

TAKING UP THE FARE.

Various Methods of Collecting the Price of the Ride from Street-Car Passengers.

In Toronto the Conductor Springs a Sort of Infernal Machine on You.

Records of the patent office show that there are but few subjects that receive more attention at the hands of the inventive genius than that of the registry of street-car fares. All struggling inventors, with fame and fortune in sight, recognize the necessity of some convenient means by which the railway company can insist on its right to at least the larger portion of car fares collected by their agents. The big, round faced dial in the front of the car comes nearer giving absolute protection to the company than anything else, and its use is very general through the larger cities.

Hundreds of schemes, says the Philadelphia Record, have been tried and abandoned. The old "Slawson box," with its coffin-like make-up, was discarded because the companies found themselves deluged with mutilated and counterfeit coin. The bell-punch was abandoned when a roguish but clever car conductor made a "fake" bell which fitted in the palm of the hand. This could be manipulated in a way that almost defied detection. It fitted closely into the palm, and the conductor while going through the motions of ringing the punch could easily ring the dummy bell in his hand. He disposed of hundreds of his little frauds to his fellow strap-pullers before a clumsy fellow dropped his bell right in front of one of the officers of the road. The alarm was given, and the pistol-like bell punch was called off by all the roads.

On some lines in Toronto the conductor carries a leather box which might resemble either a dark-lantern, a hand-grenade fire-extinguisher, or a new-fangled pistol. To one unaccustomed to the operation the effect of having this horrible-looking weapon thrust into one's face is truly startling. Strangers often mistake the conductor for a highwayman, and unconsciously throw up their hands. A traveller from the States a month ago mistook the thing for a new-fangled beggar's tin cup. As it was held in front of him he waxed hot. "The idea of a big, strong-looking man like you begging. Why don't you go to work? I've nothing to give you."

A novel improvement on the old Slawson box is used in Baltimore, and also in Rochester and some other New York cities. The box is fixed at the driver's end of the car, and to save passengers the trouble and annoyance of pushing their way to the front a toboggan-slide arrangement is fastened along the sides of the car leading to the cash-box. There are openings at regular intervals, and no matter in what part of the car the passenger is, inside or outside, the nickel is dropped into the slot and goes rolling its way merrily into the coffer. This affords amusement to the "stranger in town," and it is no uncommon thing for them to stand and drop nickel after nickel into the slide and watch it on its way.

London with its network of tramways and omnibuses and coach lines utilizes all kinds of schemes for the protection of the companies. One of the bus lines operating on the Strand and Fleet street uses large sheets of paper, divided off into blocks, which is hung at one end of the vehicle, and as each passenger pays the required fare the conductor marks off one of the blocks. When the paper is filled he returns it to the company with his cash and gets a new blank.

The London Road Car Company, limited, gives the conductor a string of tickets, and each passenger is required to take one when he gives his fare. The rider is not only required to take the ticket, but hold it until he alights, for at any minute an inspector is liable to board the car and demand of each passenger the ticket. A feature of the tickets of this line is the advertisement on the back. The fact that persons are compelled to retain them for a time at least, makes the tickets a valuable advertising medium. Heavy rates are exacted of advertisers, and spaces on the tickets are always in demand. So profitable has this department grown that the company has been enabled to cut the rate of fare down to one penny. This is probably the cheapest car-ride in the world. The scheme in Brussels is to charge for the length of the ride. The ticket has all the points along the line printed, and the conductor marks two tickets when the purchaser pays his fare, and one of them he retains to be returned to the company.

Modern Progress in the Holy Land.

"Miriam cures wounds and Pharaoh is sold for balsams," but that is merely the old text on human mortality, a kind of variant of Hamlet's conceit about the dust of Alexander stopping a bung-hole. "The ancient, melancholy East" is robbed of its glamour in two questionable ways than these. Was it Thackeray who transferred the Cockney steamboat captain to the coast of Syria and imagined him calling: "Ease'er! Stop'er! Any passengers for Joppa?" The mad wag was among the prophets, for the screech of the railroad whistle awakens the casual sojourner in the port of Jerusalem and the railway connecting the two is well under way. An electric light illuminates the place of St. Stephen and the shadow of a telegraph-post falls upon Jacob's Well. Empty petroleum-oil cans are displacing the goatskin buckets with which the shepherds of Judea used to water their flocks, and the native Syrian joins the march of civilization in Frankish boots and shoes. The foreigner has invaded the land, and he builds his house with a sloping roof of red tiles, to which no man could retire at eventide to meditate or to pray. The plain of Esdraelon is being made to yield, under scientific farming, very good wheat, and on the slopes of Lebanon a company of French vine-growers produces a very tolerable claret.

All this is in the line of progress—the progress that is distinctively modern and is not greatly troubled by sentiment or reverence. But why in the train of Christian civilization should the grogshop greatly multiply and even the abstemious Mohammedan learn to get muddled on arrack? That a steam-mill should puff night and day hard by the ancient well of Nazareth provokes less melancholy reflections than the fact that in this town of 6,500 people, where eleven years ago there was but one shop where strong liquor was drunk, to-day there are seventeen. Outside of the vulgar and unholy struggle which still goes on between the Greek and Latin Churches for possession of sacred shrines, the religious

activity of the land has become more tolerant and more enlightened. Catholics and Protestants vie with each other in their efforts to promote education, and the rivalry to mould the minds of youth has communicated itself even to the Greek Church and has greatly stirred the placid Mohammedan. And meanwhile pious folk who look for the fulfilment of prophecy when the Jew returns to the land of his fathers are greatly impressed by the fact that Jerusalem has again become a Jewish city, since 30,000 of the 50,000 inhabitants are Israelites. Jewish agricultural colonies are on the increase, and though accounts vary of their past success the fact of their multiplication would seem to argue well-founded hopes for the future. When even the government of the Turk is making advances in justice, impartiality and vigor it is plain that there is much that is healthy in the curiously mixed progress of Palestine.

PARIS BATH CARTS.

The Queer Way in Which the Average Frenchman makes his Abolitions.

An American familiar with the fact that every house or apartment, renting as low as \$300 per year in the United States, has its own bathtub, with hot and cold water supply and waste to remove the contents of the tub, is amused if not amazed when, on a visit to Paris, he gets an idea of the custom still prevailing in that metropolis of luxury and elegant buildings.

The large hotels, some very costly private mansions and apartments and the public bathhouses have their bathrooms, as is the custom in the United States, though the French bath room is usually much larger and is elegantly furnished with rugs, lounges and dressing tables, etc., the idea being that if one takes a bath one must lie down and take a nap after it.

People living in apartments costing as high as \$1,000 a year, and in the quarter of Paris in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysees, when they wish to bathe other than take a sponge bath in a small portable tub, either go to the public bathing establishments or send to them to have a bath brought to their apartments. Sunday morning one sees a strange-looking two-wheeled cart like a very high dogcart, on which there is a frame-work built over the wheels. This framework can hold three bath tubs.

They are made entirely of copper and are about 5 feet long, about 20 inches deep at the end and 18 inches on the side. The driver of this vehicle is perched up high on a small seat in front, is bareheaded and wears a blouse. On each side of him an iron ring encircles a copper colored vessel holding about three gallons of water which rests on a little shelf. He also carries a supply of dry towels and sheets.

The bathing establishments have these carts, and when a patron sends word that he wants a hot bath at a certain hour the bath is put on the cart, the kettle filled with hot water, and the cart with its strange load is rapidly driven to the building in which the apartment is. The driver carries the bath tub, as an Adirondack guide carries a canoe, on his head and shoulders, from the first to the fifth floor as the case may be, and after spreading a sheet to protect the carpet he spreads also a clean sheet inside of the tub so that the bather does not touch the metal.

Then he carries up the kettle of hot water which he has brought from the main establishment. The necessary cold water he gets on the premises. The charge of this is about 60 cents, with the usual additional tip to the man.

MORE DWARFS DISCOVERED.

Tribes of Little Men Extending Half Way Across Africa.

When Paul Du Chaillu, about thirty years ago, reported the existence of a dwarf race in West Africa, his statements were received with derisive incredulity. The world little dreamed that his story would be proved to be perfectly accurate, and also that later explorations would bring to light many tribes of these little people stretching far across Africa.

The latest discoveries concerning the dwarf have been made this year by the French explorer, Gaillard, during his fruitful research on the upper Sangha River, one of the largest northern tributaries of the Congo. He found near the towns of important chiefs many families of dwarfs who in that region are called the Babingas. They are great elephant hunters. They do not live in the villages, but camp in the forests. They are of less than medium stature, are very muscular, are skillful in the chase, and their weapons are assegais, with a head like that of the harpoon. They wear their hair and beard uncut and have no ornaments. When they feel that they have a grievance against a chief under whose protection they have been living, they disappear into the forests without saying a word, and begin again in other regions their lives as nomad hunters. In return for the fruits of the chase, with which they supply the chiefs, vegetables and articles of native manufacture are given to them. They are a source of profit to the tribes among whom they live and consequently they are almost always well treated.

The discovery of the Babingas adds another link to the almost unbroken chain of these dwarf tribes, extending from the region west of Gaboon to the Nile. The Obango of Du Chaillu, the Babingas of Gaillard, the Akka of Schweinfurth, the Liki-tiki of Stanley, are all evidently fragments of an ancient tribe of little men, who were probably scattered to widely separated regions by the fortunes of war, in which they were vanquished by intruding races who were physically more powerful than themselves. The numerous dwarfs known as the Batwa, who have been found in the southern part of the Congo basin, are also near relatives of the people north of the Congo. All of them, though their various fragments are widely separated, have the same characteristics. It is surprising that such widely separated people, who perhaps had not heard of one another for some centuries, should retain so much in common.

A Sad Alternative.

Mrs. A.—"Have you heard the news?"
Mrs. B.—"No. What is it?"
"You know young Goldberg was engaged to Birdie McGinnis. Well, he has jilted her."
"He has? Outrageous! I feel so sorry for the poor thing. Now she will either have to commit suicide or look around for another fellow."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Happiness is a kind of energy.
Even his own tail is a burden to the weary fox.

Nothing of what is nobly done can ever be lost.
Beware of the man who feigns to be amused when he is angry.

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.
The mind hath reason to remember that passions ought to be her vassals, not her masters.

The pinguency of pleasure is as transient as the foam that mantles round its brimming cup.
Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you can.

A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and should make a due discrimination between those that are not the proper objects of it.
Mighty ideals are requisite for mighty deeds. The mightiest ideals are born now where they have always been born—in that lofty sphere of contemplation.

Our life is determined for us, and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do.
Love is the forgetfulness of self; jealousy is the most passionate form of egotism, the glorification of a despotic, exacting and vain ego, which can neither forget nor subordinate itself. The contrast is perfect.

We do not live on facts alone, much less on facts of a single kind. Religion and poetry, love, hope and imagination are as essential to our wellbeing as science. Human life is knowledge, is faith, is conduct, is beauty, is manners; it unfolds itself in many directions and shoots its roots into infinitude; and for the general purposes of education, science is learned to the best advantage when it is embodied in literature, and its methods and results, rather than the details of its work, are presented to us.

Sweetness of manner has its source far too deep to be learned by practice or rote. It is of no use trying to learn the trick of putting it on, like a grenadier's cap, to make one's self of consequence; it must be innate, for it is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—an instinctive consideration of the feelings of others, a forgetfulness of self. Courtliness is the counterfeit, often passing muster for the real thing; its success is commensurate with the success of the effort to please others.

Method in Madness.

A parish officer from the neighbourhood of Middleton, England, took a lunatic to the asylum, pursuant to an order signed by two magistrates. As the man was respectfully connected a gig was hired, and he was persuaded that the drive was going to be merely a pleasant excursion. In the course of the journey the suspicions of the lunatic were aroused, but he said nothing, and seemed to enjoy the jaunt. When they arrived at Manchester it was too late to proceed to the asylum, so they put up for the night at an inn. Early next morning the lunatic got up, and searched the pockets of the officer, and he found the magistrate's order. With that cunning which madmen not infrequently display, he made the best of his way to the asylum, saw one of the keepers, and told him that he had got a poor mad fellow down at Lancaster, whom he should bring up in the course of the day, adding: "He's a queer chap, and has got odd ways. Don't be surprised if he says I am the madman, and he is bringing me here. You must take care of him, and not believe a word that he says." The keeper promised compliance, and the lunatic walked back to the inn, where he found the officer still asleep. He awoke him, and they sat down to breakfast together. "You're a lazy fellow," he said; "I have had a good walk." "Indeed," said the officer; "I should like to see a walk myself after breakfast; perhaps you will go with me." The lunatic assented. During the walk the officer led the way, intending to deliver his charge; but it never occurred to him to examine whether his order was safe. When they got within sight of the asylum the lunatic exclaimed: "What a fine house that is!" "Yes," said the officer, "I should like to see the inside of it." "So should I," observed the lunatic. "Well," said the other, "I dare say they will let us through. Anyway, I'll ask." They went to the door; the officer rang the bell, and the keeper whom the lunatic had previously seen made his appearance with two or three assistants. The officer then began to fumble in his pockets for the order, when the lunatic produced and gave it to the keeper, saying: "This is the man I spoke of to you about. You will take care of him. Shave his head, and put a straight waistcoat on him. Hands were at once laid on the poor officer, who vociferated loudly that the other was the madman, and he the keeper, thus confirming the real madman's story. The officer's violent struggles ended in the strait waistcoat being put upon him. The lunatic then walked to the inn, paid the bill, and set out homeward.

The good people were not a little surprised to see him back, and they, fearing for the officer's safety, asked him what he had done with him. "Done with him?" said the madman; "why, I left him at Lancaster Asylum, as mad as possible." Which, indeed, was not far from the truth, for the wits of the poor officer were well-nigh over-set by his unexpected detention and subsequent treatment.

New strength can often be gained by changing the surroundings, the companions, the everyday influences, and bringing to bear others of a different and better type. What cannot be done by direct volition can often be accomplished by indirect means. Some mathematician of leisure has been estimating the number of islands in the world, and has succeeded in counting some hundreds of thousands. He says there are over one thousand islands under the flag of Japan. Strangely enough he makes no reference to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, or to the thousands in our own Georgian Bay, some of which are of considerable size. It was among these beautiful wooded little islands that the Huron Indians took refuge when they were assailed in 1649 by their implacable foes, the Iroquois. Among the labyrinthine channels the Iroquois could not successfully pursue them, and those who escaped to the islands saved themselves from the extermination which befell their friends.

SERGEANT JACK.

The wagon-train has made about three miles from its camp of the night before when Sergt. Jack, of Troop E, misses his knife and remembers that he left it on the ground after using it to cut a strap. The Captain gives him permission to ride back after it. Why not? It is but a dash, and we are at peace with the Indians. He will overtake us within the hour.

Sergt. Jack is a brawny man and a veteran. The arrow and bullet wounds received prove him a fighter. Men of his company will tell you of seeing him peril his life a dozen times over, and they can count up at least seven redskins he has wiped out. A grand-looking soldier is Sergt. Jack—every inch a man. Your eye would pick him out of a regiment for his bearing, and when you had looked into his bronzed face you would put him down as game to the death.

Sergt. Jack rides back at an easy lope. In half an hour he is at the camp. There are a dozen gaunt wolves prowling about and munching at the bones, and they grudgingly give way for him as he rides up. Yes, the knife is there, and he quickly secures it. A newspaper had been thrown out of one of the wagons. He picks it up and sits down to scan its columns. Some one has thrown away a letter; he picks that up and becomes interested. Some careless trooper has let a lariat here in the grass. He secures it, walks about for a few minutes, and then mounts to rejoin the column. It is traveling northwest. It will now be about eight miles ahead of him. It must bear to the left after crossing Comanche Creek. He will therefore take a short cut and save time and trouble.

Now follow him, and you will witness a curious thing. He rides away humming the air of a merry tune, and he has not one anxious thought. He passes ridge after ridge covers mile after mile, and so sure is he of his way that he scarcely looks up. All of a sudden the horse slacks down. He has been taking the ridges at too fast a pace and is out of breath. A minute later he is pulled up sharp, and Sergt. Jack looks about him with anxious eyes. What is it? Nothing. He has only to keep on and he will intercept the column. He has only to ride back over his trail to strike the plain road left by the wagons. It is only 9 o'clock in the morning and the sky is without a cloud.

Curious, isn't it? The soldier stands up in his stirrups to look ahead; there is more than anxiety in his eyes as he turns and looks back. He glances to the right—to the left—up at the sun. All of a sudden, as he rode gaily on, the terrible loneliness of the great plains struck him like a chill. What if he should lose his way! What if he had lost it! That is enough. He has let a doubt creep in, and five minutes later that curious palsy of the plains begins to creep over him. It has claimed its hundreds, and all have been brave men.

He will ride on. He smiles at his fears—he seeks to shake off that feeling of terror which made his cheek grow pale. There is no cause for haste, but he shuts his teeth together and gives his horse the spur, and pushes on as if riding a race. See! He bears to the left. Let a man become rattled in the forest or on the plains, and he invariably bears to the left and thus completes his disaster.

When the horse falls with exhaustion Sergt. Jack is twenty-five miles from the command. It does not occur to him that he will be searched for and that his trail can be followed. He now feels sure that he is lost, but he cannot reason. A veteran of three Indian campaigns—a soldier known to be without fear—a man in the prime of life. And yet his face is as white as a dead man's and he trembles like a woman—aye! weeps like a child.

One, two, three days go by. Sergt. Jack is a favorite with all. Every man is anxious that he be found. We go into camp and send out squads to the four points of the compass. One of them strikes the trail and finds the dead horse. Another, returning in the gloom of evening, starts up a strange animal which runs away, uttering sounds like human laughter. On the morning of the fourth day Sergt. Jack is discovered as he sleeps. He is naked; he is bleeding and torn; there is something so wild and beast-like in his looks that we shrink away from him. He is not glad to see us. We call him by name, but he does not remember it. We pity him, but he laughs and gibbers.

"Terror has made him an idiot," says the surgeon, as the poor man is brought in, "and he is never to come back among us again." There was no danger—no cause for fear. It was simply that black mist which rises up from the soil of the plains to envelop and blind and unnerve the bravest. It was the palsy of solitude—the terror of loneliness.

The Only Way.

"I wonder if a man could see Europe on two dollars a day?"
"He could if he had a rich wife."

Mr. John McLean writes, from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

He who fails to collect his dues frequently fails in consequence to pay his debts, and thus a whole series of unpaid workers may trace back their various troubles to a single delinquent. Such people will say that in the end they pay all they owe; but this is not so, for they owe promptness. Without this justice has not been rendered. Tardy payment can never atone for the injury which may have been inflicted. No regret, no apology, no added interest even, can ever undo what has been done, or restore what by this negligence and indifference has been taken away.

Dyspepsia

Intense Suffering for 8 years—Restored to Perfect Health.

Few people have suffered more severely from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1873 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it had cured his wife of dyspepsia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected, ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla."

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Intense Suffering

8 Years

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, 51; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A Bachelor's Honeymoon.

Some years ago, in a well-known wholesale house, an old bachelor book-keeper, who had been years with the firm, suddenly announced that he was to be married. The partners gave him a week's holiday, and his fellow-clerks raised a little purse and presented it to pay the expenses of his wedding trip. A couple of days afterwards a member of the firm went down to Newport, and there, lounging about and apparently enjoying himself immensely, he saw the recently-married old book-keeper, but alone. "Where's your wife?" queried the firm's member.

"She's at home," replied the book-keeper. "But I thought you had money given you for a wedding trip?"

"So I did; but I didn't understand it was to include her!"

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations

A worn-out with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDRICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

There are Many Others Like Her.

A woman entered a London bookseller's last week and asked for a particular recitation, which the clerk found after a search of twenty minutes in a volume sold for a shilling. She sat down and began to pore over it. The clerk supposed she was going to commit it to memory, but she mildly asked if she might copy part of it. He said "Certainly." She thereupon asked him if he would "lend" her a piece of paper. That "lend" was a dainty piece of euphemism, and he handed over a first-class pad to write on. Then she modestly begged for a pencil, and when he had produced a brand new one she sat down and copied every word of the recitation from beginning to end. When she had finished she gathered herself up, and without a word walked off with her copy and the assistant's new pencil.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."