

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

BY ROSA SAUCHETTA CARRY.

Author of "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," "Queen's Whim," "The Search of Davil Lyndhurst."

CHAPTER XVI.—MOLLY.

One afternoon, much to Hannah's delight, I took the children to Wheeler's Farm. I did not accompany you; Mrs. Markham had sent up word to the nurse that morning that he was to drive with her into Orton. He had complied with this order rather sulkily, after extracting from me a promise that I would play soldiers with him in the evening.

It was rather a hot July afternoon, but we put Joyce in the perambulator, and Hannah and I carried Reggie by turns; and in spite of the heat we all enjoyed the walk and there was a lark singing deliciously above the corn-fields, and the hedge-rows of Cherry Tree Lane were gay with wild flowers, and every few minutes we came to a peep of the sea.

I recognized Hannah's description when we came in sight of the old black-timbered house; there was the pear-tree in the courtyard, and the mossy trough; a turkey-cock—Gobbler, of course—was strutting about in the sunny road, and from the farm-yard came the cackling of ducks and the hissing of snow-white geese. Just then a little side-gate opened, and a robust-looking woman in a sun-bonnet came out, balancing two pails of water with her strong, bare arms. Hannah exclaimed: "Well, Molly!" and Molly set down her pails and came to meet us.

She kissed Hannah heartily with, "Glad to see thee, lass," and then shook hands with me.

"Come in, come in, and bring the children out of the sun," she said, in a kind, cheerful voice. "Father is smoking his pipe in the kitchen, and will be fine and glad to see you all. Eh, but I am pleased to see you at Wheeler's Farm, Miss Fenton. Hannah says she has a deal to be grateful to you for, and so have we all, for being good to our girl."

I disclaimed this, and sang Hannah's praises all the time we were crossing the courtyard to the porch.

Molly shook her head, and said, "Nay, she is none too clever," but looked gratified all the same.

She was a plain, homely-looking woman, as Hannah said, with high cheek-bones and reddish hair, but she looked kindly at the children and me, and I think we all liked her directly.

"Look whom I am bringing, father!" she exclaimed, proudly; and Michael Sowerby put down his pipe and stared at us.

He was a blue-eyed, ruddy old man, with beautiful snow-white hair, much handsomer than his daughter, and I was not surprised to see Hannah, in her love and reverence, take the white hand between her hands and kiss it.

"You will excuse our bad manners, I hope," he said, pushing Hannah gently away, and getting up on his elbow-chair. "So these are Squire Cheriton's grandchildren. He is fine and proud of them, is the Squire. Deary me, I remember as if it were yesterday the squire (he was a young man then) bringing in their mother, Miss Violet, to see me when she wasn't bigger than little miss there, and Molly (mother, I mean) said she was as beautiful as an angel."

"Mother is beautiful now," struck in Joyce, who had been listening to this.

The old farmer chuckled and rubbed his hands.

"Beautifuler, is she? Well, she was always like a picture to look at, was Miss Violet, a deal handsomer and sweeter than madame, as we call her. Eh, what do you say, my woman?" For Molly was nudging him at this point. "Well, sit ye down, all of you, and Molly will brew us some tea."

"There is Luke crossing the farm-yard," observed Molly, in a peculiar tone; and Hannah took the hint and vanished.

I sat quietly by the window with Reggie on my lap, talking to Michael Sowerby and glancing between the pots of finchias and geraniums at a brood of young turkeys that had found their way into the courtyard.

Joyce was making friends with a tabby cat and her kittens, while Molly, still in her white sun-bonnet and tucked-up sleeves, set out the tea-table and opened the oven door, from which proceeded a delicious smell of hot bread. She buttered a pile of smoking cakes presently, talking to us by snatches, and then went off to the dairy, returning with a great yellow jug of milk thick with cream, and some new-laid eggs for the children.

I did not wonder at Hannah's love for her home when I looked round the old kitchen. It was low, and the rafters were smoke-dried and discolored, but it looked so bright and cheery this hot July afternoon, with its red tiles and well-scrubbed tables, and rocking-chairs black with age and polish. The sunshine stole in at the open door, and the fire threw ruddy reflections on the brass tongs and bright-colored china. A sick chicken in a straw basket occupied the hearth with the tabby cat; a large shabby dog stretched himself across the door-way, and regarded us from between his paws.

"It is Luke's dog, Rover; he is as sensible as a human being," observed Molly; and before we commenced tea she fetched him a plate of broken meat from the larder, her hospitality extending even to the dumb creatures.

A wooden screen shut us off from the fire. From my place at the table I had a good view of the inner kitchen and a smaller courtyard with a well in it; a pleasant breeze came through the open door.

As soon as the children were helped, Hannah came back looking rather shamefaced but extremely happy, and followed by Luke Armstrong. He greeted us rather shyly, but seated himself at Molly's bidding. He was a short, sturdy-looking young fellow, with crisp, curling hair, and an honest, good-tempered face. He seemed intelligent and well-mannered, and I was disposed to be pleased with Hannah's sweetheart.

I found afterward from Molly, when she took me into the dairy, that Michael Sowerby had consented to recognize the engagement, and that it was looked upon as a settled thing in the household of us girls, and a bit spoiled," observed Molly, apologetically. "I told father it was all nonsense, and Hannah was only a child, but he seemed he had no mind to cross her. The folks at Scroggin's Mill is not much to our taste, but Luke is the best of the bunch, and a good, steady lad, with a head on his shoulders. He was for going to London to seek his fortune." continued

Molly, "for Miller Armstrong is a poor sort of father to him, and Martin throws him out of all chances of getting any of the money; but Squire Hawtry of the Red Farm, where Lydia lives as dairymaid, has just lost his head man, and he offered Luke the place. That is what he had been telling Hannah this afternoon in the farm-yard; so if Hannah is a good girl, as I tell her, and saves her bit of money, and Luke works his best, Squire Hawtry will be letting them have one of the new cottages he has built for the farm servants, and a year or two may see them settled in it to begin life together." And here Molly drew a hard, work-roughened hand across her eyes, as though her own words touched her.

"I am very glad for Hannah's sake," I returned. "She is a good girl, and deserves to be happy."

"Ah, they are all good girls," replied Molly. "Hannah is no better than the rest, though we have a bit spoiled her, being the youngest, and mother dear. There's Martin at Scroggin's Mill wants Lyddy, but Lyddy is too sensible to be listening to the likes of him. 'No, no, Lyddy, I say, whatever you do, never marry a man who makes an idol of his money; he will love his guineas more than his wife; better he doing work all your life and die single, as I shall, than be mistress of Scroggin's Mill if Martin is to be master.'"

"You give your sisters very good advice," I returned.

"I have not much else to give them," was the abrupt answer; "but they are good girls, and know I mean well. The boys are rather a handful, especially Dan, who is always bird-catching on Sunday, and won't see the sin of it. But there, one must take boys as one finds them, and not put ourselves in the place of Providence. They want a deal of patience, and patience is not in my nature, and if Dan comes to a bad end with his lame leg and bird-traps, nobody must blame me, who has always a scolding ready for him if he will take it."

I saw Dan presently under rather disadvantageous circumstances, for as we came out of the dairy who should come riding under the great pear tree but Mr. Hawtry, with a red-headed boy sitting behind him, with a pair of dirty hands grasping his coat. I never saw such a freckled face nor such red hair in my life, and he looked at Molly so roguishly from under Mr. Hawtry's shoulder, there was no mistaking that this was the family scapegrace.

"Good-evening, Molly," called out Mr. Hawtry, cheerfully. "I am carrying home Dan in pillion fashion, because the rogue has dropped his crutch into the mill-dam, and he could not manage with the other. I found him in difficulties, sitting under the mill hedge, very tired and hungry. You will let him have his tea, Molly, as it was accident, and not mischief. I forgot to say the other crutch is lying in the road broken; it broke itself—didn't it, Dan?—in its attempt to get him home; and here Mr. Hawtry's eyes twinkled, but he could not be induced, neither could Dan, to explain the mystery of the broken crutch.

"You will come to a bad end, Dan," remarked Molly, severely, as she lifted down the boy, not over gently; but she forbore to shake him, as he was wholly in her power—a piece of magnanimity on Molly's part.

Mr. Hawtry dismounted, perhaps to see that Dan had merciful treatment; but he need not have been afraid, Molly had too large a heart to be hard on a crippled boy, and one who was her special torment and pet. Molly could not have starved a dog, and certainly not red-headed Dan.

He was soon established in his special chair, with a thick wedge of cold buttered cake in his hand. Scolding did not hurt; as long as Molly saw to his comforts, and Dan looked as happy as a king, in spite of his lost crutches.

Mr. Hawtry came into the kitchen, and when he saw us I thought he started a little, as though he were surprised, and he came up to me at once.

"Good-evening, Miss Fenton; I did not expect to see you here, and my little friend, too," as Joyce as usual ran up to him. "What a lovely evening you have for your walk home! You did not bring Miss Cheriton with you?"

"No, she has visitors this afternoon; the children and I have had our tea here, and now it is Reggie's bed-time."

"Shall I call Hannah?" he returned, hastily, for I was putting Reggie in his perambulator. "I saw her walking down the orchard with Luke Armstrong and Matthew." And as I thanked him he bade Molly good-by, and, putting his arm through his horse's bridle, in another moment we could hear a clear whistle.

Hannah came at once; she looked happy and rosy, and whispered to Molly as we went down the courtyard together. Mr. Hawtry was at the horse-block; as he mounted he called me by name, and asked if the little girl would like a ride.

I knew he would be careful, but all the same I longed to refuse, only Joyce looked disappointed and ready to cry.

"Oh, nurse, do let me!" she implored, in such a coaxing voice.

"My horse is as quiet as a lamb. You may safely trust her, Miss Fenton," he said so persuasively I let myself be overruled. It was very pretty to see Joyce as he held her before him and rode down the lane. She had such a nice color, and her eyes were bright and sparkling as she laughed back at me.

It was very kind of Mr. Hawtry. It seemed to me he never lost an opportunity of giving children pleasure. But I was glad when the ride ended and I lifted Joyce to the ground.

"She clasped me tightly in her arms. 'It was so nice, so werry nice, nurse dear!' she exclaimed.

As I looked up and thanked Mr. Hawtry, I found that he was watching us, smiling.

"I am afraid your faith was not equal to Joyce's," he said, rather mischievously. "I would not let Peter Canter, out of pity for your fears."

"I beg your pardon," I stammered, rather distressed by this, "but I cannot help being afraid of everything. You see the children are intrusted to me."

"He spoke so gently," he returned, and he spoke so gently. "You are quite right, and one cannot be too careful over children; but I knew I could trust old Peter; and then he lifted his hat and catered down the lane. He could not have spoken more courteously; his manner pleased me.

It caused me a little revulsion when Mrs. Markham met us at the gate with a displeased countenance. She motioned to Hannah to take the children to the house, and detained me with a haughty gesture.

"Nurse," she said, harshly; "I am extremely surprised at the liberty you take in my sister's absence. I am quite sure

she would be excessively angry at your taking the children to Wheeler's Farm without even informing me of your intention."

"I mentioned it to Miss Cheriton," I returned, somewhat nettled at this, for Gay had warmly approved of our little excursion.

"Miss Cheriton is not the mistress of the house," she replied, in the same galling tone. "If you had consulted me I should certainly not have given my consent. I think a servant's relatives are not proper companions for my little niece, and, indeed, I rather wonder at your choosing to associate with them yourself," with a concealed sneer hidden under a polished manner.

"Mrs. Markham," I returned, speaking as quietly as I could, "I should certainly not have taken the children to Wheeler's Farm without my mistress's sanction. I had her free permission to do so; she knew the Sowerbys were highly respectable, and, for my own part, I wished to give pleasure to Hannah, as I take a great interest in her."

"I shall certainly write to my sister on the subject," was her answer to this. "You must have entirely mistaken her meaning, and I owed it to her to watch over her children."

My temper was decidedly rising. "You need not trouble yourself," I replied, coldly; "my mistress knows every thing I do. I should have written to her myself to-night; she has perfect confidence in me, and I have never acted against her wishes; my conscience is quite clear about this afternoon, but I should not have taken Rolf without your permission."

"I should hope not," still more haughtily; but I would not listen to any more; I was not her servant—I could not have served that hard mistress. I found nothing in reverence in her cold, self-abhorring nature, and without reverence, service would be bitter drudgery.

As I passed down the avenue a little sadly, I came upon a pretty scene; a tea-table had been set under one of the elms, and Gay had evidently been presiding over it; but the feast had been long over. She was standing by the table now, crumbling sweet cakes for the peacock. Lion was sitting on his haunches watching her, and Fidgets was barking furiously, and a little behind her stood Mr. Rossiter.

Mrs. Markham swept up to them, and I could hear her say, in a frosty voice that showed evident ill-temper: "Why has not Benson removed the things? It is nearly seven, and we must go in to dress for dinner; you know Mr. Hawtry is coming."

"I was not aware of it, Adelaide"—how well I knew that careless voice—"but it is of no consequence, that I can see; Mr. Hawtry is always here."

"He cannot come too often," in a pointed manner. "We all think highly of Mr. Hawtry, I know. Oh, are you going, Mr. Rossiter? Well, perhaps it is rather late. What are you doing, Gay?" so sharply that though I had reached the house I heard her, and turned my head to look.

Benson and the under-footman were coming out of the side door, but Mrs. Markham stood alone under the trees. Gay was standing down the avenue with the young curate still at her side, and Lion was following them, and I wondered if Mrs. Markham saw her stop and pick that rose.

I went up to the nursery rather thoughtfully after that. I knew girls were odd and contrary sometimes. Mr. Rossiter was very nice; he was a good, earnest young man, and I liked his sermons; but was it possible that Gay could seriously prefer him to Mr. Hawtry? or was she just flirting with him *pour passer le temps*, after that odious custom of some girls? But I could not believe it somehow of Gay Cheriton; she was so simple, so unselfish, so free from vanity. It needed a coarser nature than hers to play this sort of unfeeling game. "We shall see," I said to myself, as I put Reggie into his cot; and then I sat down and wrote to Mrs. Morton.

(To be Continued.)

Passenger Rates Reduced.
PUEBLO, COLO., April 17.—The Missouri Pacific announces that because of "irregularities on the part of certain competing lines" they have reduced passenger rates as follows: Pueblo to Kansas City, 85; Pueblo to St. Louis, \$10.50; Pueblo to Chicago, first class, \$14; second class, \$11.

The Starry Heavens.
The starry heavens present a field to our vision of such beauty, grandeur, and immensity that the human mind is lost in wonder at beholding them and asks in vain, under old theories, for a consistent explanation of their physical structure, writes Stephens M. Allen in the April Arena.

It is constantly reiterated by astronomers that stars are composed of heated luminous matter; consequently uninhabitable; that the fixed stars, with our sun, the nearest, are fire balls, or melting furnaces, ever ready to devour nebulae and everything else around them that is tangible in order to supply light and heat for the cold and dark universe of space. This old theory—annot long or be rationally sustained, and must give place to the newly discovered law of action, i. e., combustion.

More than six thousand stars meet the gaze of the naked eye in its survey of one night. Astronomers say that the fabulous number of 20,000,000, all aglow, can be seen with a powerful telescope. When we consider that the nearest of these is 20,000 times as far from us as the sun and that it would take four thousand three hundred and twenty years for the light which reaches us to cease; they were extinguished, we can not grasp and hold the vast conception in our minds. Yet it is supposed that each of these is a central sun with its own colony of planets circling around it, which in size are vastly superior to those of our own solar system and are traveling through space with such speed that it is impossible for us to comprehend it.

The star Sirius is said to be moving fifty-four miles a second, or 114,000 miles per hour; a flaming mass, leading a brood of planets through illimitable space.

Manners for Boys.

Poor fellows! How they get hectored and scolded and snubbed, and how continual is the rubbing and polishing and drilling, which every member of the family feels at liberty to administer.

No wonder their opposition is aroused and they begin to feel that every man's hand is against them, when after all if they were only in a quiet way, informed of what was expected of them, and their manliness appealed to, they would readily enough fall into line.

So thought "Aunt M.," as she pointed out the following rules for a little 12-year-old nephew, who was the "light of her eyes," if not always the joy of her heart, for though a good natured, amiable boy in the main, he would offend against the "proprieties" frequently.

First comes manners for the street. Hat lifted in saying "good-by" or "How do you do."

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or in acknowledging a favor. Keep step with any one you walk with. Always precede a lady up stairs, and ask her if you may precede her, in passing through a crowd or public place.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office. Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people. Rise if a young lady comes in if you are seated and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to. Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In a dining room take your seat after ladies and elders. Never play with knife, fork or spoon. Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as others, and finish the course when they do. Rise when ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out. If all go out to gether, gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

Special rules for the month are that all noise in eating and snacking of the lips should be avoided. Cover mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it. Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

Do not look toward a bedroom door when passing. Always knock at any private room or door.

These rules are imperative. These are many other little points which add to the grace of a gentleman, but to break any of these is almost unpardonable.

"Did you make up all these rules, Auntie?" said Roy, as a copy, neatly printed by a typewriter, was placed in his hands.

"Make them up? No. These are just the common rules of society that every gentleman observes. You will not find your father failing in one of them."

"Well, but he is a man!" said Roy, despectingly.

"And you do not wish to be a manly boy?" Roy said nothing, but it was noticed that the rules were placed very carefully in his drawer.

Some months have since passed, and the tale has had the pleasure of hearing repeatedly the remark, "What a manly, thoughtful little nephew you have," as he and another observed his polite and careful attention to others.

Perhaps there are some other boys who will like to cut out these rules and read them over now and then, keeping a coarser nature than hers to play this sort of unfeeling game. "We shall see," I said to myself, as I put Reggie into his cot; and then I sat down and wrote to Mrs. Morton.

The Jersey Lily.
Mrs. Langtry wanted always a great deal of attention, but her manners were so gracious that there was a sort of competition behind the counter who should do her bidding. The only time I ever personally encountered Mrs. Langtry shopping she was buying silk stockings in light evening shades, and was the only woman on a sweltering June afternoon who looked as if she had her temper or her temperature at all under control. She wore white and the flowers in her belt showed no signs of drooping. She had secured the best saleswoman in the department for her attendant, and before she matched the color of her evening costume she had interested the buyers on either side of her in her hunt for a peculiar shade of blue. To one young girl with a bluish rose complexion she made a direct appeal, and when she rose from her seat—sitting is more social than standing, while shopping—the young girl and her mother and everybody within noticing distance felt somehow that the Lily was a very delightful sort of woman and that they really must go to see her play. This sort of advertising must have had an influence on the receipts in a quiet but effective way.—Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Care of the Hair.
Of nothing is a woman prouder than of her fine growth of luxuriant hair. It may be the silken chestnut brown, the bright golden strands or the shining black tresses. Some tell us not to wash



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A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"You certainly are mistaken," said one young man to another at an evening party, "but that cannot be the young lady I met last winter, though the name is the same. Judge for yourself. This girl has a glorious complexion, while the other young lady—Good heavens, what a skin she had! Covered with blotches and red-headed pimples; it was like a nutmeg grater. Oh no, this cannot be the young lady." But it was, though, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery had worked the miracle. As a remedy for pimples, blotches, eruptions and all Skin and Scalp diseases, it is the most wonderful medicine extant. Of all the many blood-purifiers and remedies for skin diseases, "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only one guaranteed to do all that's claimed for it, or money promptly refunded! Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Eczema, Boils, and Carbuncles. In all Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, "Fever-sores," "Hip-joint Disease" and all impurities of the blood, no matter from whatever cause arising, it effects the most marvelous cures. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. Symptoms of CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at other times, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists, everywhere.

DETECTIVES wanted! Experience not necessary, and 6 cents for full particulars to the Great Western Detective Bureau Broken Bow, Nebraska.

HARMONIC TUNE REVEALER!
The most wonderful self-teacher of the age. Tunes taught in a few hours. Note reading, Harmony and thorough Bass especially made clear. Space will not permit a full description of that the system teaches. If you have an instrument, you need the system. No trouble to answer questions. Circulars and testimonials free. Address: AGENTS WANTED. MacMaster & Co., Belleville, Kansas.

Y. N. U. YORK, N. D.

The facts given show that Germany has the honor of publishing the largest number of periodicals in Europe, these numbering 5,500, of which 800 are dailies. Journals devoted to special religious dogmas, eras and scientific theories abound more in this than in any other country. The oldest German journal is the Frankfort Gazette des Postes, founded in 1616; the most widely circulated, the Berliner Tagelatt, issues but 55,000 copies.

After Germany comes England, which publishes over 3,000 newspapers, 800 of which are dailies. France follows with a nearly equal number, of which only a quarter are dailies, bi-weeklies, or tri-weeklies. Italy holds the fourth rank by publishing 1,400 journals, 200 of which appear at Rome, 140 at Milan, 120 at Naples, 94 at Turin and 70 at Florence. Of these 170 are dailies. In Austria-Hungary there are 1,200 journals of which 150 are dailies. So far as other countries are concerned, Spain follows with 850 and Russia with 800; 200 of the latter appearing at St. Petersburg and 75 at Moscow. In Greece journals are proportionately numerous, every little market town and village having one. Athens publishes 74, all of which are dailies. In Switzerland there are 450 journals published, and Belgium and Holland furnish an almost equal number. In Sweden, Norway and Portugal journalism is but little cultivated, while in Turkey it is quite active. In all, Europe is credited with over 20,000 journals.

Turning to Asia, the figures show that here no fewer than 3,000 newspapers are issued, most of which appear in Japan and the British Indies. China is very poorly supplied, having but the Sun-Pao (official journal of Peking), which issues three editions a day on papers of different colors, and one journal at Shanghai and one in Corea. Japan, on the other hand, publishes 1,500 journals. Africa makes out a very poor show, having but 200 newspapers, thirty of which are published in Egypt and the rest in European colonies.

America has a large share of representation in the world's press, the United States alone issuing 12,500 papers (100 of which are dailies). In Canada 300 journals are published, most of which are French. Besides Mexico and Brazil, in which quite a number of papers are published, it may be stated that the Argentine Republic has sixty journals. Australia is credited with 300 papers, all of which are English.

He Spends it All.
New York Sun: One of the familiar figures in a certain up-town hotel is a well proportioned young man who nightly goes on a jamboree, and who regularly as the clock turns up again to the hotel at 11 o'clock every night.

The other night he came in ten minutes earlier than his regular hour. He walked into the corridor, which at the hour was pretty well crowded. Then he started a little unsteadily, toward the cafe the crowd fell in behind him and followed like so many sheep. No word was spoken. The cafe reached everybody lined up against the bar. The young man put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a big handful of quarters, dimes and nickels. Then he took out several \$1 bills from his waist coat pocket, put the whole lot on the bar, bowed to the "bartend" and walked out of the room.

The gentleman behind the counter counted the change and then proclaimed: "There's just \$6.76 here. Let's see. There's just six drinks apiece. What'll it be, gent?"

"Why and wherefore is this thus?" queried the greenhorn of the party after the sixth drink had been concealed by everybody.

"That, sir, is Mr. Blank, who married rich. He hasn't a cent of his own, and he lives with his wife here in fine style. He would spend every cent of her fortune in a week if she would let him, and she knows it. So she allows him \$15 a day for his money. Every night when he comes in she goes through his pockets. If he has any money left in his pockets the next morning she gives him only enough to make up the \$15. He thinks that a pretty mean trick, so every night he comes in here and empties his pockets to treat the crowd. Next morning he gets another \$15 to carry him through the day."

Newspapers of The World.
A large number of statistics have been collected in connection with the Paris Exhibition, and of these probably the most interesting are those which deal with the total number of journals published in the whole world. They have been collected by La Nature.