surprised me. I dared not speak of it to you before now, agonizing as was my solicitude. You would have driven me from you in anger had I whispered a word of what has been the town gossip for months, to which you only were blinded by your noble, your generous, your superhuman confidence in your betrayers. I see that you are partially prepared for the blow," as he grew pale and tried without success to interrupt her. "Brace yourself for what you must know, my poor, ill used darling! Your brother and your wife have eloped to Europe in company!"

For one second the husband staggered under the shock. His eyes closed suddenly, as at a flash of lightning, and his features were distorted, as in a wrench of mortal pain. Then all that was true and dignified in the man rallied to repel the insult to the two he had trusted and loved. "I do not believe it," he said distinctly and with deliberate emphasis. "You are the dupe of some mischievous slanderer, my good woman. Edward Withers is the soul of integrity, and my wife's virtue is incontestable. Who told you this absurd tale?"

"Mrs. Withers stated to you that she was going to drive alone this afternoon, did she not?" Harriet forgot the pathetic in the malicious triumph as she proceeded to prove her rival's guilt.

"You heard her say it," laconically, and still on the defensive.

"Yet John says she called by the office to take up Mr. Edward Withers, and that they drove in company to the wharf, where lay an ocean steamer. He saw them go on board, arm in arm, and although he waited on the pier as long as the vessel was in sight, they did not return."

"I will see the man myself."

Crossing the room with a firmer step than had been his since his illness, Mr. Withers rang the bell and summoned the coachman. His evidence tallied exactly with Harriet's report, and she flattered herself that the inquisitor's manner was a shade less confident when the witness was dismissed.

"You have said that this disappearance was no matter of surprise to you, and added something about vulgar gossip. I wish a full explanation," he said, still magisterially.

Thus bidden, Harriet told her tale. Before their return to the city in the autumn, she had seasons of anxiety relative to the intimacy between Mr. Edward Withers and his beautiful sister-in-law. Not the unsuspecting virgin was careful to affirm, that she doubted then the good faith and right intentions of either, but she feared lest Mrs. Withers' partiality for the younger brother might render her negligent of her husband's happiness and comfort.

The winter festivities had brought the two into a peculiarly unfortunate position for the growth of domestic virtues, and eminently conducive to the progress of the fatal attachment which was now beyond the possibility of a doubt. Although one of the family, and known to be wedded to their interests, she had not been able to deter busy-bodies from sly and overt mention of the scandal in her hearing. She had, on such occasions, taken the liberty of rebuking the offender, and maintaining, in her humble way, the honor of her benefactors' name. But she could not silence a city full of tongues, and they had wagged fast and loudly of the husband's indiscreet confidence in the guilty parties, and their shameless treachery.

He checked her when she would have dilated upon this division of her subject. "I will have no hearsay evidence. What have you seen?"

Harriet demurred, blushing, not as it presently appeared, because she had seen so little but so much. Duets, vocal and instrumental, had been the vehicles of living intercourse—hand-squeezing, meaning sighs and whispers. Her blood had often boiled furiously in beholding the outrageous maneuvers practiced in the very sight of their trusting victim. Her eyes, in passing from their smiles of evil import, their languishings and caresses to the serene face of the chess-board, or to the innocent slumber, had alternately overflowed with tears and glowed with indignation.

"But all this was as nothing compared with my sensations on the morning of the day in which you made your will. Chancing to enter your dressing-room, on my way to you, bedside, I surprised Mrs. Withers and Mr. Edward Withers standing together, her head upon his bosom, his arms upholding her, while he whispered loving

words in her ear. He kissed her at the very moment of my silent entrance, with this remark: 'We have too much to live and to hope for, to nurse unhealthy surmises and fears.' I could testify to the language in a court of justice, and am positive that his reference was to your possible recovery."

"No more!" The mischief-maker was scared out of her gloomy exultation by the altered face turned toward her. "Please excuse me from going down to dinner today. I am very weary, and shall spend the evening alone," pursued Mr. Withers, with a pitiful show of his old and pompous style. He arose as a further signal that she must go, when she threw herself before him and clasped his knees.

"Elnathan!" the beady eyes strained in excruciating appeal, "do not banish me from you in this your extremity! Who! Who should be near you to sustain and weep with you but your poor devoted Harriet—she whose life has but one end—the hope that she might serve and aid you; but one reward, your smile, and so much of your love as you may see fit to bestow upon so worthless an object?"

But in the honest sorrow that bowed the listener's proud spirit to breaking, her factitious transports met no response beyond weary impatience. The cajolery that had flattered the unworthy complacency of his prosperous days rang discordantly upon his present mood. He wanted pity from no one, he said to himself, and in his rejection of hers, there was a touch of resentment, the consequence of her unsparring denunciation of Constance. He might come to hate her himself soon. Just now he almost abhorred the one who had opened his eyes to his own shame. "You mean well, I dare say, Harriet," he said, in his harshest tone, "but you are injudicious, and your offers of sympathy are unwelcome. I am sure that I shall shortly receive a satisfactory explanation of this mysterious affair. As to your gossiping friends, I can only regret that your associates have not been chosen more wisely. Now you can go."

She made no further resistance, but hers was one of the chamber doors that unclosed stealthily when, at midnight, the rattle of a latch-key sounded through the front hall, and was followed by the entrance of the two supposed voyagers. There were more wakeful eyes under that roof that night than the master recked of, and a bevy of curious gazers peered from the obscurity of the third story into the entry, where Mr. Withers had ordered the gas to be kept burning all night.

"You see we are expected," said Edward to his companion.

Mr. Withers met them at the head of the staircase, clad in dressing-gown and slippers. "Ah, here you are. How did you get back?"

"The obliging captain hailed a fishing yacht and put us on board," answered his brother. "Have you been uneasy about us?"

"Only lest you might be carried some distance out before you fell in with a returning vessel. You look very tired, Constance. I shall not let her go with you again, Edward, unless you promise to take better care of her."

"Tell him just how it happened, Connie," laughed Edward, and the conference was over.

"They played their parts well all of them," muttered Harriet, stealing back to her sleepless pillow. "But they need not hope to gag people now that the scandal has taken wind; 'murder will out.'"

Her sagacity was proved by the appearance in the next day's issue of an extensively circulated journal of a conspicuous article headed "Scandal in High Life!" setting forth the elopement, per steamer to Europe, of the junior partner in a well-known banking house with the beautiful wife of his brother, the senior partner of the aforesaid firm. The intimacy of the fugitives, the chronicle went on to say, had been much talked of all winter in the brilliant circle to which they belonged. The deserted husband was a citizen whom all delighted to honor for his business talents, his probity in public life, and his private virtues. "This affliction falls upon him with the more crushing severity from the circumstance that he has been for some months an invalid. He has the sincere sympathy of the entire community."

The editor of the humane sheet, albeit not unused to eating his own words, never penned a more humble and explicit retraction of the "unlucky error into which, through no fault of ours, we have fallen," than graced his columns the following morning. He could hardly have expressed himself more forcibly had Edward Withers really horsewhipped him, instead of threatening to do it, and to bring an action for libel as well.

Constance breakfasted in bed, at her husband's request, on the day succeeding the Pynsents' departure. The popular daily, above referred to, lay as usual by Mr. Withers' plate when he went down stairs, folded with what was known to its constant readers as the naughty corner outermost. Harriet was engaged in concocting her cousin's cup of foaming chocolate when he opened his sheet, but she both saw and heard the paper rustle like a paper bough before a storm, then grow suddenly and unaccountably still. When Mr. Withers lowered it there was nothing in voice or expression to betray to his brother that ought was amiss. When the meal was over he repaired to his wife's room, taking with him the newspaper which he has

got, as was his custom, offered to pass to Edward.

Without a word he spread it before the pale woman whose haggard countenance should have moved him to delay her accusation and atonement. One swift glance took in the import of the cruel article, and she buried her face in the pillow with a cry that destroyed what faint remnant of hope might have lingered in his bosom. "My sin has found me out!"

A heavy hand was laid upon her arm. "This is childish, Constance, and you have shown yourself to be no child in craft. Nothing short of your own confession would have persuaded me that much contained in this paragraph is true, that you have abused my confidence, sullied my name, and made me the object of universal contempt—you and—my brother!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tame Catamount.

Probably it is true that some men have by nature a peculiar power over wild animals, and it is a matter of common experience that animals sometimes strike up sudden friendships with persons they have never seen before. An extreme instance of this kind is described by a military correspondent of the New York Sun: "Perhaps of all the wild animals that may be at least partially civilized or tamed, the Rocky Mountain lion or catamount offers the least promise; and yet in the writer's experience one specimen was as gentle and docile as human kindness could make him. He followed his master around like a dog, obeying every wish or nod, but would allow no other persons to approach him with offers of kindness or anything else. This creature was a full grown mountain lion, that for some strange reason had taken a fancy to a Cheyenne Indian. Whether in camp, on the prairie, or in the post, the brute could always be seen quietly following the Indian, but he would never leave his master's heels for any reason except at his master's bidding. Often would he accompany the buck into the post trader's store, where his entrance was the signal for all dogs to get out and for bipeds not acquainted with the situation to lose no time in taking to the counters. The officers of the post finally persuaded the Indian to part with his pet for a consideration, and the lion, after being securely caged, was shipped as a present to the National Museum at Washington."

The Wisdom of the Crow.

A naturalist who is much interested in birds says that the crow is the wisest of all feathered animals. He has made a number of experiments recently, and declares that an ordinarily well educated crow can count to twenty, and that he has found a sentinel crow, very old and very wise, that can count to twenty-six. He made these discoveries in a very interesting way. Recently he spent some time in the mountains of Wales, where a company of boys was camping out. One day he found a flock of crows gathered round the body of a sheep that had died, and which lay near a barn. They flew away as he approached, so he hid himself in the barn and waited; but they would not come back. Then he went out and walked up the mountain, and they all settled down again to the feast. That afternoon he took four boys from the camp with him and they marched into the little building and waited. No crows came back. Two of the boys went out. Still no crows. Then the other two went out, and only the naturalist remained. But the old sentinel crow had evidently counted them as they went in, and he knew they had not all come out. At last the naturalist left the building and straightway all the crows returned. This experiment was repeated a number of times with varying numbers of boys, but the crows kept count, and would not come down until the building was entirely empty.

Facts About Pumice Stone.

Pumice, as is well known, is of volcanic origin, being a trachytic lava which has been rendered light by the escape of gases when in a molten state. It is found on most of the shores of the Tyrrhenian sea and elsewhere, but is at present almost exclusively obtained from the little island of Lipari. Most of the volcanoes of Lipari have ejected pumaceous rocks, but the best stone is all the product of one mountain, Monte Chirica, nearly 2,000 feet in height, with its two accessory craters. The district in which the pumice is excavated covers an area of three square miles. It has been calculated that about 1,900 hands are engaged in this industry, 600 of whom are employed in extricating the mineral. Pumice is brought to the surface in large blocks or in baskets, and is carried thus either to the neighboring village or to the seashore to be taken there in boats. The supply is said to be practically inexhaustible. Pumice is used not merely for scouring and cleansing purposes, but also for polishing in numerous trades, hence the fact that the powdered pumice exported exceeds in weight the block pumice. Between twenty and thirty merchants are engaged in the pumice trade in the island.—London News.

What a Horse Can Do.

On metal rails in the most favorable condition and smooth from use, a horse can draw one and two-third times as much as on the best asphalt pavement; three and one-third times as much as on wood paving in good condition; five times as much as on wood paving in bad condition; seven times as much as on good cobblestone; thirteen times as much as on bad cobblestone; twenty times as much as on earth road, and forty times as much as on sand.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CROWNS OF THORNS AND CROWNS OF ROSES."

From the Text: "Ye Know the Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, That Though He Was Rich Yet For Your Sake He Became Poor"—II. Cor. 8:9.



HAT all the worlds which on a cold winter's night make the heavens one great glitter are without inhabitants is an absurdity. Scientists tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarified of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing and becoming fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of our respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of the universe, and the metropolis of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics, and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas, or poem, or angel to describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters and pronounce it heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's Son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been a headache, or a sideache, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked, "What is sin? What is bereavement? What is sorrow? What is death? The brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there was silence in heaven for half an hour.

The Prince of whom I speak had honors, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As he passed the street, the inhabitants took off from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshippers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days he was the one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk with the humblest of the land, but at other times he took chariot, and among the twenty thousand that the Psalmist spoke of, his was the swiftest and most flaming; or, as when St. John described him, he took white palfrey with what prance of foot, and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse. He was not like other princes, waiting for the Father to die and then take the throne. When years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the Royal Gallery representing the Emperor William on the throne, and the Crown Prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, the Emperor William ordered the picture changed, and said: "Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

Already enthroned was the Heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What multitudes of admirers! What unending round of glories! All the towers inhabited the prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the centre of the city on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says that "he was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one sceptre, hail all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one dadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, the aggregate could not express his affluence. Yes, St. Paul was right. Solomon had in gold six hundred and eighty million pounds, and in silver one billion twenty-nine million three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. But a greater than Solomon is here. Not the millionaire, but the owner of all things. To describe his celestial surroundings, the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them as gems in the temple window, and hoisting twelve of them into a well, from striped paper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, grey of chrysolite, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rill, and all enchantment aqua-marine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrills of music, instrumental and vocal, harp, trumpet, douglings. They seized the prince, surrounded by those

who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, himself rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich in "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

But one day there was a big disaster: In a department of God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! Our planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains, and seas, and islands, an awful centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never an outcry of distress or an echo of agony. At that one groan the Prince rose from all the blissful circumference, and started for the outer gate and descended into the night of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what a rough sea! "Stay with us," cried angel after angel, and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince. "I cannot stay; I must be off for that wreck of a world. I must stop that groan. I must hush that distress. I must fathom that abyss. I must redeem those nations. Farewell thrones and temples, hosts cherubim seraphim, archangels! I will come back again, carrying on my shoulder a ransomed world. Till this is done I choose earthly scoff to heavenly acclaim, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, frigid zone of earth to atmosphere of celestial radiance. I have no time to lose, for hark ye to the groan that grows mightier while I wait! Farewell! Farewell! 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor.'"

Was there ever a contrast so overpowering as that between the noonday of Christ's celestial departure and the midnight of his earthly arrival? Sure enough, the angels were out that night in the sky, and an especial meteor acted as escort, but all that was from other worlds, and not from this world. The earth made no demonstration of welcome. If one of the great princes of this world steps out at a depot, cheers resound, and the bands play, and the flags wave. But for the arrival of this missionary Prince of the skies not a torch flared, not a trumpet blew, not a plume fluttered. All the music and the pomp were overhead. Our world opened for him nothing better than a barn-door. The Rajah of Cashmere sent to Queen Victoria a bedstead of carved gold and a canopy that cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but the world had for the Prince of Heaven and Earth only a litter of straw. The crown jewels in the Tower of London amount to fifteen million dollars, but this member of eternal Royalty had nowhere to lay his head. To know how poor he was, ask the camel drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the East, who afterward came to Bethlehem. To know how poor he was examine all the records of real estate in all that Oriental country, and see what vineyard or what field he owned. Not one. Of what mortgage was he the mortgagee? Of what tenement was he the landlord? Of what lease was he the lessee? Who ever paid him rent? Not owning the boat on which he rode, or the pillow on which he slept. He had no little estate that in order to pay his tax he had to perform a miracle, putting the amount of the assessment in a fish's mouth and having it hauled ashore. And after his death the world rushed in to take an inventory of his goods, and the entire aggregate was the garments he had worn, sleeping in them by night and traveling in them by day, bearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. St. Paul in my text hit the mark when he said of the missionary Prince, "For your sakes he became poor."

The world could have treated him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making his earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before when Pompey, the general, arrived in Brindisi he was greeted with arches and a costly column which celebrated the twelve million people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed to wear his triumphal robe in the senate. The world had applause for imperial butchers, but buffering for the Prince of Peace. Plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our Prince must put his lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after he had begged for a drink. Poor! Born in another man's barn, and eating at another man's table, and fishing the lake in another man's fishing-smack, and buried in another man's tomb. Four inspired authors wrote his biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but he composed his autobiography in a most compressed way. He said, "I have trodden the wine-press alone." But the Crown Prince of a heavenly dominion has less than the record, less than the chamois, for he was homeless. Aye, in the history of the universe there is no other instance of such coming down. Who can count the miles from the top of the Throne to the bottom of the Cross? Cleopatra, giving a banquet to Antony, took a pearl worth a hundred thousand dollars and dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed it. But when our Prince, according to the Evangelists, in his last hours, took the vinegar, it had been dissolved all vinegar, in it had been dissolved all the pearls of his heavenly royalty. Down until there was no other harassment to suffer, poor until there was no other punishment to torture. Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

Only those who study this text in two places can fully realize its power, the Holy Land of Asia Minor and the holy

land of heaven. I wish that some day you might go to the Holy Land and take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the Sermon on the Mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on Calvary about three o'clock—the hour at which closed the crucifixion—and sit under the sycamores and by the side of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of him who came our souls to save. But you may be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well we may how poor was our Heavenly Prince. But in the other holy land above we may all study the riches that he left behind when he started for earthly expedition. Come, let us bargain to meet each other at the door of the Father's mansion, or on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this; we will get it by exchanging this world for that. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, "though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace, omnipotent grace! Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it.

John Newton sang of it when he wrote:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me."

Philip Doddridge put it into all hymnology when he wrote:

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear."

When Artaxerxes was hunting, Tirebasus, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garments; the king said: "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tirebasus. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate. But seeing the startling and comforting fact, while our Prince throws off the robe, He not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well, and for the poverties of our spiritual state we may put on the splendors of heavenly regalement. For our sakes! Oh, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, not an ice castle like that which the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, over a hundred years ago, ordered to be constructed. Winter with its trowel of crystals cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the North, but our Father's house with the wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration, and light, and cheer; something we can take into our hearts, and homes, and business, recreations, and joys, and sorrows. Not an unmanageable gift, like the galley, presented to Ptolemy, which required four thousand men to row, and its draught of water was so great that it could not come near the shore, but something you can run up any stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, enrichment forever.

PERSONALS.

Richard Croker will return to this country in December.

R. D. Jefferson has completed the feat of riding a bicycle a distance of 6,574 miles in 150 days.

Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford has added 600 members to the suffragist clubs since her arrival in Idaho.

Every morning Mrs. John Burns, wife of the great labor leader, reads for four hours before breakfast.

Gov. Budd, of California, says he thinks the fraudulent coyote scalp claims will aggregate \$50,000.

The sultan of Turkey of late has been given quite a number of nicknames. The last to come to the surface is that of "Hamid the Hangman."

Dr. Livingstone used to tell how, while traveling in Africa, he was so hard set for food that he made a meal of two mice and a light, blue-colored mole.

The queen of the Netherlands is not as strong as might be, and it has been decided to take her to Italy, and, perhaps, to Egypt, for a good part of the winter.

Car Nichols has become a patron of literature. He has commissioned M. Istomine to make a collection of the popular songs and patriotic ballads of his empire.

Mr. George Pandal-Phillips, the new lord mayor-elect of London, is the fourth Jew to hold that office. His father, Sir Benjamin Pandal-Phillips, was lord mayor in 1848, was the second.

Sir Henry Irving is one of the best swordsmen in England. He has acted scientific swordsmanship for many years. One of his fencing masters was Prof. McLaren, now of Olympia.

The oldest living graduate of Harvard is Dr. William Lambert Russell, of Barre, Mass., who was in the class of '78. He is also senior alumnus of the medical school being in the class of '31.

The Belgian government has just conferred the civic cross of the first class upon a man of the name of Achilles Vandercamp, in recognition of his having saved the life of King Leopold.

A rich discovery of gold has been made near Grahamstown, Cape Colony.