



Weariness. I'm tired—very tired. Tired of life and death. Tired of all this din of war. Tired of the din of battle. Tired of the din of the world. Tired of the din of the world. Tired of the din of the world.

open letter from General Pyne in his hand. The following was the text of its contents—quite enough to account for the cloud: "Your explanation—your explanation can be called—of the recent robberies from my regiment is so very unsatisfactory that I consider it necessary to investigate the matter on the spot. The idea of natives stealing rifles from a tent occupied at the time by British soldiers seems preposterous. This appears to be gross negligence some where."

"By all that's wonderful, Charlie!" himself, long-legged, slippered and turbaned, exclaimed. He danced around us in the most frantic manner for a minute or so, cracking his fingers above his head and snatching the most comical facial contortions, finally winding up with a burst of uproarious laughter.

"Why, Maggie, you don't really intend to tell me as you please, do you? And why should I care what they say, Lucy? Mary is ill, probably dangerously so, and I can't see how I would be wrong to go and see her."

"The Brilliant Display Which Two Beetles Made—How 'Meteor' Brought a Diamond to Light."

"METEOR AND COMET." "Here there was a scream from all the children: 'The bug's dead!'

"HOW BRAVE MEN DIE." "Will Ask You, Gentlemen, not to Hit Me in the Face, but Here."

"CAT SKINS." "How They Are Used—Prices Paid for Them."

"NEWS IN BRIEF." "Ladies' bowling-clubs are springing up in Brooklyn, by medical advice."

ROBBING THE MAJOR.

The count live in. In the past, there were plenty of chivalrous Europeans around, old civil servants rolling in gold and with magnificent mansions, but now the scene is changed. The scene is changed. The scene is changed. The scene is changed. The scene is changed. The scene is changed.

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After a little while we settled down in the hall round of station duty—its early morning drows and late afternoon drows, varied only now and then by a "good day" across the way. Between the morning and evening drows, the African was the most dangerous and adult thieves in existence, and would put to shame the cleverest crackmen within sound of Bow Bells.

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