

# A Remarkable Oriental Experience.

## A THRILLING STORY OF CHINESE TREACHERY.

### CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED)

At last, two of his captors came; and, perhaps perceiving his condition, one of them loosened all his bonds, head and feet and hands; but Norris simply lay still unable to move, and it was some hours before he recovered so far as to be able to sit up and partake of food. During these hours he fancied he was alone; for the Chinaman who had placed a dish beside him, had sat himself down thereafter behind the Englishman so that Norris was not aware that he was watched.

Gradually, as he recovered in the warmth of the day the use of his limbs, the aching thought filled him that escape was impossible, even though he were—as he believed himself to be—alone. The power of his body was so weakened that he could scarcely move. When, at length, he succeeded in conveying the contents of the bowl to his mouth, he felt somewhat the better of the matter; and, as the day wore on, recovered his strength, in so far that he was at length able to stand up, though reeling as he did so like a drunken man.

The Chinaman was watching him curiously, well knowing that Norris's strength was for the time being as nothing; and that even putting that fact aside, escape would have been an impossibility. Norris started when he perceived that he was not alone; the Chinaman was seated smoking, and, to all appearance, much interested in the movements of him whom he had evidently been set to watch. Very soon Norris became convinced that escape from the place where he now found himself was an impossibility; to see the wall, which he thought he should at some time be left alone, appeared beyond the power of man; to pass the buildings even more so; and further, his temporary freedom from his bonds would, in all probability, be of the shortest duration.

His feelings was a mixture of agony and despair. The hours passed with leaden steps. Towards afternoon the first gleam as to the reason of his imprisonment was given to him. Several Chinamen had come into the place of his captivity. One of these, taking a paper from the purse which he wore under his garments handed it to Norris, who, upon unfolding it, read with the greatest surprise these words written clearly in English:

"You write note, make pay any man ten Englishman's hundred pounds."

Where had this paper been obtained? Clearly it had been written by a Chinaman knowing something of the English tongue, and knowing it, too, not as a guide might know it, in the most childish form of pigeon-English.

"You write note, make pay," it struck Norris at once. Little as he knew of pigeon-English, it flashed upon him that his guide, for instance, would rather have said something like, "You makey write some piecey note, belong can makey pay."

Such was his thought; and he continued to follow the train of conjecture instantly suggested to him when his eye had fallen upon the paper.

"Ten Englishman's hundred pounds!"—one thousand hundred pounds—more than two men who stood around would think of exacting.

One of the Chinamen interrupted his thoughts, pointing with his finger to the writing, as though demanding an answer. But the paper which had been given to him was not one which could be replied off-hand. In the first place, what was required? "Make pay any man," what was the meaning of this? He had no English bank-notes with him, and the writer of the paper must have been aware that everything of a valuable nature, watch, chain, pencil, knife, everything had been stolen from his person. Yes, everything, save (for somehow his finger wandered idly down the inside of his coat), a couple of English pins, which he had idly placed, as substitutes for the buttons of his clothing, which were constantly giving way.

It was evident, therefore, that the only thing which could be referred to, was a note to, or a check upon, his bankers. Did the writer know of the English form of issuing checks? If so, why had he not written that position! These were points the considerations of which set Norris's brain on fire.

The Chinaman pointed impatiently a second time to the paper, Norris could hesitate no longer. A vague hopefulness filled him. He was, as he knew, in the remote interior of the Temple of Confucius; but already a chance was given to him of communicating with some one who, at least, knew his language) in the outside world, be it only in Peking.

Rapidly he made signs that he required to write. The Chinaman understood at once, and one of them hurried off to seek what was required. Evidently they knew what Norris had been asked to do. In a moment or two the man returned with the materials, and the Chinese in writing—a brush, a pot of ink, and paper.

Norris was obliged to place these upon the ground, calculating at the time as to what he should write. Then he took the brush in his hand and dipped it in the ink, whilst the Chinamen looked on him in curiosity, chattering in their ugly tongue to one another. He drew every stroke with the utmost slowness, for each stroke gave him the longer time to think as to how he was to complete his reply. This was what he wrote: "I am your prisoner. If I pay one thousand pounds, am I free? My money has been stolen. All I can give is a letter to my bank to pay one thousand pounds. If I do this shall I be set free at once?"

It was short, yet he thought sufficiently explicit. He had learned, in bygone days, that it is well to cut a letter short, in case of doubt, so to convey something of one's own doubt to the other side, if it is possible, by an atmosphere of brevity.

He folded the sheet, and gave it to the man who had brought him the materials wherewith to write. The recipient's first proceeding was to re-open and scrutinize the sheet, notwithstanding that he had been carefully observing Norris as he wrote; and this act was of itself sufficient to prove to the Englishman that none of those present could read his words. Then the man left him, still apparently discussing what was to them a strange and curious thing. One of them stayed a moment to lift the ink-pot and the brush. And, at last, Norris was left alone—truly alone, for his guardian had accompanied the others through the doorway, which they had then closed and barred. Clearly they had no fear of his escape; his bonds must have been merely to restrain him from violence; and clearly, also, it was judged that the paper borne away was that required—the equivalent of the demanded thousand pounds. As Norris thought of this, it struck him that if the man believed this note to be what was required, he should have been in justice at once set free. Why, then, was he still a prisoner? These men had received, to their belief, what they desired, and still he was not free. And he remem-

bered the treachery and the greed of the nation, whilst an aching, hopeless pain gnawed at his heart. Suppose he should give this thousand pounds unconditionally, would the amount satisfy his captors? Would they be content with this, or would they not rather bleed him of his whole fortune, and then perhaps kill him by cruel tortures, in the endeavor to force more when there was nothing left?

The position in which he was placed seemed to increase in horror at each new move. One thing was evident, he must not pay this thousand pounds, even with the promise of freedom; it but opened paths which led to fresh danger and to new terrors in the end. For could he believe that the unknown writer of this paper could be trusted for a moment to fulfill a promise? His very method of treating his prisoner or the temple's prisoner proved his cowardly longing for gain. Who was this man?—who could he be?

At this point conjecture became vague, and, returning upon his thoughts, Norris decided that he should endeavor by craft to undermine his unknown enemy's intent; for craft was surely justifiable in such a case.

If the answer came to his letter, "Yes, you will be instantly set free upon giving me a letter to your bank," then he could give such a letter, but—sign it with a false name! And if he were set free—well, then he would consider how far he was bound in honor to pay this thousand pounds and to take up the false order upon his bank; and if, as he was rather inclined to fear, the promise should prove as nothing, then at least he should not have given the first taste of blood to the wolves; and who could say but that the false order might lead some day to his discovery and escape? This seemed the wisest, indeed the only course to pursue.

Having come to this decision, Norris proceeded to examine the note which had been sent to him, and which he still held in his hand. It was written upon paper of foreign make—English or German, not Chinese and this struck him as curious, in so far that a Chinaman, unless of some high rank, would be unlikely to indulge in a luxury such as the using of paper other than Chinese. As he looked upon it, the thought came to him that, by carefully preserving the paper, there was a dim chance of his tracing the man who had written the words. That he was not an Englishman was evident, alike from his diction and writing—even putting aside the connection with his captors—and from the fact that one thousand pounds would have been but a small sum from one of his own race; so there was, indeed, but a faint possibility of ever ascertaining who had penned the lines. Notwithstanding which, Norris determined to carefully preserve the sheet.

The time seemed to pass rapidly—so much was there to ponder upon; and although the sun was setting, and, in reality, more than two hours had passed when the answer to his note arrived, it seemed to Norris that his captors had scarcely left him ere they returned. Yet his impatience as to the reply was none the less strong, in that he had been considering every point regarding the demand which had been made. In a second of time his eyes had perceived the lines now placed before him. And this was the answer to his note:

"Write bank make pay; then you go free. Write pay any man."

The reply was what Norris had anticipated. He should be free so soon as he gave the necessary letter to his bank—a letter which the recipient had apparently some means of disposing of. Now the question came to be, Was this promise to be relied upon, or not? A few hours more would test the case.

Writing materials were again placed before him. He headed the sheet to his English bankers, and, endeavoring to disguise his hand, he wrote:

"Pay to bearer the sum of one thousand pounds sterling, for which I shall acknowledge this order as full receipt."

And he signed, "Albert H. Dyson."

The Chinaman took the sheet from his hand, and once more Norris was alone.

### CHAPTER IV.

A second night of Norris's captivity had passed. During this night he had been free to walk about; for his bonds were now removed. Every day that passed had been filled with anxious expectation. Though it seemed useless to hope, he still hoped, waiting through the long night hours for that liberty which he had virtually bought, though upon the dismissal of his second note nothing had happened, save that a large bowl of food had been handed to him a short time thereafter.

During the night hours Norris endeavored to convince himself that liberty must surely come with the morning. His note had been dispatched too late the evening before, he argued; and thus he hoped against hope.

Once he wildly thought of endeavoring to escape. Alas! escape was impossible. The tree, his only chance, stood many feet removed from either wall or temple on every side.

Nor did he sleep, worn though he was with long protracted fatigue and agony of mind.

When day came, hour after hour went by. The Chinaman resumed his post of watch for a lengthy period, but there were no signs of liberty after all and it was with a sense of thankfulness that Norris recollected that he had acted prudently and had not trusted to the word of his unforeseen foe.

It was not quite apparent that one thousand pounds would not purchase his freedom from the Temple of Confucius in Peking.

It crossed his mind, that perhaps the man who had demanded the note of hand had been suspicious on account of his readiness in sending. Yes; undoubtedly there he had been a fool. Perhaps, by his haste, he had lost the chance of liberty—a liberty, which might have been his, had he refused, and waited to endure torture before yielding to the demand for a ransom so large.

And now he faced the weary expectancy of an imprisonment which might never end, unless death, by what means he was finally gained. God alone could know, should set him free.

This was the position in which Norris now found himself to be placed; for it is almost needless to say that hour followed hour, and day succeeded day, without the fulfillment of the promise made by the unknown receiver of the false order upon the English bank.

Norris was allowed a degree of freedom; he was fed, and had moderate liberty in so far that he was no longer bound, and that he had a large space to walk in. Further

than this, it was impossible to escape from the temple, though it was not seldom indeed that the Chinamen troubled themselves to set a watch upon his movements.

Thus confined, Norris cast about in his own mind as to how it might be possible for him to communicate with his fellows. He had valuable possessions—possessions whose worth he had not till now realized, and these were comprised in the power or possibility to write since he possessed the necessaries to do so. For some days he had been unaware that this was so; but in his solitary captivity it was not very long ere his mind grasped a truth that was beautiful to him when known.

He took the margin paper of both the letters which he had received from his unknown enemy; it was little, for him much—say! very much, for by the scarcity of an article we learn to value what we possess. For pen he had two pens—one would have sufficed—the only trifles which his captors had left upon his clothing. For ink, there was not his blood?

But these possessions were little without the knowledge as to how he might apply them. A wild idea of casting over the wall a small message, tied to twigs with threads plucked from his clothes, suggested itself to him; but of what use could this be, as the dust without would cover them?—and if, indeed, by any chance one should reach a human hand, that hand would be Chinese.

Then a still wilder idea of capturing the swallows that ever anon crossed the court came to him, and then despair that his chances were so few cast its shadow upon him for many days. Whilst he was still buried in despondency, it so chanced that two of the birds upon whose aid he had calculated with a wild madness for a moment came to him, and then he saw, in the air above him, and whilst he watched them, both dropped toward the ground, finally falling in the court.

The feelings that filled him—wild hope, intense longing, terrible excitement—few can understand.

His heart burst within him in wild prayer. He approached the birds. One flew off; the other was so wounded and torn as to be unable to rise upon its wing, though it fluttered wildly and struggled vainly to rise from the ground.

Norris could have counted his heart-beats. He took the bird which lay before him, and threw it twice over the wall, which now fluttered along the ground. Each time in his terrible excitement he missed it. Yet again he threw the coat.

Indescribable joy filled him as he perceived that the swallow was beneath; then carefully he secured it in his hand and set about examining the wound. The bird was but little hurt.

Considerably less than half an hour later and from the fact that one thousand pounds would have been but a small sum from one of his own race; so there was, indeed, but a faint possibility of ever ascertaining who had penned the lines. Notwithstanding which, Norris determined to carefully preserve the sheet.

The time seemed to pass rapidly—so much was there to ponder upon; and although the sun was setting, and, in reality, more than two hours had passed when the answer to his note arrived, it seemed to Norris that his captors had scarcely left him ere they returned. Yet his impatience as to the reply was none the less strong, in that he had been considering every point regarding the demand which had been made. In a second of time his eyes had perceived the lines now placed before him. And this was the answer to his note:

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ing, or gazing toward the stars when he could not sleep, as he lay upon the skins.

A week went by uneventfully, and Norris still remained captive, as far removed from liberty, so it seemed, as on the first day of his confinement.

He rarely saw his captors; their curiosity regarding him was long ago satisfied, and seldom did any of them enter his open-air prison save to give him food.

Several ideas suggestive of escape had occurred to Norris—one that he should scale the wall by the arduous fabrication of holes in its surface, whereby he might, with difficulty, mount to the top. But there were reasons to bar this gate of hope: the holes in the wall would at once catch the eye of the man who brought him his food; and again, he might, indeed, succeed in making stepping-places to a certain height, but beyond that, beyond his reach, whilst standing on the ground, how was he to do so?

And this, like many another idea, had to be abandoned; for Norris well knew that once his captors perceived any possibility of his escaping, he would immediately be transferred to another place, or possibly chained, either to the wall or to some huge stone, as he had seen the Chinese prisoners chained. Then, indeed, the last ray of hope would have gone! And so, urged by extreme caution not to hazard a failure, he waited, eagerly examining the while every loophole of escape.

And at length he was in part rewarded, for he perceived that the man who brought his food was growing more careless, and would at times leave the door behind him half open when he entered from the temple. Upon this Norris determined to act. The Chinaman must be overpowered silently and quickly.

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His hands alone were not sufficient to do the deed at once with absolute silence and rapidity; so he set about carefully twisting a species of rough cord, or thong, which he made from strips bitten or torn with his teeth from the furrows furnished him to sleep upon—a tedious process indeed. These he twisted and knotted together. This he did chiefly by night, and on the second day following his resolution to overpower the Chinaman, he was in readiness to seize his opportunity.

He had a noise, which it was his intention to cast over the man's head thus to strangle him by drawing it tight behind, whilst his knee should be placed against the Chinaman's back.

Such was his crude idea; but the opportunity was not given him for the number of days, for by some chance the man came accompanied by another from this time forth.

To Norris, in his despair, it seemed as though every possibility of escape were but flung into irony before him to vanish thereafter into nothingness.

In his bitterness he recalled the incident of the swallow. Strangely enough, he had looked upon it as conclusive at the time; now he began to think differently. The Chinaman had seen him eat the living bird; why should he not trade upon that fact?

There were many nests along the eaves of the temple, and he but reach these to capture the birds, he might still succeed in the carrying out of the old design. And if he were caught in the attempt; what matter? Was it not as food that he sought to secure the birds?

During the night-time he broke from the tree, climbing it with cat-like caution in the dark, and with such noise, several branches, which he picked together and tied with pieces of cloth torn from various parts of his clothing folded, although slender, sufficiently long to reach to the swallows' nests.

At first it was his plan to disturb the birds, and to strike them with his slender rod, as they issued from their nests; but, calculating the danger of such a proceeding, there remained the probability of so injuring them, that they must prove useless; whilst on the other hand, his weapon might snap in the air, from its unwieldy length, at every attempt he made. Abandoning this idea, he determined to endeavor to form of his coat a species of net, and, by this means, to be able to catch the birds, and to hold them fast.

He took the bird which lay before him, and threw it twice over the wall, which now fluttered along the ground. Each time in his terrible excitement he missed it. Yet again he threw the coat.

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stick (he had some time since taken it to pieces), in order to reach the bird and bring it to earth a second time, thereafter to be thrown beyond the high wall.

He captured it without much difficulty; and so intent was he upon the subsequent action of undoing the knots which secured the stick that he did not for a moment or two realize that time had passed more quickly than he had dreamed of, and that the Chinaman, with his food had entered from behind, and now stood watching him, with curiosity expressed upon every line of his salient features.

The swallow was struggling feebly beneath the coat. Norris was intent upon his work. Suddenly he looked up. Some consciousness came upon him that he was not alone. A band of iron seemed to draw his heart-strings together. The door of the temple behind was half open. He was discovered; but the man who had discovered him was alone, and as yet had made no sound.

With apparent callousness he undid the leathern thong which he had bitten from the skins upon which he sat, and which he now wore around his waist.

This he made rapidly, and yet quietly, in the form of a noose, as formerly. The Chinaman was observing his every act, curious as to what was the meaning of all that he saw.

Norris stood up; the stick in his one hand, the noose in the other, as though the two had some connection.

Making some pretense to bind the thong firmly and abruptly apparently upon some object behind the man who stood near him. The Chinaman obeyed the natural instinct; he half turned in the same direction.

Instantly the noose was around his neck, enclosing throat and pigtail with a terrible strength; whilst the Englishman, with his right hand, held the man from him, whilst his right, without mercy, expended its desperate force upon the thong.

There was no cry; suspension of breath had been instantaneous. The man moved his hands wildly for a moment or two; then their motions grew feeble, and his face blackened; and still Norris held the cord and forced the man's body from him with all his strength.

A wild, exultant hope leaped through him—he was free! for the Chinaman was killed as surely as he would have been had he dropped some feet with a rope around his neck.

When he knew that the man was dead, Norris lost no time, but dropping the body, hastened to the door and gained the inside of the Temple. The door on the other side stood open; beyond that lay a space, and another temple, through which he must pass; and what lay beyond that again Norris could not say, only his heart sank as he perceived in the instant that he was as yet far from free.

Rapidly of action was his only chance. For a moment or two he stood in the temple; then, with an inward prayer, he leaped into the open space and dashed across it to the building beyond.

As he did so, he became aware that he was seen. Two of his foes were after him. Fear lent him speed; but the loud cry from his pursuers had gone before him, and as he sped through the second temple, and reached its exit, another foe met him face to face.

With the impetuosity with which he sped he dashed the man over, so that he fell before him like a reed; but, as he fell, the Chinaman clutched vaguely, and caught the fugitive's ankle in his hand, so that he was precipitated forward upon his face with terrible force, and instantaneously stunned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**A Margin of Silence.**

The city man who goes to the country seeks a certain remoteness from villagers and silence about him. He is eager to get away from the unconscious but very real pressure of dense populations; to escape the noise and tumult and constant presence of mobs and crowds. There is a deep instinct in his soul which prompts him to seek quiet and solitude in order that he may recuit and depleted spiritual force. He craves the opportunity of returning to himself and recovering his individuality. Such a margin of silence and repose is the constant necessity of every thoughtful mind and every fruitful career. An active creative man must be in the world, but can never be of it; he must keep it at a distance, and resist its approach as if it were a deadly enemy. To draw one's inspiration from those deep springs which feed the soul in silence and hidden places and then to give this inspiration to men through all the powers of active and self-expression, is to live a whole soul's life; to attempt to draw one's strength from the world is to run dry, and to live a dusty, arid channel instead of a living stream. Many active, earnest men and women, in their eagerness to serve and achieve, violate this fundamental law of deep living, and surrender to the world that which is not theirs to give. A margin of silence, repose, and solitude must protect the life that steadfastly grows and expands; to live without it is to violate one of the sanctities of our nature. Out of the rush and tumult of the world one must often retire into the silence where God speaks with that still, small voice never heard amid the uproar of mobs and cities. An hour of quiet, silence, and solitude every day would do more for the mind than any amount of intellectual bankruptcy, and many a woman of repose is a great asset to the intellectual and spiritual need. The body craves its quiet hour no less than the mind and soul; if the senses are always on the alert and the tension is never broken the nerves succumb, and the harmony of a noble instrument is turned into a discord and full of misery. The greater one's work and power the deeper one's need of privacy.

**The Serpent's Tooth.**

"Didn't I send 'im to Heton an' Oxford? Didn't I send 'im into the harmy along o' some o' the biggest nob's in all Hongkong with an allowance fit for a young heart? And what's the hupshot of it all? Why, he gives dinners to dooks and royal highnesses, and don't even hark 'is poor old father to meet 'em. Ghesses, indeed! I could buy the ole blessed lot. And, what's more, I wouldn't mind tellin' 'em as to their faces for two pins—aj! just as soon as look at 'em—and 'e knows it!"

A bridegroom at Hammond, Ind., thought it prudent to begin married life economically. He gave fifty cents to the clergyman who performed the ceremony, and then had the audacity to demand a receipt.

Sorrowers are visitors that come without invitation; but complaining minds send a wagon to bring their troubles home in.

A colony of about 1,000 Japanese is to be established in Sinaloa, Mexico.

**For Sunday Contemplation.**

Religion is in a measure the living out of the truth there is in us.

A proud heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful.—Gurraal.

Riches are the baggage of virtue, which always hindereth the march.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice and good and evil we have made through life.

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move on charity, rest on Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

Like rose leaves, good thoughts are blessed ed guests, and give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.

It is good for us if the contrary winds occasionally blow on us, for, after all, it is they that make us strong as we sail the voyage of life.

God gives peace not as the world giveth. Many forget this truth, and when all is favorable without, think they have the peace of God.

The way to avoid great faults is to beware of small ones, therefore pull up in time if you would not be dragged by your neighbor into the ditch.

Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute freely and cheerfully, and be able to leave contentedly.—Lord Bacon.

A man who has any good reason to believe in himself, never flourishes himself before the faces of other people, in order that they may believe in him.

If you would be well with a great mind leave him with a favorable impression of you; if you little mind, leave him with a favorable opinion of himself.—Coleridge.

We are made for wide communion. The man who isolates himself dwells and loses the power life believes he is cultivating. Our need is to have intimate communication with our fellow-men, and with as large a variety as possible, always excepting, of course, the depraved.

Lady Holland was always lamenting she had nothing to do—that she did not know what to be at or how to employ her time. "I recommend her," said the poet, Rogers, "something new—to try and do a little good." Once fairly engaged in that business, one will never have to complain of nothing to do. It is a great cure-all to laziness or listlessness.

**London's Life-Destroying Fog**

A London despatch says:—After a summer and autumn abnormally healthy, the death rate in London has suddenly almost doubled. The mortality is now above thirty per 1000, the increase being almost entirely confined to diseases with respiratory organs. The cause is ascribed by nearly every one to the low temperature of the past three weeks. It never seems to occur to Londoners that the lack of oxygen and the presence of poisonous gases in the atmosphere of the metropolis at this season constitute a positive danger to health. The so-called foggy days of the past few weeks have brought, perhaps, greater discomfort than ever before. The air has been surcharged with fumes of sulphur, carbonic acid gas and smoke. There has been very little real fog. On days when it has been as dark as mid-night at noonday the visibility has been as low as with clear skies in summer. People went about with smarting eyes, coughing and almost gasping, and complaining hopelessly of what they called the fog. A London fog can at any time be banished by law, just as the same sort of fog has been suppressed in Pittsburgh and other American cities. The same statute which dissipates the London fog will bring another great boon to the metropolis. It will give it comfortably-heated homes in winter. The million or two grate fires of bituminous coal make the London fog, and nothing else. Occasionally a newspaper timidly suggests that the use of anthracite coal in stoves and furnaces would banish the nuisance, but an apology and an admission of the impracticability of the suggestion always goes with it. Experts have recently reported that there is sufficient anthracite coal in Wales to supply all Britain for several generations, but the death rate in London will have to go away above epidemic point before the Englishman will give up his soft-coal fires.

Influenza of a mild type is again reported from various parts of the country, but the Lancet, the chief medical organ, to day gives the comforting assurance that there is nothing at all approaching the visitation of past years, nor is the disease likely to become so severe and extensive again for a generation. On the other hand small-pox has broken out in an alarming manner in many large towns and typhoid has assumed almost an epidemic form in London. Its chief victims so far have been among the upper classes, who, in this metropolis at any rate, live amidst hygienic conditions which may be said to be almost ideal. But for all that the Earl of Lonsborough, Lord Stalbridge and several others have been prostrated by the dreadful disease, and there is reason to believe that typhoid rages in a large number of West End houses unknown to the general public. Various causes have been assigned for this state of things, but the explanation most popular among the masses, who can not afford pleasures and groans and that sort of thing, is that aristocrats catch typhoid fever through eating putrid game.

Official statistics of the cholera epidemic in Germany last year, and up to its practical disappearance, show that the total number of deaths from cholera was 8,510. Nineteen practically of this number were in the city and State of Hamburg, where the total number of deaths was 7,611, 1.22 per cent. of the whole population. The statistics show that the cholera spread up the rivers from the center around Hamburg with diminishing virulence.

The Court of Schleswig-Holstein published the following notice: "At the request of Herr Peter Lohmann, of Altona, the seaman Dietrich Lohmann, who was born in Kirchhorn in November, 1848, and was drowned on the journey from Stockton to Hamburg while sailing in the ship *Berta Jenny*, is hereby called upon to appear before this Court and report himself, on or before Friday, Jan. 30th, 1899, at 11 o'clock a.m., under pain of being declared dead."

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