

## ROUND THE WORLD.

The railroads in the United States give work to 630,000 people.  
Manitoba, Mich., has an orchestra composed of fourteen young women.  
A four-inch dead smooth file has 864 teeth to the face, or 216 to the inch.  
For the first time in its history the Dutchess county (N. Y.) jail has not a prisoner in it.

Bunkies of brass of the modern form are found buried in the prehistoric mounds of England.  
There has been more snow and ice than in any season since the year 1850.

It is said that throughout the world the continent last year not less than 500,000 pounds of willow leaves digested as tea.

The value of the contents of a barrel of crude petroleum ranges from 36 cents to \$1, while the value of the barrel itself is \$2.50.

At St. Helena, California, a few days ago, several thousand gallons of ten-year-old California wine sold for three cents a gallon.  
In Paris it costs \$3 to cremate a body, and this includes coal and labor with an urn thrown in. In Milan the cost is only \$1.40, but they give an urn or chrome.

A druggist at Louisville advertised his store as a "free warming place" for the public during the very severe weather of a few days ago.

Statistics of last year's shooting in the Grisons show that the chamois are increasing rather than diminishing in that part of Switzerland.

Angus, Iowa, could not rest until it was incorporated as a city; but the city government costs so much that the citizens are petitioning to have the city charter revoked.

A silver box, about at a wedding in Hartford, Conn., the other day, is to be kept under seal, like that of Pandora, till the time for the silver anniversary, twenty-five years hence.

School teacher Brink, of Nile, Iowa, will be tried for manslaughter. He whipped a 12-year-old child so severely that it is asserted the child died from the effects of the punishment.

Mrs. W. P. Miller, of Buchanan, Mich., is the first mother of six children who were all born within the past thirty-four months. They came two at a time, and all but one are alive and thriving.

A newspaper of Bloch, Kansas, says that in Clark county during a recent snow storm a large flock of sheep crowded close together, and the snow, melting for a while and then freezing, fastened the entire flock together.

George Leib, a colored carpenter of Savannah, Ga., fell backward from a high story scaffolding the other day, turned a complete somersault, struck squarely on his feet, looked around to see if any one was hurt, and quietly climbed back to his work.

Capt. Tom Gregory of Winchester, Tenn., has a unique pair of gloves. They were made by Miss Nannie Phillips, who snared a lot of rabbits, carded and spun their fur as if it were wool, and from the yarn knit the gloves. She decorated the back of each glove with the ear of a full grown rabbit.

A runaway team in St. Paul dashed into a funeral procession, just missing the carriage containing the pall bearers, and striking the hearse squarely. The driver was thrown to the ground, the hearse overturned, its glass sides shattered, and the coffin horses were killed and his mate knocked senseless.

Wyoming hunters are excited over reports that come from the head waters of Snake River of a band of fifty head of white, or snow elk. Hitherto there have been traditions of snow elk, in which they are described as being as white as the snow, from which they get their name, and larger and swifter than the common elk. Now and then one has been seen, but never a herd.

Moody and Sankey are a revelation to New Orleans, and the effect they are having is remarkable. One Sunday they held seven services and addressed 10,000 different persons. Over 500 attended their inquiry meetings, of whom, the *Times-Democrat* says, "it is carefully estimated over 300 confessed Christ. Such an interest in religious exercises was never before seen in New Orleans."

A year or so ago James Hawkins, a respected colored man of Denver, with his wife, went to the opera house owned by ex-Senator Tabos, and handed the tickets under two first-class tickets. He was told they could not occupy the seats called for by the tickets, and the money for the tickets was offered to him. He refused to accept it, and brought suit for damages against the ex-Senator. A jury brought in a verdict awarding Hawkins \$4 damages and the price of two tickets, \$4 in all.

Samuel J. Piper and Albert G. Herndon were life prisoners in the Albany penitentiary for robbing a mail coach in Texas. When the recent epidemic of typhus fever broke out in the jail they volunteered as nurses, and both rendered valuable services until Piper himself was taken ill. He is just recovering. Their heroic conduct induced Albany officials to ask for their pardon, and a telegram has been received saying the pardons had been granted.

In a slugging match between Jack McGee and Tom McMannus, in Boston, the other evening, McGee knocked his man out by a blow which is described as novel and surprising to all the sporting men present. McGee faced his opponent and "turned to the right like a flash, pivoting completely around, gaining in force as he revolved," until he caught McMannus on the jaw and dropped him. McGee says Jack Stewart of Glasgow taught him the blow.

There having been two or three runaways of unbroken horses in Chicago recently, the police were ordered to "bring in" every rig found in the streets where the horse was left alone or unbroken. The new order went into effect the other day, and over fifty haggles, cabs, wagons, and drays were driven to a livery stable where their owners found them and redeemed them by the payment of half a dollar each. Lots of profanity followed the enforcement of this ordinance.

In three or four months you will wish you had botched up some of this weather.

## AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIBELUNG," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.  
FRANK, DISGUISED AS AN EGYPTIAN, DEPARTS ON A PERILOUS MISSION.

He found her lying on a couch in the pretty sitting-room and her husband bending fondly over her.

She started all startled and nervously and timidly for sounds of riot and tumult from without, but the circle crowd had already dispersed in quest of other excitement and sensations, instead of besieging the hotel in order to get at her.

"Is Pat safe also?" was her next inquiry, and when her husband had answered the question in the affirmative she next remarked:

"You see, Frank, my presentiments were far from idle ones, for we are not yet out of Egypt and terrible perils still surround us on all sides."

"Nonsense, dear. There have been riots and uprisings of the mob even in dull, prosaic London, and in Paris, well-dressed people have often been in worse danger in the streets than they are in those of Alexandria to-day. Here comes the landlord to ask how you do. I will inquire of him what he thinks of our chances of getting away immediately."

It was almost the first question that he put to the burly host after he had told him how much better his wife was; but Monsieur Boncour shook his head and made answer that he feared getting out of Alexandria for the present was quite out of the question, because even three days ago the different European consuls had joined in strongly recommending all their fellow countrymen who could leave the place to do so without a moment's unnecessary loss of time, and the majority had noted upon that advice so promptly that there had been a regular stampede, delicate ladies and children being only too glad to be taken as deck passengers even in such dirty steam colliers rather than be left behind."

"This was very discouraging, but Nellie spoke up bravely and said:

"But we also are quite ready to go as deck passengers on board colliers."

"Aye, madam," rejoined the host, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but the colliers are not ready for you. They steam away as fast as they load, and thousands of frightened people are actually living in the warehouses and stores along the quay sides in order to be able to step aboard the first vessel that wharfs alongside them. These fellow countrywomen of yours, in their love and anxiety for their children, would be ready to fly upon you and tear you to pieces were you, as a new arrival, to try to take precedence of themselves and little children they had waited so patiently in order to have the first chance."

"Well, Monsieur Boncour," said Frank, cheerfully, "then I think that we will remain with you."

"Monsieur has. I am sure, decided wisely, nor let the little madam be afraid, for the threatening aspect of the population has already been reported in Cairo, and a telegram has been received in reply from the minister to the effect that as order has been perfectly restored there he will at once start for Alexandria and do the same here. So the chances are that before noon, even, we shall be quite quiet again."

Monsieur Boncour, delivered all this as a sort of cooking-balm, but its effect on the shattered nerves of Nellie Danely was that of a strong irritant.

She flushed crimson and then turned deathly pale as she gasped out:

"Arab! Pasha coming to Alexandria? Then we must leave it at any and all risks, Frank, and that at once!"

Before Monsieur Boncour or Frank Danely either could make any answer to this speech there came a gentle tap to the half open door, and then the tones of a voice from without:

"Pardon, but may the dove bring the olive branch into the ark?" and without waiting for answer, into the room came a burly, swarthy, black-headed man, habitually entirely in black, who very much more resembled the raven than the dove.

Frank Danely looked up and at once recognized him as one of those who had fussed about Nellie in the hall, but rather, or at least so he had thought at the time, for the sake of gaining at her exposed levity than to render her any real service.

Before Monsieur Boncour or Frank Danely either were more disposed to resent his intrusion than to thank him for his visit.

The next few words that he uttered entirely changed his feelings toward him, however, for without waiting to be questioned he went on with:

"It is not the truth that you want to leave Egypt at once? Very well, I can help you. I have passage secured for myself, wife and servant on board the French steamer *Le Comete*, which sails this afternoon for Marseilles, but at the last moment my wife is taken ill prematurely, and as the doctor says it would in all probability kill her to remove her, here we must stop; therefore, if you would like so purchase our passage tickets, you can."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said Frank. "Name the price and I will write you out a check for the amount. Yet how the deuce can I do that without a check-book?"

"At what bank have you an account?"

"The Anglo-Egyptian."

"Then I have a check book of that bank, and if you like you can fill one up payable to Messrs. Cohen, or order, for fifty pounds (\$250), that being the amount that I paid a week ago for two saloons and one steerage passage to Marseilles."

There being pen and ink on the table, Frank Danely happily filled in and signed a check and handed it to Mr. Cohen, who, as he took it, said to him:

"Now, I would advise you to go at once to the Marseilles Steam Navigation Company's office in the Old Harbor, close to

the mole, and get the names changed in the books and on the passenger list, because they all know me, and were you to simply go on board and take your place at the

awkward difficulties about taking you, which it would be just as well to avoid—don't you see?"

"Certainly I do, and will be off at once. I shan't be long gone, Nell, so don't be nervous."

"Oh, I am sure you will be torn in pieces by the mob, and that I shall never see you again. At all events, won't Mr. Cohen and Pat Monaghan go with you?"

"I would not think of allowing Mr. Cohen to leave his sick wife, and as for Pat, though a fine fellow to help one out of a scrape, I should feel far less sure of getting into one whilst by myself. I assure you, Frank, that everything is quiet outside now."

"I'll tell you what would make me doubly safe, monsieur," said the landlord of Hotel d'Orion. "A slight wash of tincture of iodine over your face and hands, and a red tannin on your head. That dark blue flannel jacket and trousers are exceedingly like an Egyptian officer's uniform, and the tannin would render it undetectable, whilst the iodine would stain your skin to the exact tint. I've some remaining that I had to paint a swilling with, and I'll lay it out with a camel's hair brush and make a first-rate job of it."

The landlord's offer having been accepted, Frank Danely's face, throat and hands were quickly rendered as dark as a real Egyptian's, and as the natural color of his eyes and hair very well corresponded, nothing but a red tannin was wanted to complete his disguise, and this Monsieur Boncour was also able to supply him with.

"Now, Nellie, don't you think that I am quite safe?" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes," replied his wife. "I think you look much more Egyptian than English. I'll try not to be frightened whilst you are away. Nevertheless, do not be gone long."

"You may depend on that, my love. Well, farewell for the time, gentlemen, and thank you very much."

He said this because he wished to pay his adieu to his bride in private, and both the Frenchman and the Jew took the hint and departed.

"Nellie," said Frank, then, "you must ring for Marie, and see if you cannot somehow purchase clothing sufficient for the voyage and have it already packed against my return, for I shall smuggle you aboard this French steamer as soon as ever she has alongside the quay. Procure a yachmack, also, if you can, so as to look as much like a native woman as possible. I dare say one of the hotel servants has one as a curiosity, and would part with it for an adequate consideration, but if one isn't to be got procure as thick a veil as possible and her attention was only again attracted to the street by shrill and vociferous cheering.

Nellie was now in a kind of daze, or mental lethargy, in which her brain slept though her eyes were open.

Had it not been so she would assuredly have guessed who was approaching and retired from the window to have escaped the chance of having been seen by him.

But her thoughts, still running on the Khedive who was nothing to her, she forgot all about the war minister, who was everything or at all events destined to be every thing to her, and his existence was first recalled to her mind by the sight of his face looking directly upward, with his fierce, eager eyes fixed upon her with a glance of mingled surprise, recognition and triumph, or so, at least, the poor girl read it.

She caught hold of the curtain and grasped them firmly to save herself from falling, and then she stood, riveted to the spot, and as unable to move therefrom as though her delicate ankles had been gripped between the teeth of steel traps.

She knew that she was recognized. She felt that her chances of escape from Egypt were forever at an end. She was conscious of a feeling which was rapidly creeping over her that she longer cared whether she lived or died; and yet whilst trembled, thus in mind, she was aware of a latent admiration, deep down in her heart, for him who was the chosen of the people, and as she thought the predestined liberator of Egypt, even while she condemned the worldly guile that had prompted him to interpose a far-extended regiment between himself and his noble sovereign and master, so that by no possible chance could the Khedive lay claim to any of the applauses that he knew would be lavished on himself.

She still stood at the window, earnestly praying to herself that Frank might soon return and at once take her away—anywhere, so long that it was out of Alexandria, eye, even to the sea again.

It never struck her that there could be others from whom she had more to fear than from Arabi Pasha himself.

But it was destined to occur to her before very long, nevertheless, for when regiment after regiment of Egyptian soldiers had again marched past, they were succeeded by a continuous roll of carriages, containing, though for a long while she remarked it not, a portion of the harem of the Khedive, of the war minister and a few others of the great pathos who had accompanied him.

She was destined to make this discovery in a single instant, when she all at once saw a hideous black face leering at her from the box of a gilded and curtained caliche, the next instant beheld one of those curtains drawn aside by a tiny but swarthy hand, and another face gazing up at her filled her with a greater degree of terror than that of the war minister and the hideous black eunuch's united could have done, for those magnificent yet ghastly looking eyes had been bent upon her twice already, once whilst driving with Frank along the Choubrah road and again from behind his latticed box at the Cairo Opera House, and it was assuredly from the owner of those eyes that the written warning had come which had threatened her, though vaguely enough with so terrible a doom.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MASSACRE IN THE GREAT SQUARE.

When some five minutes later Frank Danely emerged into the Rue de la Colonne Pompee, on his way back to the Hotel d'Orion, he found it almost empty, for the Khedival procession had swept by and the populace had followed it.

His caliche (he had endeavored to procure a close cab or other carriage, but in vain) had therefore not the slightest difficulty in getting along, and no sooner had it drawn up at the hotel steps than, first ordering it to await his return, he ran upstairs and upstairs to Nellie.

He found her sitting on the sofa with her eyes closed and looking deathly pale.

"No sooner did he burst into the room, however, than she sprang to her feet and throwing herself into his arms exclaimed:

"Oh, take me away from here. Take me at once, Frank!"

"That's what I've just come to do, my love. The carriage waits at the door, and I dare say Pat is already on his way upstairs for your box. It is ready for him!"

"Yes, Frank, there. And I have only to put on the hat and jacket that I got from Marie."

"And the yachmack that I advised you to procure. One was to be had I suppose."

"No, Frank, I could not get one, and I would not allow Marie to risk going out. I have, however, a very thick veil, and I hope that will do very nearly as well."

"I don't but that that it will do quite as well, my darling; indeed, I believe that it will be just what you need, for the streets with your face uncovered, for the storm seems to have passed away, in proof of which all the shops and banks have opened again."

"The storm is at all events not over for us, Frank, for Arabi Pasha is in Alexandria. He recognized me at the window as he passed under in his carriage, and so did two others, the beautiful but horrible woman whose life you saved and who gave you that opal ring, and the hideous black man who seems to be always with her."

"Well, my dear, it doesn't much matter, for in a quarter of an hour we shall be aboard a French ship, and a French ship is to all intents and purposes French territory."

Nellie said not another word, but rushed into the adjoining bedroom, and hurriedly put on the natty little hat and jacket that she had purchased from Marie.

Then she muffled up her pretty face in the hideous green veil and re-entered the sitting-room just as Pat Monaghan was moving out of it with her box on his shoulder.

A couple or three minutes later they were driving away from the hotel door, Frank and Nellie inside and Pat Monaghan on the box beside the driver.

"And so we are really on our way to a steamboat bound for Europe, Frank?"

Nellie spoke the words as though she desired to be convinced again of their truth.

This strange conduct of hers caused her husband to laugh as he rejoined:

"Yes, Nell, we really are, and what is more she sails within an hour and so we shall sit down to dinner in all probability out of sight of land."

"Oh, that will be glorious," exclaimed the new made bride. "And Arabi Pasha could not tear me out of the French ship, even under the plea that it was to restore me to my parents, could he? That is what causes me most apprehension."

"Your marriage certificate proves that you no longer belong to your parents, but only to your husband, so of course he could not carry you from me, my darling."

"No, I am satisfied. Now I do not believe that I am one bit afraid, Frank."

Poor girl, she might not have expressed herself so confidently had she but known that the harem of the Khedive, the *raglio* was within both eye and ear shot, and waiting but a favorable opportunity to pounce down upon and bear her off as an eagle scoops down upon a dove.

He was furthermore resolved to make that opportunity if he did not find it ready made.

Concealed behind one of the Ionic pillars that assisted to form a portion of the hotel door, he heard the route to the harbor being given to the driver. She called by the landlord, Monsieur Boncour, as the one whom his guests would be least likely to meet with unpleasant interruption, and no sooner had he been thus made aware that the carriage would be driven through the Grand Square, or Place Mehmet Ali, as it is more generally called, than he resolved that it should get no further.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Born Soldier.

The death is announced of Sir George Udny Yule. He was only an able Bengal civilian of the older and more active type; but he once did a wonderful thing. In 1858 he was a commissioner in Bengal, when three regiments of Sepoys, breaking late into mutiny, marched across his district to join the insurgent army in Oude. Mr. Yule had no troops, no military authority, and no responsibility in the matter; but the impudence of the affair was too much for him. He was a hunting man, turned out his hunting equipment, borrowed more elephants from native friends, collected eighty European planters and clerks, and a small force of native "guards," and determined to stop the three regiments. After a pursuit of days, during which he exhibited all the qualities of a first-class General, marching often across a roadless country as fast as the Sepoys in retreat, he actually drove the three regiments—2,400 trained soldiers—in headlong flight out of Bengal and brought back his force without one shot man or the loss of one elephant. It was because he had not succeeded in his full intentions, which was to destroy the brigade, he offered to pay for his expedition out of his own purse. He had never been a soldier, and relied only on his hunting experience; but of the Europeans who rallied at his call, no one doubted that if the Sepoy brigade had ventured to turn on him, or had checked its flight for twelve hours, it would have been destroyed. It was a matter of life-long disappointment to him that the Sepoy's thought so, too.

Soleman was the first king that issued an order for the hair to be parted in the middle.

## PERSONAL.

Judge Travis is erecting a fine two story stone residence in Calgary. He appears to intend to stay there.

A Tallahassee, Fla., despatch says: Sarah McDaniels, a colored woman living on Mr. Fish's plantation, one mile west of that city, has become the mother during her lifetime to forty-two children. She is now a robust, healthy looking woman.

The first Canadian woman who emigrated to the North-West, Mrs. J. R. Legimoniere, whose life has been written by the Rev. Abbe Dugas, has now, in Manitoba alone, 250 descendants, and a number of others in Quebec and the United States.

John Simmons of Ferrisburgh, Ga., in a sudden fit of insanity, thinking he was pursued by enemies, jumped into the Ocmulgee River, and remained there, with the water up to his neck, until discovered by a duck hunter, twenty-four hours later. He seems to suffer little inconvenience from his bath.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Joseph Aroh was a farm laborer supporting his family on \$4 weekly wages, and he is now a member of Parliament. He is what is commonly called a self-made man, but as his wife taught him to read and write he may be considered a creditable specimen of domestic manufacture.

Will S. Hays, the song writer, made his debut on the minstrel stage in Louisville the other night to a crowded house. He personated Old Ike, the negro character he has made famous through the river columns of the *Courier-Journal*. Hays has not yet signed with the show, but he is thought he will.

Guida La Chapelle, the female pedestrian, now keeping a saloon in San Francisco, has accepted the challenge of Miss Kate Brown of England, who desires to walk against any lady pedestrian in the United States for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. Guida requires Kate to visit San Francisco as a condition of her acceptance of the latter's challenge.

There is now living on the Piedmont road, near Charlotte, W. Va., an old colored woman named Clara Brown, who is perhaps the oldest colored woman in West Virginia. Of course, she well remembers seeing General Washington. It was in Richmond that she met the Father of his Country. She says he entered the kitchen of the hotel where she was and spoke kindly to the cooks. She says she is 122 years of age.

Sam Small, the converted Chicago journalist, who is striving up Chicago preparatory to Sam J. Jones's advent, is described as a plainly dressed, tall, slender man. Behind his gold-bowed eyeglasses are small eyes, and above his heavy sandy moustache is a rather long thin nose. His forehead, high and narrow, is surmounted by very carefully smoothed dark hair. He looks rather commonplace, but when he speaks he is at once, shows strength. *The Herald* says: "His voice possesses that subtle, tranquil quality which makes men listen. It is a voice which invests the merest commonplace with interest."

William Gayton was a brakeman on the Evansville and Terre Haute Railway. There was a collision in which he was badly injured, but remembering that a passenger train was due soon he managed to extricate himself from the wreck, and mangled and bleeding, seized a red flag and staggered up the track. "Travis he fell from the train, but pluckily got up and went on and flagged the train 500 yards from the place of danger. Then he fainted away and remained unconscious for two days. When he recovered he was a cripple for life. He sent the doctor's bill to the railroad company and payment was refused. Then he sued for \$10,000, but the jury has just awarded him \$5,083 damages after four years of litigation."

Lord Walsley's refusal to pay fees to the Herald's College for his new title, and to the King of Arms and his officials of the Usurper King of Arma, and his officials of the Usurper King of Arma, calls up a story of how a similar exhibition of independence was dealt with by George IV. A certain Knight of Windsor received the order of St. Michael and St. George and after the investiture a bill for the usual fees was sent to him, which he swore nothing would induce him to pay. There was no precedent for such a case, so a memorandum was sent to Sir William Knightham at Windsor, in order that the King's pleasure might be taken. The document was returned with the following endorsement by the King himself: "Stop the damned fellow's pay until the claim is cleared."

Since the death of her husband Mrs. Thomas A. Hendricks has been considerably annoyed by letters and communications purporting to be from Mr. Hendricks which have been sent to her by Spiritualists. One of them pretended to be an autograph letter written by the dead Vice-President in the spirit land. Mrs. Hendricks is reported as saying that this was a "very close imitation of her husband's handwriting, but that she could easily detect its spuriousness. I do not believe in such things," she says, "and do not see that any good can come from encouraging them. That they do not come from Mr. Hendricks is clear to my mind, for the sentiments of none of the communications are expressed in language such as he would have used. They bear on their face the impress of an inferior mind, are inferior to his while alive, and certainly inferior now; if the spirit land, as I believe, elevates and embelishes the sentiments and aspirations of the soul."

For the first time on record the man with a remedy for frozen feet finds a welcome in the Southern States.

"Now, dear, did you ever try a ride on a toboggan?" "No, but I can imagine just how it must feel. Yesterday I slipped on the ice and kicked up my heels while a crowd of men were looking at me."

"Bothering a rich man by boasting of a set of malachite studs he just bought, a top asked him if he did not admire them. 'O, yes,' replied the man of wealth. 'Very much indeed, I've got a malachite like them at home.'"

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—Teacher (impatiently)—"Yes; and the soul?" Johnny—"The soul is immortal and immortal."

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" Johnny (recently)—"The body is mortal