

An Heveol!

They're gone, where duty points the way,
Each brave heart beating high
With one resolve, befall what may,
To conquer or to die!
God shield the gallant souls from harm,
And make their foemen feel
The prowess of a Briton's arm,
The temper of his steel!

They're gone, where, fighting hand to hand
So fearlessly and well,
Outnumber'd and devoted band,
Their slaughter'd comrades fell;
Too late to save, but loth to spare,
Or check the avenging blow,
That they our kinsmen's fate may share
Who laid our kinsmen low.

Sons of the sea-girt isle, speed on
Across the watery main;
Speed on, and when your task is done,
We'll greet you home again.
Long may you live the tale to tell
Of perils past and o'er;
And may our kinsmen's sad farewell
Be only "an heveol!"

—Vanity Fair.

Early American Journalism.

While we reap the advantages offered by the newspaper of to-day, it is pleasant to turn to a file of old journals to ascertain how our fathers were supplied with news "foreign and domestic," which were the chief attractions of the columns that delighted their firesides. Many of the old newspapers that were printed a hundred and fifty years ago are now highly valued as a link in the history of the country, and curious indeed are the facts and fancies that they weekly brought together. Editorial articles there were none, and to local news, but little heed was given. It seems to have been the end and aim of the printer to fill his paper with foreign news to the exclusion of everything but marine intelligence; and if he lacked for matter, instead of taking up some local event that had happened under his own observation, he called upon some literary man to furnish him with short pieces, it mattered but little on what subjects, with which to fill his empty columns. There were no reporters, no correspondents in neighboring ports and cities, and no advertising agents; and, so long as the reader eventually got his supply of foreign news, there was no complaint at any delay in bringing it before the public. Indeed, the readers of those days must have been very patient, for we are told, at least in one instance, that the printer congratulated them on the fact that he had received a fresh invoice of type, which would enable him to bring up the arrears of foreign news in the course of the three coming months! One valued, when he got it, a bit of news gathered in this way, and if the patrons of the newspaper were not many, they evidently enjoyed the labors of the printer.

One great difficulty the printer had to contend with was the irregularity in the arrival and departure of the mails, particularly in winter, and it was not an uncommon thing to delay going to press till one or more mails arrived, of which due notice was always given by the publisher by the Postmaster. In a copy of the Boston Gazette, of December 24th, 1773—a sheet the size of ordinary letter paper—we find the local news embraced in the following unique style of paragraph:

"Thursday morning next his Excellency Jonathan Belcher, Esq., our Governor, purposes at Sun Rise to set out for Charleston for his other Government of New Hampshire (the Wether permitting) and intends to Bate at Phillips's 20 miles from thence, to Dine at Col. Appleton's at Ipswich, and Lodge that night at Madame Parteridges at Newburg."

The advertisements, few in number, are set up as follows, with no dash or line between them:

"ALEXANDER FORSYTH, in Prince street near Charleston ferry, Sellect Extraordinary good Chocolate at 12s. per pound, Coffee, Tea, and most sorts of Groceries at Reasonable Rates.

"§§ Excellent good Bohea TEA, Imported in the last ship from London, sold by THOS. HANCOCK.

N. B. If it don't suit the Ladies Taste, they may return the Tea and receive their money again.

In a copy of the Newport Mercury for October 30, 1769, appears the following item with reference to the fall of Quebec:

"Mons. Montcalm, as the French prisoners say, was almost sure of success, telling his men Wolfe was but a young officer, and he would soon chastise him. The French regular battalions are reduced to 150 men each, and most of the Indians have left him. The walls of Quebec are 150 feet thick."

Also, in the same number occurs the following passage, which shows how much confidence was then placed in the predictions of the almanac weather prophets:

"We hear several vessels have been cast away in the late storms, at different places. We are surprised Dr. Ames should neglect inserting this storm in his almanac, which might have prevented the fate which attended those unfortunate mariners."

In the Boston Gazette for August 25, 1765, we find the following advertisement of one whose name subsequently became widely known:

"If any person has lost a silver can, that was stop'd on suspicion of its being stolen, and will apply to the subscriber in Charlestown, and describe the same and pay the cost of advertising, they will have it again.

"JOHN HANCOCK, JUN'R."

The following paragraph embraces all the news from New York under date of June 13, 1762:

"On Monday evening last the New York lighthouse, erected at Sandy Hook, was lighted for the first time. The house is octagonal in shape, having a diameter of twenty-nine feet at the base. It is nine stories high and measures one hundred and three feet in height. It was lighted with forty-eight blazes. The structure was put up by Isaac Couro of New York, and is judged to be a masterly piece of work."

In the New York Packet for October 1st, 1778, occurs the recantation of the Congressional Printer, Towne, who had charge of the Pennsylvania Evening Post, and who had professed to be a firm and zealous friend of the patriot cause. But when the British troops took possession of Philadelphia, he changed his colors, and issued his newspaper under the patronage of General Howe. As he had once abused the British, so he now abused Congress and the American army. But when affairs took another turn, he desired to come back and unsay all that he had previously said about his countrymen, promising "not to be backward in calling the British tyrant the Royal Brute, or giving him any other appellation still more appropriate, if such could be found."

Weekly Mercury for March 1, 1778, we find in the price current column that "a white loaf of the finest flour, weighing 1 lb. 6 oz., should be sold for four coppers, and one of 11 oz. for two coppers." The same paper also contained a card from Andrew Elliott, Receiver-General, calling upon all persons who were in arrears to the King for quit-rents to discharge their obligations without further notice.

In the South Carolina Gazette for May 17, 1774, is published a notice of church rates "assessed the parishioners of St. Bartholomew's parish, as well resident as non-residents," and an account of the exciting news from Boston, April 11, and New York, the 25th, in regard to the destruction of tea, and the determination to resist the further importation of that article by the East India Company. A further cause of excitement was the news of the hanging of Governor Hutchinson, of Massachusetts, in effigy in London.

In a late copy of the Boston Gazette, we find under date of August 11, 1790, an account of the arrival of the ship Columbia at the port of Boston, from a voyage of adventure to the Northwest coast of America. The ship in company with its consort, sailed on the 30th of September, 1787, and the year following they reached their place of destination. These vessels were the first American vessels to circumnavigate the globe.

In March, 1790, there appeared an article in the Newport Mercury "On the Utility of Newspapers," which might cause a smile had it been written at the present day. The writer states that "Of every species of printing, that of newspapers is of the greatest utility. From hence we learn the circumstances of our country, its various interests and relations. Here, too, public men and public measures are scrutinized. Should any man or body of men dare to form a system against our interests; by this means it will be unfolded to the great body of the people, and the alarm instantly spread through every part of the Continent. In this way only can we know how far our public servants perform the duties of their respective stations. The detection of guilt and the vindication of innocence cannot by any other means be with such facility and so extensively propagated. Hence is curiosity, that source of knowledge, roused, and the faculties of the mind rendered generously active."

There was but very little of the facetious in these old newspapers, but occasionally one would make the attempt. In August, 1790, the Newport Herald treated its readers to a lecture on widows, the writer opening the subject with the query: "Are all widows alike? If not, how many species of them are there?"

Occasionally an anecdote appeared, and a witticism more broad and pointed than elegant.

The earliest attempt at anything like the present custom of collecting a few amusing paragraphs under the head of "Wails," "Chit-Chat," "Inklings," etc., was made by the Massachusetts Centinel, of May 16, 1787, under the heading of "English Newspapers."

In 1790 considerable levity was displayed by certain papers over the efforts of Congress to find an abiding place, and when that august body left New York a would-be poet in an eastern paper sang:

"Must Congress go? Corinna cry'd,
And I not yet fifteen?
Julia's a Congressman sweet bride,
So should I soon have been."

"How old are you? Fourteen last May
Oh then feel no chagrin;
An even bet one safe may lay,
They're back ere you're fifteen."

But when Congress, in turn, turned its back on Princeton, N. J., an old farmer in that neighborhood took a more gloomy view of its departure, and gave vent to his feelings in the following supplication:

"Lord, make them like unto a wheel;
May they still be rolling from Beersheba to Dan and from Dan to Beersheba, and find no rest on this side of Jordan."—Journal for the Stationery Trade.

The ice men are going around saying the ice is so thick they cannot cut it without being put to great expense, consequently ice will be dear next summer.

A California hunter shot four bears in less than five minutes, and then loaded up again and asked if anybody wanted to call him a liar.

A new soprano, Bianca Bianchi, who is called the "Baden Nightingale," has made a great success in Vienna this winter and is said to be equal to any of the famous singers now on the stage.

The Theatre Royal, in Glasgow, which was burned recently, was the largest theatre in Great Britain. It could seat 4,000 people, which is 400 more than La Scala, of Milan, and 300 more than the Great Pavilion at Whitechapel. The size of the stage was next to that of the celebrated Grand Opera.

After the recent wholesale flogging of boys at the Minot School, Neponset, a boy who was one of the victims was questioned as to the severity of the punishment. "Did he whip any of them so as to leave them black and blue?" was asked. "No," replied the boy, "but he made some of them yell-oh!"

The Chicago Communists held a grand ball on Saturday night at the Exposition buildings, when there were 25,000 present, among them a military body estimated from 500 to 1,000 strong. The object of the ball is said to be for raising money to perfect their organization, military and political.

"Plesse do not handle," is the Swiss request; "Ne touchez pas, a'll vous touch," bows the Frenchman; "Visitors must not touch," says John Bull firmly; "Hands off," growls the Yankee; the Western people lay a revolver on the article, and say nothing.—Erie Herald.

When a man suddenly sits down in that street with a shock that loosens his eye-teeth, it is not at all probable that he slipped accidentally. He did it on purpose, with the purely humane desire to point out a dangerous spot to those less "certain on their feet." He usually accompanies his explanation with a smile that is meant to be winning, but is poorly calculated to deceive.

The morning after a recent wreck five of the survivors found themselves clinging to a floating spar. The water was very rough, and the battered and exhausted men had great difficulty. When they were about to let go in despair, one of the strongest said, "Think of your wives and children, men, and stick it out." The thought nerved them to renewed exertions, and soon after they were picked up by a ship. Only one of the number was missing. They subsequently discovered he was a widower with a mother-in-law.

THE DOMEWORKS OF A GIANT.

Trouble Brewing Among the Bowers Curiousities.

(New York Times)

A person who has a great liking for looking at giants and dwarfs, and abnormally thin and fat men and women, and other such entertaining natural curiosities, was walking down the Bowery one cold night last week—walking pretty briskly to keep warm, and looking with some interest at the art treasures hung up in front of the museums—when he heard a deep bass voice, evidently coming out of the gutter, saying:

"You don't go there any more. There's no use saying another word about it. I tell you I don't do it. I've lost ten good pounds now, and another week of it would take off ten more and ruin me. I won't do it, and I think it's a shame to ask me. But I've been imposed on and run over ever since I've been with you, Shameless."

It was two o'clock in the morning, and the streets were almost empty. The speaker was sitting on the curbstone talking to a gentleman in a long ulster and a silk hat. He was the giant from the Museum directly in front of which he sat, and when he spoke his whole 400 pounds shook with emotion.

With a chivalrous spirit that rebelled at seeing the strong impose upon the weak, the person took the liberty of asking the gentleman in the ulster what was the trouble?

"Oh, he's the most unreasonable giant that ever lived," said the gentleman, who proved to be the giant's manager. "He ought to live in a Fifth Avenue hotel, he ought."

"Now, Tony," said the giant in a whimpering voice that sounded like a child's, "you're not doing me fair; you know you're not. All I ask is enough to keep up my 'ealth. But I've boarded over in that place till its beginning to tell on me. It don't do for me to lose flesh; flesh is money; and for me to be fed continually on oat-meal and dried peach pies will soon take the bread out of my mouth. Get me a place where I'll have enough to eat, and I'll go; otherwise, I'll stay here till you find a policeman big enough to pick me up."

The person was moved with sympathy for the sufferings of the giant, and before leaving him to his uncertain fate made an appointment to meet him next afternoon in the Museum, and possibly give him some useful advice. The giant was found the following afternoon surrounded by a crowd of admirers, each of whom insisted upon pinching his legs, to make sure that he was human. In a lull in the proceedings the giant gave the person this little insight into the private affairs of living curiosities:

"Now, I'm not like a dwarf," said the giant—which was very true, his height being a trifle over eight feet—"a dwarf can go without eating a long time, and rather improve his appearance. But I must eat. Feed a giant and starve a dwarf—that's the idea. In the Bowery, here, there is more than a hundred people that the public has to pay to get a sight of. Of course, it's pleasant to be distinguished, and to be courted by the people, and all that; but then such a life has its little troubles, too. You see, it wouldn't do for us to make ourselves too common in the streets. If giants and dwarfs should once be common in the streets the business would be done for; so we have to board near to the exhibitions. There's a place two blocks up from here, on the other side of the street, where they board nearly all of us, and we go up in wagons, late at night; yes, that's the reason you never see us in public. There's the Australian children board there, and the Circassian lady, and the Tiny Tims, and the fat woman, and the fat girl, and the living skeleton, and the tattooed man, and two or three dozen more. Well, they send us two meals a day from there, and then when we get home at night we have another meal. That makes us three meals a day. The boarding-house keeper says he loses money every week, and I guess he does; but that's no reason why I should lose flesh every week, and I can't afford it, and won't stand it. You see if a giant weighs 400 pounds, he's worth so much a week—a sum not at all equal to his size, I can tell you. But if he lets himself run down, so that he only weighs 350 pounds, why, he's not worth more than half as much. I've seen the time when I weighed near 600, but that was when we were on the road, and chickens didn't roost so high.

"If you'll promise never to give it away," said the giant, stooping down two or three feet and whispering, "I'll tell you something. But I wouldn't like any of the others to know that I told it, though they all know it's true. It's the living skeleton that's made all this fuss, though he didn't know it himself, and he's a nice noble-hearted gentleman, the skeleton is. But when the manager first talked with the landlord about boarding us, the landlord he kind of checked us off in his mind; I know how it was. He said to himself, here's two giants and three dwarfs, and two bearded women and the living skeleton—but we won't count him, he can't eat anything. Bless your soul, there's where he made a mistake. It was a very natural mistake, of course. To look at the skeleton any one would think a peanut would give him indigestion for a month; but eat why, the poor, ignorant landlord had no idea of it. He'd eat a butcher's shop dry in one afternoon. When he sits down to that table at night, and rests one of those elbow-bones of his on each side of the plate, then look out for famine and desolation. Maybe you'll not believe me, sir, but he eats more than me and the fat woman both together; he does, indeed. He eats everything that he can get his hands on. And the more he eats, the thinner he gets; that's the beauty of him; that's what makes the man so valuable. This, you see, is what makes the landlord keep the rest of us on such short allowance. He misfigured about the skeleton, and he's losing money on the run. That's what makes it so bad for me."

"Did you settle it about where you should sleep last night?" the person asked him.

"Yes," replied the giant, in a sorrowful tone. "It could only end one way; I had to give in. I'm a poor, lonely, homeless, dependent creature, with nothing to live on but my shape, and my shape's leaving me every day. I'll never grow thin enough to be a skeleton, and I'll just go to the dogs; I know I shall. Don't you never grow to be a giant if you care anything about yourself."

Just at this minute the music struck up again, and the stage manager, a very small and slight man, seeing the giant in conversation with the person, sprang fiercely at him, saying:

"Come, now, is this the way you attend to your business, talking with strangers?"

And it's not the first time I've had to speak to you about it to-day, either. Get back to your place, will you, and don't let it happen again, or I'll attend to your case, I will."

The giant stepped meekly and silently up to his place.

From "Vanity Fair."

It is stated that a deadly form of typhus, similar to the disease at Vellanka, has broken out among General Lemakin's troops, and is destroying entire regiments.

The enthusiasm for service at the Cape still continues, and the number of married men who have volunteered their services is amazing. As it is, the War Office have so far selected most of those from the unmarried officers. This is a great disappointment to many husbands and some wives.

The statements that have been published to the effect that a concordat is likely soon to be concluded between the Vatican and the Court of Berlin are absolutely unfounded. On the contrary, the negotiations on the subject have for the present been entirely dropped.

The latest of the divorce cases presents what may be considered as a very hard case. Colonel Charles Norton is the heir to the peerage of Grantley and the estates thereto appertaining. Lord Grantley runs away with Mrs. Norton, whereupon Colonel Norton obtains a divorce. But now, as is the usual course of things, Lord Grantley marries Mrs. Norton, Colonel Norton is very likely to find himself out of the Grantley title and estates by the child of his own wife.

Some ladies a short time ago were discussing before Lord Lyons the necessity for agreement of temper between man and wife; and one of them insisted again and again upon the necessity for "compatibility of temperament." Lord Lyons was asked his opinion, and said, "When I think of the number of quarrels that have arisen from the opening and shutting of windows, it seems to me that compatibility of temperament is even less important than compatibility of temperature."

A member of the Crutch and Toothpick Club was giving an account a few days ago to a lady well-known in society, of the celebrated ball recently offered by the Club to the pets of the theatre. He dilated upon the grand dress and diamonds of one actress, upon the short dress and stockings of another, and declared that the whole thing was conducted with the most perfect propriety and was nevertheless the greatest possible success. The lady, having thoroughly informed herself of everything, remarked, "I cannot understand why you young men run after these people when you might associate with ladies. They are not cleverer than us, you say they are not worse behaved in a ball than we are, and I am sure you know very well that they are not a bit wickeder."

Like everybody else, I have been anxious to hear what those say of Lord Chelmsford who know him best. I have been not encouraged to expect that he will prove a second Clive, but I learn that at least that upon one occasion he notably distinguished himself. This was when he was Adjutant-General with the force which composed the Abyssinian expedition. Three newspaper correspondents had, by permission, accompanied that expedition on its march, and had reached a point half way between the coast and Magdala, when Adjutant-General Thesiger (now Lord Chelmsford) came to them and informed them that the Commander-in-Chief insisted that they should return immediately to the coast. Instead of obeying, they repaired to the tent of Lord Napier, the Commander of the Expedition, and represented to him the hardship of the order. Lord Napier at once denied having given any such order, and sending for the Adjutant-General, told him in the presence of the three gentlemen that he must be under a complete misunderstanding with regard to it. One of the three gentlemen then roundly taxed the Adjutant-General with having said the thing that was not, and as a matter of fact they all three continued to accompany the Expedition. I also learn that, to his credit, in spite of what the blue books say and conceal, Lord Chelmsford did, in fact, ask the Government for six regiments of reinforcements.

While we are all so animated against Cetwyayo, and when we are about to exterminate him in a war professedly begun to a large extent for the protection of missionaries, it is well to ponder the subjoined extract from the "Further Correspondence respecting the affairs of South Africa" (U.—2,144), which is a statement made by Messrs. Jas. Walter Smith and F. E. Colenso, on the 9th of June, 1878, to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach: "The Zulus are hostile to the Boers of the Transvaal, and would fight with them but for fear of being involved in a quarrel with the English. But neither Cetwyayo himself, who is wise and peaceful, nor the most hot-blooded of his young warriors have any desire to fight with England, i. e., Natal. If they wished to do so there is nothing to prevent them, and they would march they could cross their border to this city or to Natal. Their only fear is that the English will come with an army 'to make them pay taxes.' They say they will rather die than do so. The king says the same. Almost every man has a gun. Guns and ammunition are cheaper at any military kraal in Zululand than at Port Natal. These goods are imported by Tonga men, who come in large gangs from Delagoa Bay for white merchants. An Enfield rifle may be had for a sheep of a Tonga man; many have breech-loaders. The missionaries, whose principal occupation was trading, deal in ammunition. The missionaries have recently lost most of their converts, who have gone trading on their own account. Without these converts the missionaries cannot do business and they have left the country, except Bishop Shroeder, who has gone back that it may not be said that a white man is not safe there. Cetwyayo says he has asked the missionaries to stop. They have certainly not been turned out or threatened. Their going makes the Zulus think that we are about to invade the country. Nothing but gross mismanagement will bring about a quarrel between England and the Zulus."

LEMON CHEESE CAKE.—Beat up equal parts (say quarter of a pound) of sugar and butter, the yolks of two eggs and the white of one, with finely grated rind and the strained juice of two lemons; line some patty pans with puff paste, fill them with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven.

A HEAD ELEPHANT.

Seven Men Crushed to Death by a Frenzied Brute—A Night in Hindoostan.

"I hate an elephant," energetically exclaimed Major Springle, an old Indian traveller. "I think they are not at all the good-natured, harmless beasts that showmen and grandmothers' story-books are so fond of representing them to be. I quite agree with Charles Reade when he says, in his 'Jack of All Trades,' that they are murderous, treacherous brutes, full of vice and cunning. I know very little about the African elephant, but one of the fallings of the Asiatic kind is that in very hot weather, and under a severe physical strain he is very likely to go mad—and, I can tell you, a mad elephant is a creature that the most curious student of the animal's habits had better contemplate from a distance. Much of my Indian life was passed in the jungles at Jubbulpore. The enterprising people there resolved to have an exhibition. Goods poured in rapidly in bullock waggons, or camels' backs, and in various other ways, and rajahs and other Indian dignitaries, with suites of attendants, journeyed from great distances."

"So far as I can remember what I am speaking of happened in the latter part of 1866, or early in 1867. A young photographer, with whom I was acquainted, invited me to share his tent with him for a week or so on the Exhibition grounds, where he intended to take views, and I gladly accepted the invitation."

"Two nights before the Exhibition opened we went out upon the grounds, and found them covered with tents, and crowded with natives, who, for the most part, were attending upon elephants, bullocks, camels, and horses. It was a bright moonlight night, and we sat smoking before the opening of our tent, watching the curious scene before us until nearly midnight. Then, the noise having gradually died away, we retired to our beds."

"I had been asleep, perhaps about an hour, when I was awakened by the beating of tom-toms and the shouting of the natives outside. I jumped out of bed and ran to the door of the tent, where my friend was already standing. An elephant, with his trunk upraised, and trumpeting fiercely, was rushing among the tents, occasionally striking a rope with his foot and snapping it like a pack thread. In front of our tent was an open space, and about thirty yards away was a large tree. Beside this tree a man was standing. The elephant, if it had not swerved from its course, would have passed about twenty yards from him; but when the brute was nearly opposite him, I saw the man stoop and pick up a large stone. I could hardly credit that he was going to throw it, but in another second there was no room for doubt that such was his intention. I called to him in Hindoostanee to drop the stone and run into the tent, but he paid no attention to me. Then, as the elephant was passing he hurled the stone and struck it on the side. The brute turned quickly, saw its assailant and rushed at him. Even then, I think, there was time for him to escape if he had run for the tent, as I again shouted to him to do, for though the brute would undoubtedly have brought the canvass down, we should probably have all escaped in the confusion. But turning quickly toward me he placed his hand upon his forehead and bowed his head after the manner of the Hindoo who desires to express his gratitude by means of the all servicable salam and then stood upright, apparently calm and collected, beside the tree."

"When the elephant was within four feet of him the man sprang quickly to the other side of the trunk. He had evidently calculated upon escaping his enemy by keeping the tree between them, but he had altogether undervalued the brute's cunning. Quick as lightning the great animal altered its course, moved around the opposite side of the trunk, and in a second the elephant and the man stood face to face. There was no human possibility of escape now, and the Hindoo knew that the last few sands of his life were rapidly running out. Like all of his race he was a fatalist, and even the terrible death that overshadowed him brought to him no terrors. Calmly he crossed his hands over his bosom, and bowed his head to the inevitable."

"It was all over in five seconds. The elephant raised his trunk higher than before, and struck a hurried, awkward blow, hitting his victim not with the lower end of the trunk, which is very tender, but, as far as I could see, with his cheek or mouth. The man went down as though he had been felled with a cannon ball, but immediately he raised himself on his elbow and looked upward. For one second the brute stood over him, and then dropped heavily forward, one massive knee going down upon the man's breast."

"The elephant rushed away, trumpeting as before, and took refuge in some low hills in the neighborhood. We learned the next morning that he belonged to a rajah, who, in his anxiety to get early to the Exhibition, had caused him to be overdriven, with a heavy load, until he was driven mad."

"What we saw was only a small part of the damage he did. He killed seven men that night, including his driver, who was his first victim. My friend and I went in the morning to see the seven crushed bodies, which all lay under a single canvas sheet. For sometime the natives standing round tried to persuade us not to uncover them, but a native constable concluded the argument by seizing the corner of the sheet and pulling it to one side. The faces were all calm and life-like, for a Hindoo, even under the most appalling conditions, rarely suffers himself to pass into the other life without composing his limbs and features."

"The moment the natives standing around saw the uncovered bodies a frenzy seemed to possess them. The men rushed to their tents and presently returned with rusty old swords, flint-looking pistols and bell-mouthed guns. All these weapons they began to polish vigorously, with the intention of making immediate war upon the elephant. But Colonel Spenser, the Commissioner of the station, had already sent a party of Bengal Lancers after him, and in the afternoon he was brought back with a bullet in one of his knees, and loaded with chains so arranged that he could be pulled to the ground at a moment's notice if he showed any signs of rebellion."

"The rajah who owned him attempted to make light of the matter, but a fine of something like 20,000 rupees, levied by the Government, induced him to take a more serious view of his brute's achievement."

If you want to see fun, just wait until the Afghan heirs of the dead Ameer undertake to probate his will.—Chicago News.