

THE FAMILY STORY

MOBBED: BY: MISTAKE.

HAD I known what was going to befall me when I took steamer passage from Ceylon to India, I should have probably continued my journey eastward round the world without stopping at the "Land of the Lotus." In blissful ignorance, however, I landed at Calcutta.

The time of year was that when the monsoon most favors up-country travelers, and so, after a brief visit with my friends, I started north by rail. I was accompanied by half-a-dozen introductory letters to men of more or less prominence in the chief cities of the empire.

I went first to Benares—the sacred city on the mighty Ganges, and sought the house of Sita Ram, to whom one of my letters was addressed. Sita Ram was a wealthy and cultured Hindu banker, and my friends had pictured glowing colors the hospitality that I should receive.

Before my ride through the city was over I felt that hospitality of any sort from anyone would be doubly welcome. To my surprise most of the bazars and business places were closed, though it was nearly afternoon. Groups of evicted natives stood about in the squares and streets, while police and soldiers appeared to be unusually plentiful. I was made a target for sullen glances from all sides, and I could not help recalling the stirring times of the great mutiny, more than thirty years back.

I found Sita Ram's house to be a palatial cream-colored building, not far from the river. Its owner proved to be absent, but his private secretary received me and opened the letter of introduction.

Baboo Das was a sleek, mahogany-colored gentleman, who spoke English perfectly, and wore European garments of faultless cut.

"My honored master is in Allahabad on a matter of business," he explained. "He will return in a day or two, and meanwhile the house and servants are at your disposal."

I thanked Baboo Das, and inquired the meaning of the strange sights I had witnessed in the city.

"There has been danger of a riot during the past twenty-four hours," he replied gravely; "but it is believed to be past now. The most ignorant of the Hindu population are angry because the municipality have acquired the Ganges temple for the purpose of erecting new waterworks on its site. The Mohammedans have taken part in the disturbance because of the dearth of provisions, for which the municipality is also responsible. My honored master belongs to the Board of Government and helped to purchase the temple."

I suspected that Sita Ram's departure might be more in the order of a flight than of a business trip.

"Are you sure that the danger is over?" I asked, for I had some notion of going to a hotel.

"Yes," replied Baboo Das, "the rioters are cooled and subsided. My master's house was under the protection of the police, but they withdrew this morning."

His manner was so calm and decided that I quite forgot my fears. I was shown a luxurious bed chamber, and a little later I dined in solitude off dishes of gold and silver. The entire house was furnished in a costly and sumptuous style that showed its bachelor owner to possess a sense of European taste as well as of barbaric splendor.

During the evening I was left pretty much to myself, and as I did not care to venture into the street I passed the time with a cigar and a magazine, and when I signified my wish to retire he preceded me upstairs.

Squatted on a rug in the hall, just outside my room, was a bright-faced Hindu lad, about 12 years old. A cord dangled by his side, and, passing through the door, communicated with the fans that were attached to the ceiling of the apartment. The lad was evidently the "punkie wallah," or fan puller. His name was Gungpat. Baboo Das informed me, and his duty was to keep me cool during the sultry hours of the night.

I chatted with the boy for a few moments, and found him to be intelligent and fairly conversant with English. Then I entered my room and lowered the square of rice matting that was fastened over the doorway. There was also a door of heavy teak-wood, but I did not think it necessary to close it. The apartment had two windows, overlooking a small courtyard that contained shrubs and a fountain. After closing the door, I lay in a stuffy and stifling railway carriage I was weary. It did not take me long to undress and fall asleep. The last thing I remember was the soft whirling of the fans and their refreshing current of air.

I was awakened by a hand tugging at the bedclothes. "Rouse, Sahib, there is danger," was poured into my ears by a shrill, childish voice.

I sprang out of bed in a trice and struck a light. It revealed the half-naked figure of little Gungpat. His expression was one of indignation rather than of terror.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"Those pigs of rioters, Sahib," he replied. "They have broken loose at last!"

Then, for the first time I became aware of the tumult in the streets surrounding the house. Howling voices and the restless patter of feet rose hoarsely on the night air. I could distinguish the shrill "Din! Din!" of the Mohammedans—their rallying cry to battle. From afar I heard the faint rattling of bells and the rattle of musketry. A lively commotion was going on downstairs, banging of doors, and shoving of furniture, interlarded with hasty voices.

Gungpat slipped away for a moment and I hurried on my shirt and trousers. I felt decidedly uncomfortable, to say the least. I could not forget the black looks that had greeted me on the previous afternoon. Europeans were in bad odor at Benares just now. I

glanced at the clock. The hands pointed to an hour past midnight. I began to consider what I had better do. I was puzzled to account for the non-appearance of Baboo Das.

Meanwhile the tumult had swelled to a frightful din. The streets without seemed to be choked with rioters. "Kill Sita Ram," they yelled. "Slay the heretic. Loot his house. Down with the destroyers of the faith!"

I was fully alive to the situation now, and the thought of my peril sickened me. A moment later a succession of heavy thuds, followed by a tremendous crash and a burst of cheers, told that the main entrance of the house had been beaten in. Cries of rage and terror and the sounds of deadly conflict floated up the staircase.

I determined to escape, if such a thing were possible. There was no time to put on shoes or coat. I seized my money and papers and jammed them into the pockets of my trousers.

I ran to the window and looked out. Alas! The courtyard swarmed with dusky figures. The only avenue of escape was cut off.

I turned back into the room, resolved to sell my life dearly. I had no weapons, but on the wall hung a Tibetan shield and spear, trimmed with yak's tails. I dragged them down and rushed for the door. Before I could close it entirely a figure slipped through the crack, and I very nearly impaled Gungpat on my spear.

"The Sahib must fight," he exclaimed. "Baboo Das has fled, and the rioters are downstairs and everywhere. They have killed some of the servants, and now they will search for my master, whom they hate. They believe he is in the house. They will kill you, too, Sahib, if they find you."

"What shall we do?" I demanded. "Is there a way to escape?"

"None, Sahib. We must push furniture against the door and fight. The police and the soldiers will be here presently."

"But surely the mob won't hurt a little child like you," I replied, filled with admiration at the lad's bravery. "Go while you can, Gungpat."

"No," he answered calmly. "My duty is with the Sahib. I will stay here."

There was no time to argue, for already the bloodthirsty miscreants were pattering up the staircase with shouts and yells. The door had only a frail bolt on the inside, but luckily the furniture of the room was massive. Gungpat seemed to know just what was wanted. He helped me to the best of his strength, and hardly was the barricade in place when the mob surged through the hall.

"The heretic is trapped," they cried, at sight of the closed door. "Come out, Sita Ram, and meet your fate."

Crash! crash! crash! The door trembled under the rain of heavy blows. A table that was on the summit of the barricade toppled to the floor and burst asunder. The mob heard the fall and yelled exultantly.

Gungpat twirled his spear between his supple fingers. "The end will be soon, Sahib," he said quite calmly. The next instant he gave an eager cry and pointed overhead. There I saw for the first time a small circular trap-door.

"Where does it lead?" I demanded.

"To the roof," replied Gungpat. "My master sits there on hot evenings. But there is no ladder. We must take from the barricade, Sahib."

No sooner said than done. Hardly as they could be spared we removed a table, a chest of drawers, and two chairs. We piled them one upon another. I plainly saw the door quiver from top to bottom as I mounted the shaky structure. I was directly below the trap now, and a blow from my hat drove it upward. I grasped the edge of the opening and drew myself to the roof. Gungpat passed up the two spears and the shield. Then I caught the lad's hands and drew him to my side.

That instant the mob broke into the room below, where they expected to find Sita Ram. They howled with rage at the empty room. Then we saw their dark faces glaring at the pile in the middle of the room, and up at the opening in the ceiling above. We slammed down the trap-door, but there was no way to fasten it on the outside.

We knew the mob would follow us in a moment, so we ran across the flat roof, mounted the parapet, and sprang to the top of an adjoining house. Thus we hurried on from roof to roof till we were some distance from the house of Sita Ram.

"Faster, Sahib! they are coming," panted Gungpat.

Then husky yells rang out behind us and I turned and saw half a score of turbaned figures at our very heels. A pistol whizzed between us. A pistol ball shrieked overhead.

Faster and faster we sped, till suddenly a gap of six feet yawned before us. "Jump, Sahib," yelled Gungpat. Without hesitation we sprang together, and landed safely on the next roof. One of our pursuers was close behind—a burly Mohammedan with a sword. Gungpat snatched the brazen shield from my hand, turned, and threw it with all his might. It struck the fellow as he was in the act of jumping. Without a word he plunged down between the houses. His companions paused only an instant. They leaped the gap and came on with frightful yells.

This advantage, brief as it was, proved our salvation. We ran on as before, climbing, heading over the parapets, from roof to roof, neither gaining nor losing. The end house of the block was reached on the Ganges, and all at once, about the last parapet, we saw the water below us.

"You can swim, Sahib?" asked Gungpat.

"Yes; come on," I replied.

We dropped through twenty feet of air and shot far under water. When we came to the surface we rose again instantly. The next time we were well out in the current. Side by side we swam out, while a shower of spears fell harmlessly in our wake.

Anchored in mid-stream we spied the ark-shaped roof of a trader's boat, and a short swim brought us to it. The friendly natives gave us shelter, and there we remained until morning, listening to the sounds of strife in the opposite-lying city.

When day broke the riot was quelled, but the mob had wrecked the telegraph office and railway station, plundered the treasury, and destroyed the engine and boiler of the new water works.

Sita Ram returned that afternoon and I found him a most polished and agreeable gentleman. He was apparently unconcerned over the looting of his house. His first act was to discharge Baboo Das. His next, after hearing my story, was to promote brave little Gungpat to an honored position among the household servants. Nor did I forget to honor the lad in my own way—Yankee Blade.

FOR SUNDAY READING

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

One of the Commonest of Sins—Secret of a Happy, Christian Life—Sermon Drawn from the Sayings of Wise Men.

How Do It.

HERE is still existing a manuscript letter written by Sir Thomas More to his wife, Alice, when the news came to him that his great mansion at Chelsea, with its offices and huge granaries, had been almost destroyed by fire.

Instead of lamenting over his loss, he bids her first "find out if any poor neighbors had stored their grain in the granaries," and if so, to recompense them. Secondly, to discharge no servant until he have another abiding place; and lastly, to "of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God for what He hath given us, and what Hee hath taken away."

He urges her, "I pray you, Alice, with my children, to be merry in God."

Most of us, if we had lost property and home in a night, would think we did well if we were patient under God's will; but to be cheerful and even "merry" in Him, is an almost forgotten grace.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in a prayer written for his family on the night before his death, asked that when the day returned it should find them strong to endure if it brought sorrow, and eager to be happy if happiness were their portion.

"Why," asked a Hindu sage, "why are the Christians melancholy men? If I believed as they say, that the great God was my Father and that His Son was my Elder Brother, I should not grieve, though I lost a few bushels of wheat, or even an eye. I should be of all men most happy and gay. They do not believe what they say."

David, whose life was full of struggles and griefs and sins, taught the world its hymns, full of a mighty, joyous thanksgiving.

Paul in prison, knowing that death in its most painful shape might be near, could exhort his friends not only to be patient, but to "rejoice in the Lord always. And again I say," he adds, "rejoice." "Rejoice!"

Most men will laugh when they are well-fed and their lives are comfortable, but it is a different thing to sing in prison, or when one's home is burning to find time to be kind to the poor and "merry in God," like old Sir Thomas More.

Life's Little Days.

One secret of sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for us. We cannot carry this load until we are three score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours till it becomes to-day and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and good inheritance in to-day's work well done and to-day's life well lived.

It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till night falls. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day. "Do to-day's duty; fight to-day's temptation and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and cannot understand if you saw them." God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.—Golden Center.

The Sin of Worrying.

This is one of the commonest of sins. It is also one of the most reprehensible. Many to whom gross temptations present no attractions yield to this one almost without a struggle. It is wholly unreasonable, and, when allowed to become a habit, it is full of torment. It spoils one's own peace and renders one a source of continual distress and annoyance to others.

Worrying is fretting because matters have gone wrong or are supposed to be destined to go wrong. If the former be true, worrying does no good, even when we are conscious of having been in fault. Go to work bravely and remedy what is amiss, so far as possible, and what cannot be remedied bear with Christian patience and courage. If the latter be true, do not assume that the threatening evil must befall, but do your best to prevent or lessen it, and remember that God allows evil as well as good to happen, that seeming evil often results in blessing, and that, should the worst come, probably in time you will find reason to thank God for it.

No one has any right to throw the doubt upon the divine wisdom and goodness which worrying involves. No one may rightly depress and discourage others thus. Worrying is distrustful of God. It is refusing to believe that His promises are true and that His power is invincible. It is peculiarly dangerous and disheartening because it finds such a field in the realm of little things. It promotes peevishness, suspicion and needless faultfinding. It warps one's sense of moral proportion, making light of serious things and magnifying mole-hills into mountains.—The Congregationalist.

To Meet the Demands.

Some day we are to go forth in our spiritual responsibility, and to meet the demands of our spiritual existence. The soul, buried under the cares of life, thrills when it hears such tidings as that. Is it ready—is it in any way getting ready—for such resurrection? See how the whole evangelical experience starts with such an intelligence. The soul brought face to face with its destiny feels its utter unfitness for it. Sin

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Wasn't He Mean?

One day a gay young rooster was scratching in the ground. Just after a brisk summer shower, and a big, fat worm he found. He placed his claw upon it, then his head he upward threw. And to his hens he loudly called "Come! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The hens they came a-running. As eager as could be, And each one thought "Now here's a treat I'm very sure for me." But when that rooster they had reached, He gave a wink or two, Gobbled the worm himself and crowed "Go! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The Flower Dolls.

"I wonder if I could find two little girls who would help me weed the flower beds this morning?" said Aunt Mary, as she stepped out on to the side porch where Margie and Ethel were playing.

"Oh, I should like to, auntie," said Ethel, "and I know Margie will help, too; and you'll let us have some marmeguerites and fuchsias to make those nice flower dolls, like those you taught us to make last week, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed, I will." The time passed quickly to the little girls, for Aunt Mary told them stories, and just as they finished the last bed, the dinner-bell rang.

After dinner Aunt Mary gathered a dozen marmeguerites, and the same number of well-formed fuchsias; while she was busy getting the flowers, Ethel ran to her room, and got a number of pins, and the bottle of ink, and pen, and Margie went to the kitchen to get several broom straws.

Aunt Mary then trimmed off all the stems of the fuchsias but two, which were left for feet.

Margie cut off all the petals of each marmeguerite, leaving them as a margin, for the ruffle of the little cap, except two, those petals were left for strings.

As soon as she had finished one, Ethel marked eyes, nose and mouth on the center of it, with pen and ink.

When this was done Aunt Mary put a broom straw through the tube of the fuchsia for arms, and connected the fuchsia with the body with a pin, and this finished a dozen of the cutest little flower dolls which looked like this.

Margie and Ethel were delighted, and carried their dolls to the garden wall under the shade of the large maple.

Here they played until their Uncle Will asked them to take a drive. They hurried off, and it was almost tea-time when they returned.

Remembering their flower dolls, they ran to get them; but the hot sun had come beating down on them, and each little flower lady had drooped, and grown weaker and weaker until she had died.—Household.

A Birthday for the Potato.

There is talk in England of having a birthday party for the potato. It is just 300 years since the first potato plants were taken from this country over to London, and the same year Sir Walter Raleigh planted some of them in Ireland. Everybody eats potatoes nowadays, and yet for nearly 300 years the plant was only a curiosity. Occasionally potatoes were served on some prince's table as a great delicacy, often candied like fruit or spiced. And high lords and ladies wore the flowers as ornaments. It is said that Frederick the Great had to compel the farmers of his dominion to plant potatoes. Now they are only too glad to do it.

A Cat that Shines in the Dark.

What would you think of a manufactured cat that scares away rats and mice? Well, a clever inventor has recently made such an animal. It is of metal, built exactly the size and shape of a cat and painted with a kind of paint that shines in the dark. If this metal cat is placed in the pantry the rats and mice straightway run to safer homes and don't come back.

How Long is a Bicycle?

If you have a friend who is a great bicycle rider ask him off-hand when he is out of sight of his wheel how long a bicycle is. First, he'll look puzzled, and then he'll make the wildest kind of a guess. It's almost as puzzling as the question: "How high is a Derby hat?"

Did He Get His Whipping?

Tom, Dick and Harry got into trouble one recess. It was strictly against the rules to throw stones, yet they had been caught in the act by an angry old gentleman whose orchard came up to the school-house yard. Worst of all, he had seen a stone from the hand of Tom smash through the glass of his fine conservatory. So the guilty three expected severe treatment when the principal invited them to a private interview.

Tom was the oldest and worst of them. Harry was an innocent little fellow, misled by the example of the others. Dick was usually well-behaved, but had gone wrong for once. The teacher said:

"Boys, you have broken two valuable things, this gentleman's glass and one of my rules. You deserve severe punishment and perhaps you will get it, but I am giving you a chance to escape. Each of you may guess for himself whether he is to be punished or not. Those who answer wrong will be punished, those who answer right will be spared, so be careful what you say. Harry, you may guess first."

Harry looked up timidly and ventured to say: "I guess you will not whip me, sir."

"Very good, my boy; you have answered correctly. I shall have to let you off. Go to your seat. Tom, your turn."

Tom thought he had learned something by Harry's success, so he said, with a bold grin:

"I guess you won't punish me, either."

HOME RULE IN ST. LOUIS.

The City Charter Was Made by Its Own Citizens.

If the analogy of our national and State organizations is to be followed at all in municipal government, it ought to be followed so intelligently and logically as to retain the merits along with the complications and inconveniences. This is what the St. Louis system, more than any other in the country, has succeeded in doing. The one great achievement for which St. Louis is to be praised is the completeness with which it has won its liberty, and stands for the principle of municipal home rule. It is entitled to be called a "free city." Even its charter was not made for it and conferred upon it by the Legislature, or by any State agency, but was made by a local body of citizens elected for that purpose, and was then adopted by the voters of St. Louis at a special election.

This was in 1876. The State of Missouri had been holding a constitutional convention, and the convention had found itself face to face with the problem how to deal with the government of Missouri's chief municipality. Much confusion had arisen from the illogical and overlapping dual government of the county of St. Louis and the city of St. Louis. The county debt was a large and growing one, while the city debt was in the same process of extravagant increase. A rough-and-ready method for the limitations of local indebtedness was fixed upon by the convention. It was ordained in the State constitution that such local debts should not become greater in the aggregate than 5 per cent. of the assessed valuation of local property. As regards St. Louis, it was provided that the city and county governments might, if they chose, agree to hold a special election in order to choose thirteen men, who should be empowered (1) to draw up a scheme for the entire separation of the city from the county, and (2) to draft a charter for the reconstituted city. This program was carried out. The scheme of separation greatly increased the municipal area, and fixed the bounds now existing. County buildings, with other county property inside the limits of the city, were all transferred to the municipality, and in return the city assumed the entire county debt.

The popular house of the Municipal Assembly, known as the House of Delegates, was made to consist of twenty-eight members, one from each ward, elected for two years, all retiring together. The upper chamber of the Assembly, known as the Council, was to consist of thirteen members, elected for four-year terms on a general city ticket. The President of the Council was to be specifically elected to that position. Of the remaining twelve members six were to retire every two years. The municipal elections were ordered to be held in April, and were thus kept distinct from State and national elections, which occur in November. The Mayor was to be elected for a term of four years, and other general officers, to be elected at large, for four-year terms, were as follows: Comptroller, Auditor, Treasurer, Register, Collector, Recorder of Deeds, Inspector of Weights and Measures, Sheriff, Coroner, President of Board of Assessors, and President of the Board of Public Improvements.—Century.

Goat Ate Up Address.

Several days ago the employees of a local express office were furnished considerable amusement, and all at the expense of an innocent goat and an aged dorky. Hez Sampson some time ago promised a Shepherdsville friend a goat?

The animal, with a liberal use of water and soap, was converted into a whiteness exceeding that of a politician's conscience. A neatly printed tag was attached to the goat's neck, and the animal was started for the express office in charge of the colored man.

He was led proudly into the express office and up to the shipping clerk.

"I want to ship this goat," began the colored charge.

"Where to?" inquired the clerk.

"I don't know," replied the man of color, and then, with a smile of satisfaction, he reached for the goat's neck.

But the smile was gone, and in its place was a look of dismay as the negro saw only the string dangling from the goat's neck.

"Dat goat don't know where he's going himself; he's done eat up the town."—Louisville Post.

Distraction Caused by Bagpipes.

A Scotch Highlander, dressed in kilts and carrying a set of bagpipes under his arm, appeared at Bar Harbor the other night and next morning at 8 o'clock strolled up Main street in search of a good place to tie the bags on the natives. It is years since the uncanny music of the canny Scot has been played there, and it had a wonderful effect, the first time causing no less than five simultaneous runaways among horses and the wrecking of two wagons and sets of harnesses. The bagpiper stopped in the middle of the tune to see the fun, and after he saw the destruction that one tune had wrought he let the wind out of the pipes and took the 10:50 o'clock boat for Bangor.

Glad to Be Rid of Her.

She—What did she say?
He—I asked him by telephone. He said: "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

—Gossip is a pleasant way of criticizing yourself. No man ever did a thing that you are not liable to do.

Half the mistakes of this world are made by people who think they are correcting mistakes of others.

Nearly all the fat men seem to be leaner this summer.

THE OLD WOODEN CHURCH.

The interior of the church consists of a large, semi-square auditorium and a smaller and narrower choir, which latter ends in a semi-circular recess, within which is the altar. An open gallery surrounds the church. Light enters only through small, round holes under the main roof, so that the worshippers are always shrouded in that semi-darkness so favorable to meditation.

Calm After Struggle.

There are some spirits which must go through a discipline analogous to that sustained by Elijah. The storm struggle must precede the still small voice. There are minds which must be convulsed with doubt before they can repose in faith. There are hearts which must be broken with disappointment before they can rise into hope. Blessed is the man who, when the tempest has spent its fury, recognizes his Father's voice in its undertone, and bares his head and bows his knee as Elijah did. To such spirit it seems as if God had said, "In the still sunshine and ordinary ways of life you cannot meet me; but, like Job, in the desolation of Me-tempest you shall see my form and hear my voice, and know that your Redeemer liveth."—F. W. Robertson.

The Altar of Private Prayer.

Keep the altar of private prayer burning. This is the very life of all piety. The sanctuary and family altars borrow their fires here, therefore let this burn well. Secret devotion is the very essence and barometer of vital and experimental religion.—Spurgeon.

Do Not Neglect to Pray.

Dear children, do not neglect to pray, but make it one of the most pleasing duties. God hears the prayers of good and true children. When you begin to pray—whether it is in the temple or at home—then "know before whom thou standest" and feel that you are before God, and that His loving eye is upon you and that He will answer you when you pray with humility and devotion.

Intentions and Actions.

God takes into account intentions as well as actions, belief as well as practice, profession as well as life. The purpose is as important as the execution. What we are is the result of what we will and feel. The inner and outer relations must be in harmony with God's requirements.

Loyalty to Christ and the Local Church

Indianapolis has prohibited Sunday base-ball.

Invite the honorary members to conduct a meeting.

The Bicycle Evangelistic Club can do splendid work all summer long.

Through agitation by the young people, the postoffice at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., was closed on Sundays.

Your society might do something toward providing the barber shops of the place with clean literature.

A light fan pasted full of pictures, some of them amusing, is just the right summer present for a hospital.

It is proposed that Washington's birthday be hereafter observed as America's Christian Citizenship Day.

It is said to be the general custom for gold and silver mining companies to compel their miners to work on Sunday!

Cards with blanks for name and address placed within convenient reach of strangers will facilitate acquaintance.

There are fourteen societies of Christian Endeavor in the vicinity of Oxford, England, that bulwark of high-churchism.

Had to Wear Gloves.

Aard Knax—Fever I hit you once, they won't be nothin' left but to ring for de ambulance.

Tuff Mugs—Is dat so? Show me mit? Well, de authorities don't allow me to wear gloves on de street 'cause it would be a case of carrying concealed weapons.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Fine Attitude.

"That is a very fine attitude," said the dog to the indignant cat, "but it doesn't deceive me for a minute. You never rode a bicycle in your life."—Indianapolis Journal.

An old horse, like an old man, will stand whipping.