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The interest in sports is increasing rapidly, and so long as the professional and money-making elements are absent, there need be no fear that the country will not continue to engage in all forms of manly exercise, either directly or by proxy.

One of the ablest jurists in Louisville, Ky., has decided that if a woman wears a man's hat into his court she must take it off the same as if she were a man. It has remained for this great mind to discover that there is such a thing as sex in hats—and by the same token he would probably permit a man who wears a woman's hat to keep it on his head!

Through the army and navy department of the Young Men's Christian association some one who desires to remain unknown has just subscribed \$50,000 to be used in providing shore homes for sailors and marines in the United States service in Brooklyn, Boston, Norfolk, Key West, Galveston and San Francisco. The only condition imposed with the gift is that \$100,000 be added to it by other friends of Uncle Sam's sea fighters. Rear Admiral Philip, Captain Merrill Miller, Captain McCalla, Commodore Stockton and other naval officers have the matter in charge.

The temporary government for the Philippines is the old familiar model for British colonies and American territories, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. All Anglo-Saxon civilization out of Great Britain began that way. The thirteen colonies before the revolution were ruled by royal governors and judges and councils appointive above and elective below. American territories were so ruled at the beginning. British crown colonies are so ruled. Out of this germ of liberty has grown the self-government of American states, the autonomy of Australia, Canada and the Cape colonies, but the growth has been guided and restrained everywhere by the development of capacity for maintaining internal order and external defense.

There is good reason to believe that now we are outclassed in naval strength only by Great Britain and France. Italy has more battleships than the United States, but many of them are out of date and some are unseaworthy. Russia has a larger navy than ours, but it is not well prepared for actual service and the requirements of modern naval warfare. One of our great points of superiority is the unequalled skill of our gunners. The marksmen of the British navy are the best in Europe, but ours are better still. The most impressive object lessons furnished by the United States navy in the war with Spain were those which show the wonderful accuracy of the fire from our battleships and cruisers. The importance of this point can hardly be estimated. A well-planted shell from a modern big gun will in many cases settle the fate of the struck ship, and the gunners of our navy beat the world in hitting the place they aim at.

Ivy Absorbs Moisture.
There is a current opinion that ivy has a tendency to rot the thing to which it clings. This is true of a large number of other climbing plants, but not of ivy, for it renders the walls of almost every house to which it clings entirely free from damp, extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick or stone for its own sustenance. This it does by means of its tiny roots, which can work their way even into the hardest stone. When the walls are well covered with ivy the overlapping leaves will conduct water falling upon them from point to point until the ground is reached without allowing the walls to receive any moisture whatever from the beating rain. If there should be an exceptional case of ivy-covered walls showing signs of dampness, that will be found to arise from their having been erected on a wet and improperly drained site.

The Grasping Landlord.
Penn—My landlord is the most unreasonable man I ever saw. Brushie How so? Penn—He says if I can't pay my rent I must move. If I had money enough to move I could afford to pay him some! —on account.

A BOY OF RHODESIA.

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLACK.



OTTO's annual state that it was on the 23d of March, 1896, that the insurrection of the native Matabele tribes broke out in the murder of all the scattered white settlers in the district. One of the first blows struck was at the Red Bird mine, at Brinton's Reef, about eighty miles east of Bulawayo. The mine was operated by Mr. W. F. Brinton and two Boers named Potgieter and Gierstaat, respectively, with about twenty Kaffir "boys" in their service. With Mr. Brinton was also his son Otto, a boy of fourteen.

There had been so little anticipation of trouble with the natives that early on the morning of the 23d Mr. Brinton had ridden over to Graham's store, about twenty miles to the north. Gierstaat had gone to inspect work on another "reef" to the west, and Otto and Potgieter were left alone at their little hut.

Otto was within, when he heard a sudden dull crashing noise at the door. Looking quickly, he saw to his horror that the Boer, who had been smoking his pipe on a bench just outside, had fallen on his face to the ground, and that blood was pouring from his head. A Kaffir knob-kerry, or throwing-club, lay beside him.

As the boy rushed to his companion's assistance he was suddenly confronted by a swarm of armed natives, who had stolen around the corner of the hut. Among these were their own miners, armed with drills and hammers, and the rest were Matabele from a neighboring kraal. These last were in full war-gear, some with rifles, others with shields and assegais, and all wore white ox-tails twisted around neck and wrist.

Otto was only a boy, but in countries like Rhodesia boys rapidly acquire decision and pluck beyond their years. He saw at a glance that nothing could be done for Potgieter, and the yelling natives were surging forward to cut off his retreat. Half a dozen rifles were leveled at him, when he drew his revolver, which he carried in his belt, fired three shots straight into the mob, and under cover of this turned and ran for his life toward the mine.

The nearest shaft was some hundred yards away, and Otto hoped to hide himself by retreating into the tunnels. It was what is called an "incline shaft," running down at an angle of forty-five degrees for about a hundred feet, with horizontal tunnels at the bottom. The whole swarm of natives pursued him, firing their rifles and throwing spears and clubs, all of which weapons missed their aim—for the Kaffirs are notoriously bad marksmen, though brave enough at close fighting. Otto had just reached the mouth of the shaft, and was preparing to descend, when a straggling volley was fired. He felt a stunning blow on the top of the head, became unconscious at once, and dropping his revolver, rolled headlong down the shaft like a shot rabbit.

The Matabele uttered a wild chorus of delighted yells at his fall, and, taking it for granted that he was dead, did not take the trouble to go after him, but proceeded to burn the hut, mutilate Potgieter's corpse, and do what other damage suggested itself.

Meanwhile Otto lay doubled up among a heap of boulders at the bottom of the shaft, insensible and sorely bruised. The slope of the shaft was strewn with broken quartz, which in his reckless tumble had supplemented the effect of the heavy musket ball which had grazed his skull, cutting the scalp, but inflicting no serious injury. It was quite six hours, as he afterward calculated, before he slowly and painfully struggled back to consciousness, with a parching thirst and a head that was a mass of bruises and oozed blood. For some minutes he was unable to realize his situation; and then his first thought was that his father might have returned and been murdered by the savages. He listened, but could hear no sound, and finally crept up to the mouth of the shaft and peered over.

Not a native was in sight, but where the mining hut had stood was only a heap of ashes, sending up a pillar of smoke into the sky. The sun was shining brightly, and it seemed about two o'clock in the afternoon. With infinite precautions Otto emerged from the shaft, and after satisfying himself that the Matabele were really gone he went painfully down to the little creek that flowed near, and drank till his feverish thirst was appeased. He washed the blood from his wounds, tied a wet handkerchief around his head, and went to look at the ruins.

Potgieter's body was lying stripped and horribly mutilated near where he had fallen. The other Boer lay not far distant, also stripped and pierced with many assegai wounds; but to his infinite relief Otto could find no trace of his father's having returned. He filled a flask with water, wrote on a stray board with charcoal, "Gone to Cunningham's.—O. B.," and set out, wounded as he was, to walk five miles across the veldt to his nearest neighbors.

The Cunningham family lived on a farmstead to the east, and consisted of seven persons—the father, the mother, two grown sons, and three daughters aged respectively seventeen, fourteen and ten. Besides these there were several Kaffir servants. The boy was still so faint and giddy

that he walked like a drunken man, and several times fell over some trivial obstruction by the wayside. It took him quite four hours to cover the distance, and the sun was setting when the farm buildings of his destination appeared at last within reach. As yet he did not dream of a wholesale rising of the natives; but, fancying that the same marauding party might be prowling around the Cunningham place, he wisely reconnoitered before approaching too closely. He could plainly see the front of the house, and as he advanced he saw what sent the blood to his heart in an instant—the huge form of a Matabele warrior with shield and assegai standing in the doorway.

He now made sure that the Cunninghams had all been murdered, and he lay still behind a bush, debating on his own best course. Presently the warrior disappeared within, and one of the girls came out bearing a pail of water, which she emptied, and then quietly returned to the house, seemingly in no fear for her life.

This aroused Otto's astonishment. It was not long before he saw Lotta, the eldest girl, coming down toward the stable, and he hastened to intercept her.

She uttered a scream at his ghastly and blood-stained appearance before she recognized him.

"Why, Otto, what has happened?" she exclaimed.

"Where are the men? What are those Kaffirs doing at your house?" queried Otto breathlessly.

"Some Kaffir boys came this morning to get father and the boys to go and look at some cattle, and they all went away. There are five Kaffir at the house now, with guns and spears. Mother and the children were frightened; but I don't think that they would dare to do any harm to us, do you? They say that they have been hunting, and that they want to see father."

Otto felt sure that the father and brothers had been decoyed away to be slaughtered, but he did not hint this belief to the girl. He pressed his reeling head between his hands, and tried to think.

"Did the men take their rifles?" he asked.

"No, they left them at the house," "Well, don't be frightened, but I'm afraid the Kaffirs mean trouble. If the men went away, of course they are safe enough; but we had better keep on the watch. Can you let me into the house without those rascals seeing me?"

"There is a window at the back," began the girl.

"All right! And get all the rifles and cartridges you can find, and bring them quietly into that back room. Hurry up and let me in!"

The girl ran back to the house, very pale, but showing the nerve of a frontier training. Otto crept around to the rear of the house, and in less than a minute the window was raised, and he clambered in as quietly as possible. In the room where he found himself were Mrs. Cunningham, Lotta and one of the other girls, all considerably frightened, but cool. There were three Winchester and two belts of cartridges lying on a table.

The Kaffirs were in the next room, and Otto stole to the door and peeped through a crack. There were five of them, as Lotta had said—big, brawny fighting men, all with assegais and two with rifles, while all five wore the same decoration of white ox-tails that Otto had before observed.

The boy had already formulated his plan. He had no doubt that these savages were only waiting some appointed time to fall upon the white women and massacre them, and it was his design to anticipate them in action. South African women are usually trained to handle a rifle as skillfully as their husbands and brothers, and these were no exception to the rule. Otto explained his scheme, and as much of his suspicions as he thought proper; and the women, who instinctively looked to him, boy as he was, for leadership, prepared to assist him.

The Matabele were sitting quietly on the floor, their weapons across their knees, when the closed door on the other side of the room was suddenly thrown open, and they were confronted with the threatening muzzles of three Winchester. They had been quite unaware of Otto's presence in the house, and this made the surprise the more complete. They sprang to their feet in a flurry of astonishment, just as Otto shouted over the rifle-barrel:

"Drop those weapons!"

Spears and rifles clattered upon the floor, and the Kaffirs plainly expected instant death. But Otto could not bring himself to fire upon them in cold blood, though he had no doubt of their moral guilt. So he continued, in the native tongue:

"Go! Get out! Don't come back, or you will be shot!"

The natives fled from the door and started out across the veldt without looking back till they were some fifty yards from the house; then they broke into a trot and disappeared over a hill to the eastward.

Otto and his friends were victorious; but it was certain that the natives would sooner or later return in force to finish the work, which had probably been begun by the murder of the three male members of the family. The house was ill adapted for defense, besides being built of wood and therefore highly inflammable; but the stable was a solidly built stone structure with small windows, designed to serve as a fortification in case of need. Hither the three women and the boy busied themselves in carrying all the bread and cooked meats in

the house, water, rifles, ammunition and blankets, anxiously watching the while for their returning relatives or for a fringe of Matabele spears. But there was no sign of any approaching life; and when it became dark the party shut themselves up in the stable and strongly barricaded the door.

None of them wished to sleep at first; but as the hours quietly wore away the two younger girls finally dozed off, leaving the remaining three on guard. It was almost midnight when Otto heard distinctly the pounding of the hoofs of many horses.

His heart jumped, for he believed it to be the rebels. The watchers did not awaken the children, but all three peered eagerly into the darkness, with rifles cocked. The horses stopped near the dwelling, and voices were heard, but it was impossible to distinguish whether they were native or European. At last Otto heard his name called softly in his father's voice.

Joyfully he replied, and the little party hastily unbarricaded the door and came out of their fortress. Mr. Brinton had heard of the rising in other parts late that afternoon, and collecting half a dozen horsemen, had galloped at speed to the Red Bird mine. It had then grown dark, and it was only after several hours of searching for his son's body that he stumbled upon the message written on the board.

No Matabele appeared that night, and with the first dawn the whole party set out for Bulawayo, for the Cunninghams had several horses about the place. They arrived there late that same day without having encountered any hostiles, and found the town in a state of the wildest excitement. Volunteer companies were being rapidly organized, and both Otto and his father enlisted in that which afterward became famous under the name of "Grey's Scouts" throughout the disastrous war that raged for the next six months.

It was several weeks before the fate of the men of the Cunningham family came to light. Their bodies were found by a scouting party about a mile from the house, and they had all, apparently been speared or clubbed from behind. The Kaffirs at the farmhouse were undoubtedly waiting for the return of this murdering party to assassinate the women, who would certainly have fallen victims had it not been for Otto's resolution and presence of mind.—The New Voice.

HOW THA SPEL IN CHIKAGO.

And Tha Want Everybody Everywhar to Spel the Wa Tha Do.

A dispatch from Chicago sez that the bizniz men thar ar in favor of fonetik spelling. Dr. E. Benjamin Andruz, the Superintendent of the Public Schools thar, iz in favor ov it to. Wan bizniz man, iz sez, wants the word which most pepl spel "through" to be spelt "tru," but Dr. Andruz iz not in favor of this bekoz he sez that it iz not pronounst' thar wa. But the bizniz man sez it iz pronounst' just that wa.

This queschun of fonetik spelling iz an old wan, and this iz just wan of the objections to the plan, that everybody wud spel wordz the wa he himself pronounst them, even when he pronounst them rong, and so a good many pepl coud not read what other pepl rot. Thar iz another objections to it. If it shud ever be used altogether, if books shud be printed this wa and if pepl shud lern to read this sort of stuff, thar wold no how to read the books that ar printed in the present wa, and so of the books and of the librariz that thar ar in the world to-day wud be simply wast paper, for nobody coud read them exsept skolarz who had larned the old wa of spelling.

In Chikago thar propoz to chang the spelling of ten wordz, as an entering wej. But why stop at ten? Why not chang them in at wuns and rit lik this?—New York Tribune.

The Value of Rice Lands.

The rice industry has in the last fifteen years developed a section of Louisiana which up to that time was considered worthless. Its population has quadrupled; its wealth increased twenty-fold. Rice lands once worth ten to fifty cents an acre will now average \$35. A number of towns, Rayne, Crowley, Mornantau, Jennings and others have sprung up where a decade ago there was a wild prairie; railroads have been built and factories erected.

It is estimated that two-thirds of the gross receipts from a rice farm are profit; that is, the cost of raising the rice is only one-third of what it will bring. It is doubtful if any other crop is so profitable. The Abbott brothers at Crowley received \$77,000 last year from 1000 acres planted in rice, and Green & Shoemaker, at the same place, got \$75,000 from 1000 acres. A. D. McFarland, at Jennings, made \$10,500 on 300 acres, and A. M. Garrison \$8682 on 220 acres.

The one possible drawback to the industry is the probability that at the present rate at which the rice crop is increasing there will very soon be an overproduction of the cereal and a consequent fall in price.—New York Sun.

Barbarous Filipino Practices.

A private letter received from one of the officers who went to Manila on the Solace tells of the atrocities committed on American killed and wounded soldiers by Aguinaldo's army, which are as horrible as those practiced at Samoa. Said this officer:

"I went ashore at Manila and went out to the army's firing line. We were close enough to see one skirmish. The bodies of three soldiers were brought to the rear while we were there, and they were a ghastly sight. The ears and noses had been cut off and the heart cut out of each one."—Chicago Record.

THE NEW SPANISH MINISTER.

The Duke d'Arcos Comes from One of the Oldest Families of Europe, But His Wife Is An American.

Don Jose Brunetti y Gayoso, Duke d'Arcos, the newly appointed minister from Spain, is a howling Iberian swell. His ancestors were famous people a century before Columbus was born; in fact, the family is one of the most ancient in Europe. In the National Museum one may see a geographical globe, made in Germany about the year 1453, which, for obvious reasons, has no America on it at all, but only a blank of blue ocean instead. All the provinces and principal towns of Spain, however, are carefully delineated on this interesting sphere, which is of large size, and one of the cities shown is Cadiz, which, by the way, was given by royal grant to a forebear of Don Jose's, "for his good and loyal services in the war against the Moors."

Thus it will be seen that the new Spanish minister, who is expected to arrive in Washington next week, is a personage provided by birthright with a background of hoary antiquity. The oldest American families are mere mushrooms compared with his ancient line, and the supplementary titles he enjoys are so numerous that he is able to take only a few of them with him when he goes out in society. For example, he is Marquis of Zahara, as well as Marquis of Cadiz, and incidentally is obliged to uphold the dignity of Count of Coasarez.

In the course of so many centuries Don Jose was obliged to accumulate quite a large number of ancestors, and to one of these, in 1469, the town of Arcos was given by the then king of Spain. Those were the good old times when monarchs were accustomed to give away a town or two whenever they felt in a good humor toward anybody. It was much as if President McKinley, if he were an unlimited potentate, should make a present of Trenton, N.

Manzaniello, elated by his success, lost his head—as it turned out, in more senses than one. A reaction, cleverly engineered by the duke, set in, and the upshot of it was that the fisherman's head was cut off and carried to the viceregal palace, amid the applause of the very populace of which not long before he had been the idol.

Quite naturally, their family being so famous, wealthy and conspicuous, the men of the d'Arcos name have been prominent in public life, generation after generation. Thus it came about that Don Jose Brunetti, while as yet lacking the dual title, entered the diplomatic service of his government. He was appointed "diplomatic supernumerary" in the foreign office at Madrid in 1862 and two years later was sent as attache to the Spanish legation at Vienna. After filling various other minor diplomatic posts in Europe he was made first secretary of the Spanish legation at Washington in 1876. Since then he has been minister resident at Caracas and Montevideo, minister plenipotentiary to Chili, and minister plenipotentiary to Mexico, holding this last office from 1894 until recently. His appointment to Washington, of course, is a promotion.

It so happened at the time when Count Brunetti, as he was known, became first secretary of the Spanish legation at Washington twenty-three years ago, a very beautiful and charming girl had been newly introduced to the society of the capital. Her name was Virginia Woodbury Lowery, and she was the only daughter of Archibald Lowery, a conspicuous Washingtonian, who enjoyed through inheritance the possession of large means. Miss Lowery's mother was herself a daughter of one of New Hampshire's most famous men, Levi Woodbury, who was a mem-



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.

J., or Chester, Pa., with the inhabitants thereunto appertaining, to Senator Billy Mason or Representative Henderson. This was a very jolly old custom indeed, and pity 'tis that it should have fallen into desuetude. Anyway, the facts quoted explain how the family title of the Duke d'Arcos originated.

With Cadiz for a city property and Arcos for a country place, the family of the new Spanish minister felt itself pretty adequately provided for territorially, but, unfortunately, there came a time, in 1498—one year after the discovery of America—when their most Catholic majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, decided that they required the seaport of Cadiz in their business. This business was the trade with the East Indies, which part of the world had then newly loomed up, not merely in a geographical but also in a commercial sense. There was no resisting the royal demand, and so the then Duke d'Arcos gave up the title deeds to the property, receiving in exchange a brand-new collection of titles and other equivalents.

Few ancient families are without at least one wicked ancestor, and to this rule the noble line of Arcos is no exception. It is recorded in history that in 1646 Don Rodrigue Pons de Leon, Duke d'Arcos, was sent by the king of Spain to govern Naples as viceroy. This was exceedingly rough on Naples, as is proved by his record while acting in that administrative capacity. However, it may not have been so much his fault as that of his government, which at that time needed money very badly to carry on wars with France and Portugal. He was instructed to grind out of the people every peseta they could be persuaded to give up, and these orders he carried out to the letter. His agents did their duty pitilessly, and the duke closed his ears to the complaints of the unhappy victims of his exactions. In one case certain unfortunate had the impudence to declare that they had not money enough to buy a bed, and the tax collector replied, "Why, then, do you not sell your wives and daughters?"

This course of procedure finally provoked a rebellion, in 1647, which quickly assumed most formidable proportions. The uprising was headed by a fisherman named Manzaniello, and was so far successful that the viceroy was finally compelled to yield and to grant all the demands of the revolutionists, including equal rights for the people and the nobility and the abolition of the excessive taxes. Unhappily, Man-

ber of Jackson's cabinet and, at the time of his death, a justice of the Supreme Court. Thus, her social position was the highest possible, and, from Brunetti's point of view, she was eminently eligible as a wife.

SOME QUEER BOOKMARKS.

Librarian Could Stock a Museum with These Curious Articles.

To some people anything is good enough for a bookmark, says the New York Telegraph. In a good many instances they forget to remove them when they have finished reading the book. That is the reason why so many odd things find their way to the public libraries. A librarian was talking about this thing the other day. He said: "I could stock a museum with the queer things I have found in our books. These articles include all kinds of bills, grocery bills, gas bills and the like; hair pins, fancy and plain and all metals, and hair ornaments of every design and material; love letters galore, some of which make one blush reading; locks of hair, bits of lace, dress samples and watch chain charms; pen-ink, pencil, crayon and water-color sketches; postal orders and postage stamps; and I have also a dried human ear, which I found in a book on surgery, borrowed by a medical student probably, as I hear they carry all sorts of uncanny things about with them. Photographs, too, figure largely in my collection. I once found an insurance policy in a book, but it was quickly claimed. It is purely the result of absent-mindedness. A person deeply engrossed in a book and suddenly called away from it would dreamingly put his hand out and take the first thing he saw to use as a book mark, then go away and forget all about it. The time allowed for borrowing the book might expire on the following day and probably a member of the family might casually pick the volume up and return it to the library without thinking of examining the interior. The receiving clerk at the library counter is supposed to turn over the pages of returned books in the presence of the borrower, but whether this is always done largely depends upon the humor of the assistant. In a crush returned volumes are laid aside for future examination. The artful advertiser cannot let even library books alone. Somebody is an agent for a certain patent medicine. He takes out half a dozen books to anybody else's one, not that they are

ever read, but simply for the purpose of inserting a circular. I have at last succeeded in stopping him."

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

A Case in Which the Coincidences Were Remarkable.

On an occasion during the civil war I dreamed that I was standing beside a road when there came marching along it a strong column of prisoners with guards at intervals on the flanks. I asked one of these guards who the prisoners were and where they had been captured. He informed me that they had been taken in an engagement with the enemy on the day before, and that there were nineteen hundred of them. I then asked some bystander what day of the month it was and was told that it was such a day of a certain month, some six weeks later than the date of the dream. The whole dream was extremely distinct and it made a strong impression on me. I related it to a number of my comrades within the next few days, and then thought of it no more. Six weeks later, on the morning of the very day that had been mentioned in the dream as the date when the column of prisoners had passed before me, I was on picket two miles distant from the point where I seemed to be when I saw them. It was soon after breakfast, and I was standing by the side of the road at the fire, talking to the officer of the picket, when an aide to the commanding general came riding down the road. He had been a schoolfellow of our officer's at West Point and reined up when he recognized his friend. He told us that he had good news, that there had been a sharp engagement with the enemy the day before and that our people had captured nineteen hundred prisoners who had just passed the headquarters that morning on their way to the rear. —New York Post.

Longevity in Animals.

The elephant sometimes undoubtedly attains the age of 150 years. As a basis for this opinion we have the famous Bheemstutee, owned by his highness the Maharajah of Mysore. This elephant was captured in 1805, when about 3 years old. In 1876 she was in excellent health and showed no evidence of great age. The natives of some of the Indian tribes believe that an elephant never dies, for the reason that they have never found a dead one. The Singhalese believe that the elephant has a certain place—a deep valley which no man has ever seen—to which they retreat when about to die. The whale is undoubtedly a long-lived animal, and is accredited with a century of life. A quiet, uneventful life, without great exertion, is conducive to longevity, which perhaps explains why the turtle attains such great age. In 1821 there died a tortoise which had lived in the Bishop's gardens at Peterborough for over a century, and from the records and account of it, kept from time to time, it was estimated to have attained the ripe old age of 223 years. In 1625 a rind presented Archbishop Laud with a tortoise which he placed in the grounds of Lambeth Palace, where it lived until 1753, or 128 years, dying then, not from old age, but on account of the neglect of the gardener. An interesting case of longevity was seen in a turtle brought from the Seychelles in 1766 by the Chevalier Marlon du Fresne. He delivered it to the authorities of the Mauritius, who kept it until 1853, when Sir Charles Colville, then governor of the island, sent it to the London Zoological Gardens. This gave the tortoise a known age of 67 years, and as it was fully grown when first brought to Mauritius it may easily have been a centenarian. Fish are known to attain great age, and instances of fishes living twenty and thirty years are not uncommon. It is supposed that some of the golden carp in the parks about Paris are over 100 years old, and a pike in an English pond had a silver tag to the effect that it was 90 years old.

Latest from Cuba.

The Spanish police reporter for the Cuba Times gathered the following interesting items the other day: Fine—The Inspector of the Fifth precinct of police general, Calixto Enarnorrado, put a fine on the lady Sona Terrado, living at Campanario No. 12, for emptying her slops into the street on a gentleman's head. Detailed—Finding the gentleman Don Lorenzo Carbonell inebriate and making a noise he was arrested. A Mule—In Marina street there was found a mule running loose without knowing his owner. He was sent (the mule) to the Fosos, subject to the disposition of the second Lieutenant of the Alcalde.

All He Could Promise.

"Now, Tom," she pleaded prettily, "promise me one thing. Promise me that when you leave the club tonight you won't go anywhere else, but will come straight home." "I'll come as straight as I can, my dear," Tom answered, thoughtfully. —Somerville Journal.

Five Hundred Dance in a Cask.

The largest cask in the world is the Blatner cask of Nuremberg, Germany. It is 135 feet in diameter and fifty-one feet deep, and its completion a few years ago was celebrated by a ball, at which over 500 persons were on the floor of the cask.

The tax on coffee amounts in France to about 14 cents a pound, while in England it is only 3 cents a pound.