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"Since then I have recommended 'Favorite Remedy' to others whom I know to have suffered from Kidney and Liver complaints; and I assure the public that the 'Favorite Remedy' has done its work with a similar completeness in every single instance, and I trust some other sick and discouraged mortal may hear of it and try the 'Favorite Remedy,' as I did."—*Washington Monitor, Catskill, N. Y.*

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Brushes, Lap-Blankets, and everything to be found in a First-class Saddlery. Good Teams and Riding Horses always ready for hire. When in need of anything in my line, give me a call.
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(MILLER'S MILL.)
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The Regulator never fails to cure. I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from Bilious Attacks or any Disease caused by a disarranged state of the Liver.
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Do You Want Good Digestion?
I suffered intensely with Full Stomach, Headache, etc. A neighbor, who had taken Simmons Liver Regulator, told me it was a sure cure for my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me very much, and in one week's time I was as strong and hearty as I ever was. *It is the best medicine I ever took for Dyspepsia.*
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I have had experience with Simmons Liver Regulator since 1845, and regard it as the *greatest medicine of the times* for diseases peculiar to malarial regions. So good a medicine deserves universal commendation.
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Safer and Better than Calomel!
I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 18 to 20 grains of Calomel, which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator, which gave me relief, without any interruption to business. J. HUGGO.
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UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.
All kinds of Undertaking business attended to with care. I have two hearses for burial purposes—a Black Hearse and a White Hearse, the latter especially for attending Children's Funerals. I keep on hand at all times Coffins, Caskets and Shrouds, and White Coffins for children. I will also keep in stock a nice line of City Caskets, covered, at a small advance on city prices. Don't fail to call on me when in need of anything in my line. I can do as well by you as you can do elsewhere.
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CHESTNUTS SET TO RHYME.

Oh, what made the chimney sweep?
And why did the codfish ball?
And why, oh why, did the peanut stand?
And what makes the evening call?

Oh, why should the baby farm?
And why does the mutton chop?
Can you tell me what makes the elder blow?
Or what makes the ginger pop?

Say, why does the trundle-bed spring?
And why does the saddle-horse fly?
Or what mean cur made the pillow slip?
And why do the soap boilers lye?

What made the monkey wrench?
Or why should the old mill dam?
And who did the shoemaker strike?
Or why did the raspberry jam?

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

BY HARRY BALDWIN.

In the autumn of 1871 I was traveling in West Virginia. My business was that of selling tobacco and cigars, and, as the State was but meagerly supplied with railroads, I carried my goods in a light covered wagon drawn by a pair of horses.

For several days I had been stopping at a hotel, in the little town of Walton, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I had supplied all the dealers there, and for many miles argund about, and one evening I informed the landlord that I should be leaving him the next morning.

He expressed regret at my departure, and that evidently sincere, as I was worth several dollars a day to him, and inquired in what way I proposed to journey.

"To the South, following the river road," I replied.

"The river road! That will take you to Hawkins county, and thro' that very piece of timber," said the landlord.

"What piece of timber?" asked I, startled at the singular remark.

"Why, it isn't possible you don't know the timber about thirty miles down the river road, in Hawkins county, where so many murders have been committed!"

"Murders!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, murders! Seven since January.

"Have the murderers been apprehended?" I anxiously inquired.

"No one has been arrested, and, so far as I know, no one even suspected," said the inn keeper, "and a peculiar feature of the case is, that none of the seven murdered men have shown any signs of violence, and the means employed to dispatch them remain a deep mystery."

"What was the motive of the assassin?"

"Robbery," replied the landlord. "All the effects of the victims, even to their clothing, were invariably carried away. I don't wish to alarm you, but you ought to know that six out of the seven were men selling goods like yourself, or peddlers with packs. The county has offered $1,000 for the production, dead or alive, of any one of the murderers, but thus far without results. So, young man, if you follow my advice, you will not enter Hawkins county by the river road."

I thanked the landlord for his information and advice. I was much alarmed, for I had with me goods of considerable value, certain to excite the cupidity of the evil disposed; but considering that I was young, active, well armed, and in the possession of some knowledge of the world, I decided in a minute that I would take the river road and try the selling qualities of my wares among the small merchants, liquor dealers, and tavern dealers of Hawkins county.

Early the following morning I mounted my wagon, waived my hand at the landlord and the little knot of idlers on the porch of the hotel, and drove briskly down the river road.

I traveled all day, making but three stops, one for dinner at a farm house, and two to sell tobacco and pipes at cross road stores, and just at evening reached a small but neat public house within sight of the belt of timber where the seven mysterious murders had been committed within the year.

It was not without misgivings that I entered the house and invited the landlord, a stolid looking individual of the Pennsylvania Dutch type, to join me in a visit to the bar. A half hour's sojourn there, while my supper of salt pork, black coffee and corn dodgers was in preparation, put the innkeper and myself on terms of easy confidence.

I learned nothing new about the murders, except that for two months none had been committed, and that the belief was current that the villains had withdrawn from that section.

At supper I met a little blue-eyed-pleasant-faced man, a peddler of jewelry, who traveled on foot and carried a pack. He had arrived at the inn while I was at the bar. The hostler had told him of the murders in the timber, and as his course, like mine, lay to the south along the river, he was in a great alarm, amounting to positive terror, at the prospect.

"I shall turn back in the morning," said the little man.

"Nonsense," replied I, reassuringly.

"But to go through that timber is suicide, simply suicide, and there is no other road, they tell me," protested the peddler.

"Pshaw! the murderers have decamped long ago. I go through the timber in the morning, and you can ride with me if you will."

"Thank you," replied the little peddler, "but I shall start back in the morning."

Before bedtime, however, thanks to my conversation and cigars, the peddler recovered in a measure, at least, from his consternation, and it was agreed that he should go forward and occupy a place beside me on my wagon until the county seat, seventeen miles distant, was reached.

In the morning, with the peddler's pack safely locked up with my own goods, and the peddler himself seated on the wagon beside me, engaged in smoking one of my choice cigars, I drove out of the tavern yard, and southward toward the dreaded timber.

As we neared the woodland, my companion threw away the stump of his cigar and procured a pipe.

"No, thank you," replied the peddler, "I've smoked three with you already, and can't further impose on your good nature, but if you'll sell me a half hundred box of the same I'll invite you to take one with me."

This was sociable, this was friendly, and above all, this was business. So stopping my horses I unlocked a box beneath my seat and produced and handed him a box of cigars, with the stamp intact—for my contraband goods were of an inferior quality.

Taking a knife from his pocket the peddler opened the box and handed me a cigar, taking one himself. These were lighted at the same match, after which I again drove forward.

I had not been smoking half a minute, when I noticed a peculiar flavor to the cigar, and I knew at once that it was not of the brand I had just sold the peddler.

That instant I was on the alert, the place—we were now in the timber—the stranger beside me, the murders, all passed across my mind. I did not, however, lose my self possession, but, removing my cigar from my mouth, I gave my attention for a moment to guiding my horses.

In the meantime I considered that a cigar might be used to drug, or even poison, the smoker. I had read of such cases, and I was firm in my resolution to smoke no more of the one I held between my fingers.

But how avoid it? If the peddler were indeed, as I fully believed, a murderer, it would not do to let him know I suspected him; he might have accomplices at hand. I glanced at his face, he was smoking quietly. It was evident that his cigar was not drugged or poisoned. My resolution was taken in an instant. I would smoke his cigar.

"My cigar has gone out, please give me a light," I said, a moment later.

"Certainly," responed the little man, tapping his cigar with his finger to remove the gray ashes from its end, and handing it to me; "that will do the business, I guess."

I lighted my cigar and handed it to my companion, retaining the one I had received from him. He evidently did not notice the exchange, for he went on smoking and talking about the murders.

Suddenly I heard a faint explosion not louder than that of an ordinary percussion cap, and looking at my companion saw the cigar he had been smoking disappear over the side of the wagon. The peddler himself reeled to and fro in his seat for a few seconds, and then fell forward heavily upon the dashboard.

I hastened to stop the horses and lift the inanimate form to the seat, but a glance at the pallid lips and staring eyes told me that life was extinct.

I alighted and secured the cigar that had fallen to the ground; and with the corpse of the little man on the top of my wagon, and my hands shaking so that I could barely control my team, drove rapidly back to the tavern I had so recently left.

My appearance with the dead body caused a great commotion, and I saw at once that I was suspected of having murdered the peddler, but suspicion vanished when I told my story, and I became the lion of the day.

The coroner was notified and held an inquest next day, at which I was the principal witness. The cigar which the peddler was smoking at the time of his death was found to contain a small copper tube closed at one end. This tube had evidently been partly filled with some sort of fulminating powder so arranged as to explode when the cigar had burned a little way, and send a small needle with considerable force into the mouth of the smoker. Such a needle was found imbedded in the roof of the peddler's mouth, and being charged with subtle poison had caused his almost instant death.

The corpse was identified as that of a former named Winters, living five miles to the eastward. He had often been absent from home for a day or two, but bore an excellent reputation in the neighborhood.

I accompanied the coroner and the jury to the Winters farm. In a large granary was found a considerable amount of merchandise, clothing and other property, stolen from murdered travelers, more than a dozen cigars containing copper tubes and murderous needles, and a large number of disguises of a size to fit the false peddler.

It being patent that the dead man was responsible for the murders of the timber belt, the treasurer of the county, who was present at the inquest, notified me that the thousand dollars offered as a reward was subject to my order.

"And the county," added the coroner, "will ever remain under obligations to a man who, by his shrewdness and nerve, relieved her of a reign of terror."

I thanked the gentlemen, and producing the box of cigars I had sold the false peddler, and for which he had not lived to pay, I distributed the forty-eight which remained to those present, with the remark: "I'm sure you will like them, gentlemen; they are my favorite cigar, and I think you will all admit that I know a good one, since I've just saved my life by being a good judge of the weed."—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Kansas farmer-editor tells about a good arrangement for plenty of clean water in a hog lot, on an upland farm, where water is usually scarce, thus: Stand a barrel of water in a square box or pan three inches deep. A small hole bored in the barrel near the bottom hoop will let the water into the box only as fast as the hogs drink out of the four corners of the box. When the hogs stop drinking the water stops running. The hogs can't make the water unclean, and can't waste it. Of course, it is understood that both barrel and box must be water tight. The application of the principle can be enlarged for the cattle or reduced for the poultry yard.

A Dispute Between Drummers.

One drummer held in his hand an unlighted cigar. Another drummer asked that the cigar be given him.

"I will," was the reply, "if you will first tell me correctly what is to become of it."

"All right. I predict that you will not give it to me."

"Now see how stupid you are. If I should give it to you your prediction would be false. And, your prediction being false, according to our agreement I keep the cigar."

"But, stay there," replied the other; "if you keep the cigar my prediction is true and the cigar must be mine. My prediction cannot be proven false unless you give me the cigar."

"You have lots of gall to think you can get something for nothing."

"You have lots of nerve to stand up here and refuse to carry out your agreement."

"You are a liar."

"You'r another."

"You——"

"I——"

"Here," cried the brakeman, "no fighting here. What is the row about?"

The case was duly stated to the brakeman. That individual scratched his head, wiped the soot and perspiration from his lip with his gloved hand, and after great deliberation exclaimed:

"Give me a cigar."

The cigar was handed to him.

"This is a very interesting case," he said. "It reminds me of the sylogisms of Zeno, which we used to study at the round house on the problem of cause and effect illustrated by the example of two double-header freight trains trying to pass each other on the same track, or the similar but more abstract problem of what is the result when an irresistible force comes in contact with an immovable body. But, gentlemen, as old Aristotle used to say—oh, have you got a knife about your clothes?"

Drummer No. 1 produced a knife and with it the brakeman cut off the end of the cigar.

"As Aristotle used to say, that is a reductio ad absurdum—a two-and-two-makes-five-case. But as Plato observed in his work on color blindness and bolted frogs, the impossible is possible only with the possible, and—by the way, have you got a match about your clothes?"

Drummer No. 1 produced a match.

"And now," continued the brakeman, addressing No. 1, "you promised to give this cigar to No. 2 if he would correctly guess what would become of it?"

"Yes."

"Well, he guessed that you would not give it to him, and, as you have not given it to him, according to your promise, the cigar no longer remains yours."

"Yes."

"But if he should give the cigar to you then your guess would be a false one, and, according to the contract, the cigar would not be yours."

"Yes."

"Now, you see, gentlemen, that the cigar belongs to neither of you. I think [puff, puff]—I think it is [puff, puff] a good cigar. Good day, gentlemen, and if you have any more syllogisms to quarrel over please let the stakes be a house and lot or a diamond ring, and I'll be glad to settle the dispute for you."

And as the two drummers looked at each other out of the corners of their eyes the brakeman walked proudly away, exclaiming:

"Smartville! The next stop is Smartville!"

Curious Christian Names.

"What a name that young man has," said a clergyman yesterday to a *News*-gatherer as the person indicated left his presence.

"What is it?"

"E. P. Baxter, he writes it. Nothing remarkable about that, but what an amount of foolish patriotism is concealed in those initials. The young man was born on January 3, 1863, and his parents named him Emancipation Proclamation Baxter in honor of the occasion."

"That's pretty bad."

"Yes, but there are some parents with cranky ideas on the subject of naming children. One boy I christened Perseverance Jones. I endeavored to dissuade the father, but he said the child's mother was called Patience, and he saw no reason why he should not be called Perseverance, because the two always go together. Within a few paces of the graves of Deborah and Benjamin Franklin, in the old cemetery at Fifth and Arch streets, there is a headstone bearing the inscription, 'Sacred to the memory of S. L. U. Lloyd.' If the owner of that name were living now his friends would probably call him 'Celuloid.' I had a colored man, named Alexander, doing some work around here once. I used to hear the other workmen call him 'Trib' and 'Hole,' and it occurred to me one day to ask him what his name was.

"'Tribulation Wholesome Alexander, sah,' he replied.

"It may have been some relative of his who came to me with twins to have baptized.

"What names will you call them, madam?" I asked.

"'Cherubim and Seraphim,' replied the mother.

"Why?" I asked, in astonishment.

"'Because,' she said, 'de pra'r book says 'de cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,' an' dese yere chil'en do nufin else.'

The *News*-gather edged towards the door, and, when he got into the lobby, shouted "Chestnuts," and skipped down stairs.—*Phila. Daily News.*

Young Man (after a long interval of silence)—A penny for your thoughts, Miss Clara. Miss Clara (suppressing a yawn)—I was wondering if that clock isn't slow. It seems to me that church let out four hours ago, and now is only midnight. The young man left without parting with his penny, and in considerable haste.

How Prominent Men Read.

"Do you know there is a good deal of character shown in the way men read the papers?" said a well-known hotel clerk to the reporter. "Of course, you don't see it, any more than an ordinary observer sees character in the way men eat; but there is, nevertheless. I have seen all the prominent men in the country read the papers time and again, and not two in a thousand read alike. My attention was first called to the subject some years ago by Horace Greeley, who was an omnivorous readers of the papers. I have been a constant observer ever since. Horace was the queerest reader you ever saw. He would begin at the first column and read every line down to the advertisements. According as he read he would crumple the paper up in his hands. When he got through, the papers would be rolled up in a ball. After he left the hotel in the morning to go down town to his office all the papers would be strewn around the floor like so many paper balls. It used to amuse the guests of the house, and was the occasion of many bottles of wine. Some folks said it was affectation, like Greeley's great white coat; but, I never thought so. To me it indicated an unconscious, sturdy character which looked straight ahead for results, while paying very little attention to details or circumstances.

"Oh, yes; General Grant also had his peculiarities. He usually read one paper through and through. He would stop in the middle of an editorial and reflect. Grant was a slow reader, but when he put down a paper he could tell you all the news and discuss a question with great discrimination. He used to say that one paper was all he had time to read a day. Whatever was worth reading in his estimation, was worth digesting and remembering. People who knew Grant will recollect what an exhaustive memory he had for detail. He could relate every circumstance connected with any important event that occurred long before the war. He used to say he didn't remember all about the war, but he knew more than any one else about the great events in which he had personally figured. There is no doubt whatever that General Grant's predominant characteristic displayed itself in his manner of reading. He was slow, patient and painstaking in everything, but when he once arrived at a conclusion there was no dislodging him.

"Lincoln never cared for the news of the day—that is, he never cared to read it. He usually had his private secretary tell him what was in the papers. He would read editorials, through by the hour. When he stopped at the hotel he would read the editorials in every paper the first thing in the morning. He used to say that men's views were all he cared about. It made no difference about the details of how a thing happened. If he knew the cause of it, and the bearing it would have upon matters in general, that was all he wanted to know.

"General McClellan was just the opposite. He cared more about the circumstances of a good story than about the result. If he knew that a certain bill was passed or defeated in Congress he would read all about its career, and then form his own judgment. McClellan, of course, respected the opinions of others, but he always made it a rule to be self-reliant in thought as weel as in action. On a certain occassion, a few years before the war, McClellan and Greely were both staying at the hotel. They were fast friends. One evening the conversation turned upon the slavery question, and Mr. Greely who was an ardent admirer of Wendell Phillips, called General McClellan's attention to an attack made against his character in a leading New York paper. It had grieved Horace so that he almost shed tears. McClellan burst into a hearty laugh, and turning to Mr. Greeley, rather pointedly, asked him if he badn't experience enough to know that it matters little what any newspaper said about a man. Horace was shocked at such an unexpected remark, and couldn't be made to believe that the General meant it.

Forests Worth More Than Gold.

The eyes of the Northern mill men are turning eagerly to the comparatively virgin forests of the South, and heavy sales of timbered land and constantly being announced. If the ravenous saw must be fed, and no better and cheaper building material than wood can be devised, then the people of the South should not dispose of their heritage for a mere pittance of its actual value. These huge tracts of yellow pine can be converted into yellow gold, and should not be sacrificed as a worthless possession. We should make the most of our opportunities, and not yield too readily to the pressure of greenbacks. These huge areas of undisturbed trees are daily enhancing in value and importance as the supply in the North and West diminishes. It is idle to talk of the "inexcusable" forests of the South, when Mr. Little of Montreal, an authority on the subject, estimates that the sawing capacity of the North is sufficient to consume the merchantable pine of this State in less than a year. The South possesses mines of wealth in her noble forests, and they should not be disposed of carelessly, and without a full appreciation of their true and real value.

Mr. James Long, in his lecture not long since at the Institute of Agriculture, in London, in speaking of dairy cattle, said "the Shorthorns were highly recommended as one of the most, if not the most, valuable cows for a milk seller or butter maker, more especially if his dairy be carried on in connection with grain growing or beef making. There are numerous instances of extraordinary butter making by Shorthorn cattle, and there is perhaps no race in Great Britain which has done such great things, so far as regards yield of milk, as this race.

Queer Things in Texas.

The centipede is not a very pretty insect. He runs too much to legs. Once I thought them of no use, but after seeing a lot of Chiricahua Indian papooses pulling centipedes from their holes and greedily devouring them, legs, poison and all, I no longer doubted the wisdom and beneficence of their creation. In the course of my checkered career I have had several adventures with centipedes and always came out second best. A centipede can raise a blister on a man's body quicker than a red-hot iron, and if you don't immediately apply a remedial poultice of pounded prickly pears and dose yourself inwardly with post whisky—which latter is warranted to kill anything but an army mule—the resultant effects may be serious. Centipedes usually attack their victim at night, when he is asleep and can't defend himself. They are armed with about two hundred little lances conveniently lashed to the toe of each foot—of which they have several—and at the base of each lance is a tiny sack of venom. If a centipede crawls across your body—which he'll most likely do if you lie down anywhere within a half a mile of him—you'll have no difficulty in following his trail, and you will remember his visit for weeks. No man ever died from the bite of a centipede, but I have known one to make a man wish he were dead.

TARANTULAS.

The tarantula is an exaggerated spider, with teeth and hair. They are always ready for a fight and will tackle anything, not excluding a buzz-saw. In days gone by I have often amused myself by teasing one with a red-hot coal. At first they would fight shy, but after they once got mad they would attack that coal and never surrender until they were burned to a crisp. I never heard of any one eating a tarantula. If one bites you use the same remedies as prescribed for centipede sting, only more so.

THE VINEGAROAN.

The vinegaroan has never been scientifically classified, and is content to plod through life undistinguished, save by his humble frontier patronymic. The Mexicans and Indians, who have been acquainted with the vinegaroan longer than I have, solemnly assert that his bite is deadly. I have always taken their word for it. The vinegaroan lives under decaying logs, and, if disturbed, scorn to run. I saw a fight once between a vinegaroan and a tarantula. The tarantula was lifted out of the pit dead in one minute.

THE STINGING LIZZARD

is found most anywhere, but principally snugly ensconced in the folds of your blanket when you lie down at night. He always lets you know that he is there, and I have known men to dance, and tear their hair and pray in a very undignified and eccentric fashion, upon discovering that a stinging lizzard had selected them as a bedfellow. The stinging lizzard's weapon of defence and offence is his tail, which is long and as full of joints as a bamboo pole. When he punches with the sharp end of caudal appendage you think of sheol's fire and howl. The stinging lizzard is not good to eat. The application of a fresh quid of tobacco will take the fire out of the spot where he salutes you.

THE DEVIL HORSE.

The body of a devil horse is all of the same size, and he looks not unlike a green walking-stick set up on twelve other walking-sticks, six on a side. The scientific men who have sought to classify the fauna of Texas have somehow overlooked the devil horse, but he doesn't seem to mind the slight and continues catching flies with monotonous persistency. I was never been bitten by a devil horse, and I never met anyone who had been, but the natives class them among the poisonous, and they ought to know.

A COLONY OF FIRE ANTS.

My camp was once invaded by fire ants. It was a good place; convenient to wood and water, and I hated to leave. I disputed the right of occupancy with them for three weeks, at the end of which time I incontinently surrendered and fled. During that three weeks I dug them out, burned them out and drowned them out, but they didn't seem to mind it in the least. They went on burrowing through the building and exploring the surrounding country, and when my tent got full of them, and I had been bitten in about 3,000,000 different places, I thought it time to move. The bite of the fire ant is like the sting of the stinging lizzard. It hurts and makes a sore place. They increase with a rapidity that is alarming, and the more you try to exterminate them the more numerous they become. It used to be a test of courage among the Comanche Indians for a brave to thrust his bared arm into a nest of fire ants and hold it there without flinching, while his companions went through the movements of a somewhat complicated dance around his tortured body. They don't do it any more. Once near Pope's Crossing, on the Pecos river, I reached a village of fire ants and started to make a detour. We discovered Indian signs of recent date, and halted to investigate. A band of Indians had camped on the edge of the ant village, and a prisoner, who afterward proved to be a bear-hunter named Goggin, was stripped, bound hand and foot, and laid down among the ant hills. You can imagine his horrible sufferings. We found his bones and gave them a decent burial. The fire ant is pugnacious, and his mode of warfare is always aggressive. In the aggregate, he will attack any living thing, from an elephant down, kill him by sheer force of numbers, and devour all but the bowels.—*Sanderson, Texas, Cor. of Philadelphia Times.*

A Philadelphia lady says that if you will trim your finger nails every Friday you will never have the toothache. She has practiced it for over twenty years, and it has never failed.

Exploring New Guinea.

Capt. Everell's expedition to New Guinea, which was reported to have been massacred, has returned home without the loss of a man. Like Livingstone, on one occasion the twelve whites in this party were reported by runaway servants to have been killed by natives. The expedition, which was organized on an unusually large scale, and contained enough collectors and specialists to man three or four exploring parties, appears from the meagre reports that have reached us to have been comparatively unsuccessful. The explorers, however, visited considerable new country, and demonstrated that the interior of New Guinea, after the very wide belt of malarial, marshy jungle of the coast is passed, is well worth the efforts that are being made to penetrate its secrets.

After steaming for 170 miles in their little vessel up the Fly River, which D'Albertis, in 1876, navigated nearly 500 miles, they found a wholly unknown tributary, which they ascended for about 300 miles in a northeasterly direction, until they reached a range of mountains. On their return to the Fly River they mounted that stream for some distance further, and reached a splendidly grassed and mountainous region. Unfortunately their supplies were giving out, and they were obliged to return home without exploring the best and most interesting part of the country they had seen.

They say the natives in the interior are very numerous and treacherous, but are easily frightened. In one place they gathered by thousands on the river bank, arrayed in war-paint, and evidently prepared to attack the party. Three terrific blasts from the steamer's whistle sent them scurrying into the woods, leaving hundreds of bows and arrows and other implements of war behind them. They assert that the party was strong enough to keep a thousand natives at bay, and that they were in no danger of being massacred. They have brought back with them twenty new birds and a large variety of curious and beautiful insects. The naturalists, however, regret that they kept to the water instead of taking to the mountains, where much richer collections would have been found.

The return of this party will only whet the appetite for more information about the interior of this vast island, which is believed to be a comparatively elevated plateau, hemmed in by mountain ranges. Mr. Forbes, the well-known traveller, is now pushing toward the central regions from the south, in company with Mr. Chalmers, the intrepid missionary, who has done more than any one man to explore the southern regions.

Mistaken Identity.

Information has just been received in Dublin of a most extraordinary case of mistaken identity. About three weeks ago the body of a respectably dressed man was found in the Liffey at Usher's Island, Dublin. An inquest was held, and a verdict of found drowned returned. On the following day a lady, Mrs. Leddy, of Cootehil, county Cavan, identified the remains as those of her brother, Mr. John McDonnell, a magistrate, of Crosmaglen county Armagh, who had been staying with her, and who mysteriously disappeared about a fortnight ago. Mr. Jordan, of Rathgar Road, and Mrs. Anne Banton, a nurse, also positively identified the body, and the Coroner, after holding a post mortem inquiry, directed that the remains should be given over to the relatives, who positively identified the man's clothes, though there was some doubt as to the boots and stockings. The body was interred in Glasnevin Cemetery as the remains of Mr. McDonnell, and a large number of friends were present at the obsequies. The relatives of the supposed deceased have in the last day or two written to the police authorities in Dublin who had charge of the case stating that the gentleman who was supposed to be duly interred in Glasnevin has "turned up" alive and well, notwithstanding his premature burial. His sister, Mrs. Leddy, has also made an application for a refund of the expenses incurred by the funeral of the stranger, but was informed that there was no fund available for such a purpose. No clue has yet been found to the identification of the unknown gentlemen who was so deeply mourned and respectably interred.

A Fatal Ring.

The *Vollaire* tells a story of a certain fatal ring worn by the late King of Spain. Amongst the presents which Don Alfonso gave to his first wife, Donna Mercedes, there was a magnificent ring, ornamented with a large black pearl encircled with diamonds. The Queen wore it until the day of her death. The young King, after the loss of his first wife, presented the ring to his sister, the Infanta Pilar, who also wore it until she died. The superstitious may easily have suspected, in such a land as Spain, that the ring itself was not wholly unconnected with the rapidly successive deaths of the two beautiful young ladies who had worn it. The King would not give it to a third lady, but he wore it himself until he also died. Queen Christina who drew the ring from the finger of the dead monarch, debated for a while whether she would herself wear it in memory of him or would place it among the historic family jewels. She decided to take the latter course. A satirical fellow-countryman of Cervantes, in the Spanish Court is reported to have asked: "Why did not her Majesty send that ring to Don Carlos?" To which another courtier replied: "The Pretender would have marched straight to the pawnbroker's with it, and so it would have failed to produce the result so desirable for Spain."

If you wish to be happy as a king look at those who ha