

Curious Mexican Laws. They have some very curious criminal laws in Mexico. For instance, it is twice as much an offense to mutilate the face of a woman as that of a man. The law seems to be based on the idea that a woman's best possession is her beauty and that to mar it does her a great injury.

There is another curious law. If a person should be wounded in an encounter, the punishment to the offender is fixed by the number of days his victim has to stay in the hospital or under a doctor's care. A line is fixed at 40 days in the way of a general division. If the injured man occupies more than 40 days in his recovery, the penalty doubles up.

An Impudent Fraud. An impudent fraud was perpetrated upon a Manchester bank by one of its customers, who opened an account with some few hundreds of pounds. The man, after a few weeks, drew two checks, each within a pound or so of his balance, and, selecting a busy day, presented himself at one end of the counter, while an accomplice, when he saw that his friend's check had been cashed, immediately presented his own to a cashier at the other end. Both cashiers referred the checks to the ledger clerk, who, thinking the same cashier had asked him twice, said "right" to both checks. The thieves were never caught.

"The Devil's Turnip Patch." On the top of Bald Eagle mountain, just where the old turnpike breaks over the brow down into Black Hole valley, is a queer field of rock, which years ago was christened "The Devil's Turnip Patch." The rocks, which are of a reddish sandstone, have a striking peculiarity of all standing on end, thus forming a jagged, irregular surface, that won for it its queer name from the early settlers.

In bygone days, when the stages wheeled their way up from Northumberland to Williamsport, the four in hands traversed the old pike that skirts the turnip patch, and the strange garden of rocks was a constant source of wonderment to the traveler. Added to its interest as a natural curiosity is a hidden stream of water somewhere beneath the standing stones, the noisy flowing of which forms a romantic song beneath one's feet. Nobody knows where the source of this stream is, nor can anybody find where it empties itself into Black Hole valley.

The rock field covers an area of two or three acres, with its widest part to the north, then narrowing down V shaped to the south, where the angle is lost in a fringe of stunted hemlocks and elders. Theorists have figured on the cause of this mountain freak, but the theory obtaining most credence is that it is a legacy of the glacial age, the rocks being a collection pushed into their present vertical position by the moving ice.—Philadelphia Record.

They Changed. At a dinner party the other day a well known and deservedly popular dramatist took a lady down to dinner, neither knowing who the other was. As a subject the theater was started, as it is so often under similar circumstances.

"I can't think why they have revived that piece at the King's," the lady said. "I never liked it, and it's so worn that I should have done better than that?"

"Yes," the dramatist replied, "perhaps so. It was one of my first pieces, however, and I had not had much experience when I wrote it. Let's change the subject."

The lady was quite ready to do so and wished, no doubt, that she had known who her neighbor was. He presently said:

"Are you interested in the Fenton case?" speaking of a cause celebre that was in progress.

"Yes, I've read all the evidence," was the reply.

"He'll lose it, of course," the dramatist went on. "He never could have had the faintest chance from the first. It's a marvel to me how any lawyer could have been idiot enough to allow such a case to go into court!"

"Well," answered the lady quietly, "my husband was the idiot. Let's change the subject."

The Wrong Text. "Very few good speeches are really impromptu," said a New Orleans lawyer, who has a reputation as a clever offhand talker, "but it is generally easy to produce that effect by simply leading off with some strictly local allusion. Of course that's a trick, but it's a trick employed by a good many eminent orators. I was broken off by myself by rather a peculiar incident."

"One day some years ago I happened to be in a town where a large commercial college is located and was invited by the president to make a few remarks to the boys during the noon recess. I mentally framed a little talk on the subject of energy, and as I was going into the main hall I chanced to notice the word 'Push' in big letters on the outside of the door. 'By Jove,' I said to myself, 'that's the very thing I need for localizing my opening sentence!' So when I reached the platform I launched out something like this:

"My young friends, as I approached the entrance to this room a moment ago I observed a word on the panel of the door that impressed me as being an appropriate emblem for an institution of this eminently practical character. It expressed the one thing most useful to the average man when he steps into the arena of everyday life. It was—

"Push!" yelled a dozen of the boys on the back seats. There was a roar of laughter, and I was so horribly disconcerted that I was unable to take up the thread of my remarks. The confounded door had 'Push' on one side and 'Pull' on the other. I had taken my text from the wrong side."—New Orleans Times.

Queen Catherine obtained pins from France, and, in 1543, an act was passed: "That no person shall put to sale any pinnes but only such as shall be double headed and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pinnes well smoothed, the shank well shapen, the points well round filed, cauted and sharpened."

At this time most pins were made of brass, but many were also made of iron, with a brass surface. France sent a large number of pins to England until about the year 1626.

In this year one John Tilsby started pin-making in Gloucestershire. So successful was his venture that he soon had 1,500 persons working. These pins made at Stroud were held in high repute.

In 1636 pinmakers combined and founded a corporation. The industry was carried on at Bristol and Birmingham, the latter becoming the chief center. In 1775 prizes were offered for the first native made pins and needles in Carolina, and during the war in 1812 pins fetched enormous prices.

Pins vary from 3 1/2 inches in length to the small gilt entomologists' pin; 4,500 weighing about an ounce.—Good Words.

A Lucid Decision. A respondent, referring to a recent article in Law Notes on "The Grammar of the Courts," calls attention to the following lucid decision of Sir John Taylor Coleridge in the case of Turley against Thomas, S. C. and P. 103, 34 E. C. L. 312: "It has been suggested as a doubt by the learned counsel for the defendant whether the rule of the road applies to saddle horses or only to carriages. Now I have no doubt that it does."—Law Notes.

An Accident. Little Bessie having been punished for misbehavior, slunk to the other end of the room, crying. Her mother turned to view her repentance, but found her engaged in making faces at her.

"Why, Bessie," said her mother, "how can you do so?"

"Oh, mamma," answered the little girl, "I was trying to smile at you, but my face slipped."—London Answers.

Still Free. After two solid hours of moonlight and uninterrupted she thought she had him. "I admit that you are the sweetest!"

"Yes, go on," she whispered.

"But the doctor has forbidden me sweets," he added.

And the sensitive moon retired behind a cloud.—Philadelphia Record.

An astronomer declares that Jupiter is in the state that our earth was 34,000,000 years ago. Those who can remember back 34,000,000 years will understand what this means.

A man can walk a mile without moving more than a couple of feet.—Chica BEAUTIES OF A GLACIER.

Scenes That Are Likened to Visions of a Glorified City. The fascinations of a glacier are as witching as they are dangerous. Apostolic vision of a crystal city glorified by light "that never was on land or sea" was not more beautiful than these vast ice rivers, whose onward course is chronicled, not by years and centuries, but by geological ages, says a British Columbia correspondent of the New York Post.

With white domes show corals wreathed fantastic as arabesque and with the glassy walls of emerald grotto reflecting a million sparkling jewels, one might be in some cavernous dream world or among the tottering grandeur of an ancient city. The ice pillars and silvered pinnacles, which scientists call seracs, stand like the sculptured marble of temples crumbling to ruin. Glittering pendants hang from the rim of bluish chasm. Tints too brilliant for artists' brush gleam from the turquoise of crystal walls. Rivers that flow through valleys of ice and lakes, hemmed in by hills of ice, shine with an azure depth that is very infinity's self.

In the morning, when all thaw has been stopped by the night's cold, there is deathly silence over the glacial fields, even the mountain cataraacts fall noiselessly from the precipice to ledge in tenuous, wind blown threads. But with the rising of the sun the whole glacial world bursts to life in noisy tumult. Surface rivulets brawl over the ice with a glee that is vocal and almost human. The gurgle of rivers flowing through subterranean tunnels becomes a roar, as of a rushing, angry sea. Ice grip no longer holds back rock scree loosened by the night's frost, and there is the reverberating thunder of the falling avalanche.

"The office of the state authorities is an impartial one. The state troops are sent to the scene of disturbance for the sole purpose of protecting life and property and preserving order when the county authorities are unable to cope with the difficulty. The owner of a mine claims the right to stop work at any time. The miner claims the right to stop work at any time. If capital can shut down labor, labor can shut down capital. No greater right is claimed by one than for that for the other and no right can be withheld from one that is not conceded to the other. But neither has the right to resort to public violence. No one, under any circumstances, has a right to commit violence."—Chicago Post.

Piccadilly. One of London's most famous streets is Piccadilly, which consists of shops the ruffs, or "piccadills," worn by the and fashionable dwelling houses. The name is said to have been derived from gallants of James I and Charles I, the stiffened points of which resembled spear heads or piccadills. Some years before the introduction of these collars, however, "Piccadille" is referred to, and it is surmised that the collar may have been so called from being worn by the frequenters of Piccadilla House

HE WON IN A CANTER.

"LUCKY" BALDWIN MADE HIS JOCKEY RIDE SQUARE

The Horseman Used an Argument That Made the Crooked Rider's Teeth Chatter While He Got On All the Speed in the Animal.

In the lobby of a hotel the other evening a number of men were discussing sports and sporting men when the subject of nerve and grit came up. One of the party, a well known Californian, who knew "Lucky" Baldwin in the old days, said:

"Baldwin was about the hardest man to be chiseled out of anything he set his heart on getting that I ever met up with. A whole lot of people tried to put it on him in business and other sort of deals, but none of these ever succeeded in catching 'Lucky' Baldwin sufficiently asleep to make their plans stick."

"Horsemen still talk about a funny game in which Baldwin figured on one of the Chicago race tracks a number of years ago. Baldwin had brought his magnificent string of thoroughbreds to Chicago to make an effort to annex the swell stakes that were then on tap on the tracks in the windy town, and he got them home first or in the money in many of the biggest events. Well, he had one of his finest horses entered in a valuable long distance event, and Baldwin was particularly anxious to win this race, not so much for the purse end of it as for the glory of capturing the stake. His horse just about figured to win, too, and Baldwin intended to 'go down the line' on the animal's chances, not only at the track, but at all of the big poolrooms in the country. He stood to clean up considerably more than \$100,000 on the horse if the brute got under the wire first. Baldwin's regular stable jockey was taken sick on the morning of the race, and the old man had to hustle around for another boy to ride his horse in the big event. From another horseman he bought for a big round sum the release of a high grade rider, who was to have taken the mount on a thoroughbred that didn't figure to get near the money in the stake race. Baldwin gave the jockey his instructions as to the way he wanted the horse ridden, and then, when the betting opened, his commissioners dumped Baldwin's money into the ring in such large quantities that the horse became an overwhelming favorite.

"A quarter of an hour before the horses were due to go to the post a well known bookmaker, to whom Baldwin had often exhibited kindness in less prosperous days, ran to where the old man was standing, chewing a straw, in his barn.

"'Baldwin,' said the bookie to the old man, 'there's a job to beat you, and you're going to get beat. They wanted me to go in with 'em, but you've always been on the level with me, and I wouldn't stand for it. The ring has bought up your jock, and your horse is going to be snatched.'"

"'Much obliged for telling me that,' replied the old man. 'I'll just make a stab to see that the boy doesn't do any snatching, though.'"

"Baldwin borrowed another gun from one of his stable hands (in those days he always carried one of his own about as long as your arm), and with his artillery he strolled over the infield and took up his stand by the fence at the turn into the stretch. He hadn't mentioned to anybody what he was going to do, and the folks who saw the old man making for the stretch turn simply thought that Baldwin wanted to watch the race from that point of view. He did, for that matter, but he happened to have another end in view.

"Well, the horses got away from the post in an even bunch, and then Baldwin's horse went out to make the running. The jockey's idea was to race the horse's head off and then pull him in the stretch, making it appear as if the animal had tired. Baldwin had instructed the jock to play a waiting game and make his bid toward the finish. The horse simply outclassed his company, however, and he didn't show any indications of leg weariness whatever as he rounded the backstretch on the rail a couple of lengths in front of his field. Baldwin could see, however, that the crooked jock was saving the horse's head off in his effort to take him back to the rack. When the horses were still a hundred feet from him, Baldwin let out a yell to attract his jockey's attention, and then he dashed his two guns in the sunlight and bawled at the jock:

"'Leggo that horse's head, you monkey devil, and go on and win or I'll shoot you so full of holes that you won't hold molasses!'"

"The jock gave one look at those two guns that Baldwin was pointing straight at him. Then he gave Baldwin's horse his head, sat down to ride for all that was in him, and the horse under him cantered in ten lengths to the good on the bit. As long as 'Lucky' Baldwin was on the eastern turf after that no jockey ever tried to yank one of his horses."—Washington Post.

The Right Word. "Why do you speak of him as a finished artist?"

"Because he told me he was utterly discouraged and was going to quit the profession. If that doesn't show that he's finished, I don't know what does."—Chicago Post.

The Point of View. The squire (sympathetically)—I'm very sorry to hear that your husband is at the point of death. Mrs. Hodge, but you must try and be cheerful, as you know it will be all for the best.

Mrs. Hodge—Ah, yes, indeed, sir; it'll be a blessing when 'e's gone. I'll be able to live in comfort then, as I have 'im in four different clubs.—Judy.

THERE WASN'T ANY ROW

It Was Simply a Case of Spontaneous Combustion.

He was a very young man, almost too young to be out on the street at that time of the night, 8:30 p. m., and his general appearance indicated that he had been picked up by a cyclone somewhere during his meanderings. He was not utterly demoralized, but there was something in his manner that would lead the close observer to the conclusion that all had not been well with him.

"Gee!" he exclaimed as he spun around the corner and went bump into a policeman.

"Hello," ejaculated that worthy, in stinctively grabbing at him; "what's the row?"

"There wasn't any," responded the youth.

"What are you running like that for?" persisted the policeman.

"I've just been up against a case of spontaneous combustion."

"You look too green to burn," chuckled the bluecoat.

"It's on me, just the same. My girl lives around the corner, and I went to see her. I thought it was all—"

"Where does the combustion come in?" interrupted the officer.

"Come out, you mean," corrected the youth.

"Come off!" exclaimed the officer.

"Tell me what the row is before I chase you."

"Well, that's what I'm trying to do," pleaded the boy. "The girl's old man and I don't harmonize a little bit, and when he met me at the door he fired me so suddenly that I had vertigo. If you don't call that spontaneous combustion, what the dickens do you call it?"

"Oh, excuse me," apologized the policeman, "you run along home and get into your trundle bed" and the bluecoat gently waddled the remnant on its way.—Detroit Free Press.

IRISH TURNS AND TWISTS.

The Unconscious Humor That Creeps Out in the Green Isle.

The author of "Irish Life and Character" says truly that one has only to mix with an Irish crowd to hear many a laughable expression, quite innocently uttered. As the Duke and Duchess of York were leaving Dublin in 1897, amid enthusiastic cheering, an old woman remarked:

"Ah! Isn't it the fine reception they're gettin, goin away?"

In 1892 Dublin university celebrated its tercentenary, and crowds of visitors were attracted to the city. Two laborers, rejoiced at the general prosperity, expressed their feelings.

"Well, Tim," said one, "thim tarcentinaries does a dale for the thradde of Dublin, and no mistake."

"Oh, faix they do!" said the other.

"And whin, with the blessin of God, we get home rule, sure we can have as many of thim as we please."

An old woman, seeing a man pulling a young calf roughly along the road, exclaimed:

"Oh, you bla'guard! That's no way to thrate a fellow crather."

"Sure," said a laborer to a young lady who was urging him to send his children to school, "I'd do anything for such a sweet, giutlanently lady as yourself."

Again, the laborers on a large estate decided that it would be more convenient for them if they could be paid every week instead of every fortnight. One of their number was sent to place their proposition before the land agent and this was his statement:

"If you please, sir, it's me desire, and it is also very other man's desire, that we resave out fortnight's pay lvery week."

An exasperated sergeant, drilling a squad of recruits, called to them at last:

"Halt! Just come over here, all of ye, and look at yourselves. It's a fine way to be makin' isn't it?"

King Richard in a Fitcher. "Actors of the old school did not have the gorgeous stage settings of the present," said a veteran stage manager the other night as he gazed at the stage in Ford's Opera House while in a reminiscent mood. "I remember once we were playing southern towns with Edwin Booth and wanted to put on 'Richard II.' No special scenery was carried for this, and I was told to look over the stock at the theater to see if there was any that could be used.

The second scene called for the entrance of the king and all his courtiers 'tuto a royal hall. I picked out a set of scenery that I thought would do for the palace, but cautioned the stage hands not to get it on wrong side out. Well, the first scene was finished, and when the stage was disclosed for the second there was the typical old kitchen scene, the one with hams hanging from the rafters, a candlestick on the mantel and all that. I was horrified and asked Mr. Booth if we should change it by ringing down the curtain. He said no, he would go on, but he cautioned the other players to 'keep your eyes on me; don't under any consideration look behind you at the scenery.'"

"Well, the scene went off, and afterward, when I asked some of those in the front of the house, they made no comment, and I was convinced that in the intensity of the acting they had not noticed that the king was in the kitchen instead of the palace."—Baltimore Sun.

peculiar musical instrument. A peculiar musical instrument is used by the Moros. It consists of a hoop of bamboo, upon which are hung by strings a number of thin pieces of mother of pearl. When struck with a small reed, these give forth a sweet, tinkling sound, a combination of which sounds is developed into a weird, monotonous fantasy, very pleasant to the ear—for a short time.

"About a dozen years ago, as nearly as I remember, this young man went on a visit to a relative in a neighboring city, and one afternoon, on the third or fourth day of his stay, he started a lady member of the household by remarking that he 'had a feeling' that some misfortune had overtaken a wealthy planter whom they both knew very well, and whom I will call Colonel Jones. The colonel was a prominent resident of the doctor's home town and had a large outlying estate, which he was in the habit of visiting once a week.

"On the day of Smith's singular pronouncement he was on one of those tours of inspection, but failed to come back and the following morning his corpse was found lying in a cornfield. He had evidently been dead about 24 hours, and from the appearance of the body seemed to have been seized with some sort of fit or convulsion.

"Of course the affair created a great stir, and the police made a pretty thorough investigation, but the only thing they found that merited any special attention was a small, round vial in the dead man's vest pocket. It was about the diameter of a lead pencil by four inches long, and had originally contained a couple of dozen medicinal tablets, which, lying one on top of the other, filled the little bottle to the cork. A few still remained in the bottom.

"Upon inquiry it was learned without trouble that the tablets were a harmless preparation of soda, and that Jones himself had bought them at a local drug store. That ended suspicion at that quarter, and, for lack of anything better, the coroner returned a verdict of death from sunstroke. There was no autopsy.

"Some time after Jones had been buried," continued the police commissioner, "I learned accidentally of Dr. Smith's curious prophecy, and it set me to thinking. Eventually I evolved a theory, but it was impossible at the time to sustain it with proof, and for five or six years I kept it pigeonholed in my brain, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, to everybody's surprise, Dr. Smith went to the dogs. He began by drinking heavily, gradually lost his practice, and finally skipped out to avoid prosecution for cashing a fake draft. After his flight I learned enough to absolutely confirm my theory as to Jones' death. What had really happened was this:

"Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable sum of money and had given a note, upon which he had forged his father's name as indorser. The planter was pressing him for payment and had threatened suit, which meant inevitable exposure. One day, while they were conversing, Jones pulled out a little glass vial and swallowed one of the tablets it contained, remarking that he took one daily, after dinner, for sour stomach.

"That suggested a diabolical scheme of assassination, which the doctor proceeded to put into execution. Repairing to his office, he made up a duplicate tablet of strychnine, and, encountering the colonel next day, asked him to let him have the vial for a moment, so he could copy the address of the makers from the label.

"Jones handed it over unsuspectingly, and while his attention was briefly diverted elsewhere Smith put in the prepared tablet. He placed it under the top four, thus making it reasonably certain that his victim would take it on the fifth day from that date. Next morning he left town, so as to be far away when the tragedy was consummated, and some mysterious uncontrollable impulse evidently led him to make the prediction that first excited my suspicion.

"When I made certain of all this, I located Smith in Oklahoma and was on the point of applying for an extradition warrant when he anticipated me by contracting pneumonia and dying. I thereupon returned the case to its mental pigeonhole, where it has remained ever since."

"Pardon me for asking," said one of the listeners, "but is that really a true story, or are you entertaining us with interesting fiction?"

"It is absolutely true," replied the narrator.

"But how did you learn the particulars?"

"Well," said the police commissioner smiling, "Smith was like most clever criminals—he had one weak spot. He was fool enough to tell a woman. She blabbed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Each Great in His Own Way. They tell a story about John Sherman and Bob Fitzsimmons, the prize fighter. During his triumphal tour after he had downed Corbett the great gladiator was in Washington and called at the state department. Then was seen a contest between brain and brawn, head and hands. Fitzsimmons looked sheepish and ill at ease, but Mr. Sherman evidently tried to make him feel at home.

"Your recent contest was a severe one, I believe, Mr. Fitzsimmons?" he said.

Mr. Fitzsimmons uttered a couple of inaudible words and grinned.

"It seemed to have pretty thoroughly aroused the country, the contest did it not?"

Mr. Fitzsimmons scrutinized the brim of his hat attentively, blushed, grinned and said:

"The United States is a fine country, your honor," and backed out of the office, responding with short, sharp ducks of the head to the secretary of state's farewell bows. When the doors had closed upon the then world's champion, the wrinkles at the sides of Mr. Sherman's eyes contracted into a smile.

"A great man that, Babcock," he said dryly to his secretary, and went on with his work.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

ARMORED COFFINS.

They Were Once Used in a Churchyard in Scotland.

In the earlier half of the nineteenth century the practice of stealing bodies from the churchyards for the purpose of sale as subjects for dissection, which was known as "body snatching," was for a time very rife.

Various plans were made to defeat the nefarious and sacrilegious proceedings of the "body snatchers," or "resurrectionists," as they were sometimes called, a very common one being the erection of two or more small watch-towers whose windows commanded the whole burying ground, and in which the friends of the deceased mounted guard for a number of nights after the funeral.

A usual method of the grave robbers was to dig down to the head of the coffin and bore in it a large round hole by means of a specially constructed center bit. It was to counteract this maneuver that the two curious coffin-like relics now lying on either side of the door of the ruined church of Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, were constructed. They are solid masses of cast iron of enormous weight.

When an interment took place one of these massive slabs was lowered by suitable derricks, tackles and chains on to the top of the coffin, the grav was filled in, and there it was left for some considerable time. Later on the grave was opened and the iron armor plate was removed and laid aside ready for another funeral.

These contrivances still lie on the grass of the lonely little churchyard, objects of curiosity to the passing cyclist and tourist.—Scientific American.

The Explanation. One morning the readers of a certain newspaper were perplexed to see in type the announcement that "the Scots handed down an important decision yesterday." The afternoon paper for years had held a bitter controversy, interesting none but themselves, laughed that day, as the poets say, "in ghoulish glee," and it was up to the morning paper the next day to explain that "the types" made them say that the Scots did so and so when the telegraph editor should have known that that word was merely the abbreviation of the telegrapher for supreme court of the United States.

Locusts Good to Eat. All native African races eat locusts. With many it takes, and has to take, the place of the British workman's beef and mutton. In a good many villages sun-dried locusts are an article of commerce. The Sudanese are particularly fond of them.

Before they are eaten they are toasted. The wings and legs having first been torn off, the long, soft body and the crisp head form the delicacy.

I determined not to let my European prejudices influence me, but to give the dish of grilled locusts a fair trial. I thought how John the Baptist had enjoyed them plus wild honey.

The one I was eating was rather nice. I agreed with my Arab servant that, should the meat supply fall short, a dish of locusts would be a very good substitute.

By the time I was eating the second locust it seemed to me absurd why one should have a sort of lurking pity for John the Baptist's daily menu unless it be for its monotony, and I felt convinced that I should get tired of honey sooner than I should of locusts.—Current Literature.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed by the way the members of the congregation had of looking around to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said on entering the reading desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may come late."

He then began, "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate, "Mr. S., with his wife and daughter."

Mr. S. looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused.

"Mr. C. and William D."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some newcomer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity:

"Mrs. S. in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation had turned around.—Millinery Trade Review.

A Mystery of the Sea. One of the most curious finds ever made from the sea was that which came from the Azores in 1858. The island of Corvo was then in the possession of two runaway British sailors. One morning they drifted ashore a craft which had evidently been frozen in the ice for a long time. It was an ancient and battered brig, without masts, bulwark or name, but the hatches were on, the cabin doors fast, and the bulk was buoyant. She had little cargo, and that consisted of skins and furs in prime condition.

No papers were found in the cabin, but it was figured that she was a sealer or trader, carrying a crew of 10 or 12, and that she had been provisioned for a year. The flour was spoiled, but the beef was perfectly preserved. She had been abandoned when frozen in an iceberg and drifted for years. The date of the letter found in the forecabin showed that the brig had been abandoned nearly half a century before. The two sailors got out the furs, which eventually brought them \$4,000, and two barrels of beef and then set fire to the wreck. No trace was ever found of its name or owners.