Ol' Pickett's Nell.

Feel more 'an ever like a fool Since Pickett's Nell came back from school, Since Pickett's Nell came back from scho She onct wuz twelve' ind me eighteen ('Nd better friends you never seen); Bu now-oh, my! She's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall, 'Nd 'arnin'—she jes knows it all. Bhe's eighteen now, but'm so slow I'm whar I was six years ago!

Six years! Waal, waal! Don't seem a week Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek, 'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night, Her hangin' to my jacket tight; But now—oh, my! She rides in Pickett's new coopay Jes' like she'd b'en brung up thet way, 'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen— Th' mostest like I ever seen.

She 'uster tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease Me for to take her on my knees; Then tired me out 'ith Marge'y daw, 'Nd laftin' bell my throat wus raw, Not alim tell my toroat was raw,
But now—oh, my!
She sets up this way—kinder proud'
'Nd never noways laughs out loud,
You wu'dn't hardly think that she
Hed ever see-sawed on my knee,

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I'd choose 'Nd sometimes, et at noon I'd choose
To find a shady place 'nd snooze,
I'd wake with burdocks in my hair
'Nd elderberries in my ear.

But now—oh, my!
Somebody said ('twuz yesterday);
"Let's hev some fun while Ned's away;
Let's turn his jacket inside out!"
But Nell—sh'd just turn red 'nd pout.

'Nd oncet when I wuz dreamin' like,

Actrowin' akerne in th' dyke,
She put her arme clean round my head
'Nd whispered softly: "I like you, Ned!"
But now—oh, my!
She courteseyed so stiffind grand
'Nd never oncet held out her hand,
'Nd called me' Mister Edward!" Laws!
Thet ain't my name and never wuz.

'Nd them 'st knowed 'er years ago Jes laughed t' see to put on so; Cuz it wuz often talked 'nd said: 'Nell Pickett's jes cut out for Ned. She held her purty head so high 'Nd skasely saw me goin' by—
I w'u'd'n,t dast (afore last night)
A purposely came near her sight.

Last night—ez I wuz startin' out
To git th' cows I heard a shout,
'Nd, sure ez ghostess, she wuz thar,
A sittin' on ol' Plekett's mar;
'Nd then—oh, my!
She said she'd cried for all th' week
To tak th' ol' ride to th' croek;
Then talked about ol' times, and said;
"Then days wuz happy, wa'n't they, Ned?"

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywbars
'Bout her puttin' on seeh airs,
'Nd seemed to me like they wuz right
Afore th' cows come home last night,
But now—oh, my! -Mather Dean Kimball, alias James Whitcomb Riley, in the Century.

For the few-and-far-between, For the very seldem seen,
For the un-catch-hold-uponable I sigh!
The unclutchable I'd clutch,
The untouchable I'd touch, For the ungrabbed and ungrabable I die!

Oh, I burn and sigh and clasp
For the just-beyond-the-grasp,
For the un-overtakable I yearn;
And the vulgar here-and-now
I ignore and disavow,
And the good-enough-for-others, how I spurn!

Oh, I mean and cry and screech For the just beyond the reach,
The too-far-away-to-grab I would ensuare;
The ungainable I'd gain,
The unattainable attain,

And chase the uncatch-onto to his lair!
—S. W. Foos in Yankee Blade.

Getting Square. Ma'd of Oshkosb, ere I go Tell me what I am to know Does your father still declare I can never be his heir? Hear my vow before I get— I'll be even with him yet,

By those tresses bleached to gold, And those bangs in tinfoil rolled; By your highly froscoed cheek: By my dollars, six a week; By my dollars, six a week; You can say I told you so—I'll be even with him, though.

By the aid which he might lend, By his cash I'd like to spend; By the joy which he could crowd Upon one who's poor but proud; Toll him that I make my brags— I'll be even with his jags.

Maid of Oshkosh, I must flee, Nand of Osnosof, I must hee,
For another waits for me;
I shall wod your rival, sweet,
Who resides across the street.
When her wealth secure I've got—
Then I'll show him what is what.
—Byron parodied in Chicago Herald.

HOPE FOR THE HAIRLESS.

Indiana Science Too Much for the Devas tating Bacillus Crinovorax Humanus.

Bald-headed men, who have had to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in the shape of the gibes of those who sit behind them at the opera and catch the get it.
glory of the ballet reflected from their
shining nobs, will be pleased to learn that flouris an Indiana chemist has paved the way for Journal. This is not an advertisement, and the individual who speaks of chestnuts or who mutters "Rats" without further applying his ear to wisdom and his heart erstanding may have occasion to regret his hasty judgment. It seems some German scientist, finding his forehead reaching further back than was strictly demanded by the laws of beauty, began to investigate the subject closely, and found that the damage was caused by a microbe which, for the sake of brevity and to dis tinguish it from other parasites, he called the Bacillus Crinovorax Humanus. This microbe, we are told, is shaped like the point of a needle, and has a power of rotary motion like a steam drill, which it uses to bore into the scalp of the victim, loosening the fastenings of his thatch, and finally unroofing him as completely as the Kansas cyclone unroofs the humble habitation of the hardy settler. It might be supposed that with these powerful qualities of destructiveness the B. C. H. could pursue its infamous career of desolation unobstructed but the Indiana man has devised a prepa ration which promptly reduces it to condition of innocuous descetude. The first dose causes it to abandon its nefarious occupation and remark on the rapidly growing unheathfulness of the neighborhood, and the next application causes it either to vacate the premises or give up troublesome and misspent life. Not only does it rid the settlement of the unwelcom intruder, but it deters others of like ill from coming in to take up the abandoned daim and the owner of the poll, who formerly went about with a cranium as a billiard ball ,thereafter rejoice like Absalom in the beauty and luxuriance of his looks.

A Royal Widow Wants to Wed. The Duchess of Albany, who has been in Germany during the last three months, re siding with her father, the Prince of Waldeck Pyrmont, is desirous of contracting a second marriage with a member of a German Princely family, who is a distant relative of her own. It would be a suitable match in every way, but the Queen will probably oppose it, although it is difficult o understand why the Duchess of Albany who is now only in her 29th year, and wh was left a widow after less than two years of married life, should be expected to pass the remainder of her days alone at Clarewhere existence must be dull beyond all duliness, the only variety being an occasional visit to the Queen at Windsor or Osborne, and a yearly trip to Birkhall which is rather more dreary than even Claremont .- London Truth ..

The Art of Sharpening a Knite.

wife?" The question was asked by a big butcher in Fulton market. "Very few butcher in Fulton market. "Very few world by their toleration, and be held at an angle of 20 to 25 degrees on they had no rights save what their lordthe steel. When the other side of the blade ships allowed them to have as a matter of is turned you must be careful to preserve grace. We have improved upon that conthe same angle. Then draw the steel from dition of affairs somewhat, but there is heel to point against the edge, using only a much to be done yet in the same direction. slight pressure."-New York Herald.

It is said that Mark Twain's wife has ryitten a book, under a fictitious name.

against progress in the improvement of the condition of the masses as then. The cry is: Contribute to the support of the written a book, under a fictitious name.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

The Condition of Labor in England 120 Years Ago.

SIXTEEN HOURS A DAY.

The Wages of Tradesmen and Laborers-Princely Palaces-What Progress?

"The good old days" is a favorite phrase with certain people when referring to the condition of things a century ago. How often we hear pessimistically inclined people lamenting the degeneracy of this latter age and sighing for the buried past. To grumble is more or less natural to all: To grumble is more or less natural to all; to some the privilege is a real luxury, and were they deprived of it they would be unhappy indeed. Happiness a relative term largely dependent upon contentment; and some are so constituted that contentment s a condition of mind wellnigh unattain able. Moreover, the young live in prospect. and if they sigh for the "old days" it is probably a longing born of the tales of the days of chivalry, or the outcropping of the barbaric in the human organization. But the old incline to dwell with the past in which their activities were spent, and it is perhaps not to be wondered that, once turned backward, they see beyond their own experiences, and give to each circumstance and situa tion the coloring of their youthful remini cences. We are very apt to fall into the habit of minimizing our advantages and opportunities and viewing either the distant past or future through parti-colored

Man is a progressive animal. The horse of to day has probably no greater ambi-tion and no more numerous wants than had those Pharach drove. The sheep of to-day are probably much the same in that respect as those Abraham herded. Man, on the other hand, finds his ambitions and desires increased by their fulfilment. His evolution in this direction is in proportion to the improvement in his envioraent. Perhans it is the infinite within him struggling to rise. Whatever it is he is in this regard a unique animal. And it is only by the use of his capacity for noting facts and his reflective faculties that he is prevented from falling into the erroneous belief that we sometimes hear expounded by those who should know better, that this old world is grand failure; that all man's efforts are a grand failure; that all man a chorus are for naught in improvement, and that man-kind is going to the dogs generally. Isn't the idea rather a reflection on the Creator of the world and His ability to make a

coess of His handiwork? It is quite common to hear, in these days of strikes and labor disagreements, that even in England, the Mother of Progress, the lot of the laborer is growing harder of late years. Is that the fact? Or is it but the growth of the ambition of the masses fed by their attainment to an already greatly improved condition? Let me carry the reader back just 120 years and glean some information as to the condition of the English workmen. The figures I give are from the pen of an enquiring farm specialist whose "Six Weeks Tour" contains much information of the times in

which he wrote. His report on the weaving industry at Whitney, where 500 weavers were at work, shows that the finest wool was worth 8d. to 10d. per lb., while coarse wool sold at $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. Blankets, 10-4, sold at 24s. to £3 per pair. Mutton cost 4d. to 43d., beef 5d., and bacon 8d. per lb. The wages were not so high as to make the tradesmen of to day envious author says: "Journeymen, in general, on an average, earn from 10s. to 12s. a week, but they work from 4 to 8 [o'clock], and in winter by candle light. Old women of 60 and 70 earn 61. a day in picking and sorting the wool. A good stout woman can earn from 10d. to 1s. a day by spinning, and a girl of 14, four or five pence." It will be remembered, too, that in those days weavers were trades men of some importance. At North Leach farm hands got 8d. to 10d. a day in winter and spring and 1s. a day in summer; or for reaping barley and oats 6d. to and wheat 4s. to 5s. an acre. The or adds: "In winter and to hay author adds: time, 8d., 9d. and 10d, the stoutest fellows often want work for 9d. and cannot readily

At Salisbury, where the cloth industry flourished, and where provisions cost about that the Rip Van Winkle sleep of Ireland as gouted. Journeymen earned "from 7s. may soon pass away.—Yours, etc., J. R. their deliverance, says the Indianapolis to 92. a week the year round, and a girl of 16 to 18, a shilling a day by weaving, but in the neighboring village, by spinning, not half as much." Not very entioning wages, surely. Taking twenty miles around London, the great size of which city he viewed as an evil, in that he contends it unduly increased the wages of laborers, the author finds the average wages 7s. 6d. per week. But as by far the larger proportion of the farm laborers were outside that circle, and as 4s. 6d. was not an uncommon wage, the average is deceptive. The general average of tradesmen's earnings was 8s. 5d. per week. Against these low rates there had been a great outcry and several riots, but while the author thinks the laborers getting 4s. to 5s. a week had reason to complain he has no good word for the tradesmen luxuriating on 84.5. a week, working sixteen hours daily, and he says: "The more such fellows earn, the more succeeding time and money they have for the ale house and disorderly meetings.'

This comment is still made when wages and hours of labor are discussed, but theory it follows has been unhappy in its demonstrations in actual practice. Men improve with improved wages and leisure. As we improve our appetite for improvement grows; we desire to do better and in conemplating that desired condition and remembering what we have enjoyed we for

get our present advantages.

But what a contrast to the poverty and ow wages of the workers we get when our author turns his powers to the description of some of the "stately homes of Engand"! "Wanstead," with its ball room 75x27 ft.; its four immense drawing rooms one 40x27 ft. and 60 ft. ceiling, and its four great dining rooms, its capacious halls, one 30 feet square and one 53x45 ft.! What a revelation of princely magnificence is given us in the story of the decorations and furniture! And Blenheim House, with its library 180x43 feet and Halkam House with its rich treasures of statuary in a hall 114x22, its great saloons, halls, drawing rooms, etc., not to speak of a dozen other abodes of splendor which he takes the reader into in a vivid description. Yes, while we stay with these scenes we can think of the "good old days" with pleasure, as long as the vision of the four and six pence-a-week men is kept away from us. The products of the masters of painting and sculpturethe Titians, the Raphaels, the Vandykes the Tintorettos, the Reubens's, the Angelos and others-they all belong to those toil not and who, even in those days, had s constitutional aversion to spinning wheels. Their ancestors had probably by force or fraud or the favor of a king obtained pos-session of a goodly slice of the common heritage of mankind, and they assumed to The Art of Sharpening a Knite. be the lords to whom the earth belonged and to whom its fullness was to and

The same objections are urged to-day

poor be charitable. But it won't go down. Justice, not Charity, is the demand; Right, not Patronage, is the watchword. These movements accumulate power as they grow and accelerate in speed as they approach their goal. Who knows how soon the of the social reformers may be crowned with the greatest success of modern times? Ask nothing but justice; it is enough. Look back but to learn; the present and the future are for work. MASQUETTE

Canadian Cattle in Ireland.

The following letter appeared in a recent ssue of the Irish Times, of Dublin Sin,-Born an Irishman and bred Canadian, I trust you will afford me space in your widespread and influential journal to lay before the public a scheme alike beneficial to both countries. I allude to the shipping of the Canadian cattle as stores to the western ports of Ireland, instead of to Glasgow, as at present, thereby saving 500 miles of sea travel and the land travel from Glasgow to Aberdeen and retun, at least 600 miles, added to which pasturage in Ireland is both better and cheaper than in Scotland. One reason for shipping the cattle as stores instead of fat is the extra risk and extra bulk when fatted, as instance the shipment in June last by the Carthaginian, when 182 head of the fat cattle were lost by reason of the heat in the 165 miles of river between Montreal and Quebec, none of the store cattle suffering. Another reason in favor of shipping stores is that when the fat cattle arrive at their port of final destina tion they are often so bruised as to cause great loss by deductions by the slaughter ers, whereas, the stores, if injured, would in a few weeks on the grass, by the return of circulation to the injured parts, become in every way fitted for conumption. A recent visit to the town of Galway shows me that the port of that town can easily be made suitable. I cannot speak of the other western ports, as I have not yet visited them, though I purpose doing so before my return in September next. In the port of Galway I saw vessels unloading deals from New Brunswick that were sufficiently large to ship a large cargo of live cattle, and I was informed that the narbor at full tide could float any vesse required for the cattle trade, and that s meeting of the harbor commissioners would take place on the following or next Tuesday before whom the secretary has promised to lay the scheme. The question next arises of return cargo and fuel. suggested as a staple the marbles of Conne mara might be relied on, to which may be added the most lovely granite, samples of which were exhibited to me by Mr. Miller at his marble factory, which is fitted with every requirement for a large trade and has the advantage of water power unlimited, and as there are now in Canada and the United States some 10,000,000 of Irishmen and their immediate descendants such a trade would meet with great favor on the western side of the Atlantic. Other articles are also available, such as the Carigeen or Irish moss there, worth less than a pound a ton. I saw a boatload of seven tons offered for £5. In Canada its value would be over tenfold commodities could, no Many other commodities could, no doubt, be easily procured, such as fireclay from the upper Shannon. In fact, I find the county of Galway alone contains 1,569,505 statute acres, or 7.6 of the total of Ireland, and is as ye almost as unexplored as to its minera wealth as the centre of Africa. As to the question of fuel for the return, it should be but a slight obstacle. The upper Shannon is said to abound in coal and iron of good quality, but undeveloped, added to which the compression of the turf by hydraulic pressure has been tried with marked suc cess both in Canada and other countries and when so operated makes a strong and lasting heat for all purposes. I have gone through the country since my arrival in Cork in June last, and have been struck by the business apathy that seems everywhere to exist as compared with Canada. As an instance, since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway we sell coal on the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean border to the United States, and in the centre, where

MARTIN, 8 Leinster Road, Rathmines, Dablin Queen Victoria's German Dragoons. The First Guard Dragoon Regiment, of which Her Majesty has become chief, is not only one of the most distinguished cavalry regiments in the German army, but in military history it will live as one of the participators in those episodes which popurred at critical moments in the great battle of Vionville Mars la Tour, Augus 16th, 1870, when there depended for the noment on a mere handful of horsemen the fate of some thousands of their comrades Twice during that battle did the German cavalry, in order to avert the impending catastrophe, ride to certain destruction, and on one of these occasions it was the First Guard Dragoons that, single handed, first the almost triumphal onward march of the enemy, and thus helped to beat back the well-nigh overwhelming tide of advance. The formation of the regi ment, dates from Feb. 21st. 1815, on which date King William Frederick the issued an order to the following effect: "I have determined to raise three nev guard cavalry regiments in place of exist ing light cavalry regiment, and to form them from the three national cavalry regiments which have fought with the army during the war, in order not only to give the provinces to which these regiments belong, and to which they owe their origin, a fresh proof of my kindly feelings toward them, and which they deserve, but also to testify my satisfaction with the spirit shown by the light guard cavalry regiment during the war. The three regiments thus formed became the guard lancers, the guard dra-goons and the guard hussars. The dragoons were composed of the guard dragoon squadron, two squadrons of the Pomeranian national cavalry regiment, and a squadron from the Queen's dragoon regiment. The men and horses from the national regiments were selected with Those men who had ob special care. tained during the war the decoration of the Iron Cross were first chosen, and the

I reside, purchase our coal from Pennsyl vania and our raw cotton from the South

ern States, manufacture the cotton into

cloth, bags, etc.; ship our flour in our bags to John Chinaman, and he first

empties the flour, then slips the bag over

his head for a shirt and pantaloons, and

proceeds to business full fledged. Trusting

you will excuse so long a letter, and hoping

preference was given to any who had served during the war .- Fortnightly Review. A Dagger Fan. A very smart fan of innocent looking rose-colored silk has a dagger, after the Chinese fashion, concealed in the handle it is nothing unusal to see them with sword handles put into umbrella sticks; but the lastest mode doesn't hide them, but insists mademoiselle shall wear her weapons of defence stuck bravely through her broad Empire belt. It becomes a question as to whether she will need a permit to carry it, though certainly even the most stupid of policeman could not claim that her weapon was concealed.

King James I., of England, issued his famous "Counter blaste to Tobacco" in 1620, when he decided smoking "loathsome to the eye, hurtful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black sickening fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." What descrip-What descrip tion could more accurately picture this plague to-day, than that of the English ruler.—Rev. O. W. Scott, A. M. "MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE."

How a Detroit Grain Firm Sings "Amer ica"-A Bad Outlook for Barmers. Messrs. Gillet & Hall, grain commission nerchants at Detroit, issue a monthly etter that must be looked for with interest their customers and correspondents That for Nov. 1st is a breezy presentation of the business situation, as will be seen from the following extracts: Blustering November is already nigh,

dmonishing eastern shippers to expedite their lake cargoes.

Prices of farmers' products continue falling with the autumn leaves. Note nuotations: Wheat 790, against \$1.14 last quotations: wheat 73, against \$1.17 last year; corn 32c, against 45c; oats 21c, against 30c; clover seed \$3.50, against \$5.50; pork \$10, against \$15; barley \$1, against \$1.50, etc. Foreigners can scarcely omplain of prices, but are slow buyers of wheat, figuring on getting our Pacific cosst crops—lacking other outlet—at still turther reductions.

Exports of coarse grains and meats are eavy. Receipts of northwestern spring wheat are large, indicating a good crop and inability of farmers to hold. Corn and oats hardly paying to move, are being stored at home, and will walk out on the hoof later on.

Winter wheat is mostly of inferior Choice samples are eagerly quality. ought by millers or used to bring up lower

Stocks at grain centres are small. At Detroit, elevator owners gaze sorrowfully on empty bins. Wheat stocks only 300, 000 bushels, against 1,300,000 bushels last

Drought in the west and deluge in the east oppose each other with an energy rivaling the contest of the "wets" and 'drys" on the temperance question. The growing wheat plant, with little or no root, is ill prepared for winter's vicissitudes. A crop scare might be rather premature at present, but it is likely to develop into a

ertainty next May.

For a weary month has Chicago, oblivious of other issues, labored in the pangs of the Cronin jury. The case is Clan-na Gael vs. Illinois. These malcontents, badgered by Balfour and paralyzed by the Pope, show more vitality than a scotched snake. Should the myth of suffering Ireland con-tinue to be replaced by the reality of suffering America, the old watchword, America for Americans," will again become popular.

Further west the granger legislator girds on his armor for a deadly fight against trusts and and railway syndicates. He fairly foams at rumors of bond purchases and a rise in watered railway stocks. Fossil statesmen can no longer gull him as to the benefits of indirect taxation.

"The law will not permit any one to kick you down stairs," advises the attorney as he pockets his retainer. "But I have already been kicked down stairs," responds his aggrieved client. And so the farmers' products having been kicked way stairs, it is difficult to convince him that a war tariff is even "a blessing in disguise."
The financial outlook is full of interest.

Wall street brokers are wildly scrambling The trusts are succumbing to deadly broadsides. Savings banks are shaking in their shoes, finding that western mortgages fail to satisfy clamorous depositors. Frantic efforts of railways to show ncreased earnings are resulting in accidents that will necessitate the old expedient of chaining directors on the cowcatchers. Mercantile collections are slow. and farmers poor buyers. A few branches of trade show a spasmodic activity. Reck less investment of English capital in in-dustrial enterprises is likely to be shortlived. Conservative bankers and the Lon-

don press already sound notes of warning. Capitalists chuckle over increased interest rates, and millionaires intrenched behind a hedge of high-priced bonds, rejoice that they are safe whatever hap pens. When discoursing their Thanks giving turkeys, how few of the plutocracy will give a thought to the hardy western pioneer on whose courage and sacrifices so many of their fortunes are founded!

Chill winter approaches. The Nebraska granger sits moodily in the shaky cabin that lumber lords have left within his means. The native blizzard whistles through the cracks, threatening to blow in shreds from his back a shoody suit the wool tariff confines him to. He toasts his feet over a fizzling fire of fifteen cent corn, and solaces his attenuated stomach with ten cent catmeal gruel. He sighs as he sees his semi-annual interest soon coming due, realizing that his corn crop will hardly bring the cost of carting to market. fully he hums the hymn, " I would not live alway, I ask not to say," but is shocked to reflect that with an undertakers' trust in the field he can scarcely afford to die. The beneficent statesman who represents

his "deestrict" advises him, as a remedy, to "restrict production." A happy thought strikes him. By offering a liberal divvy to the agent of some "farmers' loan company," he can re-mortgage the farm for twice its value, and he can re betake himself to the fascinations of city life. Dumping his goods and chattels on the "prairie schooner" he hitches up his steers and points for some happier haven. Six months hence, about interest day, will be seen some female representative of the Silurian epoch from New England's granite bills, seeking more accurate in-formation as to the investment her Spinster's Savings Bank has recommended. An abandoned hut and farm, instead of fertile fields, greets her astonished eves, and in veighing against the depravity of the human race, she flounces homeward to give that cashier a piece of her mind, so

Our granger friend will probably find himself unadapted to city life. Every joy has its sorrow. His daughter Mary Ann, despising domestic service, will prefer the dubious surroundings of factory life. The flash novel from the public library wil infect her with false ideas. A "Bridget must be hired to ruin the family digestion and deplete the paternal pocket-book. Do we picture a scene in some foreign land? No. "My country, 'tis of thee. "My country, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing !"

The l'opulation of India

The new census of India gives the population in March, 1888, as 269,728,000, of which 60,684,378 belonged to the native states. Distributed according to religion, in round numbers, the Hindoo population, in millions, is about 199; the Mohammedans, 81; "aboriginals," 6½; Buddhists, 3½; Christians, nearly 2; Sikhs, nearly 2; Jains, 11, while Parsees, Jews and others, are comparatively very few. The Church of England has nearly 360,000 members; other Episcopalian Churches 20,000; the Church of Scotland, the same number; "other Protestants," 158,000; Roman Catholic, nearly a million, and Syriaus, Armenians and Greeks, over 300,000. About 106,000,000 males and 111,000,000 females are neither under instruction nor able to read or write. Details are given of 109 different languages spoken. Hindustani comes first with over 82 millions; then Bengali, with nearly 40; Telugu, with 17; Manratti, also 17 ; Punjabi, 16 ; Tamil, 13 Guzrati, Canarese, Oorlya, Malayalum. Sindi, Burmese, Hindi, Assamese, Kol, Southalis and Gondi come next in order. Next to Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, Hyderabad is the most populous city in India, Lucknow coming next.

They say I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crows' feet on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as before. But they are mis-taken, That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The EXERCISING A NICKEL.

A Nice Little Story About How it Setiled Seven Debts.

How "money makes the mare go" was shown by an incident that occurred yester-day on a Chestnut street oar, and exemplified the power contained in one little nickel says the Philadelphia Inquirer. A stout man handed a dime to the conductor, who before returning the change, collected nickel from a female passenger, evidently a washerwoman, and handed the nickel to the stout man. Turning to a passenger, a friend evidently, and who had got or before the stout man, the latter handed him the nickel, remarking with a laugh at the same time: "There, Bob, I owe you 5 cents, and that squares us.' "Bob" took the coin with a smile, and leaning across the aisle, said to an acquain tance with whom he had been talking, and who was accompanied by a lady, evidently his wife:

"There's that 5 cents I bet you on Boyer's majority.' The acquaintance flipped the coin from his right to his left hand and handed t to his female companion with the remark:

"There's that five cents I borrowed for coin, and, reaching over, dropped it into the washerwoman's hand, saying: "There's the five cents I owe you, and

that just makes us square. It was all done so quickly and in such an offhand way that it was not until the coin was in the hand of its first possessor that the passengers whose ownership it had passed realized what a number of debts the small piece had paid, passing in turn through the hands of the washerwoman, the conductor, the stout man, the stout man's friend, the stout man's friend's acquaintance, the stout man's friend's acquaintance's wife, and the stout man's friend's acquaintantance's wife's washerwoman, in all paying seven debts, and coming back to the original possessor. It sent all hands into a brown study, and the story is true, too.

Childlife on the Canal,

One of the curiosities of life displayed along the water front of this city is the way children are reared in absolute safety aboard canal boats. Any person who takes the trouble to visit Coenties slip or the neighboring docks where canal boats lay up can witness every day the common sight of a group of toddling children playing on the open decks of the low bulwarked boats, but he never hears of one falling overboard. On one canal boat, the Betsey Ann, of Whitehall, that lay in Coenties slip the other day, was noticed a novel arrangement for keeping the little ones within the bounds of safety. On the after deck a regular playground had been fenced off for the youngsters by building a high picket fence over which they could not climb. This had a swinging gate secured by hasp, staple and padlock. Inside of this inclosure were four children who made the air ring with their shouts, telling of their unalloyed happiness and content-ment with the arrangement. On another boat a little way distant in the same slip was another queer arrangement to keep the little tots from falling overboard. In the centre of the deck was fastened a stout ring bolt, to which were fastened three stout but small ropes. At the end of each rope was a stout leather belt buckled about the waist of a rugged, sunburnt youngster. The ropes were just long enough to prevent the children reaching the edge of the deck, but were not too short to allow them ample room to play in. The children seemed happy, too, and were not disturbed a particle by their tether. On nearly all the boats the children are allowed to roam about the deck at will, both while coming down the river in tow and while tied up to the dock. Many of them are born aboard the boats. There they grow up and, in many cases, marry, selecting their mates from aboard other boats and immediately taking up the life followed by their parents. - New York Times.

Ingenious Modes for Checking Fires.

An old story is being resurrected against a usually quiet, but somewhat excitable resident of the suburbs. It is alleged that the gentleman in question discovered that a fire had been started in the attic of his house through the heat of one of the chim-With rare presence of mind he rushed downstairs and seized a milk pitcher from the kitchen table, rushed out to the cistern, threw the milk out of the pitcher, pumped some water into it and rushed upstairs, only to find that his wife had seized a large pitcher of water from one of the bed rooms in the upper story and extinguished the incipient conflagration. As there were four large ewers of water in the upper stories the progress of mental reasoning which had induced the excited resident to make such a furious onslaught on the milk pitcher would be extremely ino trace, if such a thing were possible. He should have had the presence of mind possessed by another property owner, who discovered that a spark from a neighboring conflagration had lighted upon the slightly slanting roof of his house, and had set fire to the shingles. All the buckets and tubs and pitchers had gone for use in the big fire, and there was no one to bring them back. But the owner of the house even in that moment of peril, kept cool-headed. He rushed to the pond, which stood by the house, and deliberately sat down in the water. To race upstairs and out upon the roof was the work of a moment, and then he "sat on" the fire in more senses than one. He saved the house. -Boston Advertiser.

No Muddy Feet on Chinamen.

Nobody ever gaw a Chinaman with muddy shoes, no matter what the weather, unless some hoodlums had pushed him into a puddie, says a Chinaman in the St. Louis Globe Democrat. We take care of our feet instinctively, and get into a habit of walking carefully. If you watch on a muddy crossing you will see one American after another pick his way over cautiously, and yet land on the other side with mud on his toes, while a Chinaman will walk along after them at his usual gait, and, seemingly, not noticing his feet, stepping on the other curb with not a particle of mud on the tops of his shoes. But when he crossed the of his shoes. But when he crossed the street he did not walk as the Americans did. Had he done so, be would have been as muddy as they. They strepped along gingerly on their toes, or, at least, the front part of the foot. In this way they put all the weight of their body on the thinnest part of the shoes, from top to bottom, and when it flattened out with each step the mud touched the leather The Chinaman walked over with the weight of his body on the heel and instep of the shoe and the toe barely grazing the ground. The foot of the shoe that felt his weight was firm and unyielding, and did not spread into the mud.

On the lofty top of Pike's Peak a monn ment has been reared to the memory of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes. It was begun by members of the W. C. T. U. who were travelling there, and a notice was erected inviting all who wished to add a stone. Ir less than three months a massive pile of stones was heaped up, and now the monument is as noticeable as that of Helen Hunt, which friends reared near Colorado Springe.

Two babies were shot by their father, Joseph Smith, a New York letter-carrier. weak, but the knees are not me. brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. With a bullet in her stomach and mary, aged 11 months, is at Bellevue hospital with a bullet in her breast. The father with a bullet in her breast. The father VENTILATION.

Most Important Matter During the Winter

We have now come to the time of the year when we shall sit with our windows closed and our doors also, and shall consequently feel the loss of that nure air which ve have hitherto admitted through oper doors and windows, says a writer in the Ladies' World. Not only shall we suffer this loss, but we shall have to endure the untold evils that accompany the warmth of stoves and furnaces. We can do much, however, to mitigate these evils by judicious ventilation of our houses, but it will require some management and a little study to accomplish this. The simplest method of ventilating a room is by opening the window from the top and putting it up from the bottom, allowing the foul warm air to escape and the pure air to enter.
An open fireplace helps greatly to keep the air pure. It the bedroom windows are guarded by shades and blinds, one at least may remain open al night, provided it does not subject the sleeper to a draught, and the effect will be highly beneficial. This should most certainly be done in any apartment heated by a stove or furnace, as carbonic oxide that cigar this morning."

Smiling sweetly the lady accepted the factured. Air if sure to become unwholesome whenever it stagnates long, so the best thing one can do is to make it circulate, or at least to set it in motion outward from the room, and this can be done, as we have said, by opening the window at top and bettom. If windows and doors are opposite each other, open both, if it is only for 60 seconds, and let a strong rush of cold air come in; and this will drive the bested for some open and the still drive the heated foul air out. On coming into the ro m after this ventilation, no one with any sensibility can fail to discover the nealthful difference between foulness and purity. This simple act of ventilation should be performed in every sleeping chamber where lamps have been lighted and people sitting before retiring. This thorough air cleansing will be needed in addition to opening the sashes and leaving them thus with blinds losed and shades drawn down.

The Tools of Asiatic Workmen.

One more illustration of the stage of dvancement which has been reach the mechanical geniuses of Amasia I will borrow from a cutler's shop. Remember that it is the best work of men who are in the full heat of the struggle for life that we are noting. These outlers have to compete in the streets of their city with the work of the men of Sheffield. And this is the device that they have been able to originate as the climax of ingenious machinery for the sharpening of knives. They have a grindstone mounted on an axle fixed upon the platform of the little stall where they do their work. A rope is passed three or four times around the axle of the grindstone, and out in the middle of the narrow street, in front of the catler's shop, stands a man with one end of the rore hand, gravely pulling away. When he pulls the right hand the grindstone revolves to ward him; when he pulls the left hand it revolves from him. By the grindstone squats the knife-grinder cross-legged, obliged to turn the knife over every ment as the stone changes its course of revolution. There is something pathetic in the spectacle of these men who have wrestled with the problem of changing a reciprocating motion to a rotary one wrestled doubtless as valiantly as Edison with his mighty problems of electro-dynamics, and then have given up the problem as insoluble, like the problem of the flying machine, and have settled down to such devices as the most favorable basis on which they can contest their market with the aggressive Europeans.—Asian Correspon dence New York Tribune.

Information About " Yourself," The average number of teeth is thirty-

two.

The weight of the circulating blood is The average weight of an adult is 150 counds and six ounces.

The brain of a man exceeds that of any

other animal. A man breathes about 20 times a minute and 1.200 in an hour. A man breathes about 18 pints of air in

a minute, or upward of seven hogeheads a day.

The average weight of the brain of a man

is 3½ pounds; of a woman two pounds and eleven ounces. Five hundred and forty pounds, or one ogshead and 11 pints of blood, pass through the heart in one hour. The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches, of a Frenchman 5 feet 4

inches, of a Belgian 5 feet 62 inches.

The heart sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, and makes four beats while we breath

One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover surface thirty times greater than the The average of the pulse in infancy is

120 per minute, in manhood 80, at 60 years 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

Teaching Telegraphy on the Congo

Some black boys on the Congo are now learning the art of telegraphy. They live in the cataract region. A short telegraph line has been stretched over the hills and boys are sending messages to another. Their instructor is Mrs. Bentley the wife of one of the best known African missionaries. The last time she was in Europe she learned telegraphy for the pur pose of training native operators, and she hopes to have them all ready for service by the time the Congo railroad stretches a line along the river. When a French or German operator tries to send a message in English it is to be observed that he makes rather a bad job of it, particularly if the penmanship is a little blind. As these boys can read only in their native language it is possible that some of the French messages they will transcribe will have a little value as curiosities.—New York Sun

Scotch Coroner's Dilemma,

A Scotch coroner was called upon recently to hold an inquest in the case of a man who dropped suddenly dead of apoplexy while in the act of committing suicide with a fish knife. It was a curious case, for if the man had not fallen dead instantaneon ly there must have been a large quantity of blood shout, which there was not. biood on the knife was only one spurt which had run down it. The coroner said it was an extraordinary case, and one that was seldom known. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony.

Precept vs. Practice. Kecksy-Blim, what makes you whistle

so much? Blim (apologetically)-It's a habit I've ot into, Kecksy. I do it without thinking. Kecksy-It's an annoving habit. Blim No man, Blim [lights a cigarette right to form any habit [puff] that make him a [puff] confounded nuisance [puff puff to those about him.

Miss Mary Randolph Harrison of Chioago, a niece of the President, is to be married in the spring to a Minneapolis real estate dealer who saved her from drowning in Lake Minnetonka, last summer.

Thirty years ago the British government armed the battle ship Duke of Wellington with 131 gans at a total cost of \$85,000 To-day it costs that government \$120,000 to put a single sixteen inch gun in a man of OLD CHINESE BRIDGES

Engineering Science in the Celestial

Empire. The Chinese suspension bridges, dating from the time of the Han dynasty (202 B. C. to 220 A. D.) furnish striking evidence of the early acquaintance of the Chinese with engineering science. According to the with engineering science. According to the historical and geographical writers of China it was Shang Licong, the commander of the army under Raen Tsu, who undertook the construction of the roads in the Province of Shense, to the west of the capital, the high mountains and deep gorges of which made communication difficult, and which could be reached only by circuitous routes. At the head of an army of 10,000 workmen Shang Lieng cut through mountains and filled up the valleys with the soil obtained from the excavations. Where, however, this was not sufficient to raise a road high enough, he built bridges resting upon abut-

ments or projections.

At other places, where the mountains were separated by deep gorges, he carried out a plan of throwing suspension bridges tretching from one alope to the other. These bridges, appropriately called by the Chinese writers "flying" bridges, are sometimes so high as to inspire those who cross them with fear. At the present day there is still a bridge in existence in Shense 400 feet long, which stretches across a gorge of immense depth. Most of the bridges are only wide enough to allow of the passage of two mounted men, railings on both sides serving for the protection of travellers. It is not improbable that the nissionaries who first reported on Chinese bridges two centuries ago gave the initiative to the construction of suspension bridges in the West .- Iron.

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Anti-Prohib Steamer.

Prohibitionist-Have you any doubts as o Brother Bink's loyalty to the cause? Second Prohibitionist—None whatever:

Prohibitionist-I hear it was whispered that he came over from France on La Champagne.

"Woman! be fair, we must adore thee; Smile, and a world is weak before thee!" But how can a woman smile when she is uffering untold misery from complaints from which we men are exempt? The answer is easy. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an infallible remedy in all cases of "female weakness," morning sickness, tisorders of the stomach, nervous prostra tion, and similar maladies. As a powerful invigorating tonic it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. As a soothing and strengthening nervine it subdues nervons excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing deep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers,

Why He Spoke.

o give satisfaction.

"Young man," said an old gentleman to reporter, "do you expect to follow your present vocation in the next world?"
"I hadn't thought of that sir. Why do vou ask? "

"Because if you do, you can write up glowing accounts of things without being ar out of the way.

They "Swore like our Army in Flanders," may be said of many sufferers from bilious ness, headache, constipation, indigestion, and their resultant irritability, intellectual sluggishness, ennui, etc. The temptation to thus violate a sacred commandment, however, is speedily and permanently re-moved by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—tiny, little, sugar-coated anti-bilious Granules; nothing like them. One a dose. Druggists.

At an"L" Station.

Fond Mamma-Emily, child, don't get into that crowd. You'll get squeezed. Emily-That's just like you, mother. You never want to have me enjoy myself.

Beauty's Dower.

Heauty's Dower.

Where grace and beauty most abound, True happinose will oft be found. Where ruby ijps and glowing check The gift of ruged health bespeak, The artist, Nature's nobleman, Will risk the treasure of his art, Depicting, defuly as he can. The lines engraven on his heart. Fair maiden, may life's richest joy Spread her bright mantle over thee; May years but gently with you toy, And pleasures sweet, without alloy, With fairest blosonins cover thee; But should, perchance, thy boauty fade, Thy can set call quickly to thy aid Our Golden Medical Discovery.

Remember that Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sure cure for all skin erup. tions and diseases of the blood.

Most Perfect Postal System. The Berlin postal service, long one of the best postal services in the world, has just been improved by a unique innova-tion. On November 1st ten large postal waggons, with sorting tables, stamping arrangements, and everything else used in preparing mail for transportation, were sent out from Berlin station C over ten routes to the city limits to collect the contents of the street mail hoves. The officials who accompanied the waggons sorted stamped and bunched the mail brought them from the boxes by a porter, while the waggons were being driven in from the outskirts of the city. In this way an hour, and often enough, two hours, was saved from the time before required for preparing mails for the trains. box was attached to the side of each waggon, so that pedestrians in the street could throw in their letters whenever the waggon stopped. These postal waggons complete success thus far, and will be continued in use. Most of them cover their routes in just an hour. The Berlin post officials boast that they now have the quickest city mail service in the world.—New York Sun.

" What a fine thing old age is!" said M. Augier not long before his death. "One is surrounded with care, attention and respect. But what a pity that it lasts so short a time l'

"Mumm's Extra Dry," remarked a small boy whose mother was thirsty.

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