CHAPTER VIII.-(Continued.) 'It is soothing to so imperfect a fellow as myself to find out a little weakness-a tinge of vanity in such an admirable 'hu-man' as you are! I don't doubt that Winton, like many another, would have fallen to your spear; but, you see, he was Mrs. L'Estrange's lover in bygone ages -when they were boy and girl, and after -I know all about it. I fancy Winton when he first came home from India, was not too anxious to take Helen Landell back with him. I remember her, a sad-eyed, timid creature, under the thumb-I should say thumb-screw—of old Miss Webster. She was a soft, taking little thing then, she is a very charming woman now, and Winton is well off. It would be a comfortable settlement for her and her little girl, for they are, I think, quite de-

Pendent on you."

At the end of this long speech, during which Marsden watched his companion's

face, Nora was quite prepared to reply.
"If they are fond of each other, I shall be very pleased. Helen has been a real mother to me, and I like Mr. Winton immensely. You don't know what a hard life Helen has had. If Mr. Winton will be kind and make her happy-and now you have opened my eyes, I think he is fond of her-I shall be glad. But, as to her dependence on me, if I die before I am twenty-one, of course all I possess will go to Beatrice, and as soon as ever 1 am of age I will settle half my fortune on

Helen, to go to Bea after her."
"But, Nora! you must not be quixotie; make some provision for your father's widow, but not half of your fortune,' cried Marsden, looking at her with sur-

"Oh! if Helen is married, well, I shall make the settlement on Ben only. I have always considered it an oversight on my father's part not providing for her, an oversight I am bound to make good.

Her tone was perfectly easy and natural; nor did it express the slightest consciousness of doing more than a simple act of justice.

Marsden walked on in silence for a few

"You are right, I think," said he. "It is a horrid nuisance to know that people belonging to you want for anything; but, at the same time, you are acting with un-usual liberality. When shall you be of age? If I dare ask such a question."

shall be twenty-one." 'And suppose you marry some stingy fellow before that date?"

Nora laughed merrily. "I do not fancy I shall run away with any one between this and February, and if I marry soberly, conventionally, the be may go," she waved her hand with an

expressive gesture. wonder what sort of a woman you will develop into, Nora?" said Marsden. his eyes fixed upon hers as if brooding

over some somber thought. "Am I not developed already, squire?" You have heaps to learn! for one thing, your own power! but why do you go back to the patriarchal appellation? Promise to call me Clifford, always Clif-

"I will try," returned Nora, smiling. "Now, Clifford, here we are at the bridge, and before we part, promise me first to consider all I have said a profound secret between us two; next not to tease Helen about Mr. Winton; she is a shy creature, and I do not think he has absolutely proposed for her yet, so it would annoy breadfully if you said anything on the

Trust me, I shall be most discreet! But, Nora, suppose this marriage takes place and they will go to India. What shall you do?"
"Stay behind and educate Bea, or mar-

ry that stingy man you seem to have

found for me."
"Will you promise to marry the man
I shall find for you?" cryd Marsden eager-

ly.

"Yes! If he is pleasant and handsome, and rich, and accomplished, and ready to love, honor and ober me," retnaned Nora with mock solemnity, "Is will riske you a long time to find such r tare avis; undertake nothing really," good-bye."

"Are you going to diago. "By?. What have I done?"

"Helen is out and help the good to be busy; but if you

have I done?"

"Helen is out and the busy; but if you the same that we will not obtain you the us at seven, we will not obtain you the same thanks, many the same this watch, "three-busy, May I present myself at half passed?"

"Yes contains the

"Yes, certainly; Heles all be delighted to see you." She beat to head with an

to see you." She begate head with an arch smile and, turning away, walked quickly toward the course.

Marsden leaned his arms on the para-

pet of the bridge and looked after her so long as she was in sight, then he pursued his way home in profound shought. Nora went quietly to her own room, to

cogitate the wonderful information imparted by Marsden.

She was glad, very glad, not only for Helen, but for herself. This knowledge would fortify her to regist her own folly to uproot the ridiculous fancy which had mastered her. The man who was to be Helen's husband ought to be, could be, nothing to her. Her care was certain. But, oh! what a weak exacelted fool she had been, to take for granted that she herself, and she only, was the attraction that drew Winton so constantly to Brook dale, to be so blind to the gentle charm of her step-mother's looks and voice and She saw it all now. How uietly tender Winton always was in peaking to Helen, and how much more notice he took of her than of her stepdaughter. Yet across this conviction would shoot puzzling gleams of memory, recalling significant looks and words which might have been interpreted as in-dicative of a strong liking for berself; this no doubt was but the exaggeration of

soon be dispelled by the announcement of his engagement to Mrs. L'Estrange. At any rate, for the moment, Nora thought herself quite cured. She made some changes in her dress and rearranged her hair so as to be ready for the evening. Then she descended to the drawing room and set berself diligently to answer some ng-neglected letters.

Before she had finished Mrs. L'Estrange returned, and there were parcels to be opened, purchases to be looked at and ut away, and Bea's report of all she had seen and heard to be listened to.

Mrs. L'Estrange was surprised and pleased to hear that Marsden was to be their guest. He was a great favorite with her, and showed her much kindly consid-

On this evening he conversed chiefly with her, but she was too observant, too warmly interested in her step-daughter, not to perceive that he was aware of Nora's every movement, even her slightest gesture. She had already suspected that the lord of Evesleigh had lost his heart to his young kinewoman, and she was not a little puzzled by Nora's evident unconsciousness. She had very lit- all trace!" tle idea, however, of the overpowering intensity of the passion Nora had inspired

From motives, which need not now be revealed, Marsden masked his butteries cleverly; until the right moment came to open fire, he was merely a pleasant, play-ful, admiring relative. To-night, however, she was struck by some slight though distinct indications which escaped | plied: his resolute self-control.

Marsden had never denied himself anything, nor thought any price too high for the pleasure of the moment. He had had he give any name? endless love affairs, but none of any depth. and when he met his young cousin, he was unaccountably fascinated by her. Her delicate freshness, her simplicity and shrewdness, her quick spirit and keen self-respect, her moments of softness, suggestive of delicious possibilities, of responsive tenderness, which was not to be lightly won, made, to him, an irresistible ombination

Clifford Marsden was a man of infinite taste; taste so true, that it all but made have done all man can do to find the rashim enamored of goodness, if only for its harmony. Alas! what a chasm that "but" covered! He could be generous, too, ley, who had risen, and going over to the though he was quite capable of sacrificing fire, stirred it into a blaze. "A man all and everything to gratification of self. yet, at times, that self took an amiable form. At present he was determined Nora L'Estrange should be his wife. She was the first woman he had ever wished to marry, and nothing should stand be-The fifteenth of February next, I tween him and the accomplishment of his

> In such a passion there is a tinge of cruelty. Marsden would rather kill her and keep you informed of my move with his own hand, than give her up to another.

Meantime, the wild animal within him slumbered in the sunshine of its own lawyers can devise the means of carrying hopes. Maraden talked well, Nora, who out my wishes, or, if the suitor likes my had more color than usual, was charming- ven, with gloomy conviction, and fell into poor little money better than myself, why, ly bright. Winton was never mentioned, and all went merrily.

CHAPTER IX.

The last week of October saw nearly all the personages in this true history as-

Nora L'Estrange was almost ashamed of the eager pleasure with which she halled their removal to London. The change of scene, the various objects of interest, the different occupations of town, contrasted with those of the country, roused and diverted her.

Beatrice and her attendant fraulein were left with Winton's aunt, Mrs. Atherley, who had invited them to stay with her in Oldbridge, in order that the young lady might have music lessons from the organist of the cathedral, and be preserved from the disorganization of life in a London lodging, where she was to join her mother before Christmas

Winton, as was expected, soon made his appearance, and then Marsden; both be owing a good deal of their spare time on the ladies of Brookdale. So the days went speedily and pleasantly, with the help of galleries and concerts by day, and thea ters in the evening. Nora flattered herself that by the careful cultivation of more frank friendliness of manner toward Winin her heart, and at any rate successfully masking the true state of affairs in that veak citadel.

Mrs. Ruthven, however, put in a claim for a good deal of her trustee's time and attention. She also found it expedient to take up her abode in the capital. The police gave her little hope of recovering her lost property, but the preliminaries of her new purchases made her presence

requisite.
"Have you seen Mise L'Estrange?" ask ed Mrs. Ruthven, one morning when Shirley had been admitted before luncheon. "No, I thought of calling, but did not see what business I had to do so."

"I do not know. Mrs. L'Estrange is rather stand off.

"I wish you would. Why should you

"Pooh!" she returned with an expres sion of contempt. "Mrs. L'Estrange is nobody! They called here yesterday, but I was out. Shirley, I wish you would make love to Nora! It would not be a bad marriage for you, and you need not marry her if you do not like." "What is the real reason of your re

gard for my interests?" I want to see you cut out Winton. "I do not think there is anything to interfere with in that direction. The run ning at present is all on Marsden's side." Mrs. Ruthven stooped to pick up her pocket handkerchief before she replied. "Well, cut Marsden out. Why should you not? You have been something of a fav-

orite with women, more experienced wom

en than Nora L'Estrange, before this."
"I am flattered," said Shirley with a self-satisfied smile. "Still I imagine—" "Oh! I would give anything to see you safely married to Nora L'Estrange," she interrupted, clasping her hands together with a fervent air. "What a denouement the whole thing would be!" and she laughed-a cruel, mocking laugh. "What whole thing?" asked Shirley,

her own vain unhealthy imagination. How with an angry look.

she thanked heaven that none could read ber thoughts. She was tolerably safe, no plications which do not enter your n with an angry look.
"My good friend, I am thinking of com

"I do not me how they can when a un Here Mrs. Ruthron's courier enterewith a note, which she took and glauce

"Let him came up." she said, and sat a moment in silence, twisting it with her small pointed finger.

"Am I in the way?" asked Shirley, with ome stiffness. 'No! no! you can stay," said Mrs.

Ruthyen, carelessly, and as she spoke the detective, Waite, was shown in. "So! you are back again?" she said. "Have you anything fresh?"

he hesitated and "Something, 1glanced at Shirles. "Oh, you may speak. This gentleman, Captain Shirley," with a slight emphasis on the name, "was, you remember, at the

ball when I was robbed, and knows all

Waite bowed gravely. "I have just come from Brussels," he said. "A report I heard at, no matter where, induced me to visit a merchant there, who, it was said, had some fine rubies for sale. They were certainly very fine, and were, I find, bought from a respectable looking young man, of small stature and very dark complexion, who said he was a native of India. He spoke French very imperfectly. He had, he said, inherited the stones from an uncle He stated he was a native of Pondi therry and had offered the gems in Paris but could not get his price. This sur-prised the jeweler, as he asked less than their value, which the purchaser, dersluys, Rue de la Montague, gave him. After much trouble, I traced this man back to Ostend, and ascertained that a passenger answering to his description embarked on board the Dover steambon about three weeks ago, and there I lost

"But you must find it again," exclaimed Mrs. Ruthven, who had listened intently You know the reward I offered for the jewels themselves. I will double it if you enable me to punish the robber! Do you not think I am right?" she added with sudden startling vehemence to Shirley who besitated an instant and then re-

"Certainly, Mrs. Ruthven, certainly Such a miscreant deserves no mercy "From Pondicherry, did he say? Did

No! I fancy the jeweler was too glad to get such a bargain, to make many in

"You do not intend to give up?" cried

Mrs. Ruthven, eagery. "Certainly not, madame. These are the first tracks." He paused and gave a quick, questioning glance at Mrs. Ruthven, who slightly bent her head. "Yes," he went on, "the first tracks I have hit on, and I am determined not to give up till I cal and his accomplices, if he has any

"I should imagine he had," said Shirfire, stirred it into a blaze. "A man would hardly attempt so bold a stroke single-handed."

"It would be a good deal safer alone." "Then what do you propose to do next?" "I have not yet quite decided, sir," replied the detective dryly. "Moreover, I never speak of my plans. As there is no time to be lost in trying to find the trail I shall wish you good morning, madame,

ments. "A shrewd fellow," said Shirley, "but ! fear his chances are but scanty of tracking this darky."

"He will do it yet," returned Mrs. Ruthsuch persistent silence that, finding it irritated and uneasy, bid her good morn

The next afternoon Marsden, who had been gratifying his lawyer by detailing the particulars of a successful speculation he had made on the Paris Bourse through the guidance of a friend, drove away to Southwick street, having sent some flow ers to keep Mrs. Ruthven quiet.

Somewhat to his discomfiture-for he always suspected that Shirley was more or less a spy-that gentleman was in the act of leaving his card as he went up the

The ladies were "out driving with Mr. Winton," said the highly respectable exbutler, who opened the door. "When do you expect them in?" asked

Marsden. 'Can't say, sir. Not till late, anyway.' Marsden then left his card, and, turn-

ing, walked a few paces with Shirley. (To be continued.)

Manning the Armada. Don Quixote, when he set out on his

expedition and forgot money and a change of linen, was not in a state of wilder exultation than Catholic Europe at the sailing of the Armada. Every on, she was killing out warmer feelings noble family in Spain had sent on or other of its sons to fight for Christ and Our Lady. For three years the stream of prayer

had been ascending from church, cathedral, or oratory. The King had emptied his treasury. The hidalgo and the tradesman had offered their contributions. The crusade against the Crescent itself had not kindled a more in tense or more sacred enthusiasm. All pains were taken to make the expedi tion spiritually worthy of its purpose. No impure thing, especially no impure woman, was to approach the yards or ships. Swearing, quarreling, gambling were prohibited under terrible penalties.

The galleons were named after the apostles and saints, to whose charge they were committed, and every senman and soldier confessed and communicated on going on board. The ship boys at sunrise were to sing their Buenos Dias at the foot of the mainmast, and their Ave Maria as the sun sank into the ocean. On the imperial banner were embroidered the figureof Christ and His Mother, and as a motto the haughty "Plus Ultra" of Charles V. was replaced with the more pious aspiration, "Exsurge, Deus, et vindica causum tuam."-Froude, in Longman's Magazine.

Animals are often able to bear very protracted fasting. In the Italian earthquakes of 1795 two hogs were buried at Soriano in the rulus of a building. They were taken out alive forty-two days later, but very lean and weak. A dog. at the same time and place, was buried for twenty-three days and recovered.

In the Bank of England sixty folio volumes of ledgers are filled dally with writing in keeping the accounts.



ORE than ordinary interest at- bicycle riders. It is also stated since M taches to the last census bulled the closing of the disreputable houses in Boston the inmates have taken to pations of the people of the United bicycle riding to better ply their seduc-States. The most noticeable fact is the tive arts upon the weak-kneed. An ap--in the number of women employed as 48 per cent, of all persons over 10 years tolerated or encouraged. of age are now engaged in "gainful occupations." The total of working people is 22,735,661, or which 18,820,950 are males and 3,914,711 females. This Is a gain of 1,267,554 women since 1880, or a rate of increase nearly three and one-half times as great as the increase of workingmen. Trade and transportation have received the largest share of these women. They have gone into offices and stores as clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, cashlers, typewriters and saleswomen. Into every place where these million and a quarter of femining employes have gone they have driven out men and have worked for smaller ages, even in proportion to the ame at of labor done. Thus the employer has been the sole gainer, and the community, in so far as it has had to suppore idle men in consequence, has

been the loser. Industry and ambition are good traits In women as they are in men, and no one will deny the right of a woman to enter the office or the work-room if she prefers this to the kitchen, to the sewing-room, or even to the parlor. But it must be admitted that the present phase of the transition which is taking place in women's occupations is productive of no apparent good to herself or to the race. Where a dozen ambitious women force themselves into trade because they wish to, a hundred are compelled in consequence to work against their wills because of the disturbance produced in the salaries of their fathers and brothers. It is a many from an unwonted necessity that mons. has arisen in consequence of the disand of women into commercial pursuits. of employment and whom she is in duty | inent orchardist of Niles. bound to support

First Woman So Honored. Upon Miss Helen Varick Boswell, of New York is conferred the honor of being the first woman chosen as a delegate to a national Republican League convention. The gathering to which she was elected took place in Cleveland June 19.

Miss Boswell's political experience began in 1888, when she became assoclated in the work of the Republican party with Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, the



President of the National Republican Woman's Association. As her assistant Miss Boswell has taken an active interest in politics and has been engaged in work intended to advance the cause of the Republican party among the women of New York and in Washington, D. C. In her personal appearance Miss Boswell is prepossessing. She is small but has sufficient dignity to make her a successful presiding officer. She is tactful and witty, and has a keen sense of the ludicrous. Her age is by no means uncertain, either, for Miss Boswell will not be 30 for some years to

Chalk a Cleansing Agent. French chalk, tooth chalk, chalk pencil-any chalk-is an agent for cleansing in an endless variety of ways. Rub it into grease spots on dresses, wallpaper, anything; it may be rubbed into food spots, say molasses, with excellent effect. It disintegrates the dirt, so that it can be scratched or rubbed out. Even on wash dresses this easy remedy is well worth applying. Not only spots, but the hand-rubbed solled parts may sometimes be restored, or, at least, improved. Rub on the chalk and hang the garment away over night, or for days, to be brushed clean when used

Objects to the Bicycle. The Woman's Rescue League of Box ton is out protesting against women using the bicycle. They are prompted

continued desertion of the farms and peal is made to the clergy of the United the increase in the working classes. States for the suppression of bicycle The most remarkable feature of this riding by young girls because of the city's growth in "gainful occupations" | tendency to encourage immorality. The is the enormous increase 200 per cent. league further condemns the coming "mannish woman" as a creature encompared with the figures of 1889. Ac- tirely useless and an unnecessary evil cording to this bulletin no less than in this country, which should not be Was in an Indian Fight. Miss Katherine Clemmons, whose engagement to Millionaire Howard Gould unfastened."

was recently announced, has led a highly interesting life. After the close of the civil war, her father, Capt. Clemmons, was sent to a frontier post, and haven't left the new lawn mower where with him went one his wife and two baby daughters. Upon one excursion the captain took Katherine, the younger child, leaving the mother and the elder daughter at the post. Old Sitting Bull's warriors surprised his command, butchered many of the men and entirely scattered the force. "Buffalo Bill" was the chief of the United States scouts. Leading a column over the Deadwood trail he came upon the scene of massacre,



pity the census bulletin could not tell and from the wreck of an army ambuus how many of these new women are lance was surprised to hear a child's in trade from pure choice, and how wail. The child was Katherine Clem-

The scout cared for the little girl most turbed economic conditions produced tenderly and a short time later reby the rush of men toward the cities stored her to her mother. Mrs. Clemmons went to California, settled in The disturbance, however grevious for Oakland, and after some years marthe time being, is not one that calls for ried J. W. Dayan, then head of the legislation. It is one of those things stationery department of the Southern that must solve itself. In the meantime Pacific. The girls were given all the it is hard to tell which deserves the advantages that education and the best most sympathy-the tolling woman or society could furnish, and the elder the idle man whom she has thrown out married Charles B. Overacker, a prom-

The younger girl, who had been so romantically thrown upon the protection of the great frontiersman, dreamed London to seek instruction in the best schools there. "Buffalo Bill" was then on the top wave of London popularity. Katherine Clemmons sought him and not without avail, for he helped her socially, procured the best instructors for her, and when she felt that she was ready to attempt the achievement of historic fame, backed her with his money.

Believes in Clubs. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe thinks that one of the encouraging signs in women's advancement during the past twenty-five years is the organization of no organization," she says. "The war seemed somehow to bring them together. This may have been due largely to the fact that it called out some to help the wounded and sick in hospitals. At any rate, since that time the organization of women has been growing stronger. I am a great believer in women's clubs; when properly conducted they do a vast amount of good.

What Women Wear and Do. Queen Victoria's Scotch journeys cost

expenses. The newest materials for costumes are alpacas and bareges of the old kind revived.

Wrappers of thin wash materials are now coming in for the attention of the fair shopper.

White wings are used with flowers on hats of yellow, rough straw with medium wide, straight brims. Hugh bows of colored taffeta ribbons

which closely resemble the sallor in shape. Patent-leather shoes with black stock ings and tan shoes with stockings to match are the reigning styles of the

season. Full woman suffrage in South Aus tralia is an accomplished fact. Queen Victoria has signed the bill and it has become a law.

New silk waists of Rob Roy plaided taffeta sliks are made with plaited fronts, bias yoke backs, full elbow sleeves and velvet stock collars.

Blouse waists of finely striped washing silks, with turn-over collars of lawn or white silk edged with lace, are the coolest things possible and dainty to look upon.

Miss Mary Cary Thomas has been nominated for one of the alumni trustees of Cornell University. She is the first woman to be so honored in any of the great universities.

Black silk muslin and chiffon flow ered in soft colors and large patterns make lovely summer gowns for matrons. They are made up over black to do this because 30 per cent, of the taffets and require very little trimwomen reclaimed the past year were ming.

THE ONLY WAY.

A Simple Lie Saved Him Domestic Unhappiness.

His eyes were heavy in expression and had delicate streaks of suprise pink around the edges of the lids. He tried to write, but threw the pen down and said to a man at another desk; "Say, do I look like a man who had

trouble in his home?" "Well, I don't know about that. But

you look as if you had trouble." "I don't want you to think for an instant that my wife isn't a cheerful and devoted woman. But I don't manage to come along through life as smilingly as you do, and I want to get a few con-

fidential points from you.' "All right. I'll be glad to tell you

anything I can." "You never have to get up at 12 or 1 o'clock at night to see whether you've fastened the parlor windows as you promised, do you?"

"You don't have to get up again at 2 to see whether you left the cellar door

"Never."

"You don't have to go prowling out in the front yard at 3 to see that you somebody will steal it?"

"I haven't had that experience." "And you don't have to get up again at 4 to satisfy your wife that you didn't let the dog out to get lost when you got up the time before?"

"Such a thing never happens." "Well, what I want you to tell me, in confidence if you wish it, is how you

manage to avoid it?" "Simplest method in the world." "What is it?" "I He."

He Was a Game Man. "Speakin' of game men," remarked a Westerner with frowzled whiskers, "there was Sam Slug, of Slugville, as we called him, but it wasn't his name, that used to be City Marshal of our town. He was on the shoot in a minute. and when his gun went 'pop' something

was bound to come down "I remember one night he went into a saloon full of tough citizens to make an arrest, and the gang was onto him. He took his sixteen-shooter with him. but the crowd was so full that they didn't seem to take that into the count, and when Sam collared his man the

row began. "When it was all over the saloon was cleaned out, and Sam and a number of his feller citizens occupied the floor, and we fished Sam out and took him to his boardin' house. He wasn't very badly hurt, not near so bad as the others, and the next day, as I was Mayor

of the town. I went up to see Sam.' " 'Sam,' says I, purty stiff, 'you kind

of overdone things that time." " 'How, Mr. Mayor?' says he. " 'Why,' says I, 'shootin' so doggone

permiskus." " 'Did my man git away?' says he. " 'Oh, no,' says I, 'he's safe with the

rest of 'em.' 'How many?' says he.

" 'Only fifteen,' says I, with a grin. " 'Is that all?' says he, disapp'nted like.

'Ain't that enough? says I; 'you ought to be sorry.'

' 'I am.' says he, 'about one thing.'

" 'What's that?' savs I. " 'About that cartridge I wasted, Mr. Mayor,' says he. 'There was sixteen shots in that gun and I'd like to know which one of 'em didn't do its duty.'

These Wee Birdies. Whittlesey Mere, in Huntingdonshire, now drained, once produced the finest ruffs and reeves, a delicacy of which Prince Talleyrand was extremely fond, his regular allowance during the season being two a day. An amusing anecthe women. "Before the war they had dote is told of a young curate who had come up to be examined for priest's orders, and was asked to dinner at Bishopthorpe by Archbishop Markham. Out of modesty, he confined himself exclusively to the dish before him till one of the resident dignitaries observed him. But it was too late; the ruffs and reeves

had vanished to a bird. A similar tale has been told of another delicate morsel, the wheatear, popularly designated "the English ortolan." A Scotch officer was dining with a certain Lord George Lennox. her about \$25,000 a year for traveling | then Commandant at Portsmouth, and was placed near a dish of wheatears. which was rapidly disappearing under his repeated attentions to it. Lady Louisa Lennox tried to divert his notice to another dish, but "Na, na, my leddy," was the reply; "these wee birdles will do verra weel."—Chambers' Journal.

Surplus of Wine in Spain.

Spain's once immensely profitable wine industry seems to be on the verge of ruin. According to a speech deliverare often the only trimming on hats ed by the great political economist and Liberal statesman, Senor Moret, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, at Carinens recently, the annual export had sunk from 11,000,000 hectolitres in 1891 to less than 4,000,000 in 1894. Thirty-eight million hectilitres more are produced every year than can be consumed in the country, and unless some new market is opened the winegrowers of Spain will become bank-

Boiling Mud.

A lake of boiling mud two miles in circumference exists in the island of Java, near Solo. Masses of soft hot mud continually rise and fall, and huge mud-bubbles explode like balloons, with reports like guns, at the rate of three a minute.

Mrs. Magun-I came across one of your old letters to-day. George, where you said that you would rather be in endless torment with me than be in bliss by yourself. Mr. Magun-Well. such an exposed place.-London Tid-

Bits. How tired people become of each

otherl