

RAILROADS IN INDIA.

How the English Have Covered Hindoostan with an Iron Network.

THE LOWEST FARES IN THE WORLD

Magnificent Stations and Iron Telegraph Poles and Ties.

SECTION HANDS AT FIVE CENTS A DAY

BOMBAY, INDIA, May 10.—India has now 16,000 miles of railroad. It is as far from Calcutta to Bombay as it is from New York to Denver, and several trunk lines run across Hindoostan from one city to the other.

Only rich natives travel second class in India. The bulk of the first and second-class travel is made up of English and Americans. The natives, as a rule, go by the intermediate or third class, and the third-class fares here are the cheapest in the world.

Here in India there is a vast difference between the prices of the various classes. First class is, on the great Indian Peninsula Railroad, which is a fair type of the whole, 2 1/2 cents per mile. Second class is just one-half that rate and intermediate one-half of second class.

One of the great plagues of Indian railroad makers is the white ant. These insects eat every dead thing in wood form above ground. If a pile of wooden ties is left overnight an attack of ants will have carried it away by morning, and there is no possible storage of wooden ties. Such ties as are in the roads are saved from destruction by the vibration caused by the running trains, which scares the ants away.

One of the most interesting things about these Indian trains is the impossibility of passing from one car to another and the difficulty which one has to get at the guard or to stop the train. You may be locked up in the same compartment with a mad man or a robber and it is impossible for you to help yourself.

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are about the highest paid of the railroad employes. They get about \$70 a month while running regularly, but they can increase this by extra running to \$80 and \$100 a month. The Indian railroads have no conductors in our sense of the word. The tickets are collected and examined by men at the various stations, and the guard who manages the train in other respects, has nothing to do with the tickets.

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HAUNTED NEW YORK.

Olive Harper Tells of Ghosts Often Seen and Heard.

SOME ARISTOCRATIC SPIRITS.

A Ghostly Game of Euchre and Murder in a Hotel Bedroom.

THE GHOST WHO COUNTED HER DRESSES

It is not often that we get hold of an authentic ghost story, where the narrator has seen the shadowy spirit himself, or herself, as it may be. I have heard many stories of supernatural sights, but nearly all have appeared in some remote place and were seen only by the aunt, cousin or grandmother of some intimate friend of the story teller, but there are ghosts right here in New York, and I have seen them myself.

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MY HEART'S DELIGHT

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE newspaper which Reuben Hale and I own and edit is, I am aware, a "one-horse" affair, but we are satisfied with it.

It is a small eight-page weekly, largely made up of advertisements and the subscription price is \$1 a year. We have no reporters, we never print telegrams nor murders, and we have a subscription list of 172,000 names—farmers, gardeners and country people, because wherever there are people raising fruit, flowers, or vegetables, there are people who want to buy them.

One day I came into the office after an absence of a couple of hours, and found Hale sitting at his desk. "Dan," said he, "there was a young woman in here to see you."

"Very well," he replied, "but she didn't want to see me. It was the old gentleman who was after her."

"Now come," said I, sitting down. "I am not going to shirk the title, but you'll have to take shares in it. You can't be distinguished from me by it, my boy. I am gray, but you are bald; I am lean and you are stout, and there isn't a six months' difference in our years or our looks, Reuben Hale."

"Have it as you please," said he; "but that is what she said—she wanted to see old Mr. Crawford. I think she thought me the young one."

"Was she a blind young woman?" "Blind," he repeated. "Just wait until you see her eyes. Oh, she is coming back! At 2 o'clock, Daniel. Even if she didn't want to see me, I asked her to do that. I told her you'd be sure to be in then."

"Well, I won't," I answered. "I am going to Melton on the 1:45. I am not going to stay in town this sweltering afternoon."

"Yes, you are. You'll thank your happy stars if you do. If you miss her, Dan, you'll break her heart, and after you have seen her she'll break yours."

THE POWER OF MELODY.

"If we did that sort of thing," said I, one day, "we'd send you to write up the 'Tiger Hill' strike. You'd like that."

"Why should I care to go there?" she answered, coloring as she was apt to do when conversation became personal.

"You are so much interested in mining affairs," I replied, "I have often noticed how you stop to read the 'Hill Beacon' matter what you are doing. Let the mail bring that, and at once everything is dropped. Cool! Your very eyes confess your guilt!"

"She met my accusation with as brave a front as she could command."

"'Keweenaw,' I repeated, 'they are a set of rascals every one of them. An insane, law-defying crew.'"

"They are a poor, ignorant crowd of men," I said, "it is our duty to educate and civilize, not abjectly to persecute. 'My dear,' said I, 'the United States offers refuge to the oppressed, but it does not offer a free-fire territory for outlaws, and that is what these men ask of us. It is the duty of the language of this country to educate and civilize them. We do not aspire to make our country a reformatory school.'"

"All that is true, but their own Government won't do it, you know, and they are here. We must do it."

"That they are here is unfortunately true," said I.

"And your nephew's paper says they ought not to have schools where their own language is used. I think that unkind. Their native tongue must be dear to them, and they naturally wish their children to know it."

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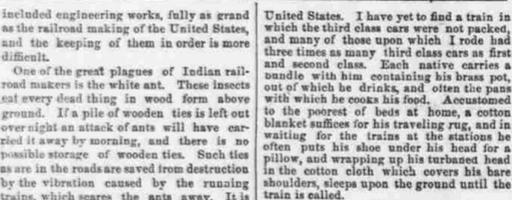
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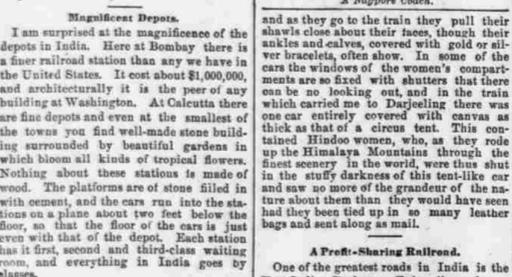
AN INDIAN RAILROAD TRAIN.



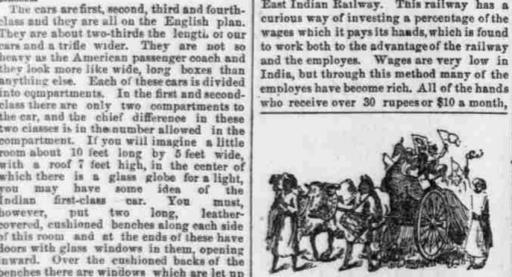
HOW HINDOO WOMEN TRAVEL.



A SHIPPER ON BOARD.



A PROFIT-SHARING RAILROAD.



A WEDDING PROCESSION.

