WORDS OF CHEER.

There are days of deepest sorrow
In the season of our life,
There are wild despairing moments,
There are hours of mental strife,
There are hours of stony anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall;
But the waiting time, my brother,
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach.
And the heart grows sick with hoping
Ere it learns what life can teach.
For, before the fruit be gathered,
We must see the blossoms fall.
And the waiting time, my brother,
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,
Though the sudden, crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lays us low,
We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for our fall;
But the waiting time, my brother,
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet, at last, we learn the lesson,
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the spirit calm and blest;
For, perchance, a day is coming
For the changes of our fate,
When our hearts will thank him meekly
Then he taught us how to wait.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

She was the proudest women I ever knew. Poor and proud this Kathleen Langley; but the adopted child of a very wealthy aunt, she had never felt the chilly blasts of poverty; probably never would, since now she was the betrothed of Arthur Fanshawe, and his name was good for a million.

I had been Kathleen's intimate friend and chosen companion ever since our schooldays; to me there had never been so true and dear a friend. But I could not shut my eyes to her besetting sin—pride. In vain I argued with her, lectured her on its evils. She had always listened patiently, but with a sarcastic gleam in her brown eyes, and when I had finished she would lay her head on my knee and smile up into my face mischievously.

"Dear old Mentor!" she would say; "it's no use. Pride was the sole heritage left me, and, though it wreck all my happiness, I cannot conquer it."

One day she came to my side and held up one white finger encircled by a costly diamond ring. In answer to my startled look of inquiry she said slowly, as though it pained her,—

"It is Arthur Fanshawe's ring, dear; I have promised to be his wife."

Arthur Fanshawe, the *blase* man of the world; a cynic, a sceptic, everything hard and unnatural. To throw away her youth, beauty and purity upon Arthur Fanshawe! It was a cruel thing.

"Oh, Kathie!" I cried, "tell me it is not true. You do not love him—I know it. Why, then, why do you make this sacrifice?"

Her red lip curled scornfully.

"There are a million reasons," she answered, bitterly.

Then she went away, and when I saw her again she was in the midst of a gay group, lovely in her glittering ball dress, and Arthur Fanshawe was at her side, his hard, cold eyes lighted with the frosty gleams of a selfish love, his engagement to the fair New York belle publicly announced.

I knew then that the match had been of her Aunt Langley's making; that her ambition for her beautiful niece had at last attained the height of a wealthy marriage, and that to induce Kathleen to submit she had contrived to make her realize her dependence. And Kathleen, feeling herself a burden on her bounty, grew

"Weary of eating another's bread.
And toiling up and down another's stairs."

Her pride had carried her through, and she had consented to the sacrifice.

Soon after Mrs. Langley projected a trip to Florida, and begged me to accompany her and Kathleen; Mr. Fanshawe, of course was to follow.

We arrived at our destination, a romantic little town in the last stages of dilapidation.

We settled ourselves in a long, rambling cottage near the loveliest lake in the world, and enjoyed the semi-tropical climate to our heart's content.

We had not been there three days when Kathleen appeared, one morning, in the room where I was sitting with her aunt over our fancy work, looking charmingly in a short costume, with wide sun hat and gauntlet gloves.

"I'm going to learn to row, auntie, if you have no great objection," she began gayly.

"Who in the world is going to teach you?"

Kathleen glanced through the long French window to the shore, but a few rods away where a tiny boat lay moored, and a masculine figure lounged back among the cushions, lazily puffing a good cigar.

"Oh, I don't know his name," she laughed, scornfully. "One of the aborigines here. I have engaged his services at so much a hour, and for the rest, as Mr. Toots would say, it is of no consequence, auntie."

"I trust Mr. Fanshawe approves," began her aunt.

"I am not Mr. Fanshawe's property as yet," suggested Kathleen; and before another remark could be proffered she was out of the house, down the path, and and off in the direction of the lake shore.

The boating lessons seemed to take up a great deal of her time and attention after that; but I never chanced to get a nearer view of her teacher, and, judging him by others of the native inhabitants whom I had met, I felt very little interest in the unknown.

"Come, ladies," said Mr. Fanshawe, one day, "let us go out on the lake; I have a boat engaged, and waiting your service."

We did not require a second invitation, and soon we gathered on the beach, where the lake spread out before us its broad, unruffled bosom, its green, cool lily-pads, and over all the blue, cloudless sky of a Florida midwinter, with the sun, like a great, untwinkling eye, staring lazily down upon us.

"Miss Langley," said a voice near us—a low, rich, sweet voice, like liquid music—"I beg your pardon for intruding, but that boat is unsafe. She has been for some time out of repair. I fear you will meet with some accident if you go out in her."

A young man stood at Kathleen's side, a tall, slender man, with a face like a picture, with great, slumberous dark eyes, and a nameless grace and fascination about him. But his dress was coarse and common, and his hands were embrowned with toil. With that wonderful face and figure, like some rare old statue, he was only a fisherman, after all!

Kathleen's face was flushed, and she glanced up timidly. But before she could say a word Mr. Fanshawe turned upon the intruder with a cool stare of insolence.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"How dare you interfere in my affairs, sir?"

The young man raised his hat with a graceful bow.

"My name is Sanford," he said quietly, "Ray Sanford. I live a mile above the beach. I am accustomed to the lake; I spend half my time upon it. I know all the boats; the one you have chosen is unsafe. If you go out in her, you will certainly be drowned."

He put on his hat, and walked away without another word. He was proud, too; it was easy to see that.

I glanced at Kathleen. She did not see me; her eyes were bent upon the graceful figure in its coarse dress moving down the shining sands.

I saw her clench her hands and set her teeth together, then her gaze encountered mine, and slightly, she forced a smile.

"Are you ready, ladies?"

Mr. Fanshawe's voice broke the silence.

"Are you going in the boat?" asked Kathleen.

"To be sure. I am not foolish enough to pay any heed to the croakings of yonder clodhopper. I'll teach him that I, too, understand managing a boat, if I do not spend half my time on the lake."

"You are careless in your epithets, Mr. Fanshawe," observed Kathleen, frigidly; "mistaken, likewise. Mr. Sanford is a gentleman."

"You have the honor of his acquaintance, it seems?"

Kathleen's eyes flashed, but she controlled her anger.

"He taught me to row," she answered, and said no more.

But she said enough to set me to thinking.

Well, we yielded to the ruling power; and soon, seated in the pretty boat, were dancing merrily over the water, far away from land.

It was a perfect day, and full of life and gayety, we had forgotten all about young Sanford's warning, when suddenly there was a low exclamation of horror from Kathleen,—

"The boat is filling with water! I do believe we are sinking?"

It was too true! The boat leaked at every seam; the water was pouring in; soon we should be beyond the reach of human aid.

I shall never forget that hour as long as I live. Fanshawe, livid with fear, crouched in the bow of the boat and uttered never a word. Mrs. Langley wrung her hands and alternately shrieked and moaned—now praying, and now her voice drowned in a storm of sobs and tears. Kathleen sat like a statue of stone, her hands folded, her eyes bent on a spot far away.

On we drifted. The boat rapidly filling; it was more than half full.

I crept up to Kathleen and put my arms around her.

"Kathie, Kathie," I cried, "we must die! Is it not dreadful?"

"There are worse fates on earth," she answered, her pale lips scarcely seeming to move, and still her brown eyes watched that tiny speck as it grew large: a man in a boat—a man bending all his energies to meet us.

A strange smile touched Kathleen's lips.

"Ray," she muttered, as though she had forgotten our presence, "Ray, I knew you would come to us in our distress."

It was indeed Ray Sanford, and he was rowing with the strength of a giant and the energy of a man determined to win or die.

He reached us at last not a second too soon. I aroused Mrs. Langley from a fit of incoherent sobbing and ejaculating, and pointing to our rescurer. He stood up in his boat, and had Kathleen in his arms in an instant. Then he turned to Mrs. Langley and me. Fanshawe followed us, and soon we were all safe in his boat—saved from a dreadful death.

Not a word was spoken during the long run home. Kathleen never looked at Ray; she seemed unconscious of his presence.

When we reached the shore, she dropped from the boat unassisted, as though she did not see the young man's proffered arm.

Fanshawe, safe on shore, was himself again. Turning to Sanford, he took a banknote from his pocket and tendered it to the young man.

"Here," said he, in a cold, insulting tone, "you've helped us out of a scrape; allow me to—"

But he never finished. Ray Sanford struck the money from his hand, and then without a word, strode off down the shining beach. After that we saw him no more.

The time for our departure for home drew nigh.

Kathleen had grown pale and thin during these days. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, and her cheeks wore a hectic flush; there was something wrong about Kathleen.

It was the evening before our intended departure, and we two walked alone on the beach. The sun was setting, dropping slowly down its golden ladder into fleecy cloud banks of scarlet and amber; up and down we paced, neither of us speaking So the sun set and the twilight gathered.

Suddenly the form of a man rose before us in the gray twilight. He came straight up to Kathleen, and held out both his hands.

She laid both her own within them. There was a sweet smile on her lips; her eyes were luminous,

"Is it good-by?" she said softly.

"Never!" he cried, fiercely. "Tell me, Kathleen, is it true, are you going to marry that man—that Fanshawe?"

A sneering laugh fell upon our ears; Fanshawe stood beside us.

"A pretty scene!" he sneered. "A flirtation between my betrothed wife and a common fisherman!"

With a face like marble and eyes like flashing diamonds Kathleen slipped her engagement ring from her finger and laid it in Arthur Fanshawe's hand, saying coldly,—

"I have worn it too long, Mr. Fanshawe."

Ere Fanshawe could recover from his amazement, Ray Sanford spoke.—

"And who told you, Mr, Fanshawe, that I was but a common fisherman? Not that I attach any ignominy to the vocation, which has been followed by some of the noblest and grandest heroes of earth; but unfortunately, I have no claim to the title. I am merely passing a few months on the Florida coast, roughing it that I might regain the health and strength which had unaccountably deserted me. I leave soon for my home in the North. You have heard of Hugh Sanford, of Boston?"

"A merchant prince!" ejaculated Fanshawe, beginning to move away.

"He is my father," said Ray Sanford, cooly; and bending over Kathleen, who stood clinging to me, he continued, while Fanshawe slunk on through the evening shadows, "Kathleen, say you forgive me my unintentional deception. I had known you a week or more before I realized the full extent of my guilt. Forgive me, for I love you so!"

Her head was on his shoulder, his arm around her. They had forgotten all about me, and I went home alone.

An hour later Kathleen came to my side, her eyes shining like stars.

"You'll be my bridesmaid, dear," she whispered, kissing me with tears in her eyes. "I'm the happiest little woman alive! And the best of it is I loved him just as well when I thought a poor fisherman as I do now that I know he is of a wealthy and aristocratic family. I tell you dear (another kiss), pride is a very good thing in its place, but true love is always and ever the best."

Visits of the Dead to the Living.

When Marshal Bazaine, in 1865, assumed command of the Freneh army in Mexico, he found a complete want of discipline and order among his troops. Marauders had been allowed to wander about with impunity, and the Mexican villages, friendly or hostile, were plundered by the French soldiers. The Marshal resolved to stop these excesses with a strong hand, and an order was issued that any soldier discovered in the act of pillaging should, at the end of the march, be brought before a council of war, and, if found guilty suffer the penalty of death.

A few days afterwards, a corporal of a battalion of Chasseurs, commanded by Prince Nadoleon Charles Bonaparte head of the Italian branch of the family, was arrested by the military police on the charge of marauding. At the end of the march, so soon as the camp was pitched, he was tried by a council of war, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was carried out on the spot, and, as it had become quite dark a lantern was attached to the prisoner's breast to enable the firing party to aim correctly. The corporal fell dead at the first discharge. A grave was hastily dug, and the wretched man was buried exactly as he fell, in his uniform, with the lantern still on his breast.

The same evening Prince Bonaparte was sitting in his tent, talking with one of the military chaplains who had attended the execution, when he heard a man's voice outside the tent. The Prince called to the man to enter, and the soldier whose execution and burial he had just witnessed walked into the tent, still wearing his uniform and with the lantern on his breast. "My commandant," said the soldier, "my family lives at Marseilles, in the Rue——; be so good as to inform them of my fate." The Prince, suspecting some trick rushed at the man with the intention of seizing him, The corporal, however, was too quick. He ran out of the tent and fled closely followed by the Prince, who was guided in the pursuit by the lantern on the man's breast, The Prince, after a short chase, overtook the fugitive, and was on the point of seizing him when he (the prisoner tore the lantern off his breast, threw it away, and managed to escape in the darkness.

The Prince at once reported the affair to the Marshal, and an order was given that the corporal's grave should be opened. This was done, and the corpse was found lying in the same state as when it was buried, but the lantern was gone.

I have only to add that on his return to France the Prince ascertained that the address at Marseilles was, in fact, the dwelling place of the prisoner's family. The unfortunate abbe was so affected by the circumstance that he lost his reason, and is, (or was a few years ago) in a *maison de sante*

Prince Charles Bonaparte himself always believed that the affair was a hoax.

Getting Noisy.

Gallantry awakens early in the breasts of some Boston boys. A lady in Boston has a class in the Sunday school of one of the leading churches, the membership of which consists of boys who are each about 8 years of age. Like most youngsters they are of too exhubant spirits to keep altogether as quiet as the demands of the school require, and are prone to become restless and noisy at times. Last Sunday one of them was particularly uneasy, when the teacher said, thinking to shame him into quiet: "Now, George, I don't know what I shall do with you if you are so noisy. I am afraid I shall have to punish you for it, and think the best way to do so would be to make you sit in my lap." "Ah," says the young scapegrace with an arch look, "if you should do that, Miss——, I think you would find the whole class getting noisy."

Sincerity does not consist in speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable and inexcusable.

To listen kindly is of en an act of the most delicate interio mortificatio. and helps us very muc to speak kindly ourselves.

Gliding Along the Ice.

"The touch of cold weather we had a short time ago stirred up the boys," said an old skate sharpener of New York as he filed away on a pair of club skates. Hanging over him were skates of all kinds, rusty and with runners covered with dirt. "These have just been brought in," continued the old man, "to be fixed up for the coming season. I have been busy with skates for the last few days, and when the ice is formed I shall have more than I can attend to."

"Is skating as popular as formerly," was asked.

"Certainly it is. There is no out-of-door exercise the popularity of which remains so constant and which is indulged in with such evident pleasure. Did you ever hear a young man or young woman refuse to go skating if there was nothing to prevent and a fair sheet of ice? I file down and sharpen more skates every winter than I did the previous one. In the country the boys try the ice every day, and the winter's sport invariably begins with a ducking for the first adventurer. I suppose the popularity of the sport is due in some degree to the comparatively short time in which it can be enjoyed. This makes it a novelty. But it is more due, I think, to the exhilaration and thorough enjoyment to be derived from it. In country towns where the ice lasts all winter there is as much skating at the end of the season as at the beginning, and the young man who does not become a fancy skater in those places is looked down upon. In my opinion, skating is more enjoyable than sleigh rides or coasting."

The old man filed away on his skates and told of the miles he had skated when a boy and the kind of skates then used, comparing them with the ten-dollar skates of to-day. The improvements in the skates themselves have done much to increase the love for the sport. It is in the remembrance of old skaters that the preparations for an hour's skating were multitudinous. Thirty years ago the skater was compelled to wear a heavy pair of boots, with strong, big heels, for no one in those days ever thought of skating in shoes. Then a large gimlet hole had to be bored in the heel, into which the peg on the heel-plate of the skate would fit. The gimlet ever afterward had to be carried about in the pocket to do duty in cleaning out the snow or mud that would accumulate in the walk to the rink or pond. These old skates were marvels in themselves, with their intricacies of straps and rings. There were straps at the heels and straps at the toes. Straps crossed and recrossed, and finally ended with long tags hanging over which had to be stowed away somewhere, and which generally in the first two or three turns on the ice would work under the runners. Many a time as doubtless the old skater of a quarter of a century ago will testify, has the ice been tested to its fullest strain by the avoirdupois of the skater all on account of the ends of straps. There was an old style of skate, a nondescript affair, which the fond parent of to-day as he buys for the boys the light pairs of nickle-plated clubs, is very ready to attempt to describe. It was fitted up with iron rings, through which the straps were drawn. These rings were placed so as to rest just over the ankles, and were constantly chafing him. Passing through the rings, the straps were crossed over the foot twice and often once around the heel, making a network over the foot. If any part of the network loosened, it was necessary to unravel the whole.

With what pleasure the then new style of rockers with patent buckles and side straps was hailed. One occasionally meets such a pair at the present time in the country towns, although they are antiquated in the city. With the skates of the previous period, when the skater wanted to stop, he simply pressed down hard the heel, and the sharp end of the blade would plow a furrow in the ice, and would cause a sudden stop. With rockers the end curved up, and the skater was compelled to use the side movement of the feet by which he comes to aquick standstill with modern skates. Nine years ago the club skate appeared, and there has been little change in them since their first introduction. Two styles—the American club and the Acme—came out at the same time, and their sale was immense, and their popularity has kept up ever since then. At first, on the former, a key was necessary to lock the skate on to the foot, but in a short time the lever of the present style was substituted, which, by reversing, fastens at once both the heel and foot clamps. Both styles were the same in principle, and after a short time of trial, were pronounced a great success and immediately their use became universal. The hardest thing to overcome in their adoption was the prevailing idea that a heel strap must be retained, and even now many call for this strap, as they claim to have a feeling of greater security in its use. Experienced skaters all agree that it is unnecessary. Ladies also now use club skates, and many very pretty nickle plates have been manufactured for them during the past year, They are required to have plain heels upon their shoes, however, as no clamp can be made to fasten upon the French heels, with their abominable curves.

"The use of club skates by ladies," added the old man, who had been discoursing on skates, rubbing down the sides of blades with emery paper, "has been objected to by young men, who now have no excuse for fondly lingering over their sweetheart's dainty shoes as formerly, when it was necessary to fix a strap here and a buckle there, and then to do it all over again because it wasn't tight enough."

"Do ladies skate as much as in the old days?" was asked.

"Young man, ladies, young, old and middle-aged, will go skating whenever they can get a man to go with them," was the reply. "If they have to go by themselves they soon give it up. Yes, ladies like to skate as much as ever and you will find plenty of 'sister Kates,' to use the words of the poets, who skate and cut a figure 8, in any State. If there's only ice, crowds of graceful female skaters are to be seen pleasant afternoons and moonlight nights at the parks, and a pretty sight it is to see them in their bright skating costumes, gliding along the ice and sweeping about in most graceful curves."

The sale of club skates in this country has been very large and the demand for them is still great. Over 20,000 pairs of one style alone are generally sold in this city during the season, and if the ice continues for a long time in good condition the demand is greater. In this city the sale depends almost entirely upon the length of time there is skating in the park. This, of course, cannot be foreseen, and the large dealer always expects and is ready to carry over one-third of his stock to the next season. Again, often his skates are exhausted before the season is over. Year before last a comparatively small number of skates were sold. Last year for a time the sales were brisk, and the prospect of this season is good, dealers say. In the holidays the largest quantity of skates are sold, as a pair is always a standard Christmas present for a boy. One pair of skates ought to last several years if kept in good order.

Why He Left.

"Why did you desert?" asked the reporter, bluntly.

"I have no hesitation in telling you," was the reply. "We enlist for military service, and besides performing it we are compelled to work as laborers. I could stand this, though, if it wasn't for the treatment we receive in other ways. I will just give you an instance of our day's routine duty. We generally rise about 5 o'clock and clean up our quarters. Forty minutes are given for grooming our horses, and then we drill for an hour and a half. When breakfast is over some go on guard, while others do fatigue work. This consists of cleaning officers' quarters, chopping wood for officers, hauling coal for officers and ourselves, working in the ditches, and building roads or plowing fields."

"Is this compulsory?"

"If we complain the guard house is the place for us, and if we go to the hospital ten chances to one we are told that nothing is the matter with us, and we are sent away without explanation."

"Don't you get some rest from your labors?"

"Only the favored ones are allowed to leave the fort. I have been repeatedly refused permission to go away, while others had almost as much liberty as the officers."

"We are made to do regular servants' work in the kitchen," continued the solder, "a burly negro bossing us at his will. Complain, did you say? If we do not perform the work just to suit him he'll report us to the officers, who will make us run errands and carry slops."

"Is there not too much drinking going on in the army?"

"Well, a poor fellow can't help sometimes, but very seldom, when he gets a chance, taking a drop too much, But we generally suffer for it, and are sent to the guard house. An officer can indulge as much as he pleases, and if he becomes intoxicated we have the pleasure of putting him to bed,"

"Do the men ever complain about their treatment?"

"They don't dare to do that. I have known them to leave the table and feign illness rather than say anything about the bad food. Let me give you the bill of fare for one day: For breakfast we have what we call boot-leg coffee and California mystery. There is a standing prize to any man who will discover the substance of which the latter is made. I have gone through many hardships and had to eat many a hard crust, but I couldn't stomach that dishwater."

"For dinner we get what the cook calls pork and a few potatoes, and for supper we sometimes get potatoes and alleged pork for a change. The coffee is for the most part water. The cook sweetens it, but when I drank it I always imagined there was no sugar in it. I certainly didn't taste it.

"The officers, however, live like lords on the rations which belong to us. If we open our mouths the prospect of severe punishment stares us in the face, and so the boys believe in the old saying: 'Of two evils choose the least.'"

Proverbs for Lovers.

Love knows hidden paths.
Love makes labor light.
Love makes time pass away, and time make love pass away.
Love me little, love me long.
Ami moi un peu, mais continue—Love me a little, but keep it up.
Love one who does not love you, answer one that does not call you, and you wil run a fruitless race.
Love others well, but love thyself the most; give good for good, but not to thine own cost.
Love rules his kingdom without a sword.
Love subdues everything except the felon's heart.
Love teaches asses to dance.
Love, kavery and necessity make men good orators.
Love, thieves and fear make ghosts.
Love your friend with his faults.
Love your neighbor, but don't pull down his fence.
Lover's purses are tied with cobwebs.
Lover's quarrels are love and redoubled.
Lovers think other have no eyes.

There are times in this little life when a man can feel perfectly serene, and at peace with all mankind. A time when he can forgive his enemies and think only the kindest things of the man who has beaten him in a horse-trade. A time when he feels as happy as a school-boy on Friday afternoon, when he is throwing his books aside, and figuring on playing shinney the following day. But no man ever feels in this particular mood after he has mounted the steps of the Elevated Railroad and waited five minutes for a train, only to discover that he is on the wrong side of the road to go in the direction he wants to.

The Poisoner of Ninety-six Victims.

To those who believe that the practice of Thuggee has been completely put down in India, the story of Sharfu, whose career of crime has just terminated by his being sentenced to transportation for life, will come as an unpleasant revelation. Sharfu was the son of a butcher in a small village in the Punjab, and when yet a boy he developed a marked taste not only for gambling, but even for card sharping. At the age of 18, having quarrelled with his father, he left his native village and attached himself to a party of horse dealers. He then joined the Bareilly police, but was shortly afterward sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for injuring his wife, the daughter of Thakur, whom he had abducted. In the Bareilly jail he came in contact with Tikka Ram, the head of a band of poisoners in the northwest provinces. On their recovering their liberty they resumed operations together, making their headquarters in the town of Agra. After six years of undetected crime, of which the details have not been revealed, the two fell out, and Sharfu joined the police force again, only, however, to be dismissed in a few months.

It was after this occurrence that he resumed operations as professional poisoner on his own account. His mode of working was simple. Disguising himself as a well-to-do native of Oude, he used to waylay and enter into conversation with those natives of the province who happened to be returning with their savings, His favorite scene of operation was on the Grand Trunk road. Once he had struck up a companionship with these unsuspecting travellers it was an easy matter to take food with them, and Sharfu rarely failed to introduce the opium or *dhatura* needed to drug his victims, whom he speedily relieved of their savings. Most of these unwary persons recovered when pursuit was useless, but many of them died. His operations between the years 1867 and 1872 were particularly numerous and successful; and official reports recognized the extent to which Thuggee prevailed in the Junjab during that period. In July, 1881, his secret was revealed by Tikka Ram's wife, with whom he had been living for fourteen years; and he had only just sufficient warning to make a hurried retreat into Rajpootana. There he renewed his old practices, and placed his services at the disposal of those who had inconvenient relatives to get rid of, and who would pay handsomely for the dangerous work. He long baffled the pursuit of the officials, and it was not until the present year that he was discovered, through the instrumentality of Tikka Ram, undergoing a short term of imprisonment in Agra jail under an assumed name.

Brought up for trial at Loodiana, he admittes his guilt in ninety-six cases of murder or drugging, and was sentenced to death, which was afterward modified to transportation for life. Sharfu's long impunity shows the great difficulty of detecting crime in India, at the same time that it revals the extensive organization which criminals have formed, in the Punjab at all events. Much light has recently been thrown by Dr. Leitner on the *argot* which thieves in the Punjab have framed for their own use, and of which Government officials are absolutely ignorant.

Gambling in Grain.

Mr. Hertel a heavy broker in Chicago says: "Legitimate business in this city has almost disappeared, and everybody is dealing in options. Even the old conservative firms have been obliged to adopt the new order of things."

"Then, this speculative business is on the increase?"

"Yes. Houses that used to think they had done something wonderful when they handled 7,000,000 bushels of wheat in a single day, now regard that as simply an average business."

"What is the exact mode of dealing in options?"

"Well, to suppose a case, you hear that corn, either on account of bad weather or an unusually brisk demand, is going to be scarce and consequently high in price. You therefore buy 1,000 bushels of corn, which is to be delivered in February or some future month. month. Now it is not expected that you have the money to pay for it, or that the other has the corn to deliver. You simply buy in the hope that corn will go up and that you can sell out at a higher figure, while he hopes that it will go down, thus enabling him to buy it at a less price than he has contracted for selling it."

"How much do you suppose of the grain that is thus bought and sold is actually transferred?"

"About ten bushels in 1,000,000. There cannot be more delivered than is really in existence, and every day the transactions are far far more than the entire crop."

"I presume that, like gamblers, the grain brokers couldn't get along without lambs to fleece?"

"If you want to put it that way, yes. All this option business is done through the Board of Trade, which is composed of brokers, They take orders for outsiders and charge a commission. Nearly three-fourths of the business done is for New York buyers and sellers."

"Wall street?"

"Yes, Wall street. The capitalists there get together and arrange to send up the price of wheat, but everything is done through Chicago. Our city is the great grain and provision centre, as New York is the centre of finance and stocks."

"Don't you find that this gambling in grain, as it is called, has a bad influence on other branches of business?"

"Not at all. It makes trade lively, though, I don't believe to-day that Chicago is half as solid as Cincinnati."

One three year old ostrich will yield $150 worth of feathers a year. Considering that an ostrich will eat a week's washing at one meal, if it gets a chance, and swallow a few fence-pickets for desert, there doesn't seem to be much profit in ostrich farming