

THE HEARTHSTONE.

quaintance remarked. "But still, it don't matter much after all. There he is as you see, with a fine woman for a wife, and with two lovely children. I know the landlady of the house where they lodge—and a happier family you couldn't lay your hand on in all England. That is my friend's account of them. Even a blue face don't seem such a dreadful misfortune when you look at it in that light—does it, Miss?"

I entirely agreed with the old lady. Our talk seemed, for some incomprehensible reason, to irritate Oscar. He got up again impatiently, and looked at his watch.

"Your aunt will be wondering what has become of us," he said. "Surely you have had enough of the mob on the sands, by this time?"

I had not had enough of it, and I should have been quite content to have made one of the mob for some time longer. But I saw that Oscar would be seriously vexed if I persisted in keeping my place. So I took leave of my nice old lady, and left the pleasant sands—not very willingly.

He said nothing more, until we had threaded our way out of the crowd. Then he returned, without any reason for it that I could discover, to the subject of the Indian officer, and to the remembrance which the stranger's complexion must have awakened in me of his brother's face.

"I don't understand your telling me you were not frightened when you saw that man," he said. "You were terribly frightened by my brother, when you first saw him."

"I was terribly frightened by my own imagination, before I saw him," I answered. "After I saw him, I soon got over it."

"So you say?" he rejoined. "There is something excessively provoking—at least, to me—in being told to my face that I have said something which is not worthy of belief. It was not a very becoming act on my part—after what he had told me in his letter about his brother's infatuation—to mention his brother. I ought not to have done it. I did it, for all that."

"I say what I mean," I replied. "Before I knew what you told me about your brother, I was going to propose to you, for your sake and for his, that he should live with us after we were married."

Oscar suddenly stopped. He had given me his arm to lead me through the crowd—he dropped it now.

"You say that because you are angry with me?" he said. "I denied being angry with him; I declared once more that I was only speaking the truth. 'You really mean,' he went on, 'that you could live comfortably with my brother's blue face before you every hour of the day?'"

"Quite comfortably, if he would have been my brother too."

Oscar pointed to the house in which my aunt and I are living—within a few yards of the place on which we stood. "You are close at home," he said, speaking in an odd muffled voice, with his eyes on the ground. "I want a longer walk. We shall meet at dinner-time."

He left me—without looking up, and without saying a word more. "Jealous of his brother! There is something unnatural, something degrading in such jealousy as that. I am ashamed of myself for thinking of him. And yet what else could his conduct mean?"

[Note.—It is for me to answer that question. Give the miserable wretch his due. His conduct meant, in one plain word—remorse. The only excuse left that he could make to his own conscience for the infamous part which he was playing, was this—that his brother's personal disfigurement presented a fatal obstacle in the way of his brother's marriage. And now Lucilla's own words, Lucilla's own actions, had told him that Oscar's face was no obstacle to her seeing Oscar perpetually in the familiar intercourse of domestic life. The torture of self-reproach which this discovery inflicted on him drove him out of her presence. His own lips would have betrayed him if he had spoken a word more to her at that moment. 'This is no speculation of mine. I know what I am writing to be the truth.—P.]

It is night again. I am in my bed-room—too nervous and too anxious to go to rest yet. Let me employ myself in finishing this private record of the events of the day.

Oscar came a little before dinner-time; haggard and pale, and so absent in mind that he hardly seemed to know what he was talking about. No explanations passed between us. He asked my pardon for the hard things he had said, and the ill-temper he had shown, earlier in the day. I readily accepted his excuses—and did my best to conceal the uneasiness which his vacant, pre-occupied manner caused me. All the time he was speaking to me, he was plainly thinking of something else—he was more unlike the Oscar of my blind remembrances than ever. It was the old voice talking in a new way. I can only describe it to myself in those terms.

As for his manner, I know it used to be always more or less quiet and retiring in the old days; but it was it ever so hopelessly subdued and depressed as I have seen it to-day? Useless to ask! In the by-gone time, I was not able to see it. My past judgment of him and my present judgment of him, had been arrived at by such totally different means, that it seems useless to compare them. Oh, how I miss Madame Patulongo! What a relief, what a consolation it would have been to have said all this to her, and to have heard what she thought of it in return!

There is, however, a chance of my finding my way out of some of my perplexities, at any rate—if I can only wait till to-morrow.

Oscar seems to have made up his mind at last to enter into the explanations which he has hitherto withheld from me. He has asked me to give him a private interview in the morning. The circumstances which led to his making this request have highly excited my curiosity. Something is evidently going on under the surface, in which my interests are concerned—and, possibly, Oscar's interests too. It all came about in this way.

On returning to the house, after Oscar had left me, I found that a letter from Grosse had arrived by the afternoon post. My dear old surgeon wrote to say that he was coming to see me—and added in a postscript that he would arrive the next day at luncheon-time. Past experience told me that this meant a demand on my aunt's housekeeping for all the good

things that it could produce. (Ah, dear! I thought of Madame Patulongo and the Mayonnaise. Will those times never come again?) Well—at dinner, I announced Grosse's visit; adding significantly, "at luncheon-time."

My aunt looked up from her plate with a little start—not interested, as I was prepared to hear, in the serious question of luncheon, but in the opinion which my medical adviser was likely to give of the state of my health.

"I am anxious to hear what Mr. Grosse says about you to-morrow," the old lady began. "I shall insist on his giving me a far more complete report of you than he gave last time. The recovery of your sight appears to me, my dear, so be quite complete."

"Do you want me to be cured, aunt, because you want to get away?" I asked. "Are you weary of Bamsgate?"

Miss Batchford's quick temper flashed at me out of Miss Batchford's bright old eyes.

"I am weary of keeping a letter of yours," she burst out with a look of disgust. "A letter of mine?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, a letter which is only to be given to you, when Mr. Grosse pronounces you are quite yourself again."

Oscar—who had not taken the slightest interest in the conversation thus far—suddenly stopped, with his fork half way to his mouth; changed colour; and looked eagerly at my aunt.

"What letter?" I asked. "Who gave it to you? Why am I not to see it until I am quite myself again?"

Miss Batchford obstinately shook her head three times, in answer to those three questions.

"I hate secrets and mysteries," she said impatiently. "This is a secret and a mystery—and I long to have done with it. That is all. I have said too much already. I shall say no more."

All my entreaties were of no avail. My aunt's quick temper had evidently led her into committing an imprudence of some sort. Having done that, she was now provokingly determined not to make bad worse. Nothing that I could say would induce her to open her lips on the subject of the mysterious letter. "Wait till Mr. Grosse comes to-morrow." This was the only reply I could get.

As for Oscar, this little incident appeared to have an effect on him which added immensely to the curiosity that my aunt had roused in me.

He listened with breathless attention while I was trying to induce Miss Batchford to answer my questions. When I gave it up, he busied away his plate, and ate no more. On the other hand (though generally the most temperate of men) he drank a great deal of wine, both at dinner and after. In the evening, he made so many mistakes in playing cards with my aunt, that she dismissed him from the game in disgrace. He sat in a corner for the rest of the time, pretending to listen while I was playing the piano—really lost to me and my music: buried fathoms deep in some uneasy thoughts of his own.

When he took his leave, he whispered these words in my ear; anxiously pressing my hand while he spoke: "I must see you alone to-morrow, before Grosse comes. Can you manage it?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"At the stairs on the cliff, at eleven o'clock." On that he left me. But one question has pursued me ever since. Does Oscar know the writer of the mysterious letter? I firmly believe he does. To-morrow will prove whether I am right or wrong. How I long for to-morrow to come!

(To be continued.)

PAPER CLOTHING.—In civilized countries the manufacture of paper into articles of clothing has only been the business of a few years, but among barbarous people it is an industry that has been cultivated for years. With us the employment still remains in its infancy, and it has taken us many years to master the difficulties attending its introduction. At first, our manufacturers confined their production almost entirely to collars, cuffs, frills, and similar minor articles pertaining to the wardrobe. Prejudice being in a great measure overcome, our inventors extended the area of production to many fabrics of universal use, but requiring greater strength and pliability than those worn about the neck or arms. The garments made by this process failed to answer the requirements of our day, and were not received with general favour. At this juncture of affairs, it remained for an English inventor to solve the difficulty, and give us a really serviceable paper fabric. It is a mixture of various animal and vegetable substances, the former being wool, silk and skins; the latter flax, jute, hemp and cotton. These articles are all reduced to a fine pulp, are bleached, and then felted by means of appropriate machinery. The mixture of these substances produces a fabric of wonderful flexibility and strength. It can be sewed together with a machine as readily as woven fabrics, and makes as strong a seam.

This paper is of a very serviceable nature, and is made into table-cloths, napkins, handkerchiefs, quilts, curtains, shirts, skirts, and various other articles of dress. The texture of our day, and open-worked shirts display a delicacy of pattern that it would almost be impossible to imitate by any ordinary skill with the needle. Paper napkins and shirts for beds, furniture, or curtains are made cheaply. Embossed table-cloths and figured napkins made of felted paper, so closely resemble the genuine damask linen as to be pursued off upon the unsuspecting eye. In Germany, paper napkins have been used for several years. Their cost is but a trifle, and they pay for themselves, before they are required to be cast aside.

Felted paper is capable of being made into lace, fringe and trimmings, and for these several purposes it is unequalled in point of cheapness and durability. Imitation leather is also made from the same material, which is perfectly impervious to water. It is soft and pliable, and is a very useful fabric for covering furniture, making into shoes, for belts, and for many other purposes.

In China and Japan, paper clothing has long been worn by the inhabitants. It is very cheaply produced there, a good paper coat costing only ten cents, while the expense of an entire suit is limited to 25c.

OLD MAIDS.—Old maids are found in clusters in quiet country towns; they are, as a rule, both genial and sociable, and are invited to parties which they make pleasant when they are poor, who spend weeks at a time, sometimes even months, in other people's houses, yet save themselves from the reproach of being parasites by rendering services which are far more than the equivalent of the little they consume for their bodily sustenance, and the room they occupy in the mansion. Old maids keep houses for brothers who are widowers, or married sisters who are ill. In short, nature seems to have intended them to be benevolent, not having very much to do on their own account. But placed by the very fact of their leisure in a position to render great services on occasions when their help may be required.

The round figures of the railroad interest are easily learned and remembered. The whole length of all the railways in the world is 120,000 miles. The cost of the same was, in round numbers, ten billions of dollars. Those of Great Britain are the most costly, and those of the United States the least so. The railway system of the world is supposed to give employment to over one million persons.

IN THE TUNNEL.

Riding up from Bangor, On the Pullman train, From a six weeks' shooting In the woods of Maine, Quite extensive whiskers, Hair, moustache as well, In a "studied" fellow, Tall, and fine, and well.

Empty seat behind him, No one at his side; To a pleasant station Near the coast he glide; Enter good couple, Take the hinder seat; Enter gentle maiden, Beautiful, petite.

Blushing she flatters: "Is this seat engaged?" (She the aged couple Properly enraged.) Student, quite ecstatic, Says her ticket "through;" Thinks of the long tunnel— Knows what he will do.

So they sit and chatter, While the cinders fly; Till that "student fellow" Gets one in his eye; And the scenic maiden Quickly turns about— "May I, if you please, sir, Try to get it out?"

Happy "student fellow" Feels a dainty touch; Hence a gentle whisper— "Does it hurt you much?" Fizz! dinc, dinc! a moment In the tunnel quite, And glorious success, Black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight, Darts the Pullman train; Student's beaver ruffled; Just the necessary: Maiden's hair is uncoiled, And there soon appeared, Cunning little ear-rings; Caught in student's beard.

—Harvard Advocate.

FAMILY FEUDS:

A SEQUEL TO WILL HE TELL?

Translated and Adapted from the French of Emile Gaborian.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

The priest reflected a moment. "Suppose you were seen," he said at last, "and arrested, for arrested you might be, what explanations could you give to account for your presence at the Reach at that hour of the night? Besides, you would find everything sealed up, and were you to break the seals it would appear as if a robbery were committed. An inquiry would immediately be instituted. Ten to one you would be traced. And then—No, no! you must not do in an entirely different way. Everything you do must be done openly. You were in no way implicated in the rising. Your name is upon none of the lists of proscribed, and your liberty is entirely unrestricted. Your best plan will be to go to-morrow morning to the notary, and openly take possession of your inheritance. Take up your residence at Corcoran's farm, and make no secret of it."

"What, father!" answered Annie, endeavouring to repress a shudder, "live in Corcoran's house all alone?"

"Certainly, my child," returned the priest. "I can only see advantages in your doing so. With a little precaution we can communicate with each other without danger. We will fix beforehand upon a rendezvous, where Farmer Byrne will meet you two or three times a week. And then in a couple of months, when the neighbours have become accustomed to your presence, we will move Mr. Somerville to your house. The change will do him good, for his convalescence is greatly retarded in his present uncomfortable quarters."

"But what will people think of my taking possession of the property of a man who was no relative of mine?"

"What do you care for what they think," said the priest. "And after a pause he added, 'In any case, my poor child, it is absolutely necessary for you to leave this house, and to go somewhere where you will be your own mistress—and alone.'"

At the last words Annie became as white as a sheet. It was evident that Father Mahoney knew her secret. For a moment she was obliged to lean against the wall to prevent herself falling.

The priest took no notice of her embarrassment, and closed the interview by adding, in a decisive tone, "There is no help for it, go you must."

The next day Annie Mosley made her appearance at Portrush, and after going through the necessary forms, was duly installed in Corcoran's house. She found everything exactly in the condition Corcoran had described, and her first care was to remove a portion of the money concealed in the bedroom, and to transmit it by Farmer Byrne to Father Mahoney.

After the months of trouble she had lately gone through, the quiet life at Corcoran's was luxuriously welcome to Annie. Following Father Mahoney's advice, she lived quite alone, but frequently went out, in order to accustom the people of the village to her presence among them. During the day she occupied herself with the household and her sewing, and in the evening met Byrne at the rendezvous fixed upon by the priest, where she received news of Mr. Somerville's condition. Could she only have heard from Frederick, she would have been happy. She could not understand his prolonged silence. She would have written to him, had she known where a letter would find him, but since the day she had heard of his departure for St. Malo, she had received no intelligence whatever of his movements. And it was just at this time that she needed some one near to help her in the crisis through which she was about to pass.

In this extremity she bethought herself of the physician who had attended her at Ballinacilly. He had told her to come to him when she was in trouble, and he would do all in his power to help her. To him she wrote, stating her condition and reminding him of his promises.

Four days after Dr. Pitt made his appearance, and for a fortnight remained at Annie's house, closely perched. When he left, one morning he drove daybreak, he took with him, wrapped up in his cloak, a male child, whom he had pledged himself to care for as if it were his own.

Thus the crisis passed, and Annie resumed her ordinary life. Fortunately not one of the neighbours had the slightest suspicion of what had happened.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ALLIANCE.

On leaving St. Killian's Lady Coleraine displayed a calmness that astonished, if it did not even deceive, Lord Scarborough. By an immense effort of will she succeeded in hiding under a dispassionate exterior the fierce rage that was seething within her. Her indomitable pride inspired her with something of the heroism of the gladiator who fell dying in the sand of the arena with a smile on his lips. She had made up her mind that as she must fall, she would at least fall gloriously.

"No one shall ever get a tear in my eye, or hear a complaint from my lips," she said to her father one day. "Cannot you do as much?"

On her return to Shandon she frightened the servants. They had expected to see her worn out, broken down in mind and body. Instead, they found her more imperious and exacting than ever. Her first order after her return was to forbid them speaking of her as Lady Coleraine, under pain of instant dismissal.

One day she overheard an unfortunate housemaid utter the forbidden name. Within an hour the poor girl had left the castle. The servants were all indignant.

"My lady can't expect us," they said, "to forget that she is married, and that her own husband put her in the fix she is in."

How could she expect it of them when she could not forget it herself. Night and day the remembrance of that fatal day haunted her, when she had passed in one short hour from bridehood to widowhood. Still she persevered in her resolution of bearing her troubles bravely. She always appeared richly dressed, and did her best to seem gay and carefree. On the Sunday after her return she even made her appearance at church. Then, for the first time, she saw the uselessness of all her efforts to hide her mortification. The last snow will break the horse's back, and the last indignity broke her resolution.

Instead of being received by her acquaintances as she had expected, with looks of mingled surprise and hatred, her appearance was the signal for a general titter that no one took the pains to conceal. She even heard muttered jokes on her condition of maiden-widow that entered like iron into her soul.

This last insult was utterly unexpected, and she vowed to take her revenge. Her father was only too ready to back her, and for the first time in their lives father and daughter agreed.

"Yes," said Lord Shandon, when his daughter spoke to him on the subject, "I will teach Lord Scarborough what it is to come to the scene of a condemned criminal, and then to insult a man in my position. I will ruin him, and bring him humbled to my feet, so if I do not."

Unfortunately for the fruition of his schemes of vengeance Lord Shandon had been losing time. For three days after the scene at St. Killian's he was confined to bed; and three days more were taken up in drawing up a long report which was intended to achieve the humiliation of his quarrelsome ally. This lost time had been well employed by Lord Coleraine and Lord Scarborough, with what result we have already seen.

Lord Scarborough was publicly thanked and rewarded by the Home Government, and he himself was stripped of all the public offices he held.

When the news of his rival's triumph and his own humiliation reached him, Lord Shandon nearly went mad with rage and mortification. The thought that he, the skillful schemer, the very plotter, had been overreached in a matter of such vital importance to himself, was intensely humiliating. That he had been overreached he had no doubt, but by whom? Not Lord Scarborough. He was not capable of such a masterpiece of *flautee*. By whom then?

Lady Mary could have answered that question. Like Annie Mosley she divined at once that Lord Coleraine was the master spirit that directed the course affairs had taken. And knowing the man, understanding his nature, she felt sure that he had some other motive in acting as he had, than the mere satisfaction of humiliating Lord Shandon. What that motive was, her jealousy suggested at once; to please Annie Mosley, and obtain her forgiveness, and that of her friends.

"Ah!" she cried, as the thought flashed upon her, "she can do what she likes with him, and as long as she lives I must hope in vain. But, patience!"

Patience! that meant vengeance. Vengeance she was determined to have, though she knew not yet how it could best be obtained. But she had already in view a man, who, she thought, would be a willing instrument in her hands. This was no other than Ryan.

Since the execution of Mosley and Corcoran, Pat Ryan had taken up his quarters at St. Killian's Abbey. This had been purely a precautionary measure, for his life among Lord Scarborough's servants was none of the most pleasant. But he felt that outside the Abbey grounds his life was not safe. The people of Portrush were, to a man, furious at his betrayal of Mosley, and it would not have required much persuasion to induce them to put out of the way a man who had disgraced himself and the neighbourhood by his countless acts of lawlessness and brutality. Added to this, Geogheghan's threat was still ringing in his ears.

In the Abbey kitchen he was received by the servants as though he brought a contagion with him. His food was given to him as to a dog, and at night he was forced to sleep in an out-house, as the men refused to let him even into the stables. Still he supported all the indignities heaped upon him without a murmur. He even thought himself fortunate in being able to purchase his safety at that price.

After his departure with Lord Shandon, Lord Scarborough, acting on the advice of his son, gave orders that Ryan should be turned out of the house. But the old poacher, on the servants attempting to enforce this command, refused point-blank to go until he received his dismissal from Lord Scarborough in person. His answer was carried to his lordship, who asked to see Ryan immediately. On his making his appearance he was told by the Marquis never again to set foot on the Abbey grounds on any pretext.

Mosley was offered him, which he refused, and gathering together the few duds he possessed, he made up a bundle, and at once left the house. As he stepped over the threshold he was overtaken by one of the servants murthering that night, over he came across a Scarborough after night-fall he'd make cold meat of him.

Expelled from the Abbey, Ryan returned to his own house, where his wife and two sons were still living. Here he spent his time in drinking and sleeping, now and then salting forth to the Abbey or Shandon Castle grounds to indulge in a little clandestine sport. People passing by his cottage towards nightfall would often hear the sound of blows intermingled with cries and curses. It was Mrs. Ryan and the two boys beating Ryan, and endeavoring to get money from him. No one knew, not even his wife and children, what he had done with the blood money he had received as the price of Mosley's betrayal. It was supposed he had buried it somewhere, but no one could say where.

Such was Ryan's history, as Lady Mary heard it from the head gardener at Shandon. This was evidently the man she wanted. The next thing was to get at him without exciting sus-

picion. He hunted in the Shandon grounds. Why not watch for him? A little perseverance and a good deal of pronouncing was all that would be necessary. Sooner or later she must come upon him.

Lady Mary at once decided upon this programme. Day after day for two weeks she patroled the woods with Miss Macartney, the poor relation already mentioned, who thought that her niece had decidedly lost her reason.

At last she met with success. One fine afternoon towards the end of May she espied the man she wanted smoking along an open track with his finger on the trigger of his gun. This was a precaution Ryan invariably took when he was out. Not that he was afraid of the keepers, but he seemed to see Geogheghan behind every tree, with his knife raised ready to strike.

On seeing Lady Mary he was about to slip into the thicket when she stopped him.

"Mr. Ryan," she cried.

The poacher hesitated a moment, stopped, and finally grounded his gun.

In the meantime, Miss Macartney, pale with apprehension, began to expostulate with her niece.

"Good gracious! what are you calling that horrid man for?"

"Because I want to speak to him," returned the younger lady, ungraciously enough.

"But, my dear Mary, you do not mean to say that—"

"I must, that is the long and the short of it." "But I cannot allow it. What would your father say?"

"Never mind what my father or any body else would say. It has got to be done. And so, aunt, you will oblige me by keeping watch while I speak to him. If you see any one coming call me at once."

As usual, poor Miss Macartney resigned herself to the will of her imperious niece, who, without another word, advanced towards where Ryan was standing.

"Well, Mr. Ryan," she began in her most winning tones, "have you had good luck to-day?"

"What do you want me to?" said Ryan, abruptly. "You want me to do something, I know."

Lady Mary had some difficulty in disguising the disgust with which his coarse manner inspired her.

"Yes," she returned, still smiling sweetly, "I want you to do something for me."

"Well, what is it?"

"It is a very small thing I am going to ask of you. It will give you very little trouble, and you will be well paid."

"That's all very fine," returned the man, "but people don't come to me for little jobs of that kind. Ever since I tried to serve the government as well as I could, and in the way the posters set forth, everybody seems to think they have a right to come to me, money in hand, and ask me to undertake all kinds of villainies. Come now, I know what it costs us poor people to listen to you rich ones. Go your way, and I'll go mine, and if you have any dirty work to do, do it yourself."

So saying he threw his gun over his shoulder, and was walking away, when a sudden inspiration seized Lady Mary.

"Listen," she said, coldly. "My reason for stopping you was that I knew your history. I thought you would be only too glad to serve one who, like yourself, hates the whole Scarborough set."

The new tactics had their effect. The old poacher stopped.

"Yes," he said, "I should think you had reason to hate them, after the trick they have played you. Something like the trick they played me, only in your case you will be reconciled in a matter of months, and then good-bye, Pat Ryan's old address."

"Reconciled?" returned the girl, with an angry stamp of her foot, "never!"

"Well, perhaps not. Suppose I were to do what you want me to, what then?"

"I will give you anything you ask, money, land, a house."

"Much obliged, but it's something else I want."

"What is it? Make your own conditions." Ryan paused a moment, and then began gravely:

"Well, you see I have enemies, one especially. But never mind, I'll tell you the whole thing in half a dozen words. I don't feel safe in my own house. My sons threaten me when I'm drunk, to make me give them money. As for my wife, she's quite capable of poisoning my whiskey any day, and between the three of them I am in mortal fear of losing my money; and my life. I can't live like that. Promise me a home at Shandon Castle after the job is done, and I'll do anything you like. At the Castle I shall be safe, and I can drink as much and as often as I please without being bothered. But, understand, I'm not going to be treated by the servants as I was at St. Killian's."

"Very good," said Lady Mary, "it shall be done."

"Swear on your hopes of salvation that you'll do it."

"I swear it."

The tone in which Lady Mary said this reassured Ryan. Bonding towards her he said, in a hoarse voice:

"Very well. What's the job?"

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

ENGLAND has 32,623 breweries. There are 3,664 languages spoken in the world. HOLLAND spends more for tobacco than for bread. CORN starch makes the best paste for scrap-books. GEORGE, the pen-man, began life as a seasons' soldier.

OF the seventy-four United States Senators, fifty are lawyers.

THE 24 letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,000,000,000,000,000,000 times.

THE first house ever built in Nebraska, is still standing on the banks of the Missouri.

THESE were manufactured in the United States last year over half a million sewing machines.

ONE hundred and twenty-one and three-fourths miles of sidewalk were destroyed by the Chicago fire.

IT is said that 42,500 bales of cotton are used every year by the ladies—to add to their attractive appearance.

DETROITERS say there are \$10,000,000 of counterfeit national bank notes in circulation in the United States.

MORE than 600,000,000 of steel pens are manufactured in Sheffield, England, annually. Over 600 tons of sheet steel is made in that city each year, for this purpose alone.

IN Manila, twenty-five thousand women and girls work at cigar making, across wages of seven cents per day. A girl getting ten cents is considered as making a rapid fortune.

ELECTRICITY is employed in some of the French theatres to transmit signals, such as the time of the music, from the leader of the orchestra to musicians stationed behind the scenes out of his view.

THE consumption of spirits in the United States last year was about eighty-five million gallons, or over two hundred and thirty thousand gallons per day; giving an average of two and a half gallons per man to every man, woman, and child in the States. As the women and children don't usually drink, the men must have done their share of the drinking pretty liberally to make the average so heavy.