

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, \$3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, \$5.00; One Square, one inch, one year, \$15.00

It appears that seventy-five per cent. of English chimney-sweepers die in the workhouse.

Socially the Stames are undoubtedly advancing. There are now a number of men of good position whose wives accompany them in public, driving to entertainments, and so forth.

The Medical Society of Bernese Switzerland, has inaugurated a plan for the suppression of gross notices of suicides, as it has been observed that epidemics of suicides, so called, come from "suggestion," acquired through printed accounts of them.

Spurgeon's sermons are among the great literary successes of the century. The Westminster Gazette says that 2300 of these sermons have been printed and sold, and that the sum total of the sales reaches nearly 100,000,000, an average of about 25,000 copies per sermon.

A mint is about to be established at Nanjing for silver and copper coinage, making two mints for the Chinese Empire, the other being at Canton. The common monetary unit of China is a copper "cash," of which between 1600 and 1700 make one tael and twenty-two make one penny.

There are in the neighborhood of 100 big office buildings in New York City, employing about 3500 men and women, and paying out about \$200,000 a month in wages. In the very largest buildings a superintendent hires the help and rents the offices, but in the majority of cases those duties are divided between the owner, real estate agent and janitor. And the janitor is the most important man of the trio.

There are forty-eight thousand artists in Paris, more than half of whom are painters. We wonder how many of these realize the far-reaching moral effects for good or evil of which the products of their hands are capable? misses the New York Observer. It is to be feared that artists frequently fail to take any serious thought as to the ethics of art. And there appears to be some foundation for the criticism in which a German paper has recently indulged to the effect that the secret of success in modern art is to be crazy in an original way.

The 1,411,000 square miles of Canadian territory previously unnamed has been divided and named and appears on the new official map duly labeled. The new districts are as follows: Ungava, which includes all the Arctic Ocean, with the exception of the narrow coast line of Labrador. Franklin, the great group of islands north of Hudson's Straits and lying between the sixtieth and 125th degree of west longitude. West of this again is Mackenzie, taking in the mainland country between the northern limit of Athabasca and the Arctic Sea, and being between the 100th meridian of longitude and a line about 500 miles west and parallel with the Mackenzie River. Yukon includes the district enclosed between the latter line and the northern boundary of British Columbia, the eastern boundary of Alaska and the Arctic Ocean. Ungava is almost as extensive as British Columbia, and Mackenzie is larger than British Columbia and Quebec combined. Of the remaining districts, each is bigger than Ontario.

The New York Post says: "Few newspapers in the South mourn the abandonment of the proposed Southern States Exposition in Chicago. In a few quarters the attempt is made to ascribe the failure of the enterprise to the rivalry of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, to be held in Nashville. But the truth of the matter is that the people of the South took little interest in the affair, and outside of some 'drumming' in the Atlantic Coast States, little attention was paid to it in the columns of the newspapers or elsewhere. It was evident from this apathy in the South that the exposition would not be a success, and for this reason it was abandoned. One North Carolina paper says of it: 'The underlying idea was never a very practical one. It was to divert the cotton goods trade of the South from the North and East to the West. The laws of trade are inexorable. The North and the East are the South's natural customers; the South and the West are both agricultural sections and are competitors. The business men never took hold of this Chicago-Southern States movement. There never seemed to them to be anything in it.' This quotation may be accepted as a fair illustration of feeling at the South over the attempt to force trade, through an unnatural channel, to Chicago."

A LITTLE LOVE SONG.

There is never a blossom that blooms for Love's bosom As sweet as my blossom—my sweet! Not one in God's skies any stars like her

THE MADNESS OF SHERE BAHADUR.

BY R. LEVETT YATES.



THE Mahout's small son, engaged with an equally small friend in the pleasant occupation of stringing into garlands the thick yellow and white champaa blossoms that

strewed the ground, under the broad-leaved tree near the lantana hedge, was startled by an angry trumpet, and looked in the direction of SHERE BAHADUR.

"He is must," said one to the other in an awe-struck whisper; and then, a sudden terror seizing them, they bounded like little brown apes, silently and swiftly into a gap in the hedge and vanished.

There were 100 evil desires hissing in SHERE BAHADUR'S heart, as he swayed to and fro under the huge peepul tree to which he was chained. Indignity upon indignity had been heaped upon him.

It was a more accident that Aladdin, the Mahout who had attended him for twenty years, was dead. How on earth was SHERE BAHADUR to know that his skull was so thin? He had merely tapped it with his trunk in a moment of petulance, and the head of Aladdin had cracked in like the shell of an egg.

SHERE BAHADUR was re-queered to the ranks. For weeks he had to carry the fodder supply of the Maharaj's stables, like an ordinary beast of burden; and a low-caste slave, a fool to boot, had been put to attend on him.

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tired Colonel, putting spurs to his horse, mingled up with the dust and was lost to view.

The Maharaj stormed in his native tongue, and then burst into English oaths. He turned in his fury towards the Vizier; but was only in time to see the snowy robes of that high functionary disappearing into a culvert, and the confused mob of his court running helter-skelter across the square.

SRI RANABIR was a Rajpoot of the bluest blood, and his heart was big; but this awful sight, this swift, silent advance of hideous death, paralyzed him with fear. Already the long shadow of the elephant had moved near his feet, already he seemed impaled on those cruel white tusks, when there was a snapping bark, and the fox-terrier flew at SHERE BAHADUR and danced around him in a tempest of rage.

SHERE BAHADUR saw the flash of the jeweled signet, the sheen of the order; and, giving up the dog, curled his trunk and started in pursuit. It was a desperate race. The Maharaj was out of training; but the time he made was wonderful, and the diamond buckles on his shoes formed a shriek of light as he fled.

"Let him be," said one to the other in an awe-struck whisper; and then, a sudden terror seizing them, they bounded like little brown apes, silently and swiftly into a gap in the hedge and vanished.

There was a buzzing in his ears, and everything became a blank. "Blessed be Vishnu! He liveth!" and the Vizier helped his fallen master to rise, aided by the heir apparent, in whose heart, however, there were thoughts far different from those which found expression on the lips of the Nawab Juggan Jung, Prime Minister of Kalesar.

"Come back to the palace, my lord. They will drive the evil one out of him," and the Vizier waved his hand in the direction of the crowd, and pointed to where, in the distance, SHERE BAHADUR was making slowly and steadily for the hills. But the Maharaj Adhiraj would do no such thing.

"Mirror of the Universe, destroy him not," advised the Vizier, who rode at the prince's bridle hand. "The beast is worth 8000 rupoos, and cannot be replaced; the treasury is almost empty, and we shall want him when the last Shab comes."

SHERE BAHADUR had now reached an open plain, where he stopped, and, standing round, faced his pursuers. "Go on, bravo men!" shouted the Vizier; "a thousand rupoos to him who links the first chain on that Shaitan. Drive him back! Drive him back!"

phant!—Pah! what is it but an animal?"

"By your lordship's favor," answered a voice, "he is not must, only angry—there is no steam from his eye. Nevertheless I will drive him to the line, but I am but dust of the earth, and a thousand rupoos will make me a king."

Clara—"Didn't he kiss you?" Manda—"What did you hear me scream?" "No, I heard you utter a cry of joy."—Life.

"That is a remarkably ugly Panama hat you have on." "Yes, I had to get an ugly one so my sisters wouldn't wear it all the time."—Chicago Record.

"Does the heat bother you much, Uncle?" "Well, I used to think it did; but, nowadays, folks tell me it's the humidity."—Puck.

"Tongue cannot express the love I bear you." "She—'What say that money talks. Let us hear what that has to say in the premises.'—Boston Transcript.

"What are the wild waves saying, I wonder?" Wantogro Holmes—"They seem to me to be asking if I would mind sharing my supper with them."—Life.

"They tell me you are living on the fat of the land at your new boarding place." "Woefer's—'Yes, oleomargarine and filled cheese.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I see that the lawyers in a recent case wanted to have a violin played in court as part of the evidence." "Jones—"Yes, a jurymen nowadays can't tell what he's going to run up against."—Puck.

"You had boy, you have made a gross spot on the new sofa with your bread and butter," said Mrs. Chaffie to her son Johnnie.

"Never mind, ma; you can set on it when there's company in the parlor."—Texas Sifter.

"I should not think that piano tuning would be a very lucrative occupation in this region—pianos are not very plentiful here, are they?"

"Well, no; but I make a pretty fair income by tightening up barb-wire fences on the side."—Puck.

"Pa, what is the proper definition of 'magazine'?" "Mr. Callipers—"A place where explosives are stored, my son."

"Well, then, pa, why do they call a publication with a story in front and all the rest of the pages devoted to bicycle advertisements a magazine?"—Puck.

"I don't think the 'X' rays should be used in medicine." "Doctor—"Why, it's being used now! We can get internal photographs of the patient."

"Yes; but some day the patient may be able to get internal photographs of the doctor's head and find out if he knows anything about the case."

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Wonderful Machine—A Substitute—Took Their Word for It—A Hint Thrown Up, Etc., Etc.

They say a most peculiar thing happened here in town: A woman took her watch upstairs, and then the watch ran down.

HOW SHE KNEW. Clara—"Didn't he kiss you?" Manda—"What did you hear me scream?"

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The trolley car is to be tried in the Maine lumber regions to haul logs to the main rivers.

A steel plate seventy-six feet three inches long and five feet wide has just been made by a Stockton (England) company.

Some St. Louis physicians insist that the anti-toxine treatment will cure the consumption as well as the diphtheria.

The Civic Federation, of Chicago, is making war on the Ice Trust there, and declares that it is making ice from tainted water.

It is estimated that a November fog in London costs, in gas and electric light, accidents, delays and damage, about \$500,000.

Her official tests show that the Oregon, just finished on the Pacific coast, is the swiftest and most formidable battleship afloat.

A commission of Japanese have arrived in the country, sent to study the electrical power and telephone systems of the United States.

An aluminum boat for sportsmen's use has been made; it weighs but thirty pounds, is fourteen feet long and will carry two people.

During a storm at Wakole, Mich., a farm house was photographed by lightning on the whitewash of a room, but the picture soon faded.

It has been discovered that all the shellfish of the Hawaiian Islands are peculiar to the locality, and most of their birds and insects are found nowhere else on the globe.

If the entire population of the world is considered to be 1,400,000,000, the brains of this number of human beings would weigh 1,923,712 tons, or as much as ninety-six ironclads of the ordinary size.

Switzerland proposes to do away with phosphorus matches, the manufacture of which is attended with great danger, and will establish a State factory, whose product will be exclusively permitted in that country.

Size for size, a thread of spider's silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is about fifty per cent. stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

Dr. Dangheld, of Germany, has invented a consumption cure, which is swallowed instead of being hypodermically injected, and it is said to work wonders. It is called antimicrobion, and has been introduced into a number of hospitals.

A portable military crematory, resembling in appearance an army baking oven, only that it is larger and heavier and requires eight horses to draw it, is to be supplied to each German army corps. It is the invention of a Polish engineer, and is intended to do away with the risk of epidemics from burial by disposing of the bodies of soldiers killed in battle.

The Plunge of a Glacier. The fall of a glacier in the Bernese Overland last autumn, from an altitude of 10,823 feet above sea level, is thus described by Engineering: "The whole mass, estimated to be half as large again as the largest of the pyramids of Egypt, leaped down 4600 feet to the bottom of the valley, then up 1300 on the side, and back into the valley just far enough not to destroy the watercourse through it. It appeared to have jumped the watercourse, moving as a solid mass. It took only about twenty seconds in its first downward plunge, ten in its leap upward and ten in falling back, so that at the end of forty seconds the mass had changed its place from near the top of the mountain to the farther side of the valley, where it buried nearly one square mile of rich pasture to the depth of six feet. A similar ice avalanche is recorded as having occurred at the same spot on the same day of the year in 1873."

Picks Tucks Out of Tires. Punctures are curious things. Some people will go for months without having one, while others seem to pick up one after another, there are a number of pointed objects which are lying about. We had a sudden turn of luck ourselves one day recently, says a writer on bicycling, and got a nail in both tires in a single ride, after having escaped for some eight or nine months. Now, these two punctures might have been avoided by a very simple device, which we may call a nail catcher. It is simply a piece of string, wire or cat gut tied across the front forks and the upper backstays, just above the tire, but not quite touching it. We believe there is now a special curved catch, made with attachment clips. Now, when a nail or other object is picked up by the tire it does not, as we have previously said, at once penetrate the cover and inner tube, so that this catcher at once picks it out again before any mischief is done.

Insurance Against Twins. What worse domestic calamity can befall a poor man's home than the advent of twins, unless it be triplets! That, at least, is the idea upon which the projectors of the Providence Bounty Association, organized recently, propose to bank the prospects of the concern. As a financial document it is unique.

STORY OF THE SEEDS.

"One I love," a pretty face smiling o'er the grave, "Two I love," a soft, sweet voice, blossoms out her fate, "Three I love, I say, and still other seeds galore, "Four I love with all my heart, "What need is there of more? "Five I cast away! Ah, no! Fortune thus were wrong, Should the count thus ended be, "Six he loves," a dimpled smile; "Seven she loves," a blush; "Eight both love," a sweet look steals o'er the fair face flush. "Nine he comes," he carries ten, "Eleven he courts"—but wait! Anxious search has failed to find The need which rests her fate, Carefully she looks them o'er, Then, as a brow grows light, "Twelve he marries. More? I Nearly died from fright!"—Puck.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I love you unpeppably. Moly." "But perhaps you might speak to mamma."—Pittsburg Blotter. Teacher—"What is an island?" Little Johnny Squinch—"A body of land almost entirely occupied by insurgents."—Puck. Teacher—"Can you give me any idea of what a hollow mockery is?" Pupil—"Yessum; our ice-chock in winter is."—Roxbury Gazette.

Very Amateur Singer (at evening party)—"Let me like a soldier tall!" Agonized Guest—"You certainly should if I had a gun anywhere handy."—Standard. Depth of Woe: "Did George look anxious when he proposed to you, Kitty?" "Yes; he looked as if he were learning to ride a wheel."—Chicago Record.

Snobson—"I feel dreadfully. I gave an at home yesterday and only ten people came." Quiz—"Why don't you give a funeral? You'd have it crowded."—Truth. Attorney—"What was there about the deceased that led you to believe he was of unsound mind?" Witness—"Well, for one thing, he abhorred bicycles."—Philadelphia North American.

Teacher—"Now, Freddie, since you have correctly spelled Philadelphia, can you tell me what State it is in?" Freddie—"Yes, sir. I heard pa say the other day that it was in a state of coma." Hicks—"I saw your poem in the paper last week. How did you get your pull with the editor?" Hicks—"Oh, I didn't bother the editor. I called upon the business manager."—Somerville Journal.

"Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?" "Yes'm. You're in bad humor this morning, an' you've got to lick some one before you'll feel satisfied."—Harlem Life. Margaret—"Don't you think Mando loved Charlie?" Ethel—"No, fear; it is my firm belief that she only married him for his beautiful collection of striped outing shirts."—Philadelphia North American.

He—"Which did you like best of my verses?" She—"Why, the one on the first page." He—"Let me see. Which one was that?" She—"Don't you remember?" The one in quotation marks."—Harlem Life. "You do not go out often to dinner, Mrs. Waddington?" "No, I don't think the best dinner on earth is sufficient compensation for making one's self agreeable for three hours at a stretch."—Chicago Record.

Daughter—"This piano is really my very own, isn't it, papa?" Pa—"Yes, my dear." "And when I marry I can take it with me, can't I?" "Certainly, my child; but don't let any one. It might spoil your chances."—Tit-Bits. Ferry—"Why don't you get married? Don't say you can't stand the expense. That excuse is too thin." Hargreaves—"I could stand the expense well enough, but the girl's father says he can't."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Miss Bellefield—"Do you like Mr. Van Braam, Nellie?" Miss Blossfield (who is addicted to slang)—"Yes, I like him I don't think. Miss Bellefield—"That is the great trouble with you, Nellie. You should cultivate a habit of thought."—Pittsburg Chronicle. "What do you think of my work with the camera?" asked the young man, who is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. "It's splendid in its way," replied the girl who means well. "It's better than any of the professional caricaturists can do."—Washington Star.

A Continuous Performance: "You remember when I proposed to you?" said the young husband. "I believe I do recollect something of the sort," answered the young wife. "And you told me I would have to see your mother." "Yes." "I must have misunderstood you. I never dreamed that it was the programme that I should see your mother every day I came home."—Indianapolis Journal.

A White Cow. A white cow that hasn't a dark hair on its body is owned at Weiser, Idaho, and is a kind of town pet. It has distinguished itself by whipping all the dogs in the neighborhood, and is sure death to cats that stray into its vicinity. It spends most of its time chained to the sidewalk outside its owner's store.

Bennington Center, Vt., with a population never exceeding 300, has furnished four Governors to the State.