

It is estimated that one out of every 180 inhabitants of the United States owns or rides a bicycle.

Docked horses are never purchased for the English cavalry regiments. They are practically unfit for service in the field when flies are troublesome.

The Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation, Limited, of London, announce that they are prepared to insure and inspect elevators. "In the interest of the general public," remarks the New York Independent, "we hope that owners of buildings will heed this announcement."

The greatest strike the world ever saw closed a short time ago when the cotton spinners in Lancashire, England, compromised with their employers. It involved 125,000 workmen (which means at least 500,000 men, women and children), lasted twenty weeks and the operatives admit that they lost nearly \$10,000,000 in wages. The immediate cause for complaint was an attempt to reduce wages five per cent, and the compromise called for a reduction of only two and three-fourths per cent.

Says the Boston Cultivator: "Last year was the most prosperous on record for American cotton mills. It was not so for English cotton manufacturers. A strike of English cotton workers has stopped 17,000,000 spindles, and in England strikes always mean that capital is trying to force labor to accept lower wages. It is likely that the English cotton manufacturers will never regain their old time supremacy. We produce most of the world's supply of cotton, and manufacturing it at home saves cost of transportation both ways. That is a margin large enough to insure our manufacturers a profit."

Professor Baeyer, of Munich University, has been rummaging around among the mummy graves of Achmin, and he has made a discovery of more than archaeological interest. He has examined the remains of an embalmed Egyptian princess, and with them a lot of cosmetics used for improving the complexion and brightening the eyes three or four thousand years ago. He is submitting the ingredients of his find to chemical analysis and hopes to put these ancient preparations on the market for the benefit of the ladies of today. Professor Baeyer's discovery indicates that, so far as woman nature is concerned, the world hasn't changed a particle in 4000 years.

Some time a great deal of money will be made by the sale of islands that line the shores of Puget Sound and extend northward along the coast to Alaska. There are thousands of them, varying in dimension from mere points of rock, unweeded at low tide, to wooded areas larger than Staten Island and much more picturesque, for everywhere in view is green and placid water, enlivened by the painted canoes of the Indians—vessels hewn from monster logs—and there is a background of magnificent mountains, snow topped and Alpine in outline. There are no such places for summer residence in the world, and although farther north than New York the climate is softer and more equable than on this coast. They could, indeed, be occupied the year around by men doing business in Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver and New Westminster, provided they had private steamers to take them to town. In the matter of beauty this great archipelago far exceeds the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence that sprang into popularity twenty-five years ago.

The appearance of a young lawyer who has suddenly become prominent in a criminal trial by a technical knowledge of medical subjects was commented on by the New York Law Journal in a well-written editorial. The writer thinks that a place may be found hereafter for the medical lawyer, as there has been for the mechanical lawyer in patent cases, and for other specialists. It is not beyond question, however, that it is of advantage in jury trials to have a lawyer who uses technical language. The physician who is being examined or cross-examined may understand all the inquiries, but the jurors, who are business men, will not be greatly enlightened by the examination. That lawyer is usually most successful who makes his cause most clearly understood by the jury. A lawyer who takes the opportunity of displaying his own knowledge may excite the wonder of the jurors, but does not always convince them. Patent causes are usually tried before an examiner or commissioner, and not before a jury. In criminal cases the presence of an extremely learned medical lawyer will probably not be of sufficient advantage to make that class of practitioners ever very numerous.

### A BORDER HOMECOMING.

With bows and bills,  
And bills and bows,  
And over it he hills  
The Warden goes.

Two weeks ago, or may be three,  
The Johnsons came a-visiting me;  
They slew the ewes and they drove the cow,  
They took my man from the stiffs of the plow  
And hanged him on the yew tree bough.

But I have ridden a tray since then  
And countered with the Annan men,  
And Annan men are a man to look;  
He took my long spear in the back;  
I drove it in through plate and jae.

Hanging down from a girdle frayed,  
I carry a goodly Spanish blade,  
Let no man have me in his scorn  
Although my buff be stained and torn;  
I wot I ride a gentleman born.

What though we lie on the ocean straw  
Where walls are stout, though the roof be  
thin;  
Yet down, my wife, who lies therein,  
To the Warden's lady is kith and kin.

My father bigged it long before,  
And set the three lambs over the door,  
I shall go under the lintel of stone  
On a Flemish charger high in the bone  
Where between my knees was a limping roan.

Woe is me for the lonely way!  
There were three men rode by me yesterday,  
My horse they slew and they drove the cow,  
And my soul and body are like to part  
Yet I ride home with a merry heart.

For I have met my mortal foe;  
I met him down by the Todshaw brake  
With iron out to give and take,  
And I slashed his face for the old fool's sake.

So merrily home I ride in haste,  
To cheer my wife her dainty waist  
With the dainty girdle of silver gilt,  
Gay as the prize of a London tilt,  
I took from a Scots knight, hilt to hilt.

Then she will waken the bairns from bed  
To thank our lady who kept my head;  
And when my Scots folk are below  
Down in the courtyard moon and low,  
She will praise the Saints that this is so.

With bows and bills,  
And bills and bows,  
And over it he hills  
The Warden goes.

### THEODORE'S PROPOSAL.

Theodore Shy was an exceedingly bashful man, and when, after much debating in his mind, he decided to take a wife, his thoughts at once turned to a matrimonial paper as the best means for attaining his object.

Theodore Shy, at the time of contemplating this most serious step, was thirty-six years of age. Passably good-looking, good-tempered, good-natured, he possessed a good house, a good income, and all he required was a good wife to make his home happy.

While matters were at this stage, Theodore was brought to a full stop, and for this reason he could not concoct a suitable advertisement.

He was in this dilemma for two days, when he determined to seek the advice of a lady friend—a young widow, who had often commiserated him on his solitary lot.

Mrs. Ready was an old friend whom he had known before her marriage, and was the only person he felt he could take into his confidence, being assured of her sympathy and discretion. She was at this time but twenty-five years of age and exceedingly pretty.

He saw the young widow in her morning room and she met him with extended hand and a smile of welcome.

After talking of the weather of yesterday the prospects of ditto for today and to-morrow, Theodore sought an opening to the object of his call.

"I wish to seek your advice on a matter of great import to myself."

"There is no one else of whom I should care to ask this advice, and feeling sure of your sympathy and help I determined to be guided by your counsel, if you will be so good as to give it."

The widow, much surprised and impressed by his extreme seriousness, expressed her inclination to laugh, and said she would be pleased to help him in any way in her power.

inspiration. "Now, did you want a young, middle-aged or old lady?"

"Oh! I think—youthful."

"But what do you call youthful? You don't want a girl of 16?"

"Older than that. I am double that age, you know."

"Oh! are you? Well, then, about what age shall I say?"

"How old are you—I really beg your pardon. I meant about your age."

"I don't mind you knowing my age. So you think a lady of my age would suit you?" said she merrily.

Theodore was certain of it.

"Now we have the first requirement. Do you wish to state whether she is to be slim, or—or shall we say 'bonny'?"

Theodore looked again round the room, and came to the conclusion that the widow was of the proportions he desired.

"Like you," he said. Having only just contemplated matrimony, he had never bestowed a thought on the widow's charms until now, and fast becoming helplessly in love he wished he had gone and shot himself before he came on his present errand.

"But, you foolish man, how can I put that? What am I?"

"You're an angel!"

She laughed merrily.

"Then I must put of angelic proportions."

"No, let us leave that out altogether."

"Any preference as to the height?"

"About your height."

"Well, how tall am I? I'm sure I don't know."

"Have you a measure?" said Theodore.

She had one on her chateleine, and as it never apparently occurred to either that the simplest method would be to detach the chateleine, Theodore felt much embarrassment while he performed his task, measuring the pretty widow first from the ground to the chateleine, and then from the chateleine to her crown of hair.

### ZANTE'S AWFUL FATE.

BEAUTIFUL ISLAND RUINED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

Paradise of the Ionian Group the Center of an Eruption—Hundreds of Lives Lost and the Chief City Rendered Desolate—The Calamity Foretold.

A frightful catastrophe.

Zante, the largest and most beautiful of the Ionian Islands, recently experienced the most destructive earthquake that has ever visited the island. This is saying a great deal when it is considered that earthquakes of a serious nature are by no means uncommon in these regions.

The city of Zante sustained irreparable damage, as it seemed to be the very center of the upheaval. It may be a curious coincidence or not, but it is very singular that Prof. Falb in his prediction should have been so fatally correct. This gentleman, who can now be considered an indisputable authority on earthquakes, had cautioned the people to be prepared for a shock, which he said would occur during or immediately following the total eclipse of the sun, which took place on the 17th.

The earthquake did arrive on the day designated, and the loss of life and property in consequence was appalling. The city is but little better than a huge ruin. The streets were made impassable and in most cases totally obliterated by the enormous masses of stone and timber from the wrecked houses. Hundreds of lives were lost. The night following the principal shock was marked by tremblings of the earth and terrific noises, which almost frightened the life out of the people that remained in the city. Nobody dared to sleep, and there was the greatest lamentation and expression of grief on all sides. All open spaces were crowded with terror-stricken people.

Invoking Aid from a Saint.

The day after the church dignitaries held a solemn, imposing service, beseeching the intervention of St. Denis, patron saint of the island. The relics of the saint were placed in a gold case on a pedestal in view of the immense crowd kneeling on the bare ground. The greatest devotion was evinced, and the people seemed greatly pacified.

The island of Zante or, as the Greeks call it, Zakynthos is by far the most beautiful of the Ionian Islands. Nothing can surpass the loveliness of its scenery or the delights of its exhilarating climate. Were it not for the periodically occurring earthquakes it could be considered an ideal earthly paradise. This charming little spot seems to unite all the requisite conditions for an existence of unalloyed pleasure. Olives, oranges, the most delicious grapes and other tropical or semi-tropical fruits grow here in a riotous luxury. The only blemish in this

paradise is the fact that Zante is the very seat of volcanic eruptions which, from time immemorial, have persisted in upsetting one's equilibrium as well as causing undesirable movements in real estate.

The island, encompassed by an abrupt rocky coast, comprises an area of about 438 square kilometers and has some 44,000 inhabitants. The capital bearing the same name is situated like an amphitheater at the foot of a hill on the eastern coast. A large citadel crowns the top of the hill and the city is, perhaps rather than the best and most substantially built city of all the Ionian Islands.

Churches in Ruins.

It has nearly seventeen thousand inhabitants and is the see of a Greek archbishop and a Catholic bishop. It had a number of very handsome churches and other buildings, but most of these are now in ruins. All the prominent and historically interesting structures are nothing but heaps of stones and a chaos of broken timber and twisted iron. Among the most noted buildings thus swept away was the Church of St. Mark. This was a fine specimen of Venetian architecture of the tenth century. The ancient Venetian castle, splendidly situated far above the city, and which served as the residence of the

Governor of the island, is also a thing of the past. This was one of the most charming spots in the island. The castle itself was built of heavy, richly ornamented blocks of marble, and contained treasures of old Gobelin tapestry, paintings and, above all, an almost priceless collection of rare Venetian glass. The grounds about this place were laid out as a pleasure garden, almond, lemon, orange and pomegranate trees being planted in great abundance. Innumerable marble statues and splendid mosaics were scattered throughout the park at frequent intervals. All there is left of this is a heap of ruins and an area of blackened earth. The Governor himself barely escaped from being killed and was seriously wounded.

There were exciting scenes at the jail and workhouse. The massive walls caved in here and there and the frantic prisoners could be seen clinging to the window bars in desperation clamoring for help. The poor wretches that escaped from being crushed to death by the falling walls were unable to get out, as all doors had become obstructed. The hospital was badly damaged, but the patients were rescued and taken to the residence of the Catholic bishop, whose house had escaped the general destruction.

The number of ruined houses in Zante exceeds 3,000, and there is not a house left that is not more or less damaged. The damage done by the earthquake in the interior is incalculable. The shocks seem to have been greatest in the southeastern part of the island, near Cape Chien. Five of the most flourishing villages in this vicinity were wiped out entirely.

Zante has frequently been the scene of severe earthquakes, notably those that occurred in February, 1642 and 1746, and in October of 1840. This year's earthquakes have nevertheless been by far the most destructive and it is a question whether Zante will ever recover from the effects.

A DREARY LAND.

Iceland a Howling Waste of Sand and Ice.

The size of Iceland is greater than that of Ireland, and the population numbers 70,000 souls; but the only inhabitable portion is a narrow strip of pasture land extending like a green giraffe round the coast and up the deep, narrow fjords. The interior of the country is a howling waste of sand and ice, traversed by darting glacial rivers, and utterly incapable of supporting more than a few scattered inhabitants. Grass is the only considerable crop. The hills are round the coast and up the fjords, and best but scanty pasturage for horses, cows and sheep. Roads and bridges scarcely exist. A Danish merchant at Reykjavik has a wheeled carriage, but in the interior such a conveyance is unknown, and would be useless if known. The backs of horses are the only means of transportation across country.

Small boats carry travelers over dangerous rivers, while the horses swim on ahead. Hardly anything that ministers to comfort, to say nothing of luxury, is produced in Iceland. Every nail in an Icelandic house, every pane of glass, every bit of wooden flooring, every insignificant bit of furniture has to be transported laboriously from one of its seaports to its destination.

That the Icelanders are poor goes without saying. There is little or no home market, for every Icelandic has the same product to sell as his neighbor.

Treasure Trove.

A curious story of treasure trove comes from Rome: "The Order of Benedictine Monks, while digging the foundation of their new monastery, on the Aventine Hill, which is to be dedicated to St. Stanislaus, found what they took to be an earthen pot full of common coins, which the monks hawked about, selling them for a franc apiece. This fact would have passed unnoticed but the brethren quarreled over their booty and the police interfering captured over forty of the pieces out of the original 400 coins, which turned out to be gold medals of great value. Everybody connected with the find has been arrested except one workman, who managed to escape with sixty medals of the date of the second century, and struck by the senate and people of Rome in honor of the conquest of Armenia by Lucius Verus."

Scaring Birds with Bell.

Some of the farmers of the Eifel, the district that lies between the frontier of Belgium and the Rhine, adopt a novel plan for scaring the birds from the wheat. A number of poles are set in the corn fields, and a wire is conducted from one to another, just like the telegraph posts that are placed along our railways. From the top of each pole there hangs a bell, which is connected with the wire. Now, in the valley a brook runs along, with a current strong enough to turn a small water wheel to which the wire is fastened. As the wheel goes round it jerks the wire, and so the bells in the different fields are set tinkling. The bells thus mysteriously rung frighten the birds from the grain, and even excite the wonder of men and women until they discover the secret. This simple contrivance is found to serve its purpose very well.

How Are the Mighty Fallen?

There are only about thirty members left of the once mighty tribe of Choctaws near New Orleans,

### OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are odd, curious and laughable.

Let Us Laugh.

SOME people's eyes are a regular pair of stares.—Rochester Democrat.

A MAN with a million can't very well help being a capital fellow.—Troy Press.

A ROOTLESS ATTEMPT.—To get upstairs without being heard by your wife.—Texas Siftings.

The man who was dissatisfied with the menagerie said it was a beastly affair.—Binghamton Leader.

It wasn't until woman started in to improve her mathematics that she began to count for much.—Troy Press.

THE assertion that a woman can't keep a secret is disproven by the way a spinster holds her age.—Boston Courier.

JAGSON says if most men's consciences should talk out loud they would be sued for slander.—Elmira Gazette.

DOR (aged 6, on conclusion of song by celebrated tenor)—"Papa, did that man make all that noise on purpose?"—Tid-Bits.

THE sawmill sometimes impresses the operator with the fact that it has an "off-hand" way of doing things.—Boston Courier.

WHEN two people get mad at each other, each begins to think of how much he has done for the other.—Aitchison Globe.

NO, MAUD, dear, the chickweed and the eggplant are not members of the same botanical family.—Philadelphia Record.

DASHAWAY—I have just been up in the mountains for a little shooting. Cleverton—Any luck? Dashaway—One guide.—Life.

"Was the charity ball a success?" "Oh, my, yes. Our deficit was only \$40, and the Charity Society will have to pay it."—Brooklyn Life.

"You must have perseverance," said the young physician's friend. "No," was the reply, "what I want is patients."—Washington Star.

"Oh, mamma," said little Ethel the first time she saw a Chinaman, "look at the gentleman with his eyes cut bias."—Washington Star.

You can tell more about a man's character by trading horses with him than you can by hearing him talk in prayer meetings.—Ram's Horn.

TOURIST—I understand they raise pretty nearly everything in this county. Farmer—Everything but mortgages, partner.—Buffalo Express.

"I DON'T loike owain' me own home," said Pat, after a year of proprietorship. "It takes all the fun out of not payin' rent."—Harper's Bazar.

### TRUMPET CALLS.

Man's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

ACTIONS are ideas in motion. BACK BITERS have sharp teeth. EVERY enemy the Christian has is a giant. GOLDEN opportunities fly low, but they fly swift. THE first thing man ever needed was a Saviour.

It takes a knowledge of God to tell man what he is.

SAYING good-bye to our sins one at a time is slow work.

The man who is resting in God is always busy for Christ.

WHOEVER opposes truth is bound to come out a loser by it.

The place for the revival to begin is in the preacher's heart.

MEN are most like Christ when they are suffering for him.

The man who thinks as Christ did will try so do as Christ did.

NO MAN who knows God's real name is afraid to trust him.

THE real preacher is always preaching somehow and somewhere.

LOVE's name can be written only in blood drawn from its own heart.

SOMETIMES little troubles on earth open very big windows in Heaven.

The devil has no fault to find with the man who is in love with himself.

HUMAN nature on the throne is no better than human nature in the gutter.

It is a grand thing to belong to church, but a grander one to belong to God.

PEOPLE are scarce who do not talk more than they should about themselves.

PEOPLE sometimes make the most noise in church when they are sound asleep.

The man who talks much about himself will always have a tired audience.

SOME preachers fail because they preach about Christ instead of preaching him.

EVERY man who is right with God is a man on whom the devil keeps close watch.

The world is full of people who want to do good but are in no hurry to commence.

THE heart is the largest thing in the world, because it takes more than the world to fill it.

ONE of the saddest sights upon which angels have to look is the life of a lonely child.

WHETHER we get to Heaven or not is to be decided by what we love, not by what we know.

If you want to have power to lead others, learn to control the man who wears your own hat.

WHEN we get to Heaven we will all find that we have had something to do with building it.

THE woman who paints her cheeks and the man who dyes his whiskers never fool but one person.

OUR first parents made God's blessings a means of cursing themselves. People are still doing that.

THE fact that the devil is opposing a man ought to be sufficient evidence that he is on the Lord's side.

EVERY time a man sins he has one more reason for trying to prove that the church is full of hypocrites.

WHENEVER a good thought knocks at the door of the mind, Jesus Christ is asking to come into the heart.

ALEXANDER I. OF SERBIA.

A sixteen-year-old King with a Man's Head.

Alexander, the "boy King" of Serbia, whose recent coup d'etat has created quite a flurry in European politics, is a son of ex-King Milan and ex-Queen Natalie, and was born Aug. 14, 1876. He does not appear to have inherited the vices and weaknesses of his father, but is a manly young fellow, and has made a favorable impression

wherever he has been. His life has been a stirring one. His associations have been almost entirely with men of affairs, and gray-haired professors at that, and at 16 he is older than a man of twice his years. It is generally believed that his bold stroke of defying the Regents, subsequently placing them under arrest and proclaiming himself King, was inspired by Natalie, who has never forgiven the Regents for expelling her from the country.

HE KNEW HER FAILING.—Mrs. Dresswell (to her daughter-in-law)—Wait a minute! you haven't seen my duck of a new bonnet. Daughter-in-law's husband (interposing)—Hasn't she? Then you didn't buy it any where in this neighborhood.—Fun.

