

ROYAL PLEASURE SHIPS.

The Yachts in Which the Crowned Heads of Europe Go to Sea.

The Majority Are British Built.

Dry-rot has, it seems, attacked Her Britannic Majesty's yachts *Osborne* and *Alberta* to such an extent that, to make them seaworthy, £9000 will have to be spent on the latter and £5000 on the former.

The oldest surviving English royal yacht is the *Royal George*, which carried the Queen on her first trip to Scotland half a century ago. Built in 1813, the glory of this ancient craft has long since departed; but she still serves in Portsmouth harbour the humble but useful purpose of a floating barracks for the crews of her modern successors. In 1833, another royal yacht—the *Royal Adelaide*—was launched at Sheerness. She was a tiny frigate, fifty feet long and fifteen feet broad. Like the *Royal George*, she has had her day so far as royalty is concerned. Her Majesty has at present four pleasure-ships at her command—the yachts *Victoria* and *Albert* and *Osborne*, and the tenders *Alberta* and *Elfin*. Though the average age of these vessels is only twenty-nine years, not far short of a million sterling has been spent on them up to the present. The *Elfin*—the oldest of the four—was built at Chatham in 1849, and has a displacement of only ninety-three tons. Her original cost was £6168, and the cost of her maintenance up to date has been about £40,000. The *Victoria* and *Albert*, the

LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST.

of Her Majesty's private fleet, is the second of her name. When she was laid down at Pembroke in 1855 it was as the *Windsor Castle*; but at her launch in 1854 she was given her present name, the old *Victoria* and *Albert* being then renamed the *Osborne*, which was broken up in 1868.

The present *Victoria* and *Albert* is three hundred feet long and rather over forty feet broad, has a displacement of 2470 tons, and engines of 2980 indicated horse-power. Her spacious cabins and saloons are furnished and decorated in the most luxurious and artistic style, and she has the reputation of being not only a fast but a comfortable vessel. She carries a crew of one hundred and fifty-one officers and men. It cost £1,768,220 to build her; and keeping her afloat has entailed an additional expenditure of more than £387,000—so that altogether more than half a million has been spent on her. The *Alberta* and the *Osborne* were also built at Pembroke, in 1863 and 1870 respectively. About £70,000 was laid out on the former, a vessel of three hundred and seventy tons; while the latter, with a displacement of eighteen hundred and fifty tons, cost nearly £134,000. Like the *Victoria* and *Albert*, the *Osborne* is a paddle-steamer. She is two hundred and fifty feet long and thirty-six feet broad, her indicated horse-power is 3360, and her crew consists of one hundred and forty-five all told. As during her comparatively short life of nineteen years the *Osborne* has cost over £150,000 for maintenance, it is somewhat surprising to be told that she now stands in need of a large further outlay to render her serviceable. Her Majesty, as is well known, makes very little use of her little squadron of yachts.

ONCE OR TWICE A YEAR

one or other of them is requisitioned to convey her across the Solent; and on rare occasions she crosses the Channel in one of them; but nearly all the year round they are lying idle. Being all built of wood, they decay rapidly, and would soon fall to pieces if they were not constantly overhauled and patched and painted. Economists urge that these four old wooden ships, on which large sums have been spent year by year, should at once be replaced by one or two new steel yachts of a modern type. Dry-rot cannot attack a steel ship, and though it may cost more to build, it would cost far less to keep in repair.

But it must not be supposed that Queen Victoria's yachts cost more than those of any other monarch. That is far from being the fact. Among crowned heads the Emperor of Russia ranks first as a yacht-owner. When, ten years ago, the late Czar ordered the notorious *Livadia* to be built, he was already the owner of half-a-dozen fine yachts. All things considered, it must be allowed that the *Livadia* is the strangest and most useless yacht that has yet been seen. To secure the Imperial family against sea-sickness, she was built with a breadth (one hundred and fifty-three feet) equal to about two-thirds of her length (two hundred and thirty-one feet); and in order to give her greater speed and make her handier than other ships, she was supplied with engines indicating 10,500 horse-power and with three screws. On her ample deck was reared a veritable palace; and had she fulfilled the expectations of her designers, she would no doubt have been

THE MOST MAGNIFICENT YACHT that ever floated, albeit the ugliest. So far, however, from "walking the waters like a thing of life," she behaved in a generally awkward manner, and, in short, turned out a grotesque and monstrous failure. To-day, with her name changed to the *Opyl*, she figures as a sort of barracks somewhere in the Black Sea. The *Livadia* was constructed at Govan, and launched in 1880. Altogether, there can be little doubt that over half a million pounds was spent on her. When the White Czar goes for a sea trip now, it is in the *Derjava*, a wooden paddle-ship, built in St. Petersburg in 1871. She is three hundred and eleven feet long and forty-two feet wide, has a displacement of 3346 tons and engines of 2700 horse-power, and her internal arrangements are on the most magnificent scale. The Czar is, however, now having built, also at St. Petersburg, a yacht which is to surpass in splendour—and in costliness too, one may safely predict—every other in the world. The *Polarnaia Svezia* is to be a twin-screw vessel of 3346 tons and 6000 horse-power, and measuring three hundred and fifteen feet by forty-six feet. His Imperial Majesty's other steam-yachts are the iron single-screw schooner *Cheremna*, of 796 tons, built at Hull in 1874; the paddle-yachts *Alexandria* and *Strieland*, built on the Thames in 1851 and 1887; the screw *Slavianska*, launched at Hull in 1874; the *Maréno*, the *Zina*, and the *Sutka*. Besides these, he has several small sailing-yachts.

The young German Emperor is also a considerable yacht-owner. In addition to several little river-craft, he has a frigate-yacht, which was built at Woolwich in 1882, and sent by King William IV. as a present to the king of Prussia. She was modelled—like the old *Royal Adelaide* mentioned above—after the renowned English frigate *Pique*, and as a youth the Emperor William was very fond of sailing her. The Kaiser's chief yacht

is the *Hohenzollern*, an iron paddle-ship built at Kiel in 1875. She is two hundred and sixty-eight feet by thirty-four feet, has a displacement of 1675 tons and a horse-power of 3000, and carries a crew of one hundred and thirty-three including officers. Though the *Hohenzollern* is beautifully fitted and can steam about

SIXTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR.

the Kaiser must needs have another yacht. It is said that the *Hohenzollern* is not nearly large enough to accommodate the Emperor's staff and suite when he assumes the command of operations at sea, and the Budget Committee of the Reichstag have accordingly included in the naval estimates a grant of 4,500,000 marks (nearly £225,000) for a new Imperial yacht.

The Sultan owns no fewer than ten yachts, all of which are of British build. Of these the most important is the *Sultanieh*, which dates from 1861. She is three hundred and sixty-four feet long, and has a displacement of 2902 tons and a horse-power of 800. The *Assar-i-Nusret* and the *Medar-i-Zaffir* are of 1344 tons and 350 horse-power each; while the *Tevaid*, *Ismail*, *Onalir*, and *Izzedin* are rather smaller. The remaining three are the *Stamboul* (909 tons and 350 horse-power), the *Rethimo*, and the *Sureya*. All ten are paddle-yachts.

The Italian royal yacht, the *Saravia*, is remarkable for her size and power as well as for the completeness of her armament. In fact, she is more of a war-ship than a pleasure-ship. Built at Castellamare in 1883, she is a deck-protected cruiser of 2800 tons displacement and 4150 indicated horse-power. Her length is two hundred and seventy-five feet and her breadth forty-two feet. She is furnished with four two-and-a-quarter inch quick-firing guns and six machine-guns, in addition to which she carries two torpedo discharging tubes.

The *Miramar*, the principal yacht of the Austrian Emperor, was built in England in 1872. She is a fast iron paddle-ship of 1830 tons and 2500 horse-power, and measures two hundred and sixty-nine feet by thirty-two feet. Another British-built royal yacht is the *Amphitrite*, belonging to the king of Greece. She was built eleven years ago, and is a steel paddle-ship, having a displacement of 1028 tons and an indicated horse power of 1800.

The *Mahrousa*, owned by the Khedive of Egypt, is a yacht of imposing dimensions, but is now sadly out of repair. She measures three hundred and sixty feet by forty-two feet; her displacement being 3142 tons and her horse-power 6400. She was launched in 1865, and used to be capable of steaming eighteen knots an hour.

The king of Denmark's yacht is the *Dannebrog*, an iron paddle-ship of 760 tons and 800 horse-power, built at Copenhagen in 1880. The *Skoldmon*, the Swedish royal yacht, was built of iron in 1868, and has a displacement of 1028 tons. The Prince of Roumania's yacht, the *Stefan cel Mare*, was built in 1866. She is an iron paddle-ship of 350 tons and 570 horse-power.

Among Asiatic potentates the king of Siam, the Mikado, the Sultan of Johore, and the Rajah of Sarawak are yacht-owners. The yacht at present used by the Mikado is the *Sarin*, an iron screw-steamer of 300 tons and 270 horse-power. She was built in 1856, and will soon give place to a new and large vessel.—*Chambers' Journal*

Dost Like the Cherry?

A fruit dealer on Market street, incensed at the liberties taken by loafers and friends with his stock displayed at the door, placed half a gallon of cayenne pepper pods in a basket, labelled it, "New Zealand Cherries," and hung it in a conspicuous place in front of his stand. In a few minutes the next door merchant sauntered up, inquired how trade was, picked up a New Zealand cherry placed it in his mouth and suddenly left to attend to a customer. Rev. Dr. Bolby next rounded to, observed that it had been years since he had tasted a New Zealand cherry, whereupon he ate one, remarked that it was superb, wiping his eyes on his coat sleeve, supposed that New Zealand was getting warmer every year, gave the dealer a look of lingering reproach, wished him good morning and disappeared, lamenting the growing weakness of his eyes in the sunlight. A chronic dead beat then came up, took a mouthful of cherries, spluttered them out with an imprecation hotter than the fruit, stuffed a pear, banana, and a bunch of grapes into his mouth to take out the fiery taste, informed the innocent fruit dealer that he would have him prosecuted for keeping green fruit, and hurried down the street to a pump. A lady with two children next appeared, stopped to admire the cherries, asked if she might taste them—she had never seen any before—supplied the children, and walked away with a face fiery with scorn and anger, whilst the children set up a howl that brought all the people to the doors and windows and above all the policeman off the street. Thus the fun went on all the morning. The fruit dealer never laughed so much in all his life. The occupants of the adjacent and opposite stores and a shoal of small boys soon learned what was up, and watched for the proceedings, eagerly joining in a ringing roar as each new victim tried the cherries. Finally a solemn looking countryman lounged up, inquired the price of them, ere New Zealand cherries invested in a pint and put one in his mouth, took it out again, gave the fruit dealer a withering look, threw off his coat and waded into him. When he left the fruit man with tendencies to practical jokes had a black eye, a red nose, a purple face, a sprained wrist, a torn collar and several baskets of fruit scattered promiscuously around among the small boys, while a ringing roar of laughter was going up from the on-lookers.

Baby.

One little head of golden hair,
Two little cheeks so round and fair,
Two little lips with fragrant sighs,
Two little nose and two blue eyes,
One little hands as soft as a peach,
Two little feet with five toes each,
Two little smiles and two little tears,
Two little legs and two little ears,
Two little elbows and two little knees,
One little grunt and one little sneeze,
One little heart, but no little sins,
Plenty of skirts and lots of pins,
One little cloak and plenty of frocks,
One little hood and two little socks,
A big disposition to haul and to pull,
One little stomach that's never full
One little mouth of the rose's tint,
One little bottle of peppermint.

Saved by a scratch—Your "Uncle's" signature to a check.

A Decan Hunting Song.

The boar, the mighty boar's my theme,
What'er the wise may say,
My morning thought, my midnight dream,
My hope throughout the day,
Then sing the boar, the mighty boar,
Fill high the cup with me,
And here's to all who fear no fall,
And the next gray boar we see.

Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
Stout heart, and eagle eye,
Doth he require who would aspire
To see the wild boar die.
Then sing the boar, the mighty boar,
Fill high the cup with me,
And here's to all who fear no fall,
And the next gray boar we see.

We envy not the rich their wealth,
Nor kings their crowned career;
The saddle is our throne of health,
Our sceptre is the spear,
Nor envy we the warrior's pride,
Deep stained with purple gore,
For our field of fame's the jungle side,
Our foe the grim gray boar.

When age hath weakened manhood's powers,
And every nerve unbraced,
The joys of youth will still be ours,
On memory's tablets traced;
And with the friends whom death hath spared,
When youth's bright course is run,
We'll tell the dangers we have shared
And the spears that we have won.

CHORUS.

Then sing the boar, the mighty boar,
Fill high the cup with me,
And here's to all who fear no fall,
And the next gray boar we see.

The Lord's Mink Farm.

Lord Wynford stopped at North Platte, Neb., during his tour of the prairies. He seemed greatly pleased with the Wild West and intimated that he would like to invest some money in something good. There was a sharp young Irish lawyer in the town, whose parents had had some unpleasant dealings with Lord Wynford in the old country. This young lawyer had lived in North Platte about two years. He came there to examine a claim he had purchased on paper. To his disappointment his farm was nothing but a prairie-dog town. You could not raise even sage brush on the claim, so close together were the burrows of the little animals. He had about given up all hopes of disposing of his land when he learned that Lord Wynford was looking for a good investment. Then he called upon the wealthy foreigner and offered for sale what he called "the most profitable industry in America." He told the British Lord that he had been ten years establishing a mink farm, and just as the enterprise was beginning to coin money he was obliged to go South on account of his poor health. He explained how the minks were raised, how their skins were disposed of, and the great demand for mink fur in this country. The young Irishman pledged Lord Wynford to say nothing of the deal, as his mink farm was only known to a few who were in similar enterprises. Then he drove his guest out to the prairie-dog farm.

Here an extensive tract of land, destitute of trees and alive with little animals that burrowed in the ground and barked like a small dog, was thoroughly inspected. The possibilities of furnishing the West with mink fur in the Autumn delighted Lord Wynford, and returning to the city he gave \$5000 for the dog town. He owns it now, and the good-for-nothing place is called "the Lord's mink farm."

To Regulate the Sale of Meat.

A bill introduced into the British House of Commons to "regulate the sale of foreign and colonial meat" will, if passed, have an important effect on the import trade, though whether its bearing will be relatively unfavorable to live imports, such as those from Canada, may be doubted. It provides that it shall not be lawful to sell or expose for sale any foreign or colonial meat unless a conspicuous sign is placed over the shop to indicate that the meat is foreign or colonial. No such meat can be sold except at these labelled shops unless notice is given in writing to the purchaser that such meat is from abroad, and unless also the purchaser shall have expressly ordered colonial or foreign meat. Furthermore, carts used for conveyance or sale of such meat must also be labelled. However, the bill, it may be assumed, will not pass at present. But its introduction is significant of the tendency, not merely on this continent, but in England, to resort to petty and meddling legislation on the very slightest pretext and regardless of the loss of time and expense inflicted on individuals, and the burden the public at large have thus to bear in maintaining a host of inspectors and regulating officers, whose numbers threaten to become as great as those of private citizens making a living in a better way.

Persian Flower Worship.

A recent traveler in India gives the following description of flower worship as practiced by the Persians in Bombay. A true Persian, in flowing robe of blue, and on his head a sheepskin hat—black, glossy, curly, the fleece of Kan-Kal—would saunter in and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat and sit before it until the setting of the sun, and then fold up his mat again and go home. And next night, and night after night until that particular flower faded away, he would return to it and bring his friends in ever-increasing troops to it, and they would all together pray there, and after prayer still sit before it, and sit and sip the guitar or lute before it, sipping sherbet and talking the most hilarious and shocking scandal late into the moonlight, and so again every evening until the flower died. Sometimes by way of a grand finale, the whole company would suddenly arise before the flower and serenade it together with an ode from Hafiz and depart.

Standing Up For Her Friend.

Mr. Hankinson (at the party)—"What a dainty eater Miss Kajones is!"
Miss Kersmith (bosom friend of Miss Kajones)—"Indeed, Mr. Hankinson, you do the dear girl injustice. After her tea and angel cake at a banquet like this you have never seen her at home in front of a plate of cold sausage."

It was an Austin girl who married at fifteen, so that she could have her golden wedding when it would do her some good.

THE COUNTRY RAILROAD STATION.

BY KATE THORN.

If there is anything specially planned, and especially calculated to try a man's faith in the eternal wisdom and fitness of all things, it is having to wait for a train at a country railroad station.

The train that he is going to take is generally behind time. And he is in a hurry. All people who are going on trains are in a hurry.

The station is always located in the hottest and most uninviting place in that part of the country. Sand is all around it. Shade trees are unknown. Grass, which is one of the most democratic species of all vegetation, fights shy of it.

The station itself is an anomaly in the way of architecture. The man who planned the first railroad station ever built in the country town has reason to congratulate himself on having struck something new under the sun. And it was so near perfection that no succeeding architect has ever felt himself able to improve upon it.

And there it stands to-day, hundreds of it, all over our land, as a perpetual monument to the genius of that first builder.

No blinds, no shades; the seats yellow settees, the water supply a pump before the door, the ornaments on the walls framed advertisements of steamship lines, and "Fizleton's Great Soap Discovery"; and the flies are there in full force to cheer the heart of the weary waiter, and make him feel that though the world may frown on him in other places, here he is welcome!

The ticket-office is generally closed, which proves that the official in charge is a wise man. He knows better than to wear out his precious life dancing before that window, looking for travelers who never come to buy tickets.

He takes his rest on the shady side of the house, on a settee, with a cigar and a novel to help him take it easy. He is a philosopher, and indeed he needs to be, since no other man could survive a month of life at a country railroad station.

He has his little diversions, no doubt. When the Sunday-school picnic starts out, and when the circus comes to the next town, and when some farmer's cow is run over and killed, and the people round about drop in to talk it over, and speculate on whether or not the owner of the animal is likely to get damages.

But the man who is waiting for the train has none of these little interests to cheer him. When he has read the advertisements on the walls, and looked up and down the track, and peered at his glowering image in the cracked looking-glass, and looked twenty times at his watch, and the same number of times at the time-table, he is ready to give his kingdom for the sound of a locomotive whistle.

And the old woman who comes in with her bundles, and the young woman who comes in with her crying baby, are welcome as the flowers in spring. He never before realized how entertaining a crying baby might be under some circumstances. Something to look at—something to listen to.

He studies the old woman's bonnet, and he counts the buttons on the baby's cloak, and he wonders what is in the big bundle, and what is in the little box, and then he looks at his watch again, and compares it with the clock, and finds that the clock has been stopped an hour, at the least calculation.

By and by the ticket-seller comes leisurely in and opens his little window. Oh, what an encouraging sound it is!—sweeter than music to the ears of the weary waiter. He rushes up and gets his ticket. Then he sits down and reads it all over. He never dreamed that a railroad ticket could be such interesting reading. He has never before looked upon that sort of literature as worthy of notice. Well, circumstances alter cases, and you do not know what you might be driven to consider as entertainment until you have waited for a train at some country railroad station.

Man's Best Friend.

First and foremost, woman is man's best friend:

Because she is his mother.

Second, because she is his wife.

Because without her he would be rude, rough and ungodly.

Because she can with him endure pain quietly and meet joy gladly.

Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness and "mothers" him.

Because she teaches him the value of gentle words; of kindly thought and of consideration.

Because on her breast he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterward.

Because she has made for us a beautiful world, in which we should be proud to live and contented to die.

Because she will stick to him through good and evil report, and always believe in him, if she loves him.

Because, when he is behaving like a fretful boy—and we all do, you know, at times—with no reason in the world for it, woman's soft word, touch or glance will make him ashamed of himself, as he ought to be.

Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy; there would be no good work done; there would be no noble books written, there would be no beautiful pictures painted, there would be no divine strains of melody.

Because—and this is the best reason of all—when the world had reached an unenviable state of wickedness the blessed task of bringing it a Saviour for all mankind was given to a woman, which was God's way of setting his seal of approval on her who is mother, wife, daughter and sweetheart, and, therefore, man's best friend.

The National Failing.

Jackson—"I'm going to start a new paper, and I think I'll call it 'The Umbrella.'"
Merritt—"Why?"
Jackson—"Because everybody who sees it will take it."
Merritt—"Yes, people would take it, but they wouldn't pay for it."

"John," said Mrs. J., "you were talking all night in your sleep about a jack-pot. What is a jack-pot?" John (scornfully)—"You know what a jack rose is, I suppose? Well, they can grow in pots, can't they?"

GREAT GAME IN AFRICA.

Mr. Carroll Calls It the Greatest Hunting Ground in the World.

Royal Phelps Carroll has returned from his shooting trip in the unexplored wilds of Africa, where he taught the elephants of the Masai country, for the first time, to respect the sound of the rifle. Mr. Carroll has naturally brought back with him hosts of good stories of big game, which he tells, upon occasions, with the unostentatious zest of the true sportsman. Contrary to the habit of most African hunters, he deals neither in the marvellous nor the heroic.

"As for lions," said he, a few days ago, "you don't run across them every day, you know, even though the Masai consider them sacred and never kill them. They are plentiful enough—far too plentiful for the good of the edible game of the land, and even for the safety of the people. But they keep very quiet in their jungle strongholds, and it is only by chance you now and then run across them. If I had been after lions particularly no doubt the natives, who know their ways, could have found me their hiding places. As it was, I was in Africa for elephants and did not look for more lions than I met by the way. Lions were all round camp, however, every night. We could not see them, for they kept well outside the line of camp fires, but we constantly heard them. They made a most peculiar noise. The lion's cry is not the thunderous roar that people think. Imagine a noise resembling a grunt, and yet with something of the dignity of a roar, and you will about have it. With daylight, however, the lions disappear."

"I had good chances at seven lions, yet I only got one of them. That fellow was a camp follower. He had been after us for a day or two. One morning I caught a glimpse of him, grabbed my big express, and followed. I caught sight of him once and fired. He dashed into the brush. I followed him. Soon I got another chance and fired again. Again he disappeared in the brush, and I after him. After about half an hour of this he turned. It was in an open. I saw him swing around a tree, face me, and crouch. I took a careful aim and fired. He disappeared. But I found him not far off with his shoulder broken.

"Once I had a chance such as very seldom offers to a sportsman, and I lost it because of an attack of genuine buck fever—lion fever I suppose you might term it in this case. I might have bagged five lions on the spot if it hadn't been for that.

"It happened this way. I was beating through heavy jungle, my biggest English express on my arm, and some of my people behind carrying other loaded weapons to hand me in case of need. I was after an elephant. I broke through a mass of exceptionally heavy brush, and suddenly found myself on the verge of a precipice. The rocks shot precipitately down at my feet for thirty yards or more, and arose again as precipitately on the other side of a 50-foot chasm, at the bottom of which rushed a mountain torrent. The opposite edge of the chasm was clear of brush and covered for some distance back with a luxuriant growth of fine grass about three feet high. While I was studying the lay of the land a huge tawny head with flowing mane hopped up out of the grass opposite, and the back of a great lion became visible. He did not see me. At the same time I caught sight of a huge lioness, and presently made out three nearly grown cubs. They were all in the grass, all in short range and all easy prey. I had no excuse whatever for fear, because not one of them, if enraged, could leap that chasm in the teeth of a rifle, and I had plenty of good rides close by in the hands of my men. But the unexpected chance upset me. I became most unreasonably excited. I fired at the big one with my big express, and, without any possible excuse for it, missed him. My men passed me up rifle after rifle, but I got more rattled at every miss, and the lions all go away. It was a most disagreeable, not to say disgusting, experience."

A Far-off Star.

It is difficult to conceive that the beautiful dog star is a globe much larger than our sun, yet it is a fact that Sirius is a sun many times more mighty than our own. This splendid star, which, even in our most powerful telescopes, appears as a mere point of light, is in reality a globe emitting so enormous a quantity of light and heat that were it to take the place of our sun every creature on this earth would be consumed by its burning rays.

Sirius shining with far greater lustre than any other star, it was natural that astronomers should have regarded this as being the nearest of all the "fixed" stars; but recent investigation on the distances of the stars has shown that the nearest to us is Alpha Centauri, a star belonging to the southern latitude, though it is probable that Sirius is about fourth on the list in order of distance. For though there are about fifteen or twenty stars whose distances have been conjectured, the astronomer knows that in reality all of them, save three or four, lie at distances too great to be measured by any instruments we have at present.

Astronomers agree in fixing the distance of the nearest fixed star at 22,000,000,000 miles; and it is certain that the distance of Sirius is more than three and less than six times that of Alpha Centauri, most likely about five times; so that we are probably not far from the truth if we set the distance of Sirius at about 100,000,000,000,000 miles. What a vast distance is this that separates us from that bright star! Words and figures themselves fail to convey to our minds any adequate idea of its true character.

To take a common example of illustrating such enormous distances. It is calculated that the ball from an armstrong 100-pounder quits the gun with the speed of about 400 yards per second. Now, if this velocity could be kept up it would require no fewer than 100,000,000 years before the ball could reach Sirius.

Sweet Girl.

"Maria."
"Yes, Tom."
"Maria—I—ah."
"Yes, Tom."
"Maria, do you—that is—"
"Yes, Tom."
"O, will you marry me?"
"Yes, Tom. That is the fourth time I've said it. I knew what you were driving at all the time."

Small Change.

Inquisitive Citizen—"Do you ever get any money from tender-hearted people?"
German Tramp—"Oh, some dimes."