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NEARLY OVER.

A Boy's Narrow Escape from a Fearful Death on the Ramparts at Devonport.

Perhaps the impressions made upon a child are stronger and more lasting than are those made upon a grown man. I don't know. This however, I do know, that there is an event in the history of my childhood which rises beyond my mental vision to this day, though thirty years have passed since it occurred, and which haunts me like a horrible nightmare whenever it comes. Nightmare! Why, when sometimes the grim dyspepsia demon does attack me, he rejoices most to make me repeat in my restless sleep that terrible experience, that narrow escape of years gone by.

I was a little over 9 years of age at the time, and, though a somewhat delicate boy, just as fond of mischief and fun as any of the rest. My father was an officer in the British Royal Navy, a glorious old salt who had fought in the Crimea, had served under Napier in the Miguelite wars in Portugal, had been around the world with Holman, the blind traveler, and had come to anchor at last at Devonport, the big seaport and dockyard, after forty years of a seafaring life.

Perhaps everybody does'nt know that Devonport was—perhaps still is, for all I know—surrounded by a deep moat, flanked by high stone ramparts, and that outside of the moat lies a huge space of waste land called the Common. Here the soldiers of the garrison used to drill, here the big reviews were held, and I remember on one occasion the Prince Consort, himself—the Man of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, you know—coming to represent his wife and Queen.

Once every year on Devonport Common there was held a big fair, a regular old-fashioned country fair, with a Richardson show, booths at which were exhibited fat women and hairy women, live Indians, eight-legged cows, two-headed horses and all the attractions to be found in a dime museum of to-day. There were athletic sports, running in sacks, jumping blindfolded, running with wheelbarrows, climbing the greasy pole and a hundred kindred boisterous amusements; besides, it was the day on which servants of every description, from cooks, housemaids, grooms and coachmen to farm laborers and scullery-maids, stood in rows and let themselves out for hire for the remainder of the year.

To us children these three days were red letter ones. We looked forward to them for months, and when they came we begged from our parents all the pocket money we could in order to go and see the wonderful sights of the big fair.

At this period I was at school, with an elder brother, at the Devonport and Stoke Grammar School, and there was a little group of five boys who were always chums, always ready for fun, mischief or devilment of any kind. The eldest, Snell, was only 11 years old. I was the youngest, about 9. They were my brother Nap, Bolley, Perkins, Snell and myself.

I should here tell you that upon no occasion, and under no circumstances whatever, was anybody permitted to walk upon the ramparts, which formed the fortifications of Devonport without the moat, without a written order from the Admiral or some officer in the army or navy resident in the town. On occasions like the fair such orders were given out freely but only to the personal friends of the giver—because the ramparts formed a point of vantage from which everything that went on upon the Common could be seen with ease. On such occasions it was customary for the officers of the regiments and of the ships in Devonport to hold a sort of picnic, and, when the weather was favorable, it is a moot question which was most picturesque—the groups of pretty, gaily dressed ladies and officers in uniform above the moat, or the crowd pushing and surging amid the booths and stands on the Common below.

We boys could not see being all sons of naval or military officers why we should not be up on the ramparts as well as our more fortunate brothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts. We didn't get orders, but we determined to get there all the same.

And we got there. I wish now we had not got there. Many a time I've wished it. We watched our opportunity, and when we saw a goodly-sized party of ladies going through the gates we walked through too, and then took to our heels like lamplighters up on to the ramparts.

Of course the ladies [illegible] all connection with us, and of course a couple of soldiers were sent up after us to bring us down.

But we were as slippery as eels in those days, and for a long time we dodged in and out among the merry guests day the way I remember seeing many a thing there and escaped capture. I cannot say that we had an extra fine view of the fair, but we had lots of fun and, perhaps that was better.

The moat was climbing the greasy pole behind nearly reached the top. I was standing spell-bound, wondering would he reach that leg of mutton. Suddenly it was Nap's voice, I heard "Look out! Run! Here's the sentry!" The next minute I felt a hand on my shoulder. I started to run to escape. I was sort of dazed, the attack was so sudden, I did not look where I was going; I ran direct for the moat. I remember hearing a scream and a shout; something caught me by the collar. I had one leg over the rampart and in another second I would have been at the bottom of the dry moat, a bruised, mangled, dead little boy.

All the horror of the situation rushed through my brain at the time, but even then that instinct of self-preservation which is so great in us all overbalanced the sense of horror. I snatched myself from the grasp of my savior—I saw only that it was a woman—and took to my heels. This time my companions had deemed it best to get right away and finish the day upon the common. But when we did get out of danger my nerves gave way and I fell in a faint upon the street. The horror, terror, agony of that moment—it could not have been many seconds—crowded themselves together in one fearful strain that was too much for me, and I was laid up with a brain fever from which it took me weeks to recover.

Do you think I exaggerate when I say that to this day that moment comes back to me in memory and makes me, and forms a nightmare from which there is no escape? Moreover to-day the sentiments are all intensified and the consequences [illegible] a thousand degrees more severe. I was, I had never climbed onto those ramparts.

Before and After.

CHAPTER I.

"George, dear," she said, a night or two before the wedding, "do you think it possible that our love and our married life can become the commonplace, coldly practical love and life of the married people we see around us? George, my heart would break if I thought—"

"But it will not [illegible] so," said George, passionately, "we love each other too tenderly too fondly for that. Our love is not of the ordinary kind, my darling, and our lives will not [illegible]. Oh, no, no, my angel; that can never be."

CHAPTER II.

"I say, George, how would you like pork for dinner, with apple sauce? You would? All right, then; and don't you forget that feeding bottle for the baby, or I'll send you back after it. And, mind you don't keep dinner waiting."

And he, with a falling off of the passion of ten years ago, replied, "All right, Lou; and I wish you'd sew a button on the back part of those striped trousers of mine; you'll find them hanging over a chair in our room. Don't have the pork as dry as last time; and you watch the baby's cold. That watering of the eyes looks like measles to me. There's my bus, good-bye!"

A Brave Mother.

As showing the force of maternal love among the lower animals, there are few more pathetic incidents than the following, which comes from Australia:

The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water-pails, and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink.

While her baby was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony, on which one of her great foes was sitting, watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace.

When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story that the eye-witness was so affected by the scene that from that time forward he could never shoot a kangaroo.

He who does not respect confidence will never find happiness in his path. The belief in virtue vanishes from his heart, the source of nobler actions becomes extinct in him.

THE QUEEN'S PARDON.

A DACOIT STORY.

When, at the end of the year 188—, I was sent to take up the duties of Assistant-Superintendent of Police at Pyeemana, in the Hanthawaddy Division of Lower Burma, I was told before I left Rangoon that I should find there no lack of opportunity to distinguish myself; and I soon discovered how truly this hint reflected the condition of this district. The country was literally overrun with dacoits, who found it a peculiarly favourable field for their malpractices. The villages were small, far apart, and, comparatively speaking, well-to-do; roads were practically *nil*; and boundless tracks of jungle and teak-forest afforded secure shelter for the light-heeled gang-robbers who haunted them. The police garrisons were few; and consisted entirely of Burman constables, whom their lawless compatriots utterly despised.

Of the numerous gangs which lived upon the peaceable inhabitants, the largest and most mischievous was one led by a man named "Boh Hlan." This outlaw was a species of Burman Robin Hood, and he owed his long immunity from capture to his cheap generosity. He was the terror of wealthy cultivators whose houses were worth looting and the unfailing friend and patron of the poorer classes. What he stole with one hand, he lavished broadcast with the other; hence information which might have enabled the police to arrest him was particularly difficult to obtain.

To compass the death or capture of this man was the chief end of my professional life during the first months of my stay at Pyeemana. For weeks together I hunted his gang from cover to cover and from village to village. Such jungle work during the hot season is not conducive to health of either white man or native. By the time the "rains" were due, my constables were completely worn out by the hardships of their life, while I myself was almost incapacitated by repeated attacks of fever, brought on by sleeping out in marshy jungle and living on the poorest diet. At intervals I took my men back to Pyeemana, to let them rest and recruit; but these much-needed holidays from dacoit-hunting never lasted very long. Sometimes an alarm from a remote corner of the district drew us out on a wildgoose chase; or impatient despatches from headquarters asking what was being done, and how I explained the continued paralysis of trade in my locality or private letters from my superiors, urging me to renewed efforts, drove me out into the forests again with followers scarcely fit to carry their own rifles.

I was thoroughly sick of the whole business, and would have done anything to get rid of the perpetual worry, when I was surprised by a visit from the officer in charge of the Police Department. He had come to Pyeemana to "inspect," for which ordeal I was quite prepared; but besides inspection, he came to give me new and unexpected instructions regarding the attitude I was to assume towards the dacoits.

'The Government,' he said, 'has determined to try what effect an offer of Pardon will produce on these fellows. Do you think any of those who are harrying your district would come in if promised free pardon for past offences?'

I considered the question carefully. Although we had failed to bring down or arrest any of the outlaws, we had kept them so remorselessly on the move that they had had no time to do mischief for the last two months. No man grows tired of his business sooner than an idle dacoit, and Boh Hlan had made no raids worth any thing lately. I believed many would 'come in' if they could be convinced they might do so without fear of the consequences.

'Very good,' said my chief. 'You are empowered to treat with the dacoits in your district on these terms: full pardon to every man who has not a price upon his head who comes in and gives up his arms before the 31st July next. See what you can do.'

He went away next day, leaving me to my own devices. I cannot say I relished the idea of carrying out these instructions. I was obliged to confess to myself that with the means at my command I could make little headway against the storm of crime; but to offer free pardon looked two much like admission of disability to be palatable to me. However, the order had been given, and I resolved to turn the chance it offered to the best account.

I lost no time. I determined to begin with Boh Hlan, who chanced, quite undeservedly, not to be one of those for whose head a reward had been proclaimed. He was the greatest pest I had to deal with, and, moreover, he had his band so well in hand, that if he consented to apply for pardon I felt certain his entire following would do the same. So, an hour after Colonel X. had gone, I sent an orderly to summon the old *phoongyee* (priest) who was the sole occupant of the tiny monastery outside Pyeemana. The person of a phoongyee is peculiarly sacred even to dacoits; and I subjected the old man to no risk in appointing him my ambassador to Boh Hlan.

The phoongyee soon appeared, and entered the veranda of my house at the slow stately pace observed by the Buddhist priesthood. He had been a tall man; but how he was bent with age; and the yellow robe which had fallen from his shoulder discovered a frame as gaunt and shrivelled as that of a mummy. With his shaven head, sunken eyes and cheeks, and dry-parchment-like skin, he looked a messenger more fitting to carry tidings of Death than of Peace.

Infirm though he appeared, he was still active in body and mind; and when I had explained what I wanted with him, he readily consented to 'help the Government side.' Could he ascertain Boh Hlan's present hiding-place, and make his way thither? The old man bowed; he had no doubt he could—if he went alone. Then would he attempt it, and deliver with his own lips the message I wished given the dacoit chief? He would, certainly, if I would write the message down.

I did what he required, and begged him to go soon; and having received the old man's assurance that he would start at once, I dismissed him, praying that success might attend his mission.

How or where he found the Boh I did not think proper to inquire; but five days afterwards, he reappeared, looking if possible, a shade more withered than before.

"The Boh," he began without any preliminaries, and in the matter-of-fact tones he might have used in delivering a casual message from a next-door neighbour—'the Boh is willing to treat with your honour, and names a place of meeting.'

'Very good!' I exclaimed. 'You have indeed done well!'

The old phoongyee smiled at me pityingly. 'Boh Hlan's words were these,' he continued: 'Tell the police officer to come and meet us at Thongway village a week hence. He must come alone and without arms. If he carries any weapon, we shall know his fine words are lies.'

I could not repress a gasp of astonishment and dismay. The phoongyee fairly burst out laughing.

"Of course your honour will no go!" he observed.

"I shall go!" I replied.

"The old man may counsel the young," said the phoongyee respectfully. "If your honour go to Thongway, he goes to his death."

An opinion given by this man was well worth consideration; but continued failures and official "wiggings" had made me reckless; and I was not in a mood to listen to reason. Here at last was a chance of doing something tangible; it was literally "neck or nothing!" but I had no idea of missing it. I therefore, warmly thanked the old phoongyee for his services and his kind advice; but reminded him that if I declined to meet the Boh even on such preposterous conditions, it would produce a very serious effect on the state of the country. Would he oblige me by seeking out the dacoit leader again, and telling him I would meet him at Thongway on the day named?—My adviser flatly refused; he would help no man to his death.

"Did Boh Hlan say he would be there on Thursday?" I inquired.

'Your honour, he did; but'—

I cut the old gentleman short, and told him he had permission to go home to his monastery. This was Monday, and I had no time to waste in fruitless argument.

I did not grow more enamoured of the plan as I thought over it. Boh Hlan was a thorough scoundrel. I could not forget that I had in our only skirmish, with my own gun wounded him in the arm; and he was not likely to have forgotten it either. But I was determined to meet him. If he consented to 'come in,' I should score a good mark at headquarters; if he played me false—

Thongway was a small hamlet of notoriously bad repute, lying under the Shan Hills, about fifty miles away. If the dacoits agreed to lay down their arms and give up their business in return for pardon it would be no easy matter to persuade them to come in as prisoners and go through the forms of trial, as the authorities required; they would never consent to follow me back tamely on such terms. I therefore resolved to take the whole police force I had at command, encamp at a spot I knew of, about ten miles from Thongway, and bring them in under guard; always supposing they meant fair-play, I did not care to ponder over the alternative.

I passed over the two days' march to the place I had selected for my police encampment. We arrived there late in the evening, very thoroughly done up by our wearisome tramp in the heat of the sun, and all hands turned in early. The following day was that fixed for the meeting at Thongway, and tired as I was, idle speculation on the task to-morrow had in store kept me awake all night. I was up at daylight, making my last preparations, and giving my sergeant orders to be carried out in event of my non-return; but I did not set out for the rendezvous until the sun was high. The residents of Thongway were to a man friends of Boh Hlan; and if I appeared first on the ground, they were not likely to lose such an opportunity of taking my head as an acceptable gift for their patron. They might have learned from the Boh that their village had been chosen as a meeting-place; but more likely not; and I preferred to run no unnecessary risks.

Giving my sergeant the only orders I could depend upon his carrying out—namely, to return with all haste to Pyeemana if I failed to appear before midnight, I took my stick, filled my pockets with biscuit, and started for my destination. The country through which the path to Thongway led was very lovely; open and grassy, splendidly timbered, and wonderfully rich in orchids whose blossoms gleamed, pink, yellow, red, and white, from almost every bough; while the darkly-wooded hills rose to a height of five thousand feet right before me. I remember the scenery now, though I did not pay much attention to it at the time. I don't think I am more of a coward than most men but I do not mind confessing that I walked that ten miles to Thongway in a condition of unspeakable 'funk.'

I reached the belt of jungle which surrounded the village at a little distance, about eleven o'clock; and when I emerged on the open paddy-land which lay between me and the cluster of bamboo huts, I paused to pull myself together and try to discover whether the dacoits were true to their tryst. I could see no one in the village save a few romping children; but on moving a little farther to the left, I saw a crowd of men squatting in the shade of a clump of elephant bamboos, a little way on the far side of the hamlet. So far so good, I wiped the perspiration from my face and hands and strode forward. My heart sank a little lower as I drew near, for I saw that every man of the assembly was armed. That did not look as though they intended peace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOOD OF THE BLACK BASS.

The Remarkable Appetite Displayed by These Game Fish.

Last summer some workmen caught six mice, which I induced them to bring in and throw to my fish, says George Kamper.

Five of the mice were alive and kicking, and as soon as they struck the water each was promptly caught by a bass and swallowed.

The sixth mouse had been killed in the catching, but before it had stopped the motion caused from throwing it a bass had it. The fish held the dead mouse only a second or two, when he spit it out; none of the fish would eat it.

A boy once brought me a live sparrow, full feathered and nearly full grown, which I threw into the tank. The bird was struggling in the water and within five seconds from the time it was thrown in one of the large bass caught it—and he swallowed it, too.

The sparrow was a big mouthful for the bass, but slowly and gradually I saw the tail feathers disappear.

The capacity of the stomach of a fish is wonderful. My oldest bass one day came to my hand seventeen consecutive times taking and swallowing a three-inch shiner each time. Sometimes when their stomachs are filled the bass continue to catch minnows, squeeze and kill them and spit them out.

What fisherman of any considerable experience has not been tantalized by having run after run, when the bass simply squeezed and killed his minnows and then [illegible] them? And when his tiger possess [illegible] fish, what can equal the satisfaction the fisherman feels when he beats the bass at his own game and captures him by spinning a dead minnow?

In August, 1889, I was attacked with sickness, and for four weeks I was unable to go after food for my pets. During ten days my fish had received nothing to eat, and they were ravenous.

They certainly were hungry enough to eat fresh meat if they could be made to eat it at any time, so I tried them and threw in some pieces of fresh beef. As fast as the pieces of beef struck the water they grabbed for it like a pack of hungry wolves.

Every bass in the tank snatched a piece of beef, and every one of them spit it out again. The bass, when hungry, appear to be willing to swallow anything that wriggles, but they certainly refuse to swallow anything that does not show some signs of life.

Napoleon Couldn't Smoke.

Napoleon Bonaparte never could smoke, although when in Egypt he attempted several times to do so in order to please the people. On one occasion, when the Persian Ambassador presented to him, on behalf of the Shah, a very valuable and gorgeous pipe, "all diamonds and rare jewels," Napoleon's attendant filled the pipe, and a light was applied; but in the way the Emperor went to work no smoke would have appeared until doomsday. He merely opened and shut his lips in the energetic manner of a mechanical figure. The attendant ventured to observe that his majesty was not proceeding in the usual manner, and showed him the correct way in which to manage his pipe of p[eace]. But the inapt pupil persistently returned to his bad imitation of yawning until tired and vexed with repeated failures, he at last desisted, saying, "Constant, do you light the pipe, I cannot." So said, so done. And we are informed that the pipe was returned to him with the tobacco burning at a furious rate and tremendous amount of smoke. Soon veiled in vapour, the unfortunate Napoleon was again in difficulty; the smoke, which he did not know how to get rid of, went down his throat and up out through his eyes and nose. As soon as he regained breath, he gasped the words:—"Take it away! What an infliction! What pigs they must be who smoke! I am so ill!" And ill; we are told, he was for some time, afterwards renouncing for evermore the "soothing weed."

King Ja Ja's Dream and its Fulfilment.

A tourist who has just returned from the Canary Islands had an interview with King Ja Ja a few days before his death. The exiled king was at that time staying at an hotel in Santae Nuz and was in very low spirits, doubting whether he would over see his native land again, though he had made all the necessary arrangements for his departure. The journey was delayed by the British Vice-Consul, who told him to wait till the arrival of Major M'Donald, the Commissioner of the Oil Rivers. The Colonial Office had exacted from him as a condition of his being allowed to return a promise to create no disturbances. He was suffering severely at the time from dysentery, and being convinced that he was the victim of a conspiracy against his life, he refused to take medicines, hiding himself on the roof or in the cellar of the hotel at the hours the doctor was expected. Three days before his death he was to have gone to a village on the hills for change of air; but he refused to leave, saying "I no go. I had the dream from my fadder. He say I be wid him in tree day." The Psychical Society will be interested to know that this presentiment proved true. The ex-King's dress was a suit of white flannels and a long dust coat. He had been deserted at St Vincent by his wives and servants. They had sent their luggage on board the steamer that was to carry them to Teneriffe, but stayed on shore themselves. When, after the steamer had started the boxes were opened they were found to contain only rubbish.

Mrs. Grubbs (at the theatre)—"I think it's perfectly disgraceful the fervent way those two lovers kiss on the stage." Mr. Grubbs—"They don't really kiss, they only pretend to. They're married."

Darning Socks.

I like to watch her sitting there,
The lamplight on her jetty hair.
Her eyes [illegible] upon her [illegible]
The while she slowly, slowly rocks.

The wooden chair seems quite a throne,
The queen upon it all my own.

And wife Roxanna is so sweet,
In plain house dress that's always neat.

Her slippers peep out just below
Oh feet that sure forgot to grow.

Her hands are dimpled, warm and white,
And always busy still at night.

Sometimes they steal about my face
In all their fair and tender grace.

And when I feel upon my brow
Their touch, I in quick homage bow.

We've just been wed a year or two,
And still we are two lovers true.

She is so gentle, good and kind,
And to my faults so strangely blind.

I like to watch her darning socks
As slow the old farm clock tick-tocks.

For she's a picture sitting there,
The lamplight on her jetty hair.

A Woman's Hate.

"I hate you, I hate you!" the maiden said,
And her eyelids drooped and her face grew red,
And she turned from her lover and hung her head.

The flush crept up to her rich brown hair,
And she plucked to pieces a rosebud fair,
As she stole a glance at her lover there.

And he, these men are so full of guile;
His eyes a-glistening with mirth the while,
Looked calmly on, with a doubting smile.

"I hate you, I hate you!" she said again,
And she tapped her toe on the carpet then,
As if each tap were a stab at men.

Her lip was a-quiver, her eyes in mist,
Her cheek and throat, as the sun-gods kissed,
Were bathed in the essence of amethyst.

And then her love, with a startled look,
Grew serious quite, and his face forsook
The confident glow which it erstwhile took.

And, "Oh, very well," as he rose to go;
"And if it please you to have it so,
Why, so it shall be, as you doubtless know."

He took one step, but a sudden turned;
Oh, much the sweetest is bliss unearned;
And looked in the tear-wet eyes that yearned.

No word she spoke, but her arms entwined
Around his neck. Oh a woman's mind
Is a puzzle, to which no key you'll find.

Upon his shoulder she laid her head,
And he kissed her cheek, which was still rose-red;
"You know I hate you!" was all she said.

To Tell a Good Housekeeper.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar,
Cleanly shelves and whitened walls.
I can guess her
By her dresser;
By the back staircase and hall;
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or in peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and unseen rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness
Where in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.

An Enchanted Princess.

I found her deep in the forest,
The beeches and elms between
A delicate amber plane-tree
'Mid masses of bronze and green;

A sorrowful spell-bound princess
Awaiting her lover there.
She said "He will know me, surely,
By the veil of my yellow hair.

"He seeks me the wide world over
He seeks me the whole year through
To loosen the charm that binds me,
My prince, and my lover true!"

She shivered beneath her foliage,
And sighed in the twilight chill:
"Aye, me! Wilt thou find me never,
Thy love that thou seekest still?"

"I saw him," chirruped a blackbird,
"He passed by this very spot:
He is come and gone, O princess!
He passed, and he know you not."

The cold wind rustled her branches
Till the yellow leaves fell slow;
"He is dead and gone, O princess!
Many a year ago."

In Vain I Search.

In vain I search like one distraught,
My house from floor to floor,
Till I am by the neighbors thought
As one whose mind gives o'er

Vain search, for she is dead, is dead;
She will return no more.
Alas! forever lost and fled,
And open still the door.

I start when rings the bell—I own
I hope to find her near.
Glad Autumn days, where are you gone,
Oh God! when she was here.

That soul has taken its upward flight,
I still below must keep;
To stars that glitter in the night
I stretch my arms and weep.

Pressed 'gainst the window, I repass
In dreams the days of yore;
All lost!—that good sweet heart, alas!
Which sang—I have no more.

By VICTOR HUGO.

Kissing.

One of the most senseless and reprehensible practices occurring in modern society is the indiscriminate kissing which is not only tolerated but encouraged by many in the most thoughtless manner. The danger of communicating various loathsome diseases in this manner is much greater than is supposed. Dreadful and disgraceful maladies have not infrequently been traced to this source of infection. A physician recently reported a most distressing case in which a young married lady of excellent character became infected with a most horrible and loathsome disease. The circumstances were truly distressing, and the young woman's character was likely to be impeached, and her social standing forever destroyed. She singularly saved her reputation and position by tracing the infection to a certain young man, who, supposed to be of good character and habits, had been allowed the habit of kissing her baby. The little one had contracted the horrible disease from the young man, who was suffering from the consequences of gross immoralities, and thus had communicated the same frightful disease to the young mother, whose character, to say nothing of her life and health, were thus imperiled. Such cases may be more numerous than is generally known.

FOR WOMEN FOLKS.

Pineapple fritters are delicious.

Carrots and cream are a novelty.

Jellied chicken is great on a picnic.

Orange fritters fried brown are liked.

Furniture of bleached oak is an oddity.

Broiled squab is nicest served on a bed of water cress.

Furniture men say the best ebony comes from Africa.

Women in California canneries get from $1.16 to $1.90 per day.

Cantaloupes left out in the grass over nigh will be nicely freshened by the dew for breakfast.

A Tunisian girl has no chance of marriage unless she weighs over 200 pounds.

Miss Antoinette Knaggs, a college educated young woman, of Ohio, owns and manages a farm of 200 acres.

A Saratoga woman, whose hair turned white when she reached fifty, finds now, as she approaches seventy, that it is turning black again.

The costliest dresses in the world are worn by the women of Sumatra. They are made of pure gold and silver. After the metal is mined and smelted it is formed into fine wire, which is woven into cloth and afterward made into dresses.

There are more women in British India (124,000,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor European States cast in as well.

EMIN PASHA VICTORIOUS.

A Report That he has Re-Conquered His Old Province.

A communication in cipher has been received at Brussels from Stanley Falls, which indicates that Emin Pasha has been wonderfully successful in his operations in Africa. According to this despatch Emin Pasha was, at the time the message was sent, resting at Wadelai, after having inflicted a most serious and thorough defeat upon the dervishes. As a result of this battle, Emin Pasha captured 6,000 tusks of ivory and a quantity of ammunition, arms, and stores of many descriptions. In addition, Emin Pasha has re-occupied all the old stations in the equatorial province, and seems to have completely cowed the dervishes. The number of men killed in the battle with the dervishes is not mentioned in the despatch received from Stanley Falls.

FOR THE LADIES.

September Days.

From September's misty grass,
Growing on the furrowed ground,
Comes the cheery cricket sound;
While from twisted browning trees
Apples fall

And the warm and dusty winds,
Turning white the roadside weeds,
Whirl the leaves and thistle seeds,
From the mellow hazy air,
Bluejays call.

O'er the meadows aftermath,
By the August rains made green,
Harvest spider-webs are seen,
Showing wet, like fresh drawn net
Spread to dry.

Threading from the Summer's woof,
Golden-rod September weaves,
Binding in with crumpled leaves,
Sparrows trailing flight from trees
Through the sky.

Butterflies with snowy wings,
Rising from the asters white,
Look like petals in their flight,
Or as souls of summer flowers
Passing by.

Family Pets.

One of the very best of Elia's essay is that giving advice to the newly married. He did not scorn their natural affection for each other, their sighs and their transports, and their undisguised sentiment, but simply endeavored to show that it was impossible for an outsider to share it without reservation.

The same applies to people's pets. There are pleasant houses that are overrun by dogs. They sleep on the lounges, on the beds, and on the best chairs. They have the center of the rug before the fire, and when the bell rings rush to the door with a volley of barks and growls and otherwise give unmistakable evidence of their carnivorous origin. Their bark, as the adage runs, is usually worse than their bite, but not worse than the bearish plunge in which muddy paws are scraped the entire length of a dress skirt, or caught in a flounce that is rent beyond all darning. When the mistress of the ill-mannerly horde appears it is always with an apology:

"The door bell always startles Fido and Carlo and I can not break them of barking, although I've punished them in every possible way."

Sometimes the caller having not much liking for animals—and there are such people—tries to conciliate the hostile pet with overtures of peace. His affectionate responses are worse than his marks of displeasure and he bounds into the lap of the visitor in her best gown, and a broad wet tongue bestows a caress that is neither agreeable nor desirable. The hostess, where the dog is the family idol, is more tiresome than the mother of a precious child. Endless stories are told of Carlo's gratitude and intelligence and cunning until human endurance can bear no more.

Sometimes it is cats. Now, there are peculiar people who have an aversion to cats which is a matter of temperament or heredity, and which can neither be explained away nor overcome. They tremble when the dreaded feline comes into their presence and would as soon touch a cobra as to stroke poor Grimalkin's furry head. This is, of course, hard to understand by those who have a liking for the species. But so long as such an aversion does exist, it is well for the owner of cats to realize its possibility and not impose her favorite Tabby on the casual visitor without first learning whether or no the attention will be appreciated. In some houses the cat is a spoiled beast, a tyrant that monopolizes the softest cushions that licks the cream with impunity, that shamelessly walks over the table and sits on the master's shoulder at every meal. This may appear exceedingly amusing to the family, but to no one else, and the guest who sips his coffee in silence may be longing to vindicate the rights of man.

There are other people who like canary birds, and mocking-birds, and parrots, and who fill all the tables and windows with their cages. The ceaseless twittering and whistling and trilling is never unpleasant to their accustomed ear, while particularly in the case of the parrot or mocking-bird, it may disturb an entire neighborhood. To the sick or the nervous the torture their ceaseless noise can inflict is beyond description. Then there are others who affect pets out of the ordinary—snakes, lizards, young alligators and horned toads. To the student of natural history, all these, like adversity, have their uses, but it would seem, apparently, a use confined to mysterious ends of nature which have never been satisfactorily explained. It is quite fitting and proper to study them on their native heath, or in the zoological gardens, but it is a little inconsiderate to keep them where they can come crawling out from under a lounge, like a figment of a [illegible], or a symptom of approaching mental derangement.

Of course guests need not accept invitations to houses where dogs, cats, parrots, and reptiles are intimate members of the family circle, but, in many instances, to decline means the dissolution of long established friendship and the severance of close ties.

It is not to be understood that love for animals, their proper care and treatment, are discountenanced. No good man and no womanly woman abuses them or dislikes them. But they should be kept in their place, which does not mean where they will suffer or be neglected, but where they will not intrude upon those who can not help fearing them, and whom they fret and annoy.

M. H. K.

The Girl to be Avoided.

She is the girl who takes you off in one corner and tells you things that you wouldn't repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party, which is to be "a dead secret;" and at which, because people are very free and easy, you are uncomfortable and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or to take a glass of wine, and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that many of the sinners of to-day committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care and love your own, to help mother and to have your pleasures at home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome, and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street, looking at the windows and the people is "just delightful."

She is the girl who persuades you that slang is witty, that a loud dress that attracts attention is "stylish," and that your own simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She doesn't know, nor do you how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your charms and fascination, instead of being, as it is, an outward visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as "a gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And of all others, she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, is to be avoided.

Nerves.

When a woman plans to do too much in one day, and gets dissatisfied with herself and all her family because she does not get through with it all in that time, nerves are usually at the bottom of it.

When a naturally good-natured little mother begins to grow irritable, and can not bear the noise of the children's laughter, and jumps with fright if the door bangs, it is likely to be a case of "The Nerves," and when she tells the little ones that she is too tired to answer questions, and can't have them playing around the kitchen, and hurries them out of it before they have time to argue over it a bit it is a clear case, for even the children understand it and agree among themselves that mamma is "cross" to-day and has got "the nervous" pretty bad, and carry off their treasures and their troubles to more remote quarters.

Now if that little mother and all her sister house-keepers who are troubled with this disease will take a bit of advice from one who has had considerable practice and experience with similar cases, she will seat herself occasionally through the day in the most comfortable chair she possesses, throw her head against the back of it, relax every tired and strained muscle in her body until head, arms, and legs hang off from her like dead-weights, and sit there fifteen minutes, which will do her more good than all the tonics that by-and-by the doctors are going to prescribe for her.

Let her follow up this idea, varying it occasionally with a glance through the latest magazine or book at the time when she feels most tired and hurried, and she may save herself considerable suffering and unhappiness later on, as well as general discomfort and anxiety for her family.

A Home Wedding.

"It's just a year ago to-day," said she who told the story. "We had been schoolmates, and she asked me to come by an early train and help her and her mother through the day. It was 9 in the morning when I stepped under the thick woodbine that grew about the door of that angular little house on the edge of a Canadian village. She had a broad hat on and she said, 'Come.'

"We went out into the pasture land beyond the village and we filled our arms with golden-rod and cardinal flowers. Then we walked back to the house and her mother fetched jars and vases and big bowls and we put our flowers about in the rooms.

"He came by the noon train and she went to the gate in her print dress and her broad hat to meet him. We had a little dinner together, her mother, he, she, and I.

"Then she went to dress and came downstairs again in half an hour in a simple little white gown. It was 2 o'clock when the neighbors began to arrive. She went to the door to meet them herself, and she took the minister's hat and showed the minister's wife where to put her things.

"Then by and by the minister said: 'Are you ready?' And she said 'Yes:' and then the two of them stood before the minister, and she put one hand behind her and into the hand of her mother, who sat just there on the sofa. And when the minister began, 'Will you,' she said 'I will' before he got half through.

"After that she put on a white apron and saw that all had cake and ice cream. Then when it was time for her to go away she changed her dress again and we all walked to the railway station to see her started. When the train came puffing up she turned to me: 'Stay with mother till to-morrow, and I'll get a letter to her by that time. She'll be lonely this evening.'

"I never expect to attend again so pretty a wedding."

Hints for the Household.

It is calculated that in a plain shirt there are 20,649 stiches,

If troubled with headache try the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

For stings or bites from any kind of insect apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve and usually cure very quickly.

Anything with red in it, such as red-bordered tray cloths of towels, should be washed in water to which a little borax has been added. The colour will then be prevented from fading.

If a poision has been accidentally swallowed instantly drink a pint of warm water in which has been stirred a teaspoonful of salt and one or two of mustard. A half glass of sweet oil will render many poisons harmless.

There are many simple and effective disinfectants, among which are—coffee pounded and burned on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick-room.

Blacking should never be put on kid boots or shoes. There are special preparations for the purpose, procurable from any boot-maker. Milk is also very good for the purpose. Steep a piece of linen in a little milk and rub the boots gently with this.

The generality of ripe, sound fruits are distinctly beneficial to the voice. Malibran once said he never sang so well or so easily as after a plateful of strawberries; and the late W. Harrison said that a slice of pine-apple, in just the right condition, dipped in old Madeira, was just what he liked best for his high notes.

There is more benefit in a good laugh than in all the hot water remedies, faith cures, cold water, electric, and all new-fangled treatments in the world, and it does not cost anything. Laugh. If you know nothing else to laugh at, laugh at your neighbour. He is probably improving his health by laughing at you.

In making butter Scotch take 1 lb. yellow sugar, ¼ teaspoonful cream of tarter, 2 oz. butter, 1 teacup water, either a little essence of lemon or ginger to flavor. Put everything in a nice pan and boil without stirring much till a little dropped in cold water gets hard in a minute. Pour out on a buttered dish, and when nearly cold mark into squares.

Fruits are known to be cooling and healthful; the reason is, their acidity like that of some other articles, stimulates the separation of bile from the blood; this causes an "open" condition of the system, the attendant of high health, an active body and a joyous heart. Hence, if that acidity is corrected by sweets of any kind, in such proportion they fail of their natural good effects.

Two Lions in Camp.

A correspondent of the *Times*, who recently journeyed from Manica to Mashonaland, thus describes the visit of two lions to the camping ground one night:—"About one o'clock two lions came right into the camp, and set up the most frightful noise it is possible to imagine. They did not growl, as they usually do, but roared fearfully, first one starting, and then the other joining in. I have often heard that a lion's roar is very terrible. It is, and if you want to thoroughly appreciate it you must be lying in the open with two of them at it less than 20 yards off in the middle of the night. The noise is hard to describe, but it is most like about 50 cows bellowing all at once, and with a tremendous vibration in it, which goes through and through you. Three times did these brutes make this row, each time lasting about a minute and a half, but it seemed more like ten. After they had stopped, there was a dead silence for several minutes; even the hyenas, &c., were quiet. Presently the fires all around began to blaze up, and then the oxen began to make a great noise. We knew what was coming then, and every one was up in a moment. For the next hour there was the most indescribable confusion. The oxen all broke loose from the waggons, and rushed about all over the camp, upsetting everything. No more sleep that night. At daybreak very few oxen were left about, and all the natives were sent out to find them. Eventually all were got back but four, and six sheep.

Lost Youth to be Found in Immortality.

"What is that throng of middle-aged and elderly people, who seem to be so eagerly looking for something? How they peer about, and seem ever to be looking backward, they are haunted by some reminiscence of past delight! What are they groping after with hopeless and joyless eyes? Ah! it is the great world of grown-up humanity searching for their lost childhood. Something is ever reminding them of the freshness of a world all undimmed, of a joy and freedom which once was in them and all about them. What has become of the sense of the infinite nearness of God and the brooding protection of his fatherly love? Where are those flashes of illumination which spoke so plainly of a life spreading endlessly before them? The child's deep intuition of the wonder of existence, his profound joy in living the appareling in celestial light of earth and every common sight," have for the most part passed away from their experiences.

"Will these world-weary and world-aged ones ever find again their lost childhood? No; there has passed away a glory from the earth which will never return with the force of first delight. That early glamour over land and sea, over life and nature, was not to remain, but was prophetic of the immortal capacity of the soul, of its possible flight into loftier realms, and of a joy dependent on far deeper light and on a profounder knowledge of the unfathomable relations of the soul to God, than the child then possessed."

Killing Gnats by Electricity.

M. Scherer, a Frenchman, has invented a clever, but simple method of electrically doing to death gnats, flies, and similar pests, which should prove of considerable interest to the inhabitants of our empire, east and west, and antipodean, as well as to denizens of Africa and certain parts of Europe. The only drawback is that it requires an electric battery giving a constant current. But, as many hotels, public buildings, and private buildings in warm climates are now lighted by electricity there can be little difficulty in setting up economical, effective, and perfectly safe death traps for aerial pests. His device is very simple. He takes a candle, lamp, or torch, and places it within a cage of metallic wire gauze. This metallic gauze is connected with the poles of an electric machine, and duly charged with the electric current. The gnats, mosquitoes, flies, wasps, fly to the light, touch the electrified metal, and are instantly killed. There is no possibility of their flying about half dead, and as in the case with certain traps, conveying poison about the place. During the day the light can be replaced by some bait, raw meat, &c., to which the insect pests fly with alacrity and meet their doom. Those who have lived and travelled in countries troubled with the pests will be able to appreciate the simplicity of the device. The trap might probably prove effective on lawns where midges and cockchafers are a nuisance.

Latest From Europe

The Dardanelles Incident—Decline of Royalist Spirit in France—European Food Shortage.

It is curious that at a time when two such high authorities as Lord Salisbury and Prince Bismarck unite in crying peace, peace, two incidents should have rapidly succeeded to show upon what a foundation of powder barrels the peace of Europe rests. The first touches the old battleground of the Dardanelles. Early in the week a report reached London that the Sultan, under pressure from St. Petersburg, had conceded to Russia free passage to its warships through the Dardanelles. It was added with suspicious exactitude that Russia has been backed up in this request by France. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of such an arrangement if it were really brought about. With the Dardanelles a free waterway, a Russian fleet could sweep down on Constantinople and rush through into the Mediterranean making it a Muscovite lake, and commanding the world's trade passing through the Suez Canal. Of course Russia urgently desires such emancipation. She nearly secured it sixty years ago, and seemed finally to lose it as the one tangible result of the Crimean war. That fresh negotiations on the subject have been in progress is likely enough, and it is even possible, though not probable, that the inscrutable Turk might for some immediate advantage be induced to place the key of his Empire at the disposal of Russia. Happily, Turkey is not the arbiter of the situation. England, Italy, Austria and, in a remoter degree, Germany, would have something to say on the subject—considerations which enable us to dismiss the rumour as scarcely worth the attention it has absorbed.

How swift and complete has been the decay of the royalist spirit which a dozen years ago threatened to dominate France, is shown by the wrangle in the French clerical papers as to who is responsible for the neglect of the graves of the last French Bourbons of the elder line. The remains of Charles X., of his niece, the Duchess d'Angouleme, and of his grandson, the Count of Chambord, lie in a vault of the Franciscan monastery, near the [illegible] Austrian exile. The monks keep [illegible], potatoes, and fowls in the cellar, through which they have to pass to the vault and were vastly surprised the other day at a visit from a party of French royalists paying a pilgrimage to the tomb. They said no single relative of the family had been there since Chambord's death. The pilgrims had brought a big silver crown to put on the pretender's tomb, and it took a whole forenoon to clear away the rubbish and filth to make a place for it and get at the vault at all. Naturally, this discovery has aroused indignation against Chambord's nephews, Don Carlos and Don Alfonso, who inherited his great wealth; but even this is of a pale and ineffectual sort. In truth, nobody cares any longer about the Bourbons.

Each day's figuring now increases the shortage of food which Europe sees staring it in the face. Roughly speaking, the importing nations of the earth need 500,000,000 bushels of wheat, and the exporting nations have a surplus of only 150,000,000 to meet this demand. This is indeed a roseate statement of the case, because it is based on last year's consumption. This year both rye and potatoes are grave failures, which throw a big added burden on the world's wheat supply. To say nothing of Russia, there will be an additional wheat consumption in Germany of some 2,000,000 bushels from the mere fact of the shifting of army rations from brown to white bread.

A New Way of Telegraphing.

William E. Sloane and John E. Hughes, gas fitters, and Orrin S. [illegible] painter of Chicago, have experimented on what they say is a new invention to simplify the transmission of telegraphic messages.

Their experiments were successful as far as the prescribed space allowed the success of the scheme to be demonstrated. One of the operators sat at an ordinary receiver placed in the office on the first floor.

He used the Morse alphabet and tapped a message along a rubber tube to his companion on the third floor. The vibration of the air in the tube caused a small disk in the receiver upstairs to hit tremendously, and this being connected by electric wire caused the hammer to tap the message clearly and loudly on the receiver.

This was the only place in which electricity was used, and one cell was found sufficient to work the machinery necessary to receive the message, the vibrating air sent along the tube.

It is by the vibrations that the inventors propose to revolutionize the present system of telegraphy. They assert that with their system the present expensive method of insulation used with the electric telegraph will be entirely done away with, and that the risk of snapping or breaking by overcharges of electricity will be reduced to a minimum. No noise can be heard in the tube when it is broken in two, but when connected the sounder clicks distinctly. The next experiment will be made between two cities remote from each other, and it will be ascertained whether or not vibrating messages can be sent as rapidly and as clearly and as far as messages by electricity.

Savernake and its Noble Lord.

The Marquis of Ailesbury, who is applying to the courts for permission to sell his estates to Lord Iveagh for £750,000, was better known to the public as Lord Savernake. The lands in question came into possession of the family through an ancestor who married the heiress of one of the wealthy Seymours, the Dukes of Somerset. One of the Seymours had previously married a daughter of Sir William Sturmy, of Chadham, in Wiltshire, the male members of whose family had been bailiffs of the Royal Forest of Savernake since the days of Henry II. Tottenham Park, as long the chief seat of the Ailesburys, is situated in Savernake Forest.

As things go in these degenerate days £750,000 seems a very fair price for 40,000 acres. The Marquis's trustee was asked yesterday whether he had made any provision for the housing of the valuable heirlooms in the mansion. "Well, now it's a very funny thing, but I only thought of that myself yesterday"—which [illegible] might have been expected from this sprig of the aristocracy. His lordship has only had the estate for some five years, and yet he has succeeded in loading it with encumbrances to the extent of some £250,000. Lord John Manners's prayer was never meant for such as he. It may not be generally known that when the last Earl of Cardigan, the leader of the Light Brigade of Balaklava, died, the earldom passed to the Marquis of Ailesbury.

The noble marquis is the patron of nine livings and the motto below his crest is, "We have been."

It has been concluded that with a balloon 330 feet long, with a maximum diameter of 55 feet, a speed of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour can be attained. At the same time it is thought that the problem of flight is more likely to be solved by means of an aeroplane than with a balloon.

While France has been scoring one success after another during the last few weeks, and resuming her former position as the maiden fair who is wooed in turn by every Power in Europe, Germany has sustained a defeat at the hands of the most diminutive member of the concert of nations. Switzerland, which is gradually becoming converted to the wisdom of a Protective Tariff, has definitely and curtly rejected the invitation of her great Teutonic neighbor to enter the Central European Zollverein or Customs league, projected by the Berlin Government. The Swiss manufacturing industries are already heavily handicapped by German competition, and far from being willing to extend increased facilities of access and trade to their rivals, are, on the contrary, determined to bar them out by means of a Protective Tariff. It is believed that Italy will now be encouraged to follow the example set by Switzerland, and that she will likewise decline to augment the industrial and commercial crisis within her borders by binding herself down to a commercial union with Germany. Nor is it by any means certain that the zollverein recently concluded between Germany and Austria will be ratified by the Reichstag, a process which is requisite before it can be put into legal force. The whole of the German agricultural interests are opposed to the treaty, and it is as their mouthpiece that Prince Bismarck will take his seat in the Imperial Parliament when it next meets.

ENGLAND'S ASIAN RAILWAY.

An Important Link of the Great Line Completed.

With the completion of the Khojak Tunnel another link is forged of that line which, in the years to come, will probably be known as the Great Central Asian Railway, uniting the East and the West, and girdling half the world's circumference with rails. The undertaking, which has not its equal in India, was the outcome of one of three projects submitted to the Government of India, and was the one specially recommended by the engineer-in-chief. Under this project the line from Killa Abdulla is continued 60 miles (from Quetta) into the Khojak Pass, piercing the Khwaja Amran Range, and finally establishing a temporary terminus on the Chaman plain. The Secretary of State cordially indorsed the Government of India's approval, with the result that the first sod of this great work was turned in December, 1887. It was estimated that the line, the tunnel and the concomitant works would cost about 131 lacs, but an additonal seven miles having been sanctioned later on the Chaman side, 12 lacs more had to be added to the original estimate, bringing the total to 143 lacs. The tunnel, the great engineering work of the scheme, is about two and a half miles in length, and is pre-eminent as the longest in Asia.

Many and appalling were the difficulties which surrounded its formation. The tunnel itself is responsible for a considerable increase in the expenditure, bringing the sum total to 152 lacs, or nine lacs above the estimate. Fuel for working the boring machines, a very considerable item, was made all the more expensive by the action of the Northwestern Railway, which enhanced the rates of carriage after the works were begun, and into the coffers of which went most of the excess. Extra pay was another item, and this was due to the loose nature of the strata inside the mountain—contrary to what might have been anticipated from an examination of the surface. And again, when within 100 yards of completion when every one concerned was rejoicing to think that the two ends would meet, by a most unfortunate piece of luck a vertical stratum of clay charged with water was met, and out of it came pouring a torrent of water and mud at the rate of several hundred gallons a minute. Even now water still issues from this part of the tunnel, but not in very considerable quantities. This unforeseen circumstance retarded the tunnel work for six months. All along the work had been carried on most rapidly, and although 37 yards a week was done at a time, the cost is less per yard than that of any of the larger Alpine tunnels, such, for instance, as the Mont Cenis, St. Gothard, or the Arlberg, although these had the immense advantage of unlimited water-power for driving their machinery. In the Khojak the rock-drilling machinery used was Schram. The rope inclines over the mountain were features in the work. These were built to facilitate the transport of material from one side of the range to the other, and ran up the hillsides at a gradient of one in two and a half. They carried a total of three quarters of a million tons of material.

As originally intended, the tunnel was to be completed by October, 1890, but the work was delayed for the reasons already mentioned, and also by the severity of the winter of 1890-'91. Within two months 10 inches of rain fell, most of it in the form of snow, rectangle the mountain range with water. The water cold was so [illegible] 21 degrees below freezing [illegible] during the night, while during [illegible] the day was only 36 degrees. The result was excessive mortality among the [illegible], and no fewer than a [illegible] of the employed, that is to say, 1,000 [illegible] 4,000 lost their lives during that one winter. A regiment of "pioneers" was quartered near the mouth of the tunnel, and rendered good service; their presence, moreover, was invaluable in keeping in check the lawless Pathans and members of other equally turbulent tribes, from which the labor was entirely recruited. From the [illegible] a good idea may be formed of the immensity of the work that was so quietly and expeditiously carried on away on the Afghan frontier.

HOW TO ANNEX MANIPUR

The British Government Will Not Let a Native Prince Rule the State.

A Calcutta despatch says that general satisfaction is expressed by the Viceroy of India with the disposal of the British Government [illegible] the State of Manipur. There has been a feeling among the Indian princes that the British would be glad to seize any pretext to annex any of the native States, and it was felt that [illegible] strengthening the hands [illegible] regal Government in [illegible] Manipur to the dominion [illegible] British administration. The [illegible] yet settled as to who will be placed on the vacant throne, but no doubt [illegible] heir of the late ruling family will be selected. The dethroned Maharajah was approached on the subject [illegible] but he was too much [illegible] and shame over the death of his brother the Senaputty, to give [illegible] consideration. The Manipur [illegible] as a most disgraceful [illegible] for common criminals, and [illegible] this manner of [illegible] them a shock they [illegible].

APHORISMS.

Many a genius that [illegible] Oaks that flourish [illegible] not spring up into beauty [illegible]—Lewes.

The true grandeur of nations [illegible] qualities which constitute the greatness of the individual.—Charles Sumner.

Thoughts shut up want air [illegible] bolls unopened to the sun.

An unwary openness causeth [illegible] but a little reserve [illegible] respect [illegible] some courtesy, kindness [illegible]

This happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist not in one but in [illegible] of talents tending to communicate delight.—Cumberland.

Life without joy can be [illegible] without honor never [illegible]

Learning without thought [illegible] thought without learning [illegible]—Confucius.

He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Curbing the Indian Press.

At Calcutta the judge who tried the case has refused to accept the jury's verdict in the case of the proprietor, editor, manager and printer of the *Bangobasi*, one of the principal vernacular newspapers of India, who were arrested and charged with attacking the Government. The judge ordered a retrial of the case. The Government recently has been repeatedly and vigorously attacked by the native press, especially in connection with the Manipur trials and executions and age of consent law, and consequently has resorted to strong measures in order to curb the latter utterances.

Twice Hanged.

A Lake Charles, La., despatch says: Two negro murderers, John Dix and Frank Large, were executed here yesterday. Large's rope broke and he fell to the ground apparently unconscious. He was immediately carried back to the gallows. The rope was spliced, and he was again dropped. Both men died of strangulation.

Difference in Men.

We are all of dust and ashes. True. But in some we recognize the dust of gold, and the ashes of the phœnix; in others the dust of the gateway, and the ashes of turf and stubble. With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown drop together, and are overlooked. It is true, we read of them in history, but we also read in history of crocodiles and hyenas; with great writers whether in poetry or prose, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vest are. The features of a man are imprinted on his works; and more lamps burn over them, and more religiously, than are lighted in temples and churches. Milton, and men like him, bring their own incense, kindle their own fire, and leave it unconsumed and unconsumable, and their music by day and night, swells along a space commensurate with the vault of Heaven.

A dealer in artificial limbs estimates that 300,000 Englishmen have lost one or both legs.

Seed for the culture of rubber has been sown in Ceylon and the seedlings are reported to be flourishing among the jungle. It is suggested that a large tract of country could easily be covered with profitable trees by simply collecting and sowing broadcast every year in the belts or useless jungles adjoining the estates, a few bushels of the seed of the Ceara rubber tree which grows in the island.