A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST ERITAIN.

A boat was already lowered. Acting upon instructions from the captain, the crew combined a search for the missing man with a leisurely pursuit of the fugitive one. The first lieutenof the fugitive one. The first heuten-ant stood up in the gunwale with a hook in his hand, looking from right to left, and the men pulled with slow, even strokes. But nowhere was there any sign of Mr. Sabin.

The man who was swimming was now almost out of sight, and the first lieutenant, who was in command of

the little search party, reluctantly gave orders for the quickening of his men's stroke. But almost as the men bent to their work, a curious thing happened. The fugitive, who had been

happened. The lugative, who had been swimming at a great pace, suddenly threw up his arms and disappeared. "He's done, by Jove!" exclaimed the fleutenant. "Row hard, you chaps. We must catch him when he rises."

But to all appearance, Mr. J. B. Watson, of New York, never rose again. The boat was rowed time after time around the spot where he had time around the spot where he had sunk, but not a trace was to be found of him. The only vessel anywhere near was the Kaiser Wilhelm. They rowed slowly up and hailed her.

An officer came to the railing and

answered their inquiries in execrable answered their inquiries in exectable English. No, they had not seen anyone in the water. They had not picked anyone up. Yes, if Herr Lieutenant pleased, he could come on board, but to make a search—no, without authority. No, it was impossible that anyone could have been taken on board without his knowledge. He pointed down the steep sides of the steamship and shrugged his shoulders. It was indeed an impossible feat. It was indeed an impossible feat. The lieutenant of the Calipha saluted and gave the order to his men to back

back again and emerged on the star-board side, which was quite deserted. After then, no one except the captain had even a momentary glimpse of them, and his was so brief that it could scarcely be called more than an impression. He had been attracted by a slight cry, he believed from Mr. Sabin, and had seen both ing in the water. He had seen none of the details of the fight; he could could not even say whether Mr. Sabin or Mr. Watson had been Mr. Sabin or Mr. Watson had been the aggressor, although on that sub-ject there was only one opinion. Mrs. Watson was absolutely overcome, and unable to answer any questions; but as regards the final quarrel and strug-

between the two men, it was im thing of it, as she was sitting in a thing of it, as she was sitting in a steamer chair on the opposite side of the boat. There was at present absolutely no further light to be thrown upon the affair. The sergeant of police signalled for his boat, and went off to make his report. The Calipha, at half speed, steamed slowly for the dock. and

for the dock.

Arrived there, her passengers, crew, and officers became the natural and recognized prey of the American press The captain sternly refused to answer a single question, and in peremptory fashion ordered every stranger off his ship. But, neverthess, his edict was avoided in the confusion of landing, and the Customs House effectually barred flight on the part of their victims. Somehow or other—no one exactly knew how or from what source they came, strange rumors began to float about. Who was Mr. J. B. Watson, of New York, webt care a support of the York, yacht owner and millionaire to one had ever heard of him, and he dld not answer in the least to the description of any known Watson.
The closely-veiled features of his widow were eagerly scanned—one by one the newspaper men confessed themselves baffled. No one had ever themselves baffled. No one had ever seen her before. One man, the most daring of them, ventured upon a timid question as she stepped down the gangway. She passed him by with a swift look of contempt. None of the others ventured anything of the sort: but nevertheless they with sort; but, nevertheless, they watched her, and they made note of two things. The first was that there was no one to meet her; the second that, instead of driving to a railway depot, or wiring to any friends, she went straight to an hotel and engaged a room for the night.

The pressmen took counsel together, and agreed that it was very odd.

They thought it oder still when one of their number, calling at the special data in the day, was informed that Mrs. Watson, after engaging to poom for the week, had suddenly changed her mind, and had left Boston; they taken the still beautiful and had left Boston; they taken a work of the still beautiful and had left Boston; they taken a work of the still beautiful and had left Boston; they taken a work of the still beautiful and had left Boston; they are the still beautiful and had left Bos ton without giving anyone any idea as to her destination. They took counsel together, and they found fresh food for sensation in her flight. Site was the only person who could throw any light upon the relation be-

CHAPTER LI. The Persistence of Felix.

It was a fortnight after the landing of the Calipha in Boston Harbor, and Mr. Sabin was waiting alone in a private room of one of the smallest but most renowned hotels in New York. He was looking pale and ill, and much altered in averagence.

in appearance.

His grey moustache and imperial had gone, and with his increased palor and general air of dejection he would easily have escaped detection, if even easily have escaped detection, if even he had come face to face with one of his late fellow passengers; for, in truth, Mr. Sabin was spending the most miserable days of his life.

The great effort of his life had been made, and had resulted in failure.

The excitement of a successful escape and the structure, which had

cape, and the strategy which ecured his would-be assassin freedom secured his would-be assassin freedom, had kept him for a time on the qui vive, but now that these things were over and done with, he became conscious of a peculiar sense of isolation. For the first time in his life he experienced that sense of utter loneliness which has brought many men to the

brink of despair. His work was over He, whose brain for many years had scarcely known a rest, and whose every action had been moulded toward a definite and much coveted end, now found himself without a single aim in found himself without a single aim in life—a disappointed and wearled man. And, hand in hand with this phase of mental despair, there came to him all the symptoms of physical deterioration which for years he had been too much and gave the order to his men to back water. Once more they went over the ground carefully. There was no sign of either of the men. After about three-quarters of an hour's absence, they rejuctantly gave up the search and returned to the Calipha.

The first lieutenant was compelled to report both men drowned. The captain was in earnest conversation with an official in plain dark livery. The boat of the harbor police was already waiting below. The whole particulars of the affair were scanty enough. Mr. Sabin and Mr. Watson were seen to emerge from the gangway together, engaged in animated conversation. They had at first turned to the left; but, seeing the main body of the passengers assembled there, had stepped back again and emerged on the star-

and remained there fascinated. He stretched out his hand, and turned it stretched out his hand, and turned it over, beginning to wonder already in a dim sort of way whether if he should kill himself people would call it an accident, whether after all there might not be some secondary and more spir-itual form of existence, where weariness was a thing unknown and ambiunfeit. And while he was still won-dering, there was a soft knock at the door, and the waiter who, attended upon him ushered in a visitor.

Mr. Sabin would have denied himself but he was too late. The lady was already by his side, and the man had left, closing the door behind him.
"I think," Mr. Sabin said, "there must be some mistake. I surely have not the pleasure of your acquaint

She laughed softly and raised he

"Have I changed so very much?" she exclaimed. "After all, I think it is you whom it would be hard to recog-Golden hair." he murmured, "is s

ransforming."
"Mine," she remarked, "is of the very latest blend. It is a mixture of opper and gold."
"It is," Mr. Sabin declared, "a most becoming shade. And now will you not git down and tell me how you found

She sank into an easy chair, and oked at him thoughtfully.
"The first," the answered, "is my secret. As to why I came, that is easily explained. I have had a cable from—shall I continue to call him Mr.

Mr. Sabin nodded gravely.
"I hope," he said, "that the news vas favorable.

Was lavorable."
She shrugged her shoulders.
"Yes," she said. "I suppose it was
Your little plot seems to have succeeded admirably. It is believed in
Germany that you are lying amongst
the sandhills at the bottom of Boston Harbor. Mr. Watson has received a free pardon, and his property and name have been restored to him. This cable is from him. He has asked me to go back to Germany and to be his write."

Mr. Sabin's eyes twinkled. The situa Mr. Sabin's eyes twinkled. The stuation appealed to his sense of humor; notwithstanding his depressed state, he could have laughed outright.

"You will go, of course," he said.
"You will not spoll so perfect a romance by even hestating."
Her eyes seemed to be challenging his. She looked away with a sigh.

"Is everything a jest to you?" she murmured.

'My dear lady, no." he answered

Yet can you blame mail I find some numor in Mr. Watson's offer to you? sincerely trust that you are going "That," she said, "is wholly for you to decide. I have come here to-day to ask your advice." o accept it.

Mr. Sabin did not hesitate "I have given it you already," he

Collared. "This man's offer means release for you; don't hesitate to accept it. However you look at it, there is nothing wholesome or exhilarating even in the fine art of espionage. Give it up for ever. Marry this man and make him a good wife. You will never regret it."

It up for ever. Marry this man and make him a good wife. You will never regret it."

"I wish," she said, "I wish I were sure of it."

He rose and stood with his hand upon the bell.

"I," he said, earnestly, "whom all such things have passed by, can tell you of my own knowledge, if not from experience, that in the simple ways of life lies the royal roa." to happiness. I am an old man, and I should know. I have played for great stakes and sometimes I have won. I have been in touch with great affairs, and I have borne a part in doings which have gone to make the world's history. And you see me to-day, an outcast, in a strange country whose manners and customs are repellent to me, and in whom I have no shadow of interest. And I am here because there is no other country in the world which will find me a home. I had my chance of happiness—do you know, I have a theory that there is a chance which comes once to all of us, only so few are wise enough to know, I have a theory that there is a chance which comes once to all of us, only so few are wise enough to recognize it—I had my chance and I turned away. There has never been a moment since that I have not regretted it. I tell you this only to show that I am not quite a fossil, that I have a heart, although, God known I treated hadly enough the what I have a heart, although, God knows, I treated badly enough the only woman who ever touched it. You came to me for advice, you say. You have it, have you not?" She took his hands and dropped her vell. The servant who was answer-

veil. The servant who was answering Mr. Sabin's ring was already at the door.
"I wish you good-bye, then, Mr. Sabin," she said softly. "I shall sail for Germany to-morrow."

Mr. Sabin returned to his solitude and his gloomy thoughts. They were interrupted by a servant, who brought, him in a cablegram. He tore it open and read:

"Be sure you deliver my letter at Lennox.—Felix." Mr. Sabin rolled the flimsy paper inart. Sabil rolled the limity paper into a ball and threw it on one side. More from habit than interest, he retired into his dressing-room and changed for dinner.

In the hall of the hotel, a porter stopped him with another cable. He opposed it and rolled.

stopped him with opened it and read: "Deliver my letter at once.—Felix." Mr. Sabin looked into the man's im Mr. Sabin looked into the man's im perturbable face, and turned on his heel, tearing the cablegram into pieces. He left the hotel and dined at a famous restaurant. As lingered over his coffee, he felt lingered over his coffee, he felt himself touched on the elbow, and, glancing around, saw a man dressed in the livery of the hotel, holding out an envelope toward him.

"This cable has arrived for you, sir," he said, "marked immediate, and Mr. Kitz sent me out to look for you."

Mr. Sabir tore over the envelope

Mr. Sabin tore open the envelope This time the message was shorter "Remember your promise.-Mr. Sabin turned to the

was waiting.
"Will you see that my bag is pack-ed," he said. "I shall be back in a few minutes, and I shall be leaving by the night train.

(To be Continued.)

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Hoax-De Jones claims to be very swell, but he's rather ordinary, isn't Joax-Yes: he's like the meat in a sandwich. He's just between the per crust and the under-bred.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness nothing is so gentle as real strength.

—Francis de Sales.

Temperance-If I thought I should ever be as beastly as you are now I'd shoot myself. Soakley-If you wush drunk'sh I am. 'm frien', you wouldn't be able t'shoot straight 'nough to hit yershelf.

(11 11 -Faustus.

All cruelty springs from hard-heartedness and weakness.—Seneca.

Wife-It was very nice of you to oring me this candy.

Husband—Yes, it reminds me of you.

Wife—How gallant! So sweet, eh?

Husband—No; so expensive.

Delicacy is to the mind what frag-

"Oh, Mabel, where did you get such a lovely braiding pattern for your jacket?" "I copied it from my brass bed-stead."

He was an Anglican humorist, to be sure; but I did not at once forget that I was a gentleman.
"The pun is the main thing with you, seemingly!" I observed, affecting an air of easy indifference.
"I look after the shilling and the pun looks after itself!" quoth he amighly.

Of course I was furiously angry and still I deemed it semble.—Detroit Journal.

"What are you staring at, Nellie "Oh, please, ma'am, with your hair like that and your diamonds, you do look like Lady Plantaganet Gingham that I was own maid to ! Are you any relation, ma'am?" "No-at least, no near relation. But you can have that pink silk shirtwaist of mine. Nellie.

"Did you hear what Gazzam did when he was hunting in the Adiron-

"No; what was it?"
"Shot his guide, mistaking him for a deer."
"That's just like Gazzam. He's always making game for some Detroit Free Press.

Larry-Phwas it a great military counthrae, Dinny?

Denny-I shud say so! Aven th'
wells out thor were drilled.—Chicago Towne-He's quite a linguist, I be-

Browne—Yes, he can converse in fourteen different tongues.

Towne—So I understand. But there's one tongue he has never succeeded in mastering.

Browne-What's that? Chinese?

Caspar Hauser, Heir to a Throne, and the Tr. g :dy of His Career.

of many European royal mysteries, the most interesting and recently revived is that relating to the Grand Duchy of Baden, whose ies, the most interesting and re-cently revived is that relating to the Grand Duchy of Baden, whose Grand Duke is about to assume the walking home from work, when he title of King, at the suggestion of stabbed in the forehead. The wound Emperor William, whose grandfather, he, the Grand Duke, really made Kaiser at Versailles. The mystery

of Baden is so remarkable that at one time all Europe was involved in the pros and cons of the case. It was during one of his many king-making moods that Napoleon transformed the Margrave Charles Louis of Baden into a Grand Duke. Incidentally it may be mentioned Incidentally it may be mentioned that Charles had been married some that Charles had been married some time before to Stephanie Tascher de la Pagerie, niece of the Empress Josephine and adopted daughter of the Emperor. Baden, which is now, and was then.

overwhelmingly Protestant, objected strenuously, but vainly, against Charles and his French bride, because of their Roman Catholicism. So intense did this feeling become that the aristocracy and mem pers of Charles' family formed a ca bal with the avowed purpose of changing the order of succession. Previously to the death of her hus band Stephanie had five children three girls and two boys. Of the for mer one survives—the grandmother of the King of Roumania. The first boy died when six months old, and the other is generally supposed to have been the

III-Fated Caspar Houser.

When the second boy came into the world the cabal at once began operations. Just who constituted the conspiracy is not known, but the widow of Grand Duke Karl Frederick, the Countess Hochberg, has been openly accused of being the real head of the cabal, for the purpose of obtaining the throne for her sonia which she succeeded.

The first move of the cabal was the cleanter was the cabal was

to circulate rumors that the new to circulate rumors that the new heir apparent was weakly and not likely to live more than a few days. In the meantime the conspirators kept a close watch upon the child, and one day, during the temporary and as yet unexplained absence of the nurse, the really healthy baby of Stephanie was abducted and a dying infant substituted.

dying infant substituted.

The success of the plot was noised about and came to the ears of the Grand Duchess, but before a full investigation could be made the Grand Duke died and the court was thrown into confusion. Before the dying child could be proclaimed Grand Duke its spirit passed away, and Stephanie was driven from the country and the Protestant Louis William proclaimed Grand Duke.

His Eirst Appearance.

His First Appearance. Time passed, and with it came nany changes. The town of Nurem

Time passed, and with it came many changes. The town of Nuremberg had profited by some years of qulet and was celebrating one of its famous annual fairs, or Jahrmarkt, Whitsuntide Monday, May 26th, 1828.

Suddenly the happy crowd rushed to the lower end of the square, as by common impulse. The object of its curiosity was a youth, clad as a peasant and incapable of making himself understood, who had appeared as if by magic, fone knew whence, for no one had seen him arrive.

A police official took the youth in charge and asked him what was wanted.

when all the world dissolves.

When all the world dissolves.

And every creature shall be purified.
All places shall be hell that are not heaven. ed "Over the Bavarlan Irontier." The writer, evidently an educated man, who had disguised his handwriting, declared that he was a farm laborer with ten children. On Oct. 7th, 1812 (nine days after Stephanie's son was born), some one, to the writer unknown, had placed a boy baby at the door of his house, with a sheet of paper containing the information that the boy's parents wished to abandon him.

Next day the burgomaster, Herr

Wished to abandon him.

Next day the burgomaster, Herr
Binden, ordered an official investigation. In the meantime the youth, who
had been named Kaspar Hauser, had conquered his fear and seemed more

ontent. He was in A Deplorable Physical Condition rom neglect and from the fact that he had never learned to perform the simplest duties for himself. He was as helpless as a new-born babe. He ate with his hands, neglected to wash and was terribly slovenly in all ways. His legs and feet were badly swoller His legs and feet were badly swollen, and in general he seemed a wreck. On July 7th Burgomaster Binden made public the results of the investigation, and at once all Europe became interested in Kaspar Hauser. Painfully and evidently with horror he had told the story of his life in disjointed fragments. Away back as far as he could remember he had been placed in a small room, having one window and containing only a one window and containing only a couch. There was no room for him to move, and so, for years, he had remained in a half-reclining position. Water and bread had been his only food during all those years.

One day the man who had passed was the man who had passed was a man bread to him through an

water and bread to him through an aperture in the door, washed him, put new clothing on him and placed him in a closed wagon. Then he had been driven for many hours. Finally the wagon stopped near the market place, and the youth was pushed out and the letter placed in his hand. Then the vehicle was driven off.

The wildest stories regarding Kaspar gained circulation, and, finally, to quiet talk and to withdraw Hauser from annoying publicity, he was vater and bread to him through ar

from annoying publicity, he voluced in the care of Prof. Daum one of Nuremberg's shining lights, for educational purposes.

Before long Kaspar Hauser war forgotten and the stories of his origin proved to be

A Nine Days' Wonder Meanwhile the subject of the gossip proved an apt pupil and progressed so fast that he was put to work in a commercial office. Month after month passed and Hauser was al-

stabled in the forehead. The wound ywas not a serious one, but in order to prevent a recurrence of the happen-ing Magistrate Biberbach detailed two soldlers to guard Hauser. In order to further safeguard him Frei-herr von Tucher was appointed his guardia.

nerr von Tucher was appointed his guardian.

Then came another lull and Hauser seemed again to drop from sight, when the Earl of Stanhope, grand-father of Lord Rosebery, became so interested in the mystery that he adopted him. In a letter published by the Earl after Hauser's death some interesting details are given concerning the foster father's efforts the average Hauser's efforts the average Hauser's product the content of the second s forts to arouse Hauser's memory All sorts of experiments were tried but in vain. The only clue, seemingly, was Hauser's remarkable conduct on hearing Hungarian spoken.

Me sauddered, dropped half-faint into a chair and begged that the conversation cease, pleading a headache. Subsequently he asserted that he remem bered a castle in Hungary and the name of the nearest village. The Earl at once dispatched friends to the place and the mystery seemed about to be solved, when word came back that the castle existed only

in Hauser's imagination.
At this stage the Earl received information from some mysterious source that Hauser was the abduct ed son of Stephanle. So impresse was the Earl with this new phas was the Earl with this new phase that he at once placed himself in communication with Stephanie Much correspondence ensued, and finally it was agreed that Stephanie was to visit Nurenberg on December 14, 1833, for the purpose of meeting 1833, for the purpose of meeting Hauser. In order to avoid publicity park at Donauschelingen.

The meeting had been arranged for 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and when

5 o'clock in the afternoon, and when an hour before Hauser started for the tryst which meant so much for him—and perhaps for Baden—it was already dark. The ground was covered with snow, and away from the town, not a sound could be heard. At the same time Stephanie, accompanied by Miss Sophie Greville, sister of the present Lord Augustus Loftus, started for the park. Scarcely had she begun her journey when she saw a commotion down the road and learned that Hauser

Had Been Fatally Stabbed

Had Been Fatally Stabbed three times. Soldiers carried Hauser to the hospital. Every effort was made to save his life, but the wounds made to save his life, but the wounds had penetrated vital organs, and three days later he died—a mystery still. He was conscious to the last. According to his story he had gone to the trysting place oblivious of danger. Once there he was accosted by three men, who asked the time of him. It was too dark to distinguish them, but Hauser had seen two of them walk away. A moment later the one who remained threw himself upon Hauser and stabbed him with a stilletto-like weapon.

effort to solve the mystery, Earl Stanhope offered five thousand dollars' reward for the capture of the assassin or the solution of the puzzle. Other offers brought the rewards up to \$50,000, but no one could ever establish the identity of Kaspar Hauser, the mystery of Nuremberg, who seems doomed to go down in history as the fellow mystery to the Man With the Iron Mask.—Buffalo Cour-

The Little Man Made His Escape He was a dudish little man, but he had a loud voice, and evidently wanted everyone to know what he said. He and a companion, who, be it said to his credit, seemed ashamed of the company he was in stood in the hotel rotunda. The little fellow was talking about Ireland, and he said many hard things about the country and the people. A great big man stood near by listening to the little fellow's vaby intening to the intrie fellow's varieties. He merely smiled until the little fellow said in a very loud tone: "Show me an Irishman and I'll show you a coward."

Then the big fellow slipped up and, touching the little fellow on the shoulder said in a beavy base.

r, said, in a heavy, bass 'What's that you said?" said. "I sald show me an Irishman, and I'll show you a coward," said the lit-tle fellow, whose knees were shaking under him. "Well, I'm an Irishman," said the

big fellow. "You are an Irishman? Well," and n smile of Joy flitted over the little fellow's countenance as he saw a hole through which he could crawl, "I'm a coward."—Tit-Bits.

The Bride's Last Words.

"Now. my dear, don't forget that you must walk down the alse with lighty. There is no hurry. Keep time to the music, and look as Indiftime to the music, and look as indiferent as you possibly can."
"But, mother, I have no ear for msuic, and how can I keep time?"
"Well, mnyway, don't run."
"But, mother, you must remember that it is a long way from the door to the altar, and George is so flidgety. He'd have plenty of time to change his mind if the march was allow one and he's my very last

a slow one, and he's my very last chance. If a sprint is necessary, mamma, I'll sprint—and don't you forget it!"

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****** CUNNING OF ____ INDIAN THIEVES.

("PUBLIC OPINION.") •••••••••••

A very interesting and valuable report was issued several years ago, by the Inspector of Prisons of the Indian Empire, in which almost incredible accounts are given of the practice of this extraordinary art by the thieves of lower Bombay. The thieves themselves, with better reason, feel doubly secure; for if, in spite of his invisibility, by some unlooked for and unlucky chance, one is seized, his oily body slips away like an eel's; and in the still more unlikely contingency of his being held with an unbreakable grip, he has slung by a slender cord about his neck, a little knife with an edge as sharp as that of the keenest razor, with which he cuts the tendons of the intruding wrist. This, however, he considers a last resort, for he prides himself upon doing his work without inflicting bodily harm upon his victims. To enter a zenana, or the women's apartment in a native house, where all the family treasures are kept. the family treasures are kept, is the ambition of every native thief. This, however, is no easy matter; for the zenama is in the centre of the house, surrounded by other apartments occupied by ever-wakeful sentinels. In order to reach it the thief burrows under the house until his tunnel reaches a point beneath the floor of the room to which access is sought. But the cu-tious native does not at once enter. Full well he knows that the inmates of the house sometimes detect the miner at work and stand over the hole armed with deadly weapons, silently awaiting his appearance. He has with him a piece of bamboo, at one end of which a bunch of grass represents a human head, and this he thrusts up through the completed breach. If the vicarious head does not come to grief, the real one takes its place, and the thief, entering the zenana, secrets himself; or finding everything favorable for his purpose proceeds to attempt what seems an impossible undertaking. This, indeed, is no less a task than to remove from the ears, and arms, and hole armed with deadly weapons, three days later he died—a mystery still. He was conscious to the last. According to his story he had gone to the trysting place oblivious of danger. Once there he was accosted by three men, who asked the time of him. It was too dark to distinguish them, but Hauser had seen two of them walk away. A moment later the one who remained threw himself up on Hauser and stabbed him with a stilletto-like weapon.

The moment the authorities learned these details squads of soldiers were sent scouring the park and vicinage, but without material results. At the scene of the assassination they saw signs of the assassination they saw safely with this plunder. Who but a dakoit would be equal to so delicate, dangerous and difficult a piece of work? But the dakoit selecter work is the most darked two will be equal to so delicate, dangerous and difficult a piece of work? But the dakoit selecter work is the most darked the same situation of the same situation of the same situation of the the same situation of the same situatio

ing cattle. They smear plantain leaves with their own particular brand of cattle exterminator, and scatter them about among the herds at night. In the morning, as many of the cattle as have partaken are dead, and have been abandoned by their owners. The Mooches flay the dead animals and sell their hides. Pursued, these honest creatures make at full speed for the tender of the tender of the series of the seri tures make at full speed for the jungle. If they reach it all hope of capturing them is at an end, but even when they discover that they must be overtaken before they reach it, they by no means lose heart, and are measurably sure of escap-ing, especialy if, as is very often the case in India, the surface is burned over and the trees and bushes that have not been consumed are charred and blackened, and bereft of their foliage, and many, perhaps, reduced to little more than blackened stumps by the fire by which the fields are annually burnt over. If hard press-ed in such a country as this, they, cease to fly, and immediately disappear. For a long time the English troops which policed the districts where they made their raids, were completely nonplussed; again and completely nonplussed; again and again, on the very point of being captured, the Mooches escaped by miraculously vanishing, and officers as well as soldiers became superstitions. With the power of maintaining fixed, immovable postures, in which their race seems to excel, these Indians, grasp-ing in their hands such blackened branches as they pick up in their orances as they pick up in their flight, can instantly assume and re-tain for a long time, an almost per-fect mimicry of the groups of black-ened stumps and half-burned stunted trees with which the country abounds. In Abyssinia, the Bareas abounds. In Abyssinia, the barea-tribe have the same trick of becom-ing invisible, added to which they place their rounded shields, that disposed in the grass look exactly like boulders, before them for screens, while they lay flat watching unseen, for travellers to rob or enemies to

Mexico's Army.

The Mexican army of more than 25,000 men is supported upon a triffs more than 1,000,000 Mexican dol-lars a month. The Mexican Congress does not cost \$1,000,000 a year.