TIT-BITS.

And Still the Road Went on.

The man who stops his paper because something has appeared in its columns of which he does not approve, and does it with an air of regret that it is necessary to drive the publishers into bankruptcy, reminds us of the train dispatcher who requested an increase of salary and threatened to quit if he didn't get it. The superintendent replied to his request by relating a story :

"When I was a young man," said he, "I once did as you are doing—I told the superintendent of the road what you have told me. He refused my demand and I quit ; and, would you believe it—that darn road is running yet!

Merely an Inference.

"Was your father a pirate?" asked young Fitztop of the girl of his choice at a clandestine meeting, after the old sea captain had urged his exit from the family mansion on the hill by the use of his pedal extremity.

"No, my darling," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"He seemed to me to be a good deal of a freebooter," said the young man, reflectively.

Not That Kind.

"Strange," said Mrs. Jones, as she locked up the house, "how old fashions come in again."

"What is it now?" asked Mr. Jones, yawning.

"Why Mr. Simmons passed just now, and I guess he thought it was you he was talking to, for he called out that he was going down street to get a night-cap."

And Mr. Jonas didn't enlighten her, but he wished, oh, he wished, he had gone shopping with Simmons.

Gospel Tidings.

"Talmage is not doing much with his new church in Brooklyn."

"What makes you think so? I heard he was doing splendidly."

"Guess not. I read in the paper that he sold his pews. Must be pretty hard up, I reckon."

His Vacation.

"Did I have a good time on my vacation?" echoed Fogg. "Of course I did. To be sure, I nearly starved to death and tried to sleep in a bed which it would be a flattery to call a rack. But what of that? I had my name in the paper! I won't deny that they spelled my name wrong and gave me brand-new initials; but then you can't expect to have every thing perfect in this world."

All She Wanted Was Beads.

Away to the Westward : Mrs. Quartz—"Injun?"

Hank—"Ya-ss."

Mrs. Quartz—"'Git him?"

Hank—"Dead'r winged ; one'r t'other."

Mrs. Quartz—"Jest look over'n' see if he's got any blue beads on his moccasins! I need 'bout a thimbleful more fer that 'Peace'n Good will' motto card I'm workin'."

At a Fall Game.

Novice—"Which one of the players do you call the catcher?"

Chronic—"That fellow with a mask on, that just called out 'foul.'"

Novice—"Why, I was given to understand that was the umpire."

Chronic—"Some people call him that, but he's really the catcher ; he catches all the abuse of the 'rooters.'"

Johnny's Logic.

Johnny—"Will it hurt much, doctor?"

Dentist—"You don't want me to tell you a story, do you Johnny? The good book says we musn't do that."

Johnny—"Well, the good book says you must do to others as you'd have 'em do to you, and if I was a big man a-going to pull a tooth for a little boy that wanted me to say it wouldn't hurt much, I think I'd say it, doctor. That's what I think."

A Bad Break.

Dr. Workum (wrath)—"Where is the blooming chump who put up that last prescription for Mr. Shaker?"

Druggist (humility)—"The head clerk, sir ; he has gone to dinner. I trust there is nothing wrong?"

Dr. Workum (more wrath)—"Nothing wrong? Well, I guess. Why, the ass put up quinine in those capsules by mistake for sugar of milk and Shaker has got rid of that ague."

A Knowing Parrot.

A gentleman was boasting that his parrot would repeat anything he told him. For example, he told him several times before some friends to say "Uncle," but the parrot would not repeat it. In his anger he seized the bird, and, half-twisting his neck, said : "Say 'uncle,' you beggar!" and threw him into the fowl pen, in which he had ten prize fowls. Shortly afterward, thinking he had killed the parrot, he went to the pen. To his surprise he saw nine of the fowls dead on the floor with their necks wrung and the parrot standing on the tenth, twisting her neck and screaming, "Say 'uncle,' you beggar, say uncle!"

Solving the Difficulty.

"Why, what hour is this to be coming to bed, Mary?" her mother cried out, as she tried to sneak past her door. "Well, George said 'good-night,' four hours ago, and then I said 'goodnight.' Then he told me he wouldn't let any woman have the last word and I wouldn't let him have the last word, so we kept it up." "Well, how did it end?" "We both simply said 'good-morning.'"

First, Second, Third.

Little Girl—"I don't like this boarding-house. There is never anything to eat. They always say it's all gone—the nice desserts I mean."

Nurse—"That's because you eat at the second table. I always get plenty."

"Do you eat at the first table?"

"Oh, no. I eat with the cook and other servants at the third table."

THE MOUNTED POLICE.

A Talk With One of the Lads who Look After Evildoers in Canada's Northwest.

An American traveller in the Northwest Territories gives the following interesting account of the mounted police and their duties :—

"If a squad of the Canadian mounted police were suddenly to appear on Broadway in their gaudy uniforms they would make quite a sensation. These strapping fellows are scattered all over the Canadian Northwest in barracks at the principal settlements. They number a thousand, are splendidly mounted, and are quite a feature in the life of the Northwest territories. Half a dozen of them may always be seen at the most important stations on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, where they form quite an attraction for tourists, until they cease to be a novelty. Their uniform is one of the gaudiest ever donned by a police force. On their heads they wear a black flat cap much like a skull cap, with a broad yellow border, and a yellow strap fastened to its sides and resting on their chins. Their jackets are a bright red, with a profusion of gilt buttons, and their trousers are black, with broad yellow side stripes. They always wear spurs and generally a belt full of cartridges and make quite a striking appearance.

"'Our life is not such a very easy one,' said one of them the other day. 'To be sure we do not drill much except in the early part of our service, but we have a good deal of barrack duty to perform, and every little while we are sent on a hunt after horse thieves or other criminals or down south to the Indian reservations to settle some little trouble among the Indians.

"'Do you wear this uniform when you are chasing horse thieves?' the policeman was asked. 'Your red jackets must advertise your presence on these flat prairies as far as the eye can reach.'

"'Oh, no,' he replied. 'When we are off on a hunt for criminals we dress entirely in black. Sometimes we are gone for two or three weeks on this service. Occasionally we take a week's rations with us, but we do not like to burden ourselves on a rapid march with heavy haversacks, and when possible rely for food upon any settlements which lie in the direction we are taking. As a rule, we are successful in catching criminals, even when they have some days the start of us. On these great plains they cannot conceal themselves as they might in timbered countries, and, moreover, they find it necessary to visit some settlement or ranch for food, and if they appear at any town the telegraph is quite sure to put us on their track.'

"The pay of the Canadian mounted police is $30 a month and found. They first enlist for a period of five years, and the Government is glad to re-enlist them for three years longer at advanced pay. Some of the Northwestern territories are very anxious to become provinces, but even when this change in their form of Government takes place it is probable that the system of mounted police will be continued for many years yet. The territory they police is enormous, and so long as it is thinly settled no other means of preserving the peace and bringing criminals to justice is likely to prove so economical and effective. Many of them re-enlist at the end of their term of service. They are all tall, well-developed fellows, and fine specimens of manly health and vigor. Most of them like their way of living, and are particularly proud of their horsemanship and of the fine animals provided for them.

Americans are usually surprised to find that the smaller Canadian cities keep the peace with so few policemen. Winnipeg, for instance, with a population of about 40,000 people, has only eighteen policemen. They are rather remarkable specimens, however, and every man of them is over six feet tall. They say the city is very quiet, and they have no difficulty in guarding property and maintaining the peace. Victoria, with a population of 20,000 souls, has only thirteen policemen, and Mayor Grant said the other day, with considerable pride, that after a recent celebration in which the whole city was *en fete* for two days, there was not, on the day following the event, a single case in the police court. A different state of affairs is found in the towns of our own Pacific coast. In Tacoma, for instance, with a population of about 40,000, there are ninety policemen, and the citizens seem to think they need every man of them to keep their town in order."

MEDICINE HAT'S GARDEN.

It Blooms Like the Flowers of Spring in Canada's Ranch Country.

At nearly all the stations on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, through Manitoba, there are large glass jars over the station entrance containing fine specimens of the various cereals raised in the country. One can see nowhere plumper wheat, or finer rye and oats, than the specimens he is able to inspect as he jumps from the train to take a turn on the station platforms.

Further west, another sort of exhibition is given at the stations. It is not necessary, through Manitoba, to have gardens alongside the railway track to convince the traveller of the remarkable productiveness of the soil. The great fields of grain along the road are sufficient evidence that he is in a country of abounding harvests. But when he reaches the western Assiniboin or Alberta, where the country is dryer, there are very few wheat fields to gaze at through the window, and the Canadian Pacific road has started a number of gardens at the various stations. The garden at Medicine Hat is a particularly fine example, and has been laid out and attended with especial care, because all passenger trains stop at Medicine Hat a half hour, and passengers have plenty of time to wander through the grounds just across the track from the station.

Medicine Hat contains, perhaps, 400 people. It has a weekly newspaper, a neat little church, several good stores and public buildings, and an important station of the mounted police. It lies on the right bank of the South Saskatchewan. Many travellers climb the little knoll covered with graves behind the town to get a view of the surrounding country. The graves are covered with stones to prevent wild animals from digging out the bodies. Wooden head boards, on which are painted the names of the dead, stand over the graves, most of which are surrounded by picket fences. Below the knoll extends the little village with the swift river beyond, which is navigable for nearly 800 miles from this point almost to Lake Winnipeg. Far away on every side stretch the plains, but toward the northwest are a line of buttes, perhaps 400 feet high, which vary the monotony of the landscape with their grim, bare, and perpendicular fronts. Beyond the river are farms where some grain is raised, but the chief industry of this country is stock raising. An ocean of grass covers the prairies, and cattle ranches are multiplying.

The company desires to prove that by means of irrigation good crops may be raised. Its garden at the station, therefore, is carefully watered, and it is as fine a garden as can be seen anywhere, except on the Pacific coast itself. Cabbages, potatoes, Indian corn, flowers in great profusion, and small trees are seen in a very flourishing condition. A number of apple trees are growing very well, and one of them this year is the proud possessor of a few little apples, which the people are watching with much solicitude, in the hope that they may be able to harvest their first apple crop this fall.

The garden is a most pleasing spectacle to tourists, wearied, perhaps, by the unending prairie through which the train has been passing. It is not at all unlikely that some day considerable land in this region will be irrigated by means of the streams that flow through it, and the success of the Medicine Hat garden seems to show that nothing but water is needed to produce abundant crops.

LONDON POLICE STATISTICS.

Keeping the Peace in the World's Great City.

An impressive view of the magnitude of the British metropolis is presented in the annual report of the Commissioner of police, which has just been published, covering the operations of that Department for the year 1890. The authorized strength of the force was as follows : 31 superintendents, 858 inspectors, 1,534 sergeants and 12,841 constables, total 15,264 ; being an increase of one superintendent, 11 inspectors, 82 sergeants and 445 constables since 1889. Of these 4 superintendents, 54 inspectors, 197 sergeants, and 1,423 constables were employed on special duties for various Government departments, including special protection posts at public offices and buildings, dockyards and military stations, and by public companies and private individuals. The number of police available for service in the metropolis, exclusive of these especially employed and whose services were paid for, was 27 superintendents, 804 inspectors, 1,337 sergeants and 11,432 constables, total 13,600. An average of one-fourteenth of the force, except special duties, sick, etc. (862) is daily on leave in accordance with the regulation granting one day's leave of absence to each man every fortnight. Casualties caused by men sick and on detached sick leave averaged 549 daily. The Metropolitan Police District extends over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, exclusive of the city of London, and embraces an area of 688. 31 square miles, extending from Colney Heath, Hertfordshire, on the north, to Mogadore, Todworth Heath, in the south, and from Lark Hall, Essex, in the east, to Staines Moor, Middlesex, in the west. The total amount of police rate levied on the parishes for the year ended March 31, 1891, produced $3,693, 015, and the local taxation account contributed $2, 953,405 to the police fund during the year.

The criminal returns for 1890 disclose a most satisfactory record for the year. The felonies relating to property number 17,491 or 2,053 fewer than in 1889 were a marked improvement on those for the preceding year. There were fewer offences of this kind committed in the metropolis during 1890 than in any year since 1875. But in 1875 the felonies of this class were, relatively to the population, in the ratio of 4.182 per thousand, whereas last year the proportion per thousand was only 3.002, or less than half the number considered normal twenty years ago. It thus appears that there was greater security for persons and property in the metropolis during 1890 than in any previous year included in the statistical returns. It should be remembered that in relation to police work, the difficulties of dealing with crime, as each decade adds a million to the population of the metropolis, are augmented in a ratio far greater than that of the arithmetical increase. The facilities for the commission of crime, and the chances of immunity relied on by professional criminals, are very much greater in a population bordering on 6,000,000 than they were in 1875, when the population of London was only about 4,000,000. In ten of the sixteen murder cases recorded in which apprehensions were effected by the Metropolitan Police, convictions were obtained against the perpetrators of the crimes. In seven of these the prisoners were sentenced to death, and in the other three the accused were found to be insane, and were ordered to be confined during Her Majesty's pleasure. Six murder cases remain to be accounted for. In one of these the author of the crime was removed to a lunatic asylum without being brought to trial. In another the murderer committed suicide. In a third the accused was acquitted of the capital charge on the medical evidence adduced as to the cause of death. In the Chiswick case of January 1 it was ultimately established that the death was wholly unconnected with homicidal violence. And in the case of the Italian Pompeo, who was murdered by another Italian on February 13, the accused escaped to Italy, and the evidence of his guilt was remitted to the Italian Government in the usual way. The only capital crime unaccounted for, therefore, is that of the girl Amelia Jeffs, who was murdered at West Ham on January 31, and there the evidence against the author of the crime was deemed insufficient to justify his arrest. In respect to this case it is only right to add popular suspicion did grave injustice to an innocent person.

Henry C. Barlow, a Chicago mail carrier, was arrested last week for the wholesale stealing of letters. One large firm claims the robberies have almost paralyzed their business.

"How do you manage to find your way, across the ocean?" said a lady to a sea captain. "Why, by the compass! The needle always points to the north." "Yes, I know. But what if you wish to go south?"

A nervous passenger badgered the guard on a train for the North at every station as to whether she had reached her destination. In due course the town desired was arrived at, and she as usual, called—"Guard! Guard! I, say, guard, is this Aberdeen?" "Yes'm, this is Aberdeen." "And do I really leave the train here?" "Why, yes'm, you ought to, unless you wish to take it with you." And then she bounced out and slammed the door.

HISTORIC HOT SPELLS.

In 1303 and 1304 the Rhine, Loire and Seine ran dry.

It seemed as if New York was on fire in 1853. The thermometer ranged from 92 to 97 degrees for five or six days. During the week 214 persons were killed in that city of sunstroke.

In France in 1718 many shops had to close. The theatres did not open their doors for three months. Not a drop of water fell during six months. In 1773 the thermometer rose to 118 degrees.

The heat in several of the French provinces during the Summer of 1705 was equal to that of a glass furnace. Meat could be prepared for the table merely by exposing it to the sun. Not a soul dare venture out between noon and 4 P. M.

In 1800 Spain was visited by a sweltering temperature that is described as fearful. Madrid and other cities were deserted and the streets silent. Laborers died in the fields, and the vines were scorched and blasted as if by a simoom.

The year 1872 was a fearful one in New York. One hundred and fifty cases of sunstroke occurred on July 4th, of which seventy-two proved fatal. The principal thoroughfares were like fields of battle. Men fell by the score, and ambulances were in constant requisition.

In 1778 the heat of Bologna was so great that numbers of people were stifled. In July, 1793, the heat again became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried on the trees. The furniture and woodwork in dwelling houses cracked and spilt and meat went bad in an hour.

A disastrous hot wave swept through Europe in June, 1851. The thermometer in Hyde park, London, indicated from 90 to 94 degrees in the shade. In the Champs des Mars, during a review, soldiers by the score fell victims to sunstroke, and at Aldershot, England, men dropped dead while at drill.

In July, 1876 intense heat began to make its power felt throughout the Middle and Southern States. In Washington the heat was frightful. General Sherman declares that the car rails became so expanded by the action of the sun as to rise up in curved lines, drawing the bolts. In one instance the rails burst away from the bolts and left the track entirely.

The Value of Faith.

"And He said, 'Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?' And they feared and said one to another, what manner of man is this that even the winds and the sea obey Him!"—*Mark*, iv, 40-41.

There is little doubt that these fishermen of Galilee would remember this stormy night on the lake as long as they lived, and probably the more they thought of it the more they would feel that after all it was a great privilege to be with Christ in the midst of that awful tempest. It was terrible while it lasted, but the great calm that followed was as wonderful as the storm. We are indebted to Mark for a very graphic description of this memorable occurrence. There are many points of interest worthy of special attention, this amongst others, for example. The stilling of this tempest was accomplished in a manner that was dignified and sublime. It was not a stolen victory over the angry waters. There was no sign as of force battling with force. No loud voice was heard rising higher than the billowy waters. There was no putting forth of strength, no entering into a conflict. Jesus simply rose from sleep at the cry of his bewildered friends, and seeing the storm lashed to fury gave the order for a calm. There was no angry cry, but the simple words : "Peace! Be still!" Then Mark tells us what is the most remarkable thing of all. Not that the wind subsided. But that the wind "ceased," and that there was a "great calm." Now we who know anything of these lakes, that though fast locked in by mountains are often more dangerous than the open sea, know that it takes a long time for these wild storms to abate. They will spring up sometime in a moment, but they will often leave the bosom of the lake heaving and swelling and throbbing for days after. So it was with Galilee. The overmastering of the storm was wonderful, but the sudden perfect calm was more wonderful. The question of the sailor disciples was a very large and loving question. Their gratitude for Christ's timely and merciful interference seems to have been overwhelmed in their adoring wonder at His complete, instant, and unquestionable mastery over the forces of nature. The danger they were in seems almost forgotten, and the question they ask one another shows these men to be men of deep, devout thoughtfulness. Their question suggests that they were capable of looking higher than themselves and far beyond their personal interests: "What manner of man is this? That even the winds and the sea obey Him?" The wildest forms of power yield at His command with the simplicity of a little child. Then comes the question Christ asked: "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" Let us look honestly and squarely at this question in the light of all the circumstances. Had not these men done their best? In what respect were they blame worthy? Perhaps it is not certain that in asking this question Jesus intended to blame them, as we understand blame or rebuke. Such questions are often asked by mothers, by fathers, and by friends not to blame so much as to throw those they question into a mood of self-examination. With the Lord of storms, the Conqueror of tempests on board what had they to fear? With Christ in the vessel why did they not smile at the storm? Suppose we turn the light of this question in upon ourselves. Why do we fear and tremble when the storm raves in fury about us? For we do fear and tremble, the bravest of us. And yet we are of those who believe in God and have faith in his Son! Surely the prayer of the disciples, "Lord increase our faith" is always appropriate. But if the storm should bring us newer and deeper views of the Lord of all storms, as it did to these Galileans we may be thankful both for storms and calms.

Quartermaster-General.

The familiar proverb, "what is good for man is good for his beast" is fully understood by all horsemen from the turf to the farm, from the stable to the saddle. Very high authorities on the subject of horse and cattle ailments, concur in the opinion of General Rufus Ingalls, late Quartermaster-General, U. S. army, who says "St. Jocob's Oil is the best pain-cure we ever used. It conquers pain." This department has the custody and treatment of army horses and mules, and thousands are treated.

An amusing episode in pigeon flying is reported from Tours, France. On the 23d inst. some 429 pigeons belonging to various societies were conveyed by rail from Tours to La Bonalle, in the Department of the Maine-et-Loire, where they were released. Only 40 of the birds found their way back to Tours, but in such a pitiable plight that they were unable to find their respective houses. They were caught in different places and restored to their owners. This circumstance was so unusual that an inquiry was made, and it was discovered that on the way from Tours to Bonalle the train which carried the pigeons had taken in at a station called Port Boulet a consignment of black currants, which were placed in the van with the pigeons. The latter had gorged themselves with the fruit to such an extent that only the birds which came out of the feast comparatively sober were able to take flight on being released, with the above result.

Clouds.—An old couple who greatly glorified God by their glad lives was asked, "And have you never any clouds?" "clouds!" said the old woman, "clouds, why, yes, sir, else where would all the blessed showers come from?"

It is estimated that at least a million pounds of rubber are annually used for bicycle tires. The oldest patron of the seductive wheel lives in Connecticut. His name is Michael Cullen. He is 70 years old, and rides daily from his home to his work. Mr. Cullen used to walk to and from his labor but a year ago he learned to ride a wheel, and now he glides back and forth with the swiftness of the wind. The distance between the places is three miles, and it is an exhilarating spectacle to see the old gentleman, his long white hair floating on the breeze, careering like mad along the country road. Mr. Cullen is as spry and hale as most men at 40 years of age, and can easily ride his wheel at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour.