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By M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," " WYLLARD'S WEIRD," ETC., ETC.

Adrian," said Helen in the breakfast next morning, "I want to go home." half past nine o'clock. Breakfast orer, and Lady Belfield had gone off to tothouses and morning interview with bed gardener. It was a hunting day, Valentine was lolling in an easy chair he fireplace, waiting for his horse to be

Belen and Adrian were standing in front he window watching the drizzling rain. Devonshire morning, wet and warm, low grey sky, and a mist from the

Go home, dearest, but why ?" First, I have been here much too long dy. I have no doubt the Traduceys Toffstaffs are talking about my 'iving and expatiating upon my pauperism. ally bread to eat at home, poor crea-

and so on. But that is a detail. My sadly is more important. Leo and the mor went to Paris ostensibly for a few and have stayed three weeks." Darling, if you knew how it sets my i on edge to hear you say the governor. Then in future it shall be MY FATHER," darling, nothing I could say would ever rour teeth on edge. However, as I was

ing, those people have stayed too long in

They must be spending a great deal

money-somebody told me the Bristol was

It is not cheap. Ishall order them home immediately, the only way to make them obey is to home myself. As long as he-my father mows I am provided for here, he will me his reckless career abroad.

We can't spare you yet awhile, Helen, Adrian, tenderly. "You have become daughter of the house. My mother aldn't do without you. We shall only let go home in time to get your frocks y for your metamorphosis. I believe law which insists upon new frocks as a liminary of marriage is like the laws of Medes and Persians, and altereth not in the march of enlightenment." "Perhaps when a man marries a girl out

movables. No Customs delay or expense the gutter, he does it to escape being thered about her trousseau," said Valen-"and that when a fellow runs away another man's wife, it is for the sake stipping the horrors of the marriage ceremy and the ordeal by wedding presents. o, Helen, we can't spare you yet," pur-Adrian, ignoring his brother's re-

> Helen, we can't spare you yet," med Valentine, from his easy chair. There's my horse. I'd better be off pretty up. It's a long way to Tadpole Pond." He jumped up, took his hat and whip, TORONTO. ad hurried out. Adrian and Helen atched him mount and ride away, tall and might as an arrow, wearing his weatherained scarlet coat and black velvet cap ith an easy grace, as much at home on the igetty impatient hunter as he had been

The horse went straight on end, while Helen and Adrian were watching, and his to be stamped and pass a warm iron over titlen and Adrian were watching, and his of the paper and it leaves a clear impression.

ou mention this paper. After March 1st "Oh, how I envy him, how I should like any point in the Dominion at one cent per the property forgotter. meously, forgetting that only a few minout of that house, deeming that she muld not exist beneath the same roof with Mentine Belfield. "Would he take me est Friday, do you think? Would you

Would I mind? Well, no, not if you ally care for hunting so very much." "Careforit. I adore it. Why, you know is my passion. I wish with all my heart were not. Just for once in a way, that I by see a little more of your picturesque centry, she pleaded."

'Oh, but there is no fun in driving; and tive-break-neck hills, and boggy bits of proper way to see a country is out on fire with eagerness to go. You'll the bust a little more before the season

just once or twice, or so-won't the last three weeks.'

was said with the air of a martyr. My poor, self sacrificing He'en," said er lover, half sad and half ironical. "Yes, hazard that life on which hangs my own the most break-neck country in England. will go out with you and potter about you follow Valentine, who always the the very wildest line and will lead you ver some of the worst ground in Devon-

Then may I send for my little Irish are to-morrow? Your horses have charm: manners, but they are not quick enough hounds. Norah Creina is nothing much look at, but she can go like the wind." Naturally, Helen had her way. The Irish hare was sent for that afternoon, and the Joung lady said no more about her desire to

to back to Morcomb. She tried to forget Valentine's offence and ner own indignation. "After all he is to be brother," she told herself.

His presence in the house was a disturbing anything more to you than your mother's influence; even the expectation of his return fattered her spirits a little as she sat at work with Lady Belfield that afternoon, hile the rain pattered against the windows the was not very fond of needlework, but the had felt constrained to put on an air of ocupation in the long wet afternoons, lest

ther idleness. breakneck lanes or on the brown barmoorland, rather than with her basket many-colored silks, or the bunch of pop- know I adore you. What more, can you

Adrian was in the library writing letters, What dreadful weather for the huntaid Lady Belfield, leoking up at the

WIER IX.—Not the Average GIRL. | window for the twentieth time in half an

"They won't mind it," exclaimed Helen with a regretful air. "What does rain matter if they have a run. There is nothing more enjoyable than dashing through wind and bad weather after a good fox. It is only when one is standing about in a hopeless condition that one minds the rain. only wish I were with them under that downpour."

"My dear Helan, I hope you will never forget that Adrian has been strongly warn ed against hunting."

"I am not likely to forget it," answered Helen, with a touch of pettishness. " And you won't tempt him to disobey

his doctor, will you, dear ?" "Of course not. But I suppose there will be no harm in my going out with Mr. Belfield next Friday. I should not give

him any trouble. I can always take care

"Any harm-no, I suppose not," replied Lady Belfield, with an air which implied that she thought the proposition somewhat incorrect.

Valentine came home earlier than usual. a solemn air. "But if I really were The day had been unsatisfactory. He had had two of his best horses out, and there had not been work enough for one. He went off to change his clothes in no very agreeable humor. It was dusk when he left his dressing-room, but the lamp was lighted in the corridor and there was light enough fer him to see the face of a girl whom he met half way between his room and the open gallery above the hall.

She was dressed in the Abbey livery of dark red merino and long white apron She wore the muslin mob cap of the Abbey housemaids; but she looked no more like

them than if she had been a duchess who had just put on that costume in a frolic. Her dark eyes flashed upon Valentine Belfield like a danger signal. He pulled up suddenly, and stood face to face with her.

"What in the devil's name brings you here?" he exclaimed. "I hope you are not sorry to see me, Mr. Belfield.

"Never mind what I am. Tell me what devilrty has brought you here, in that get You are not a servant here, I hope.

"But I am. I have been living here more than a month. There was no devilrty in it assure you. It was my first and only friend, the Vicar, who got me the placeand it was Lady Belfield's kindness which made room for me. I have been trying to ago." improve myself," she added, looking up at him shyly. "I get a glimpse of your mother and of other ladies now and then, and I am trying to find out what ladies are like and how they behave, that I may learn to be a

"You are a fool," muttered Valentine, scornfully. "Your wildness was your charm. What have you to do with ladies of my mother's status? You were a beautiful, ignorant creature, knowing nothing of the world and its dull, deadly-lively ways. You were a woman for a man to love-a splendid, untamed, perhaps untameable, being, for whom a man might go to the devil. Do you suppose that electro-plated semed to be more upon two legs than on gentility will improve you? Do you think your gipsy blood will show to advantage in

a Paris bonnet and gown?" "I think that if I am ever to be a gentleman's wife I must first learn to be a lady," she answered gravely.

"Come, Madge, don't be a fool," said Valentine with a touch of tenderness, put ting his arm around her, and trying to draw her towards him.

She drew herself away from him, pushed him from her with an arm which was a good deal stronger than the average young lady's

He laughed at her vehemence.

"By Jove," he cried, "was that a specimen of your new manners? Is that Hercu lean style your idea of gentility? Why, my "I could drive you all over Devonshire, girl, ladies are like lilies, they snap at gust of wind. Listen here, Madge, there no use in our talking nonsense. You know mere are lots of places where you could not I am ridiculously fond of you, and that would do anything in reason to make you morland, woods and winding streams. The happy; but there is no use in our talking about marriage. You must have seen when one's blood is up and one's little more of what life is like since you have been under this roof, and you must be gin to understand that-

He hesitated, looking down at his en n? Think how very good I have broidered slippers—the mother's gift—at a loss how to end a sentence that would not end in brutal admission.

"I must understand that gentlemen don't marry girls of my class," said Madge, finish. must hunt, I suppose. You must go ing his sentence for him, with those brilliant eyes of hers fixed with steady gaze upon his downcast countenance. He could feel their light, was conscious of that earnest scrutiny, though his eyelids were lowered. "Was that what you were going to say?"

"Something like that. "Well, that's what I don't understand What I do understand is that if a man loves a girl well enough he will have her for his wife, however low she may be. If he really and truly loves her, he doesn't want to bring shame upon her. It is only half-hearted love that would do that. If a man loves in earnest, and with his whole heart, he will marry the girl he loves. Yes, if he were a duke, and she a girl of blemished character. There is nothing against my character, Mr. Belfield, and you know it. So you had best understand at once that I shall never be

servant—unless I am your wife." "That's hard upon me, seeing that I am a younger son and not a free agent. Dukes can do as they like, but I can't. You know I am passionately fond of you, Madge.

Come, child, don't be unreasonable." Again he tried to draw her nearer to him, the future mother-in-law should take offence to bring those lips close to his own, and entangle those flashing glances of hers in the This afternoon her thoughts were in the light of his own dark eyes, which were hardly less brilliant.

"My dearest girl," he pleaded, "you which she was stitching at mechanically, want to know. You ought never to have or well on the was stitching at mechanically, want to kind this false position. A serwell or ill, stopping every now and then | vant, you! The queen of beauty handling a broom! You should have listened to me, I know of the sweetest little not-Madge. man's cottage, half histon under fewering

creepers, with a verandah, where a fellow enough to give you two a day if you like. could smoke his cigarette after dinner in the I hope Adrian is not so selfish as to want to summer evenings, and a boothouse, where keep you at home." fellow could keep his beat. You would be in your place, Madge, in that cottage, man to want his wife's society. If Helen with a couple of servants to wait upon you. were to hunt three days a week after we are Why should we not be happy, sweet? married, it would be a kind of semi-divorce This world was made for love and lovers. | for which I am not prepared."

"This world was made for honest men are right, I was a fool to come to this house. | gle," retorted Valentine. "If I were you, you—to be near you."

one. You might be with me always, if row to see that cottage, Madge. You could Adrian was content. slip out at the back of the house quietly, and ways picturesque-and-Madge," pleadingly, hoped to find Helen at home. "we might be so happy there."

could never be happy that way." "Your mother was of another way of two more days, Adrian."

thinking, Madge." "How dare you throw my mother's en-if you really must go home."

shame in my face. What do you know of my mother ?" London society," he answered with a mali- happy visit."

cious sparkle in his eyes. "Oh, she is a lady who has made herself | Belfield gently. a reputation in London, I assure you. When only a woman of genius knows how to dress | guide." tive than twenty. Your mother would a relation." never wear a housemaid's cap, or trundle a broom, I can assure you. She knows her

own value too well. She has better sense." "What is her name in London? I have never heard of her by any name but my own, Madge."

than that. I was introduced to her as Mrs. Mandeville. There was a Major Mandeville, about whom people told some curious stories, but I did not see much of him." "Do you know where my mother is living

"No, child. But I daresay I could find | detaining her on the threshold.

out. Do you want to know? "Yes, I want to know all I can about my mother. Even if she is a wicked woman, leading a bad life, she is more to me than any other woman on this earth. The day may come when she will want my help."

"I fancy she is too clover for that Madge; but I have no doubt she would be glad to see you, if it were only to be reminded how handsome she was twenty years

A bell rang in a lobby below, the servants

"I must go," said Madge, hurriedly, and and so they parted, Madge to the back stairs and the servant's hall, Valentine to his mother's drawing-room, where tea had been waiting for him for a quarter of an hour. Lady Belfield excusing herself for keeping Helen and Adrian waiting, on the ground that afternoon tea was more to the returning sportsman than to anyone else. "And it is so much nicer for us all to have our tea together," she said.

"Don't apologize, mother," said Adrian, smiling at her, " as if we didn't know that your tea would be worse than tasteless if you began without Valentine."

"You have not been so expeditious as usual. Val." said the mother, as her younger son sauntered into the room in velvet jacket and slippers, and with a Byronic

"I was wetter than usual, mother, and taking off my boots was like drawing double teeth," he answered, as he seated himself by Lady Belfield's elbow, and attacked a

pile of toast. He looked across at Helen, who was sitting on the other side of the fireplace with her workbasket in her lap, the image of propriety. He looked at her critically, as he sipped his tea and munched his toast, comparing her delicate beauty with that darkly brilliant face he had just now been gazing upon. No two faces could have been more distinct in their beauty, more widely Bertie, aged ten, to sit at the table with the diverse in their characteristics. In Helen's countenance, the lightness of a frivolous and in that other face there were suggestions of the sublime in passion or in thought, the face

of a woman strong for good or evil. There was a relief in watching the play of Helen's countenance after the passionate earnestness and fixed purpose of that other face, so full of evil augury to him, the would-be seducer. Here he could gaze unappalled.

"How pretty she is, just as butterflies and flowers that last a day are pretty," he said to himself, " and how soon a sensible man would get tired of her. Perhaps she may do for my brother all the same," he went on, musing lazily as he ate and drank, "he is a dilletante, loves prettiness in every thing, from architecture to bookbinding. Yes, she may succeed in making him happy, shallow as she is. He will play theorgan to her, expatiate upon Bach and Beethoven. read Shelley and Keats to her, and she will pretend to be interested, and they will get on pretty well together in their namby-pam-

He could read Helen's thoughts easily enough as he watched her face in the lamplight. Her eyes were cast down for the most part on her teacup or her work-basket, but now and then she glanced shyly, inquisitively, in his direction.

"She feels embarassed still on account of yesterday's escapade," he said to himself. "yet she is monstrous curious about me, would like to know what manner of man am; would like to be friends."

He condescended to describe his day pleasantly, when he had taken the edge of his appetite, and then asked Helen why she was not out. "The Toffstaffs and the Traduceys were

full of inquiries about you, thinking it such a pity you don't hunt now. You seemed to enjoy it so much, they said." "They were not over civil to me when was out," said Helen; "I shouldn't ride to

hounds for the pleasure of their societybut, but," faltering a little, and with a deprecating glance at Adrian, "I should very much like to get one or two more days be- buted a stained glass window to a church is fore the end of the season."

"Does it rank as selfishness, Val. for a

"All the more reason that she should of the Natural History Museum, gave a desand women. You are a scoundrel. Yes, you make the most of her time while she is sin-But the temptation was too great—to see Helen, I would not be denied a single day. tral Africa, by Emin Pasha. Since this I would make the most of my freedom in diminutive tribe was discovered by Schwein-"You might be more than that, sweet anticipation of a life of captivity."

"I shall not think it captivity," muryou would. Will you go with me to-mor | mured Helen, with her sweetest smile; and

I could pick you up near the stables, and ill next morning to announce his arrival in osteological characters has been given, and drive you in an hour. The place would not London. He would be at Morcomb next no specimens have been submitted to careful look so pretty as in summer, but it is al- day with Major and Mrs. Baddeley, and anatomical examination.

me-if, if you don't mind my having one or | measurements that the Akkas are among

"I have had the honor of meeting her in | though I am heart broken at ending this | in this country, and smaller than any out of

was it I met her? About five years ago, 1 way of throwing me over, Helen," said Valthink, my second year at Oxford. I was entine laughingly. "You engage a man to 1 2:9 metres, or 4 teet, while a living female up in town on the quiet, went to a theatre, show you the country-a man who knows Akka, of whom Emin Pasha has sent careand supper party afterwards—a sporting every inch of the ground; and then you ful measurements, is only 1.164 metres, or nobleman's party. Your mother was there, inform him that a certain Major Baddeley, barely 3 feet 10 inches. The results pre-Mature, gone to seed a little, perhaps, but who perhaps never put his nose in North viously obtained from the measurements of remarkal ly handsome still, and dressed as Devon before, will be ever so much better a about half a dozen living Akkas are not

be a relation? Belfield.

She was going to answer her telegram. Quicker in his movements always than his "Oh, she has a name of greater dignity | brother, Valentine sprang to the door.

> not Valentine as well as Frank ?" "Oh, I could not-not yet," she said. day before yesterday?" in still lower tones,

She flushed crimson, looked at him angrily, and passed him as if he were dirt. "The butterfly is not without spirit," he thought, as he went back to the table to finish his breakfast.

He did not see Helen again till they met at the cover side, where he was presented by her to Mrs. Baddeley, who was in high glee at returning to country life after her Parisian dissipations.

answered, when Valentine questioned her shown that in Equatorial Africa, extending about "Le petit Muff," the last burlesque from the west coast far into the interior, ear opera which was convulsing the boulevard scattered lines of negroes distinguished from and commanding forty francs for a stall. the majority of the inhabitants of the conti-"We sent for an agent on the morning after | nent by this special cranial character as well our arrival, gave him a list of the pieces we as by their smaller stature, to which the wanted to see, and gave him carte blanche name "Negrillo" has been applied by Hamy. as to the price of seats. The tickets were It is to this race of the great Negroid branch dear, but we saw all the pieces which native that the Akkas belong, and they are not by Parisians had been waiting for months to any means closely allied, either to the Bushsee. It is the only way.'

Baddeley, a fat fair man, who looked too same great branch, distinguished among the heavy for his horse, and whose province in general character by their closely curled or

life was to be his wife's echo. sister-in-law the way, in spite of Major so common in the writings of the Greek Baddeley's prior claim as an established poets and historians, and whose habitations brother-in law. He led her up and down were often placed near the sources of the break-neck hills, and forded the stream in Nile. The name Akka, by which Schweinall manner of risky places. Those two furth says the tribe now call themselves, has never lost sight of the hounds, nor of each singularly enough been read by Marietta other, and were the first in at the death Pasha by the side of the portrait of a dwarf after the professionals. When the Bad- in a monument of the ancient Egyptian deleys came up, Helen and Valentine had empire. dismounted, and were standing side by side on the brink of the stream that had just been reddened by Reynard's blood.

# (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Bad Little Boy Gave the Snap Away. Mrs. Shamm gave a small but elegant tea the other evening, and, as a reward for being good for two hours, she allowed her son guests. As an example of cold-blooded villainy we give a few of the remarks made shallow nature was as obvious as her beauty; by Master Bertie during the progress of the

"Ma," he asked first, " whose spoons are "Hush, dear," said Mrs. Shamm,

He hushed for a second, then: "Ma, whose big glass dish is that?" "Little boys should be seen and not heard," said Mrs. Shamm with a sickly smile that did not conceal from the guests the fact that there was a fearful reckoning

in store for Bartie on their departure. "Say, ma," he put in, interrupting old Mrs. Moneyweight, who was the special guest of the occasion, "that ain't our silver cake basket, is it?"

"Bertie, didn't you hear Mrs. Moneyweight speaking?" chides his distressed a blood-chilling breach of etiquette. But "Well, I'll be quiet if you'll tell me whose pretty glasses these are. They're Mrs. Bax-

ter's, ain't they ?" "Bertie!" "Oh, ma, I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Hooker wants you to be sure and send back her teaspoons to-night, and-oh, ma, did you know that Sally broke one of Mrs. Walker's nice teacups, and-oh, what a

The doors had hardly closed on the last guest when the neighbors were apprised by a sound whose import could not be mistaken that Bertie's time of reckoning had come.

pretty plate this is! Who does it belong

A negro, who is the happy father of thirtytwo children, was on trial the other day, and among other questions was asked if he was a man of family. The look that he gave the judge would have broken the heart of a wooden eigar sign.

Isn't it good for man to be alone? Just try to shave and have your eldest male offspring playing round your ankles with piece of string and the second one asking you to draw an elephant on the dressing table with a nail, and then see !

A plous citizen of Hamilton who contrisaid to have fallen from grace when he read "One or two more days," cried Valentine, in a local paper that "our neighbour Seth se What both ! You must go every day- Schermerhorn has placed a stained grees wiget every chance you can. There are herical dew in the Andrew's church," etc.

## THE SMALLEST PEOPLE OF THE WORLD.

Race of Men Under Four Feet High-The Akkas, the World's Dwarfs.

At the last meeting of the Anthropological Institute, Prof. Flower, C. B., Director cription of the two skeletons of Akkas, lately obtained in the Monbuttu country, Cenfurth in 1870, they have received considerable attention from various travellers and anthropologists, and general descriptions and movements of several living individuals There was a telegram from Colonel Dever- have been published, but no account of their

The two skeletons are those of two fully "Then I shall not have to trouble you, Mr grown up people, a male and a female. The "No," she answered resolutely, not with Belfield," said Helen, "Frank is devoted to evidence they afford entirely corroborates the air of a woman who means yes; "I hunting, and he will take care of Leo and the view previously derived from external the smallest, if not actually the smallest "You will be out of my jurisdiction, Hel- people upon the earth. These skeletons are both of them smaller than any other normal "Oh, indeed I must. Father is very per- skeleton known, smaller certainly than the emptory. I ought to go, dear Lady Belfield, smallest Bushman's skeleton in any museum the twenty-nine skeletons of the diminutive "It will not be long, dear, before this inhabitants of the Andaman Islands, of "And I do not even know if she is alive." house is your home," answered Constance which the dimensions have been recorded by Prof. Flower in a previous communication "Do you know that this is a very uncivil to the Anthropological Institute.

The height of neither of them exceeds quite so low as these, varying from 1 216 to at forty, dressed to make forty more attrac- "Only because he is an old friend, almost | 1.420 metres, and give an average for both sexes of 1.356, or 4 feet 51 inches. But the "And am I an enemy : and am I not to numbers measured are not sufficient for establishing the true average of the race, es-"I think you know what I mean, Mr. pecially as it is not certain that they were all pure bred examples.

According to Topinard's list, there are only two known races which have a mean height below 1,500 metres, viz., the Negritor "Why am I Mr. Belfield?" he asked in a of the Andaman Islands (1,478), and the lowered voice, as he opened it for her, "Why Bush: on of South Africa (1.404). Of the real height of the former we have abundant and exact evidence, both from living indi-"Strangers yet? Strangers, after the viduals and from skeletons, which clearly proves that they considerably exceed the Akkas in stature. That this is also the case with the Bushmen there is little doubt. The point of comparative size being settled it remains to consider to what races the Akkas are most nearly allied.

That they belong in all their essential characteristics to the black or Negroid branch of the human species there can be no doubt-in fact they exhibit all the essential characteristics of that branch even to exaggeration. The form of the head is somewhat "What did we see? Everything!" she more rounded than usual but it has been men or the Negritor of the Indian Ocean, "Yes, it is the only way," said Major except in so far as they are members of the frizzy hair. It is possible that the Negrillo Valentine contrived to show his future people gave origin to the stories of pygmies

# A ROYAL BARBARIAN.

Reminiscent of the Shah's Visit to the German Capital.

While in Berlin the Shah attended a gala performance of the ballet, "Sardanapalus," and sat in the court box between the Empress and Prince Karl, and here he did one or two barbaric deeds that smote with horror and consternation all those distinguished persons who witnessed them. Wishing to call the Empress' attention to something that was taking place on the stage he reached over and laid his hand on her arm. "Where can he have been brought up?" asked one great lady. "An Empress' arm is

is not a sabre hilt to be clutched at." A few moments later he called for a glass of water. It was brought him by one of his attendants. He drank the contents at a gulp and calmly handed the empty goblet to the Princess Karl, whose patrician countenance as she mechanically took it from him was a study for a physiognomist, and not less interesting was the facial expression of the ladies in waiting and chamberlains who had never before witnessed such worse remained behind. Presently the shah cleared his throat, once, twice, thrice, with ever-increasing vigor, and then deliberately-spat in the stalls. A shudder ran through the house and several fair ladies of fashion hurriedly took their de-

# Some Biblical Data.

Verses in the Old Testament, 23,241. Verses in the New Testament, 7,959. The books of the Old Testament, 39. The books of the New Testament, 27. Words in the Old Testament, 592,430. Letters in the New Testament, 838.820. Words in the New Testament, 181,253. Chapters in the Old Testament, 929. Letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,100. Chapters in the New Testament, 260. The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,865 times. The middle book of the Old Testament is

Proverbs. The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job XXIX. The middle verse of the New Testament

is Acts xxii., 17. The shortest verse in the New Testament is John, xi., 35.

The longest verse in the Old Testament is The middle book of the New Testament is Second Thessalonians.

The middle chapter and shortest in the Bible is Pealm oxvil.