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CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"What is that to you?" said he roughly. "I have many things to do which you cannot understand."

"And there are things which I can understand," returned Marjorie quietly. Then she showed him the letter which she had received, and asked calmly, "Is this true?"

Caussidiere took the letter and read it with a scowl; when he had done so he tore it up and scattered the pieces on the floor.

"Leon," said Marjorie, "is it true?" "Yes," he returned. "My friend, Mademoiselle Seraphine, is entertaining and my wife is not; when a man has a little leisure, he does not seek the society of the duller companion of his acquaintance."

He quietly went on eating his breakfast, as if the subject were at an end. For a while Marjorie watched him, her face white as death; then she went to him and knelt at his feet.

"Leon," she said, in a low, trembling voice, "let us forget the past; maybe it has been my fault; but, indeed, I never meant it, dear. I have been so lonely and so sad, and I have been kept apart from you because I thought you wished it, and—yes—because you sometimes seemed so angry that I grew afraid!"

She tried to take his hand, but he thrust her aside.

"Do you think this is the way to win me back?" he said: "it is more likely to drive me away, for, look you, I dislike scenes and I have business which demands that I keep cool. There, dry your eyes and let me finish my meal in peace."

At that time nothing more was said, but once he was free of the house, Caussidiere reflected over what had taken place. He was in sore trouble as to what he must do. To abandon Marjorie meant abandoning the goose which laid him golden eggs, for without the supplies which Miss Hetherington sent to her daughter, where would Caussidiere be?

One afternoon, as he was about to return home in no very amiable frame of mind, an incident occurred which aroused in his mind a feeling not exactly of jealousy, but of lofty moral indignation. He saw, from the window of a shop where he was making a purchase, Marjorie and little Leon pass by in company with a young man whom he recognized at a glance. He crept to the door, and looked after them, scarcely able to believe his eyes.

Yes, it was real! There were Marjorie and little Leon walking side by side with young Sutherland, his old bete noir from Scotland.

Half an hour later, when he reached home, he found Marjorie quietly seated in the salon.

"Leon!" cried Marjorie, startled by his manner, "is anything the matter?" He did not answer, but glared at her with growing fury.

She repeated her question. He was still silent. Then, as she sat trembling, he rose, crossed over, and put his fierce face close to hers.

"Let me look at you. Yes, I see! You are like your mother, the—"

He concluded with an epithet too coarse for transcription.

She sprang up, pale as death.

"What have I done?" she cried.

"Do you think I am a fool—blind? Do you think I do not know who it is you go to meet out there? Speak! Answer! How often have you met him?"

And he shook his clenched fist in her face.

"Do you mean my old friend, Johnnie Sutherland?" she returned, trembling. "Oh, Leon, I was so glad to see him; he is so kind—I have known him so long. I saw him one day by chance, and since then—"

"Yet you said nothing to me!"

"It was often on my tongue, but I was afraid. Oh, Leon, you are not angry with me for speaking to an old friend?"

The answer came, but not in words. Uttering a fierce oath, and repeating the savage epithet he had used before, he struck her in the face with all his force, and she fell bleeding and swooning upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXX.

HE mask of kindness having once fallen, Caussidiere did not think it worth while to resume it; and from that day forth he completely neglected both Marjorie and her child. The supplies from Miss Hetherington having temporarily ceased, Marjorie was no longer necessary to him; indeed, he was longing to be free, and wondering what means he should adopt to obtain his end.

If Marjorie would only leave him and return to her friend in Scotland the matter would be simple enough, but this she did not seem inclined to do. She thought of her child; for his sake she still clung to the man whom she believed to be her husband.

Thus matters stood for a week, when, one day, Caussidiere, when within a few yards of his own door, saw a man emerge from it and walk quickly down the street.

Caussidiere caught his breath and a very ugly look came into his eyes; the man was none other than the one whom he had strictly forbidden his wife to see—John Sutherland!

After a momentary hesitation he entered the house and walked straight to the sitting-room, where he found Marjorie.

She had been crying. At sight of her husband she dried her eyes, but she could not hide her sorrow.

"What are you crying for?" he asked roughly.

"It is nothing, Leon," she returned. "It's a lie; you can't deceive me as well as defy me."

"Defy you!"

"Yes, defy me. Didn't I forbid you ever again to seek the company of that accursed Scotchman?"

"Yes," she returned, quietly, "and I obeyed you, I saw him once again to tell him we must not meet—that was all."

"I tell you you are a liar!" Her face flushed crimson.

"Leon," she said, "think of the child; say what you please to me, but let us be alone."

She took the frightened child by the hand, and was about to lead him from the room, when Caussidiere interposed.

"No," he said, "I shall say what I please to you, and the child shall remain. I tell you you are a liar—that man was here today—don't trouble yourself to deny it; I saw him leave the house."

"I do not wish to deny it," she returned. "Yes, he was here."

The tears had come into her eyes again; she passed her arm around the shoulders of the boy, who clung tremblingly to her.

"Why was he here?" continued Caussidiere, furiously.

"He came here to say goodby. He is going to Scotland—his father is dying."

She bowed her head and laid her lips on the forehead of her child.

"Why did you not go with him?"

She raised her head and looked at him with weary, sorrowful eyes.

"Why did I not go?" she said. "Ah, Leon, do not ask me that—is it the duty of a wife to leave her husband and her child?"

"Her husband!" he said, with a sneer. "Ah, well, since you are pleased to put it so, your husband gives you permission, and for the brat, why, you may take him, too."

"Leon!"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say, mon amie, I generally do!"

"You wish me to leave you?" He shrugged his shoulders.

"I think you would be better in Scotland, and I should be better free."

Again she looked at him in wonder. What did it all mean? She could not believe that he was speaking the truth. He had been dining perhaps, and drinking too much wine—as he had done so often of late—and he did not know what he said. Perhaps it would not be well for her to provoke him; she thought, so she said nothing. She turned from her husband, took little Leon in her arms and tried to soothe him, for the child was trembling with fear.

But Caussidiere was not to be silenced.

"Did you hear what I said?" he asked.

"Yes, Leon, I heard."

"Then heed!"

She rose from her seat, still keeping the child in her arms, and again moved toward the door.

"Let me put Leon to bed," she said; "he is very tired; then I will come back and talk to you."

"You will talk to me now, madame. Put the child down. I tell you it will be better for you if you do as I say."

"To do what, Leon?" she demanded, with quivering lips and streaming eyes.

"To go back to your mother; to tell her that we do not agree, or any other nonsense you please, except the truth. We are better apart. We have nothing in common. We belong to different nations—nations which, for the rest, have always hated each other. So let us shake hands and part company—the sooner the better."

The mask had fallen indeed! Poor Marjorie read in the man's livid face not merely weariness and satiety, but positive dislike, black almost as hate itself. She clasped her child and uttered a despairing cry.

"You can't mean it, Leon! No, no, you don't mean what you say!" she moaned, sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her hand.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried little Leon. "Do not cry."

She drew him convulsively to her, and gazed again at Caussidiere. He was standing on the hearth rug, looking at her with a nervous scowl.

"It is useless to make a scene," he said. "Understand me once for all, Marjorie. I want my freedom. I have great work on hand, and I cannot pursue it rightly if encumbered by you."

"You should have thought of that before," she sobbed. "You used to love me; God knows what has turned your heart against me. But I am your wife; nothing can part us now."

"Do you really deceive yourself so much?" he demanded coldly. "Then hear the truth from me. You are no wife of mine!"

"Not your wife!" she cried.

"Certainly not. My mistress, if you please, who has been suffered for a time to wear my name; that is all."

She sprang up as if shot through the heart, and faced him, pale as death.

"We are married! We stood together before the altar, Leon. I have my marriage lines."

"Which are so much waste paper, my dear, here in France!"

Sick with horror and fear, she tottered to him and clutched him by the arm.

"Leon! once more: what do you mean?"

"My meaning is very simple," he replied: "the marriage of an Englishwoman with a French citizen is no marriage unless the civil ceremony has also been performed in France. Now, do you understand?"

"I am not your wife! Not your wife!" cried Marjorie, stupefied.

"Not here in France," answered Caussidiere.

"Then the child—our child?"

"Trouble not yourself about him," was the reply. "If you are reasonable he can easily be legitimized according to our laws; but nothing on earth can make us two man and wife so long as I remain on French soil."

He added coldly:

"And I have no intention of again expatriating myself, I assure you."

It was enough. Dazed and mystified as she was, Marjorie now understood plainly the utter villainy of the man with whom she had to deal. She had neither power nor will for further words. She gave one long despairing, horrified look into the man's face, and then, drawing the child with her, staggered into the inner room and closed the door behind her.

Caussidiere remained for some time in his old position, frowning gloomily. For the moment he almost hated himself, as even a scoundrel can do upon occasion; but he thought of Seraphine and recovered his self-possession. He walked to the door, and listened; all was still, save a low murmuring sound, as of suppressed sobbing.

He hesitated a moment; then, setting his lips tight, he lifted his hat and quietly descended the stairs.

When the great clock of our Lady of Paris chimed forth five, Marjorie still sat in her room staring vacantly into the grate. The room was bitterly cold; the light of the candle was growing dim before the more cheerless light of dawn; the last spark of fire had died away; and the child, wearied with fatigue and fear, slept soundly in her arms.

Marjorie, awakening from her trance, was astonished to see the dawn breaking, and to hear the chiming clock announce that another day had begun.

She looked for a moment into the child's face, and as she did so her body trembled, and her eyes filled with tears.

"My poor little boy!" she sobbed; "my poor little Leon!"

She laid him gently on the bed, and let him sleep on. Then she tried to collect her thoughts, and to determine what she must do.

"Go back to Scotland?" No, she could not do that. She could not face her old friends with this shame upon her, and show them the child who should never have been born. From that day forth she must be dead to them. What she could not undo she must conceal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sheridan as an Orator.

After Richard Brisley Sheridan had made his great speech in Westminster Hall, asking for the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Edmund Burke said: "He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accent, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honor on himself, luster upon letters, renown upon parliament, glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times, whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has equaled what we have this day heard. No orator, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flower-pot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the church of God is more strength of piety. The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful, but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going by so rapidly that we can not afford to be idle."

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must, on the other hand, not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologians, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence; and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, and they are useless and they are unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cis-Atlantic, trans-Atlantic—long enough to make a line reaching from the German universities to Great Salt

A Sure Sign.

"When a woman," said the cornfed philosopher, "says that she really believes she is getting fat, and her husband retorts that it is because she eats too much and doesn't do enough work, it is safe to presume that the honeymoon has ceased to be."—Savannah Bulletin.

So Sudden.

"Mr. Tillinghast left me \$50,000," remarked the interesting widow to young Hilow. "My dear Mrs. Tillinghast," replied Hilow, "you should husband your resources." "Oh, Frank, dear, this is too sudden. But are you really sure you love me?"—Odds and Ends.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing well whatever you do with a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

A bad epigram, like a worn-out pencil, has no point to it.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"MEN AND WOMEN NEEDED," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Who Knoweth Whether Thou Art Come to the Kingdom for Such a Time as This"—Eziah, Chapter IV. Verse 14.

ESTHER the beautiful was the wife of Ahasuerus the abominable. The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Jewish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work, lest she should lose her own life; but her cousin, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther had her God-appointed work. You and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of men and women you ought to be in order that you meet the demand of the age in which God has cast your lot. So this discourse will not deal with the technicalities, but only with the practicalities. When two armies have rushed into battle, the officers of either army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood or the nature of gunpowder; they want some one to man the batteries and take out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities and conventionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic and triumphant help.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be an unmistakable, aggressive Christian. Of half-and-half Christians we do not want any more. The church of Jesus Christ will be better without them. They are the chief obstacle to the church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may this moment be the bondmen of the world, and the next moment you may be princes of the Lord God Almighty. You remember what excitement there was in this country, years ago, when the Prince of Wales came here—how the people rushed out by hundreds of thousands to see him. Why? Because they expected that some day he would sit upon the throne of England. But what was all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty; yea, to be queens and kings unto God. "They shall reign with him forever and forever."

I was once amid the wonderful, bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina. I never was more bewildered by the beauty of flowers, and yet when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had ever been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing left in them.

This style of self-examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self-examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before planted. Oh, my friends, if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flower-pot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the church of God is more strength of piety. The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful, but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going by so rapidly that we can not afford to be idle."

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must, on the other hand, not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologians, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence; and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, and they are useless and they are unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cis-Atlantic, trans-Atlantic—long enough to make a line reaching from the German universities to Great Salt

Lake City. Ah, my brother, do not take hold of a thing merely because it is new! Try it by the realities of the Judgment Day. But, on the other hand, do not adhere to anything merely because it is old. There is not a single enterprise of the church or the world but has sometime been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible societies, and when a few young men met in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country, there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian church. They said the undertaking was preposterous. And so also the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out, "Who ever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Who ever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Capernaum and Gennesaret and He drew His illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the mountain, from the lilies, from the corn-stalks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! And this Jesus they plucked by the beard and they spat in His face, and they called Him "this fellow!" All the great enterprises in and out of the church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut. And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among everyday men, rather than that which makes an excursion of rhetorical stilt. Oh, that the church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses. There are fifty thousand people in Edinburgh who never hear the Gospel. There are one million people in London who never hear the Gospel. The great majority of the inhabitants of this capital come not under the immediate ministrations of Christ's truth, and the Church of God in this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles, known and read of all men, is more like a dead-letter postoffice.

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the church converting the world, the world is converting the church. Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies, and says: "Now we will just wait until from exhaustion and starvation they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion. But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God it will be by storm; you will have to bring up the great siege guns of the Gospel to the very wall and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements you will have to give the quick command: "Forward! Charge!"

Ah, my friends, there is work for you to do and for me to do in order to this grand accomplishment. I have a pulpit, I preach in it. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house of scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanics' shop. I may stand in my place and, through cowardice or through self-seeking, may keep back the word I ought to utter; while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundations of heaven with the shout of a great victory. Oh, that we might all feel that the Lord Almighty is putting upon us the hands of ordination! I tell you, every one, go forth and preach this Gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have or any man living.

Hedley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said: "You are a hypocrite, you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after a while, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him: "Oh, you are nothing but a Methodist!" This did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troops into a Bible class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God. So Havelock went into the heathen temple in India while the English army was there and put a candle into the hand of each of the heathen gods that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles led up by the idols Gen. Havelock preached righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. And who will say on earth or in heaven that Havelock had not the right to preach? In the minister's house where I prepared for college there worked a man by the name of Peter Croy. He could neither read nor write, but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the house—grave theologians—and at family prayer Peter Croy would be called upon to lead; and all those wise men sat around, wonder-struck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very throne of the Almighty, and he talked with God until the very heavens were bowed down into the sitting-room. Oh, if I were dying I would rather have plain Peter Croy kneel by my bedside and commend my immortal spirit to God than the greatest archbishop arrayed in costly canon-

icals. Go preach this Gospel. You say you are not licensed. In the name of the Lord Almighty, I license you. Go preach this Gospel, preach it in the Sabbath schools, in the prayer-meetings, in the highways, in the hedges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not!

I prepare this sermon because I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The despots will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mahometanism will give up its false prophet, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long loud blast of the Gospel trumpet. March on! march on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle cries, then God will put the laurels upon your brow, and from the living foundation of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on! march on! For you the time for work will soon be passed, and amid the outflashes of the judgment throne and the trumpeting of resurrection angels and the upheaving of a world of graves, and the hosanna and the groaning of the saved and the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and amen.

FEW SHUT DOORS.

Why the People in Canada Leave Them Open.

Canadians are known in Britain as the people who never shut doors, says the Montreal Witness. Where rooms are heated, as they are there, by grate fires, the opening of a door sets up an immediate draught, and if the person who opens it does not close it again he quickly realizes his mistake. If not in his own sensations, then in the reproachful glances of others. The first lesson in manners taught to children is to shut the door, and that quietly. The door handle, the child is taught, is not only for the purpose of opening a door, but of shutting it. The reason why Canadians do not learn to shut doors is that their doors, for the most part, stand open. The houses are heated with a general heat, and before the days of furnaces, unless the doors of the room stood open, the rooms would, for the most part, get cold. Thus has grown the habit of leaving doors open. When a Canadian comes to shut a door, he is prone to think that something very private is going on within which he must not disturb, and his first impulse is to retire from it. Where we in Canada have a door which we want kept shut we put a spring on it, and so where there are many offices there is usually a general and constant slamming of doors. To one not accustomed to the jarring thus occasioned the result is torture. In time kindly nature steps in and mitigates the evil by making the auditory nerve less and less susceptible to an accustomed sound. Ask a person who lives in a cathedral close, or under the shadow of one of our great churches, whether the bells do not disturb him; his reply is: "Bells? I never hear them."

COOLNESS IN THE PULPIT.

Probably Saved a Congregation from Panic and Disaster.

Already vastly popular with his congregation, Rev. Arthur Wellwood of Brooklyn, raised himself still higher in general estimation on a recent Sunday, when his coolness in the presence of danger probably averted a wild stampede from the Church of the Incarnation. Although there were indications of impending disaster, the people, acting upon his advice, fled out of the church in an orderly manner to find a fire engine pouring water into the cellar through a front window. Shortly after 11 o'clock smoke began to pour up through the registers. The assistant pastor, Rev. Arthur Wellwood, went down to the cellar to see if the furnace was smoking. He was alarmed to find the cellar full of smoke, so dense that he could not go inside. He ran out and turned on an alarm. Then he walked rapidly up the aisle, and after whispering to the officiating clergyman, said aloud: "The furnace seems to be smoking worse than usual. I think the congregation had better retire to allow us to open the windows." The people, assured by his calmness, retired in good order, but became somewhat alarmed when they saw the engines and firemen in the street.

It Applied to Both.

Mr. Justice Maule once went on circuit with Judge Coleridge in a part of the country where the high sheriff was a shy and modest man and very much alarmed at having to entertain his cynical lordship. Coming home in his coach with the two judges, he thought it his duty to make conversation for them. He observed that he hoped there would be better weather, as the moon had changed. "And are you such a fool, Mr. Jones, as to imagine that the moon has any effect on the weather?" said Maule. "Really, Brother Maule," said Coleridge, who was politeness itself, "you are very hard upon our friend. For my part, I think the moon has a considerable effect upon it." "Then," said Maule, "you are as great a fool as Jones is." After which conversation in the sheriff's carriage, as he said, Rochester Democrat and Recorder.

It rains on an average 208 days in the year in Ireland, about 156 in England, at Kezan about ninety days, and in Siberia only sixty days.