A Norwegian Bark Missing.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Lloyd's agent at Fremantle, Western Australia, telegraphs that the Norwegian bark "Hanil," which sailed from New York April 6th last, bound for Fremantle, has not yet arrived. Great anxiety prevails as to her safety.

Monti Elected.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—A dispatch from Valparaiso today says that Admiral Jorge Monti was unanimously elected president of the Republic of Chile.

Balmaceda's Refugees.

VALPARAISO, Nov. 5.—A public meeting has been called to demand the extradition of two of Balmaceda's ministers implicated in the plot to murder General Canto. It is believed that the ex-ministers in question have taken refuge in the United States legation at Santiago.

Twenty Persons Burned to Death.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Further advices from the island of Nengropont to the Agram say state that the total number of people who perished by the burning unknown British steamer is twenty.

A dispatch received says that the steamer burned in the vicinity of Negropont has been identified as the British steamer "Lax," bound from Batoum to Antwerp.

BRIEF TELEGRAMS.

London, Nov. 6.—The *Times* this dispatch says that it is the general opinion that nothing serious will happen. The Exchange is firm, and business proceeds as usual.

New York, Nov. 6.—Not for years has the supply of drinking water been so low, not has the danger of the genuine water famine been greater than at present. Commissioner Gilsey says unless there is rain, the water will only last fifteen or twenty days more.

New York, Nov. 6.—The jury today awarded Thomas Fortune, colored, editor of the New York Age, $5,000 damages in an action brought against the proprietor of the Sixth Avenue Hotel, for being assaulted and refused drink because of his color.

Pittsburg, Nov. 6.—About eight hundred men employed in Jones & Laughlin's mills struck today against increased hours of labor, and others threaten to do likewise if their hours are increased. The strike has caused a suspension of work in Briggs' mill.

Boston, Nov. 6.—Charles Raymond, of Chicago, brother of William Raymond, of Thomas Dean & Co., it is said, will put $100,000 into the new firm, and all merchandise liabilities will be assumed.

Washington, Nov. 6.—No notice has yet reached the Department of State respecting the refusal of the Spanish government to grant an exequatur to the United States consul at Passage, Caroline Islands. The consul is Herbert L. Hand of Illinois.

Havre, Nov. 6.—The cotton cargo of the steamer "Chatterton" (British), from New Orleans, comprising 650 bales, which arrived at Havre today, is on fire and burning fiercely.

Rome, Nov. 6.—News from Paris that the council of ministers had decided to abolish the differential duties now levied in France against Italian produce has given the greatest satisfaction as the people of Italy.

Orientals in London.

Suitably considered, orientals in London include only two classes, at opposite ends of the scale. They are either quite inferior or quite superior—either of Limehouse or Whitehall. Between these is nothing. The former class consists almost exclusively of seafaring men. Their headquarters are the Strangers' home in West India Dock road, and the history of that institution is practically the history of the poor oriental colony during the last forty years. It is often said, and commonly believed, that there is a regular Asiatic—and particularly Chinese—quarter in east London, something like that of which we hear so much at San Francisco, only on a smaller scale, and a few hundred years ago there was some foundation for the belief.

The Royal Sovereign in Rheagate fields was a recognized rendezvous of Austriaccomen, and in the neighborhood were a good many low lodging houses kept and frequented by Chinese, Lascars, Malays and Japanese. But the opening of the Strangers' home prevent the death blow, as it was intended to be, of the itinerary settlement. Customers gradually deserted the lodging houses in favor of the home, and they were eventually shut up.—St. James Budget.

The Drowned Man's Shirt.

One of the strangest superstitions is that of finding the body of a drowned man by means of his shirt. A man was drowned in the river in front of the East St. Louis levee. Search was made with boats for the body, but without success. Some one recalled the superstition, and the members took the shirt the man had laid aside when he went in bathing, spread it out on the water and let it float away. It floated for a while and then sank, and they searched for the body where the shirt went down and with success. Search it out for away. One case of the kind, of course, does not make a rule, but the man who tossed the idea into instance and he had seen it tried dozens of times and it never failed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How a Doctor Lies.

"How are you doing business, doctor?" was asked of a physician.

Capital, he replied. "I have all I can attend to."

"I didn't understand that there was any more sickness about."

"No, there isn't. But we physicians do not depend upon sickness at so to some. Oh, no; most of our money is made from people who have nothing the matter with them."—London Tit-Bits.

Never before were wall papers so beautiful, artistic and expensive. The best papers are distinguished by the table or mica effects, whereas the least expensive varieties, such as cloth and felt, are produced in soft, artistic colors.

THE SWOOP OF A HAWK.

EXPERIENCE OF A SUMMER VISITOR IN A NEW YORK SUBURB.

He Had Heard About a Hawk Chasing a Man, but Didn't Believe It Until He Witnessed One of the Animals in a Lonely Evening Walk—How He Tells of It.

Mr. Rogers was late for tea. The red twilight of August had faded, and a sea breeze was rattling at the shutters before he came. He looking warm and agitated. Seeing him round out of his usual room I followed and overtook him in the hall.

"I have had a most unpleasant adventure," he said in his solemn way. "I have been chased by a hawk." Now, if a child of six had made that remark it would have been laughing, but for a man of Mr. Rogers' age and number of feet to announce that he was afraid of hawks was too much for our sense of humor—we laughed. "What did you do?" asked the hopeful member of our house party. "I dropped my hoeing and shouted," said Mr. Rogers, "but the hawk didn't mind at all; it kept circling round my head and swooping down."

We roared with him. We said it was physically impossible for a hawk to fly away with him. We told him the next time a hawk chased him to fall flat upon his face and call for help. We suggested that a pitchfork might be used in the alarm. All in vain. He listened without caution, and being his own no on the most alternately merry person present, said, "Wait till a hawk is after you; you won't like it."

AN EVENING WALK.

The morning in his words came to me a few days later. We had been hacking in Peconic bay. We had been sailing and swimming, till the blue water turned gray and the sun went down in a red smoulder. Then suddenly we all felt an overpowering desire to get out of our dusty bathing suits and home to tea as fast as possible. I decided to walk. I was cold, besides I rather wanted to get away from the noisy crowd.

So the house party packed itself into the wagonette and quickly disappeared down the winding road, leaving me to cut across the hills alone. (Funny with what alacrity people who are really fond of you have you behind.) I felt very much alone somehow, and I almost wished I had gone with them. Our house is only a mile from the Peconic beach on a level line, but as the distance was a hills are like so many green dumplings one's progress is very equal downy, and a mile may be twisted into astounding lengths.

I struck across the fern covered hills at a rapid pace, one moment on top of a mountain range, with a view of the town here, the next down in a hollow with only hay bushes for a horizon. Stopped in a sort of nap to watch the coming night. The earth sent up a warm, sweet smell. Bats soon began to twinkle as though pricked into the sky. Something dark started up under my feet—my shadow, for just one second then. "It is rare to be alone sometimes," I thought. "One can't be intimate with nature when crowds of people are about. I feel now that I am living on her bosom." Water of from the sky. Then two short sounds like the flapping of a wet towel.

DISCRETION AND VALOR.

I looked up. Right over my head, poised as neatly as the sword of Damocles, was a hawk. It looked quite stationary, but I remembered Mr. Rogers' words, and I felt cold. "The thing doesn't seem inclined to swoop," I thought. Then I started up a hill, with my nose pointed at the hawk. Just as I reached the top it gave two flaps and swooped. I clapped my hands. Whereupon the bird circled and dropped a few feet.

"I won't encourage it by looking at it," and I walked into the next hollow in a dignified manner. Then I looked. The hawk had a bird's eye hovering in an expectant attitude. As it caught my glance it began to circle, it circled till I grew dizzy; then it gave a cry of triumph and swooped. That action demolished my nerves; it turned the hawk into a roc and me into a cyclone.

With one "shoo" of despair, I threw manhood and self respect to the winds, I ran. I ran as hard as I could, up hill and down. Brambles caught at me, blackberry vines clasped my ankles, but once mounted on terror nothing could stop me. My white flannel figure ran on to the moonlight, adding zest to the hawk's attacks. On we raced, swooping, running, dodging, but never stopping till the friendly lights from the house shamed and let hawk go. Then the hawk, with a long cry of scorn, sailed away to the pine woods in the west.

The house party was on the piazza as I came up. "Delicious walk," I cried. "Ran half the way. Finest sport in the world after bathing." Mr. Rogers followed me into the house. "It's awful when it swoops, isn't it?" he said, with a wried look in his brown eyes.—New York Post.

A Mischievous Schoolgirl.

Commodore F. Vedder, while a young man, teaching school, had occasion to punish a mischievous girl, and, as was usual in those days and locality, resolved to meet to the forms. To the offending maid he said, "Miss ——, give me your hand." She dropped her head and blushed. Again he said, sternly, "Give me your hand, I say, give me your hand." Slowly lifting her eyes, she remarked: "Mr. Vedder, this is embarrassing for me. You should at least make such proposals in public. However, you must ask my papa first.—Buffalo Express.

A Chicagoan.

A chicagoan was the superintendent of the sculpture and decoration of a church. The Athenians made him a state officer, and the position became one of importance and dignity. The term chicagoan was in the course of time used to signify a person who supplied the costs for any purpose.—New York Weekly.

His One Request.

The Millionaire—You ask the hand of my only daughter!

Young Scribbler—I do.

The Millionaire—I grant it upon one condition.

Y. S.—Name your condition.

The Millionaire—That you will tell me where you get your nerve tonic.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Mrs. Cutitle as a Critic.

I dreamed last night that I was compelled to go undressed very frequently in order to avoid the attentions of the young man in question, and he also dreamed that I danced with the young man in question, and he also dreamed that I danced with the young man in question, and he also dreamed that I danced with