

## STORY OF A BLOCKHOUSE

[Original.]

When the Union troops were maneuvering in the southwest they were obliged to protect long lines of railroad over which they received their supplies. The vulnerable points were the bridges, near which the bluecoats built blockhouses similar to those used by our ancestors to defend themselves against Indians.

One afternoon a force of Confederate cavalry attacked one of these posts. The blockhouse was built on the river bank at the north entrance of the bridge, the rear being protected by the river, running some forty feet below. A single company commanded by a captain constituted the bridge guard. From his loopholes he surveyed the Confederates, who, dismounted, were advancing in line of battle, and his heart sank within him at seeing a force three times that of his own. Fortunately they had no artillery, while the Union troops had two small howitzers.

Time and again the southerners assaulted, and every time they were driven off. But at last the defenders, who had been for a week begging for a new supply of ammunition, saw that within a few hours what powder and ball they had would be exhausted.

There was a boy in the command who had run away from home and enlisted at the age of fifteen. He was fond of the water, and his captain had noticed him often rowing a skiff he had pressed into his own service. Taking the boy to a back opening, the captain said to him:

"Go to your skiff; pull down the river to where it is crossed by the bridge next below. There you will find three companies. You must row around the bend, but re-enforcements can cut across and reach us within half an hour. Tell the commanding officer to come at once or we will lose the bridge."

"But will not the enemy see me and pick me off?"

"You can lug this shore till you get down to the bend, when you must pull across to the point on the other bank. For five minutes you will be exposed to their fire, and there are nine chances in ten that they will hit you."

"I see."

Catching up a rope, the captain lowered the boy to a point some ten feet below, where he struck a steep path leading down to the water's edge. The captain saw him get into his boat, but lost him at once under the overhanging trees. Then he waited breathlessly till the skiff shot out from the bank's protection to make the turn in the river. Scarcely had the boy appeared than bits of spray broke all about him, bullet taps on the water.

"He's halfway over!" exclaimed the captain, talking to himself so loud that he could be heard above the crackling of rifles. "But they're getting his range. Heavens! He's hit. No; only scratched. He's at it again. Good Lord! There goes an oar. He's lost. He can't pull with one oar. And the arm has been hit. He's binding it up with his handkerchief. By thunder, he's paddling! Some of the shots are beginning to fall short. Hit again! It's all up with him. No; he's on his knees again paddling for dear life. Twenty more strokes, and he'll be behind the point. There he goes. Hurrah!"

Then the captain ran to the front of the blockhouse to see a long brown, dusty looking line advancing for another attack.

"Give it to 'em, boys," he said. "If we can keep 'em off for an hour the bridge'll be saved, and we'll escape a southern prison."

The attack was repulsed, but when the next one was made the Unionists saw something that made their blood run cold. A single man appeared rolling a bale of hay. It was set on fire and burnt the blockhouse. He was partially protected by his bale and difficult to reach with a bullet. Directly behind him was another man rolling another bale. Then a third and a fourth—indeed, a long line—each man rolling his bale. The Union sharpshooters picked off the first man and the second. The third pushed on. The fourth fell. The fifth fell. The sixth seemed to bear a charmed life and with the third was getting dangerously near the blockhouse. The hay rollers came so fast that, though more than three-quarters of them were put out of the race, a number were now within twenty yards, and one man had come so far that no rifle could reach him. He was cutting the ropes that held the hay together. Then a comrade left his own bale and joined him.

The captain strained his eyes across the bridge and saw the head of a column of bluecoats coming on a trot.

"Water!" he shouted. "Some of you men go down to the river in the rear and get water in your canteens! [There was little else for the purpose.] If we can keep the flames off for a few minutes we'll save the fort."

But there was no need of water. The Confederates, seeing the advancing troops, who were by this time near the opposite bank, withdrew their "fire-bugs." All mounted and dashed away, followed by a volley from the advancing infantry.

The boy who had saved the bridge led the rescue party. He was carried on the shoulders of his comrades. They placed him on a cot, where a surgeon dressed his wound. His captain embraced him and the next day sent an account of his work to the general commanding the district. Word came to send the boy to headquarters, and when he reached there he found a commission awaiting him. When he left the service two or three years later he was a lieutenant colonel.

FRANK P. CHENEY.

## DRESSING FOR DINNER.

A Habit to Be Cultivated by All Classes of Persons.

"Dressing for dinner" is regarded by some as a piece of arrogance and as evidencing merely a desire to appear superior to somebody else. They observe no dignity in the custom and perhaps do not realize the fact that the change of clothes is consistent with personal comfort and cleanliness, whether the new garments donned be of the evening dress pattern or not. The most important part of the day affords to those who dine in the evening an excellent opportunity of exchanging their workaday clothes for a suit which has been brushed and aired. The bracing effect of a change of clothes is well known. Many a man, being almost too fatigued after an arduous day's work to change his clothes, finds himself considerably refreshed when he experiences a feeling of cleanliness and preparedness for his dinner, and good digestion invariably waits on healthy appetite. The changing of clothes may even thus favorably affect nutrition. Nor need the changing of clothes be the exclusive luxury of the persons who dress for dinner. The hard worked clerk, the shopkeeper and the workman would all be better if they would cast off their workaday clothes and put on clean clothes for the evening meal after the day of toil is over. The change freshens the body, gives a gentle stimulus to the wearied hand and head, and a brighter view of things is thereby engendered. The habit is, besides, cleanly, dignified and becoming.—Lancet.

## NEEDLESS NOISES.

Maddening Effect of Some Sounds That Assault One's Ears.

It is the needlessness of most noises that renders them insufferable. You sleep very well through the roar of a violent storm, but if some one has forgotten to fasten a blind and it begins to bang then you are lost. You might as well get up and locate that blind and fasten it first as last. The manifold noises of your steamer's plunge through the night, with the perpetual wash of the sea, unite in a lullaby to which the worst conscience sinks into repose, but a snore breaking from the next stateroom recalls the memory of all one's sins. The rush and leap and incessant but varied grind and clang of the sleeping car become soothing at last, but a radiator, beginning to fizz and click after the steam has been turned off, seems to leave the would-be sleeper no resource but suicide. If you could get at the second engineer and leave him veiling in his gore, you could snatch a few cat naps before morning. But you cannot get at the second engineer after midnight in most hotels. Continuous noises and necessary noises are things you can adjust senses or your spirits to, but the noise without a reason, without an apparent right, like the gnawing of a rat in the wainscot, is what drives so many to perdition.—W. D. Howells in Harper's.

## Claude Duval.

This gallant robber of men's purses and ladies' hearts was of French extraction. Duval became so rich with his ill gotten gains that he was enabled to retire from the profession and return to France. But a quiet life, free from the excitement of his old career, did not agree with his adventurous spirit. He returned again to England and resumed his avocation. At length he was captured at the Hole in the Wall, in Chandos street. While in prison awaiting his doom many ladies of position visited him and endeavored to obtain his release, but justice was inexorable, and he was hanged at Tyburn in January, 1870. His epitaph in St. Paul's church, Covent Garden, speaks of him as "Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief," and tells us:

Here lies Duval. Reader, if male thou art,  
Look to thy purse; if female, to thy heart.  
Much havoc has he made of both.  
—St. James' Gazette.

## Bismarck's Resentment.

The Hamburger Nachrichten contributes the following to the stories relative to the relations between Emperor William II. and Bismarck. "If the Kaiser wished to ride alone," said Bismarck, "I could have found no objection. That he drove me away, though, wounded me. If he wanted, not to ride, but to have me, I would have taken six months' vacation. If things got along without me I would have remained away. Otherwise I should have returned. But this! I was nearly thrown out of my house in the Wilhelmstrasse. I had to pack my belongings in haste, for Caprivi was waiting at the door."

## Walter Pater's Way.

I remember telling Walter Pater about "The Story of an African Farm" and the wonderful human quality of it. He said, repeating his favorite formula, "No doubt you are right, but I do not suppose I shall ever read it." And he explained to me that he was always writing something and that while he was writing he did not allow himself to read anything which might possibly affect him too strongly by bringing a new current of emotion to bear upon him.—A. Symons in Monthly Review.

## After Dark.

Mrs. Gayboy (severely)—What time did you get home last night? Gayboy (cautiously)—Oh, a little after dark. Mrs. Gayboy—After dark? Why, it was daylight when you came in! Gayboy—Well, isn't that after dark?

## A Greater Light.

Teacher—Which is farther away, England or the moon? Pupil—England. Teacher—Why? Pupil—Because you can't see England, and you can see the moon.

## THE END OF MATEO

[Copyright, 1906, by Eugene Parcells.]

There was never a more absolute monarch, no matter what his color, than King Mateo, who reigned over three of the New Guinea islands thirty years ago.

Mateo's father had made the mistake of murdering the crew of a trading vessel, and when word had been passed around the white men would trade with him no more. The son sent word far and wide that all traders should be safe with him, and in time many vessels called at his islands. He had copra and oil and other things to sell, but he wanted guns and ammunition in exchange.

He hired white men to drill his warriors and build forts for him. He even got hold of a number of cannon and had them mounted. He had the largest fleet of war canoes on the big island. If his men could have been made sailors of, the old chap could have gone into the pirate business in first class shape.

For five years King Mateo encouraged traders and whalers and got ready for a grand coup, and then he struck a blow that made his name famous in every eastern sea. In his principal harbor were lying two English whalers and five trading vessels when he gave a grand feast. It was his wish that the crews of all the vessels be present, and only two or three men were left aboard when the feast began. By drugging the liquor and food Mateo made about a hundred men helpless, and when they had their senses again it was to find all their vessels captured and every person a prisoner. When the various craft had been robbed and stripped they were towed to sea and scuttled. By this stroke the king secured many more firearms and barrels more of powder, as well as other things to increase his wealth and arrogance.

Three months after the attack Captain Williams of an Australian trader managed to escape to sea in a canoe, but had neither food nor water. He was picked up by a vessel a hundred miles away. It was four months later before a British war vessel started from Singapore to convince King Mateo that there were other monarchs on the face of this earth. During these seven months Mateo had grown so arrogant that he defied the world. Twenty-one of the white slaves had succumbed to the climate and the hard work and scanty food.

No more traders had called in, and, being angry at this, the king had determined on a grand feast at which the last of his white prisoners should be slain for the amusement of his people. This feast before her majesty's man-of-war Revenge reached the islands had not the ruler had a spell of sickness. He had issued his royal proclamation when the armed craft came sailing into his harbor. She was an auxiliary, but was not using steam. For once the British captain resorted to a trick. He made the Revenge look as much as possible like a whaler after a long voyage, and the few men of her crew allowed on deck were rigged out any old way. She had six guns, but these were so well covered that the spies who were sent aboard did not notice them. They returned to the king to report an ordinary whaler, and he invited the crew to a feast. His invitation was refused. He thereupon ordered the craft out of his harbor. She refused to go.

The British captain had been instructed to move carefully and let Mateo take the lead in overt acts. He did not have to wait long. In broad daylight on the third day, and after sending off word of what he was going to do, Mateo attacked the Britisher with seventy war canoes, each one holding ten men. They paddled out from shore singing their war songs and indulging in many boasts. The Revenge had furled her sails and got steam up, and she steamed down to the mouth of the harbor and waited. When the first musket was fired at her, her crew leaped on deck and began to work the big guns. She was provided with round shot, shell and grape and canister, and the sea fight lasted only fifteen minutes. Fifty of the seventy canoes were destroyed and most of their crews killed.

This was the first killing King Mateo ever received, and it set him frantic. He was game, however. He was licked, but he wouldn't give up yet. He rallied his battalions and challenged the Britisher to come ashore and have it out fair and square. This was exactly what the captain of the Revenge wanted to do. He had come after those white prisoners, and he must go ashore to get them. He had a crew of 250 men, and he landed 200 of them, divided them into three bodies, and when the natives advanced, still five to one, they were bowled over by the score, flanked right and left and licked out of their boots in half an hour.

King Mateo's reign was at an end forever. Of the white prisoners only about thirty were left. Of the natives 500 had been killed and as many as 300 wounded. Two trading vessels came in on the day of the battle. They were allowed to load with the plunder. Several villages were burned, many cocoanut groves destroyed and the king and eleven of his principal men taken aboard the Revenge. A new king was installed on the throne and bidden to mind his p's and q's, and then the Britisher sailed away.

The prisoners were landed at Singapore and kept in jail for a year or so and when turned loose became dock loafers. Mateo is still pointed out to the tourist, and the first thing he does after being called up is to beg for a drink; the second is to announce that the British are a great and wonderful race.

M. QUAD.

## THUNDER.

Odd Beliefs That Used to Exist in Days of Old.

Thunder, just because it is a noise for which there is no visible cause, has always excited the imagination of the unscientific, so it is natural that the most outrageous superstitions about storms should date back to the time when everybody, more or less, was unscientific. One old writer explains the belief of his day that "a storm is said to follow presently when a company of hoggies runne crying home," on the ground that "a hoggie is most dull and of a melancholy nature and so by reason doth foresee the raine that cometh." Leonard Digges, in his "Prognostication Everlasting" (1556), mentions that "thunder in the morning signifies wind; about noon, rain, and in the evening, a great tempest."

The same writer goes on to say, "Some write (but their ground I see not) that Sunday's thunder should bring the death of learned men, judges and others; Monday's, the death of women; Tuesday's, plenty of grain; Wednesday's, bloodshed; Thursday's, plenty of sheep and corn; Friday's, the slaughter of a great man and other horrible murders; Saturday's, a general pestilence and great dearth." After this the gay and lightsome manner shown by Lord Northampton toward these grave matters in his "Defensative" is most cheering. "It chaunceth sometimes," he writes, "to thunder about that time and season of the years when swannes hatch their young, and yet no doubt it is a paradox of simple men to think that a swanne cannot hatch without a crackle of thunder."—London Chronicle.

## A STUDY IN MILEAGE.

Almost Every Country Has a Standard of Its Own.

English speaking countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there is the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet—four various miles, every one of which is still in use.

Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans had their mille passuum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length unless we ascribe to Caesar's legionaries great stepping capacity. The German mile of today is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as our mile.

The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, three and a half times the length of ours, and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,153 yards long, while ours is only 1,760 yards. The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours; the Roman mile is shorter, while the Russian and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer. The Swedish mile is six and a half times and the Vienna post mile is four and a half times the length of the English mile.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Wonderful Monastery.

At Solovetsk, in the Russian government of Archangel, is the most remarkable monastery in the world. The monastery of Solovetsk is inclosed on every side by a wall of granite boulders which measures nearly a mile in circumference. The monastery itself is very strongly fortified, being supported by round and square towers about thirty feet in height, with walls twenty feet in thickness. The monastery consists in reality of six churches, which are completely filled with statues of all kinds and precious stones. Upon the walls and the towers surrounding these churches are mounted huge guns, which in the time of the Crimean war were directed against the British White sea squadron.

## Too Energetic.

"Last Saturday," said the flat dweller, "I went out into the hall and saw a woman on her knees scrubbing the marble very well, making it a beautiful dead white. I thought to myself, 'This is a good scrubwoman; I'll ask her to scrub my kitchen and clean my windows.' I did. She scrubbed all the point off the floor of my kitchen and washed the panes of two windows entirely out."

"I was glad I didn't ask her to wash my face," she finished.—New York Press.

## When Honeymoon Ends.

"How," said the young man who had been in the matrimonial game for nearly a week, "can I tell when the honeymoon is over?"

"It will be over," answered the man who had been married three times, "when your wife stops telling things and begins to ask questions."—Chicago News.

## Social Danger.

So long as we have at the bottom of our social fabric an army of vagabonds, hand to mouth livers and slum dwellers, half starved, dirty, foul mouthed, so long are we in imminent danger. And it is want of work which makes recruits for this army.—Mirror.

## Tart Retort.

"Young man, you are better fed than taught," said the professor angrily. "Quite right, sir. My father feeds me," answered the student.—London Tri-Bits.

## Generous.

"You said that when we were married you would refuse me nothing." "I'll be still more generous. I'll not even refuse you nothing. I'll give it to you."

The first English work on anatomy was by Thomas Vicary, in 1548.

## The Knife Thrower

[Original.]

When a mining fever struck a new region in the west I thought I would go out and take a hand. One night soon after my arrival I went to a show that had come to the place where I had located. It was given in a big tent and consisted of acrobatic, sleight of hand and other such performances. There were two brothers, knife throwers, who showed great skill, Ben and Harry Halliwell, as their names were given on the roughly printed playbills. Ben's part was to stand with his back to a board while Harry planted knives all about him so that when Ben walked away he left his outline in knives on the board. It occurred to me that it was a horrible way of making a living, for an accident must surely occur in time. But this gave the sympathy of the audience to the brothers, the spectators holding their breaths till the end of the game, then applauding vociferously.

The Halliwell brothers were down for two performances, and just before the second a specimen of the toughest class at the mines, a thickset, red faced, thick lipped man, with Satan's own look, sidled around and got in behind the ropes on to the plot reserved for the performers. He stood opposite the knife thrower and sidewise to the man at whom the knives were thrown. Harry had nearly plinned his brother in when I saw a flash of light on Harry's face just as he was throwing a knife. It went through the fleshy part of his brother's leg. I had been watching the man who stood opposite him and a second before the knife that wounded Ben was thrown I saw the intruder manipulate a pocket mirror. It was he who threw the light of a lamp into Harry's eyes and caused him to mis-send the knife. The audience had kept their gaze fixed on the brothers, especially the one standing for a target, and nobody but myself seemed to have seen the cause of the failure. I'm sure if they had the man who had contrived it would have suffered for his act. Being unused to such scenes I prudently kept my own counsel. A tenderfoot is not fitted to take part in the quarrels of the people of new countries.

I saw Harry Halliwell give the man a glance and was confident that he was aware of the cause of his wounding his brother. In that glance I also saw a premonition of revenge. Of course the incident ended that part of the performance. The brothers withdrew, and the bill was finished by the others. So far as I could see, the spectators supposed that an accident had happened, but were so used to scenes of sudden bloodletting that they soon forgot it.

The next day I learned that the feud who had caused the trouble had been incited against Harry Halliwell for some reason not known to my informant. He passed under the name of Nevada Tim and had a black record behind him. His occupation was gambling, and he passed most of his time at the Metropolitan, a gambling den in the place. I was also told that he had been informed that Harry Halliwell had accused him of throwing a light in his eyes as he was about to throw the knife, and he was looking for Harry to kill him.

The afternoon after the performance, having nothing to do, I sauntered into the Metropolitan and stood looking at the game. I was surprised to see Harry Halliwell sitting at the table playing very moderately. He seemed more interested in watching the door than in the game. I went out after awhile, but something—I could not tell what—led me to go back. There was Harry Halliwell still sitting at the table, the door on his left, and now I noticed his brother leaning on a crutch standing opposite. Presently the door opened, and Nevada Tim walked in. I saw him start when he saw the knife thrower, and instead of walking straight up to the table, as he had started to do, he sidled around to the left.

As soon as the man entered I saw that both the Halliwells were aware of his presence. Ben drew a little off from the table where he and Harry could better see each other, and his eyes never left their enemy for a second. Nevada Tim kept edging around to get in Harry's rear, but in an apparently careless way not likely to attract attention. I wished I hadn't come there, for I knew what he was bent on, and I wasn't sure the brothers did. Finally he attained a position directly behind Harry, and I saw him turn with sudden swiftness and level a revolver at the back of Harry's head, but before he could pull the trigger I heard a thud and at the same moment saw the handle of a knife protruding from his left breast. He pitched over backward and lay perfectly still.

Ben Halliwell had given his brother a signal which had it come a few seconds later, would have come too late. Harry had turned only half around and thrown the knife over his left shoulder. So sure was his aim that he had pierced the heart in its center.

I had condemned myself bitterly for not interfering to save a man I supposed was not aware of his danger, though something told me I might go wrong in doing so. It turned out that I would have made a great mistake in interfering. The Halliwells had planned the affair, had kept out of Nevada Tim's way and gone to the gambling house to lay in wait for him. Furthermore, I found that a number of persons present as soon as Nevada Tim entered knew that either he or Harry Halliwell would not go out alive. Halliwell could not hit a barn door with a pistol.

My introduction to the country did not please me and the same evening I packed up my traps and returned to the east. EDWARD MORRISON.

## COCHINEAL.

The Way the Tiny Insects Live and How They Are Gathered.

Merry millions of little buglets support the vast cochineal industries. Where the tiny cochineal insect comes from is something of a mystery, but he does come wherever the nopal plant grows and for a long time was thought to be a seed or a floweret of the plant. The living female insect is twice as large as the male, weighs one-tenth of a grain and loses much weight in drying, so that 70,000 are needed to make one pound. During the rainy season many millions of the creatures are drowned or washed off the plants, so that when the long dry summer comes there are but a few survivors on each plant. But these multiply so rapidly that before long the plants are covered. The last act of the female's life is to deposit a large number of eggs, on which her dead body rests, protecting them from the burning rays of the sun until the little ones emerge. In about six weeks after the beginning of the dry season comes the first harvest. The plantation laborers make the round of the nopalry and with a brush go over the entire plant, sweeping the creatures into a bag. They then are killed by immersion in hot water, by exposure to steam or by drying in hot ovens. The hot water or steam makes them a dark reddish brown or black cochineal. The hot ovens make them a red gray hue or silver cochineal. The females outnumber the males by at least 200 to 1, a fortunate fact for the planter, since the males are of no use to him whatever.

## THE CABS OF NEW YORK.

They Are Not an Integral Part of the Life of the City.

The cab is no integral part of New York life. Venice without the gondola were as unthinkable as a woman without hair. No little of London's compelling charm is in its swift rolling hackneys. These things we know. But we can't think of New York in terms of cabs. Once upon a time I was in exile. Only in memory did the great city rise before me, and what I saw was this: Huge canyons of stone and steel, filled with noise and darkness, through which great yellow worms crawled, one after the other, in mid-air. That is the picture of New York that haunts the exile, even as the out-cast Venetian is obsessed by slim, fish-gondolas cutting across lanes of moonlight. Your true New Yorker is a man of practical, electrically curbed passions. Only in exceptional moments does he look for a moment of ride "in a carriage and pair." He is carriage ridden to a funeral. He cabs it in away moments, when the fear of God is not in him. There are only 2,000 licensed cabs and hacks on the island of Manhattan. Others there are, of course, plying practically in the dark quarters, but even with these thrown in the reckoning is small. No; the New Yorker is not a caddy person.—Vance Thompson in Outlook Magazine.

## A College in Honduras.

There lay behind the great arch and the domes and the minarets a retired precinct of ancient trees and shaded walks, a grove in the midst of a city, colonnaded in quadrangle by the pointed arches of the students' cells. Under the trees was a sort of summer house or pavilion. Two or three young men were walking in an avenue against the farther colonnade, and on the stone steps of a wide, shaded pool sat several mollans on their praying rugs. We visited a number of the students in their cells—monastic little brick walled rooms where they live the year around (there are no vacations in Mussulman colleges) and for years on end. It is not unusual for a student after passing the primary school to spend as much as fifteen or twenty years at his higher studies, though usually in such a long course he will go through several different colleges in the order of advancement. Quiet men, these students, mild eyed, patient, often middle aged.—Minneapolis Bellman.

## Girl Slaves in China.

A native writer in a Chinese publication remarks: "When a girl is sold in China she becomes the slave of her owner and a part of his property. She no longer retains her freedom rights, but surrenders them all to the will of those who own her. She receives no compensation for her labor, but is obliged to accept such raiment and food as her owners may be pleased to give her. In cases of tyranny or gross cruelty she cannot appeal for redress. She may be resold, given away or cast off in the streets at the arbitrary will of her master. All freedom is denied her, and she remains a tool and chattel in the hands of her owner until she is sold again or until death releases her from her unwilling fate."

## Effects of Deafness.

An ear specialist insists that deafness affects all the senses. He says the reason for this is that the ear is only one servant of the sensory service of the human system. Loss of hearing is really a partial paralysis of the brain, but owing to the sympathetic connection of the various sensory nerve centers of the brain the others indirectly concerned have to combat for their very life the demoralizing influence of the affected center.

## Consideration of a Motorist.

We hold no brief for the motorist, says the By-stander, but "honor where honor is due." On a country road the other day we saw a motorist deliberately avoid running over an animal on the highway! To be exact, it was a circus elephant.—St. James' Gazette.

In the capital of Honduras all the houses in the poorer quarter are made of mahogany, which costs less than pine there.