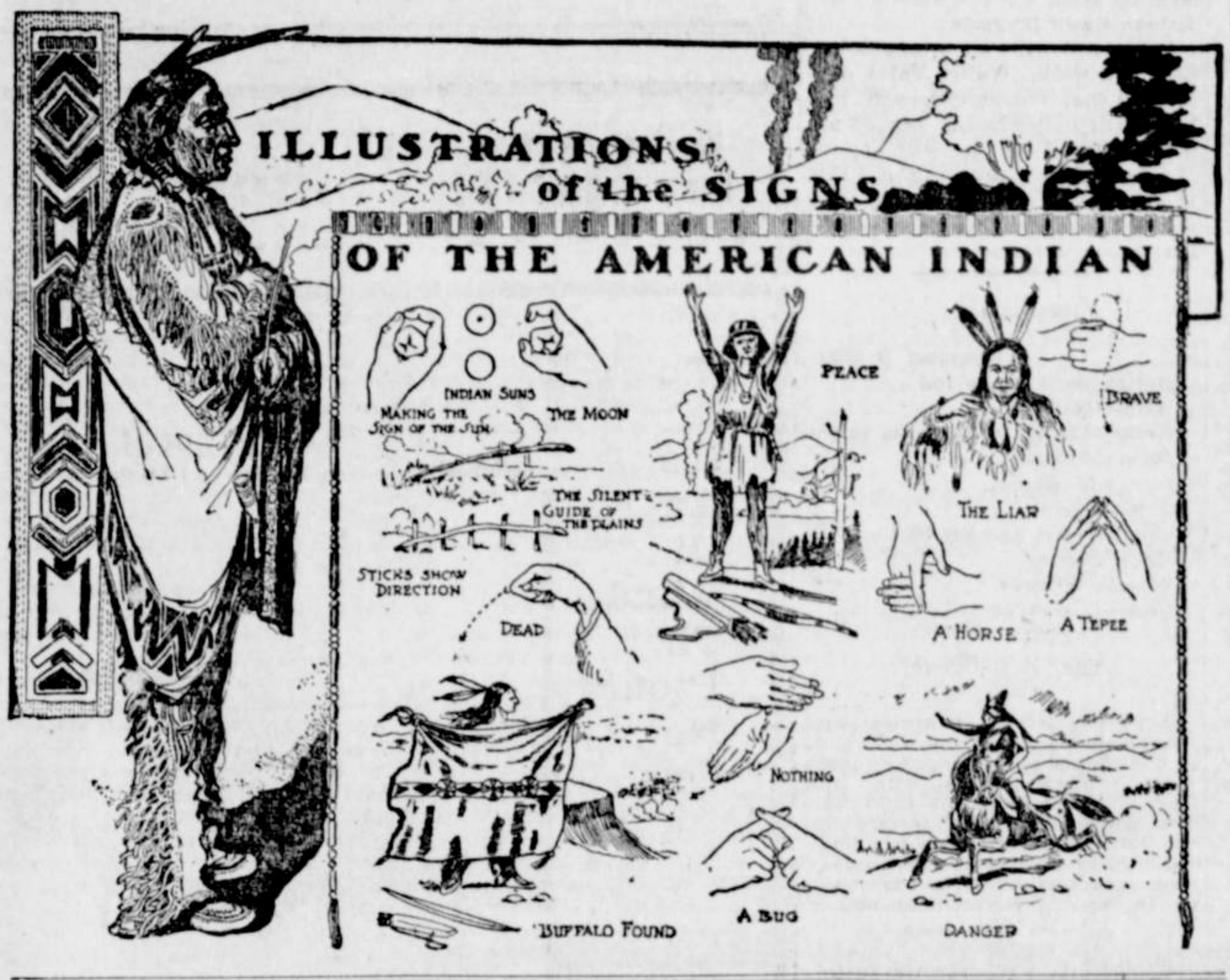
TALKING BY SIGNS.

UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE IS ONE OF MOTIONS.

Confucius, Rameses and Sitting Bull Might Carry on a Conversation—Though Not Speaking Same Tongue, Indians Can Understand Each Other.

There is an old story of the man who was too bashful to talk in company and who received from a friend the rude advice, "If you can't talk, make signs." There was more to this remark than might at first appear. It points back to the infancy of human intelligence. The language of signs is as old as the hills, or at least as old as humanity; it is old as any form of animal life wherein thought or emotion has required expression.

The American Indians are the greatest sign talkers now left in the world; or, perhaps more properly, it might be said that they were such until the advance of white civilization changed many of the requirements of their lives and thus altered many of their customs, this among them. The average white man never learned the sign language of the Indians, perhaps having contempt for it, perhaps ignorant that such a thing existed. It was only the half savage trapper or hunter, the voyageur or plainsman whose life was spent among the tribes and who thus perforce must learn some manner of speech, who came to understand fully and practice habitually the sign language. Not all white men can learn the sign language, though some pick it up readily, just as certain persons learn foreign languages more readily than others. The sign talk was in all cases best used by whites who had been among the tribes from early youth. In some cases it was so habitual that it was employed, as it often is by the Indians, as a regular means of daily conversation instead of spoken speech.



To the "tenderfoot" who first went upon the plains in the old days there were some signs or marks which were early accepted as obvious or generally understood. Thus, he saw a slim pile of rocks upon the edge of some coulee or ravine. He did not know what that meant at first, and the older plainsmen told him it was the sign for water. Not even the plainsmen could tell who first invented that sign or who was the first to employ it. It was "always there."

The beginner on the plains learned other things, among these the fact that the plains were capable of vast distances, which could be traversed better by the eye than by the horse or by the weary human foot. A mile away he saw a horseman riding in a circle—a circle which would appear the same when seen from any direction. He did not know what this meant, but when he was told it said "Come ahead," he did not bother about riding over to the man he wanted to have come ahead. He simply rode his circle, just as had the Indians from whom the white men got this plains sign. If the man were on foot and wanted his friends to come ahead he signified it by squatting down and rising up a number of times in succession—a sign which looks pretty much the same from any direction. You can see such a sign a mile or more, and it is easier to talk that way than to try to shout over vacant miles of prairie.

The Indians used yet another sign to say "come ahead" when secrecy was necessary. This was made by taking hold of the lower part of the blanket or robe which one was wearing and holding it out from the body, then motioning with it in toward the legs—a sign as obvious as the beckoning hand, and visible at a greater distance. A blanket fastened to a long pole and thrust up into the air meant to a moving and scattered party: "Go into camp here." Yet other signals, as for "Attention," or "Be careful," were made by the rolled or folded blanket.

Smoke Signals.

The traveler upon the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke which he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and which in turn he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians, across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack or warning them for a retreat when that seemed advisable. The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal and not taken for the smoke of some campfire. He made the rings by covering his little fire with his blanket for a moment, then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered up the fire again. The columns of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within a circle of perhaps twenty or thirty miles, "Look out. There is an enemy near." Three smokes built close together meant "Danger." One smoke merely said "Attention." Two smokes meant "Camp at this place." Travel the plains and the usefulness of this long distance telephone will quickly become apparent.

Sometimes at night the settler or traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of the Indians, but unless he were an old-timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew that one fire arrow (an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark) meant the same as one column of smoke puffs—viz.: "An enemy is near." Two fire arrows meant "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively, "This danger is great." Several arrows said, "The enemy are too many for us." Two arrows shot up into the air at once meant, "We shall attack." Three at once said, "We attack soon" Four arrows at once said "We attack now." An arrow shot off in a diagonal direction said as plainly as a pointing finger, "That way." Thus it seems that the untutored savage could telephone fairly well at night as well as in the daytime.

In the forests as well as upon the plains it was sometimes necessary for one man to communicate with another while the two were separated by days of time or miles of distance. What boy has not left a slanting stick to tell his companion which path he has taken in the woods? The boy does without instruction precisely what the savage does. When one party of Indians wishes to tell another party where it has gone the leader places a stick, stuck slantwise in the ground, pointing in the direction taken by the departing party. This is an index finger, saying plainly, "That way." But if the newly arriving party saw a cross stick stuck into the earth at right angles to the index it was known, in the language of the signs, that the first party intended to travel one day. Two cross sticks meant two days, and so on. These people could not write a letter to pin upon the stick, but their message was none the less plain to those who read it.

Sign Talk Proper.

Such were some of the long distance signals of the tribes, simple and easily understood by all. This is something interesting to study, but it has properly no connection with the sign language used as a common vehicle of communication in conversation. The sign language proper was executed by the movements, gestures and positions of the hands and arms, sometimes of other members of the body. To learn the simple signals of the plains was easy to any one who cared to do so, but the mastery of the sign talk was a matter far more complex and difficult and for some white men the task was too much. Indeed, it seems that there were degrees of proficiency in the sign talk even among the Indians themselves.

Some of the Indian signs are simple and readily understood. When the sign talker straddled his left hand with the two split fingers of the right you caught the idea of "horse" almost at once. When he held the hands thus and advanced them with a series of short, choppy, forward movements, you saw that the horse was going, that it was galloping. When the talker hooked his two forefingers and held his hands up at the sides of his head you saw the hooked horns of the buffalo, and you knew what he meant. If he thrust both arms above his head, spread out, and with the fingers spread out, you saw the branching antlers of the elk unmistakably. The wolf sign, the first two fingers of each hand held close together and upright at each side of the head, indicated the erect ears of that animal plainly. Not quite so plain, yet plain enough if you are a hunter, was the sign for the mountain bighorn sheep—the two hands, one at each side of the head, describing the outward and forward curve of the horns. The finger and thumb slightly approached and held at the side of the head indicated less obviously the pronghorn of the antelope. The sign for snake was simple, and any one would understand it—the extended forefinger thrust out before the body in a waving line, like the course of the snake in traveling. Not quite so obvious is the sign for "lie, liar, he lies." Here we get back to the ancient symbol of the serpent, which seems to be the synonym for duplicity among all peoples and for all times. The liar sign is made everywhere by the forked fingers thrust out in front of the mouth, or across the body—"He speaks with a forked tongue." This is ancient Indian rhetoric for you, but it is correct. The sign for "truth, it is true," would obviously be the single finger used in a similar manner—"He speaks with a single tongue."

Yet others of the simpler signs are easy of comprehension by the man who is capable of casting off his customary habits of thought and trying to be a child again. Thus, we say a man is in doubt, he wavers mentally, he is shaken in his mind, he hesitates. When the Indian sees something strange to him, whose name he does not know, about which he is in doubt, he points to it, then shakes his loosely extended fingers in front of him. "What is that?" I don't know what that is," he says, plainly, when you come to think of it.

Now, stop to think what you do with your hand when you say "No!" and say it emphatically. What does the heroine do on the stage when she spurns the villain's suit? Hand palm out, swept sharply down and to the right. It is "No" as plain as can be. Upon the other hand, we all know the implication of the extended hand when it is held in front of the body, as when one shakes hands or is pleased, or says it is all right—the gesture of assent or of concurrence. When the Indian would say "Good; it is all right," he throws out his right hand in front of him, palm down, the edge of the hand away from him. When he says "Yes" he snaps his forefinger down upon the hand as he brings the hand quickly down in front of him. It is hard to explain, but when you see him do it you know he means "I've got you."

Best Sign Talkers.

Among the various Western Indian tribes the Southern peoples seem to have been the most proficient in the sign language, just as the Southern races of Europe are those who talk best with their hands. The Kiowas and Comanches were admittedly the best sign talkers, though this was no doubt merely by reason of the fact that they had, in the days when sign talk ruled upon the plains, more occasion to use the sign language. Maj. J. W. Powell points out, in his interesting compilations from the records of the government ethnological office, the fact the Kiowas were supposed to get some of their sign talk from early Spaniards, or, at least, after the advent of the Spaniard they appear to have obtained great proficiency. It may be possible that these Southern tribes, meeting white men often in the earlier days, came to perfect themselves in the most feasible form of communication which then seemed possible.

One will not see so much of the old sign talk among the tribes to-day if he travels among the reservations of the West, for the Indian is nothing if not practical, and he does anything in the easiest possible way. The changes in his life have rendered it unnecessary for him to rely much upon the sign language. There are halfbreeds and Carlisle graduates to interpret for him, and he likes to stand up before the Great Father and make a speech in that way, being always an orator, an actor, and an individual well aware of the full value of stage effect and dramatic action. He does not use the sign language because he does not have to use it. Hence it is now passing away. Scientists are beginning to study it, and are making minute records regarding the old speech of the plains. The United States government and the Smithsonian Institution are doing all they can to learn the old forms. The few trappers and hunters of the past who were once familiar with the sign talk, and who still live to tell us about it are sought out and interviewed carefully. Once a common fact, because it arose from a common necessity, it is now disappearing to join the ancient and soon to be forgotten story of one of the most interesting and most dramatic regions ever known in all the history of the world.

When Eugenie Led the Fashion.

In her day Empress Eugenie was the leader of fashion and her pin money for dress was fabulous. Her feet and hands were so small that her maids who had her shoes and gloves as perquisites could find no market for them, so they were presented by the empress every year to the orphans of the Eugenie Napoleon asylum, where fifty fatherless and motherless girls were educated at her cost. All the white shoes and white gloves which those girls wore at their first communion were those which had been worn by the empress.

All in the Interest of Science.

Prof. Emil Yung of Geneva, Switzerland, has counted the ants in five nests. Their numbers were 53,018, 67,470, 12,933, 93,694 and 47,828.

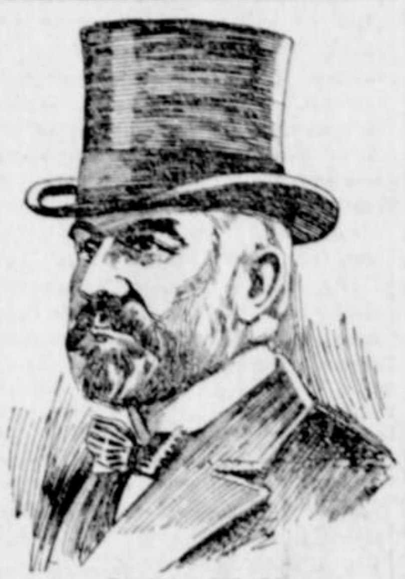
When a minister fails to stick to his text it may be because he believes scattered shot hits the most birds.

DICK CROKER IN ENGLAND.

Glimpses of His Life There from the Pen of a British Writer.

One of the most discussed political figures in the last campaign was Richard Croker, boss of Tammany Hall, who sailed for Europe after it was all over to take the waters of Carlsbad for the benefit of his health. In England, where he spends a portion of each year, Mr. Croker is well known, and the following account of his life there, taken from Black and White, will be read with interest by Americans.

It is now more than five years, says the writer, since Richard Croker came over here to try his fortunes on the English turf and chose for his residence the old Moat House at Letcombe, near Wantage, Berks. People who only know Mr. Croker as the leader of Tammany Hall would be amazed at the quietness and utter lack of ostentation which characterize his life at Letcombe. A man of medium stature, with iron-gray hair, beard and mustache, and a strong American accent, he is often to be seen during the summer months, riding or driving in the neighborhood of Wantage, and anyone who has had the fortune to drive with Mr. Croker is not likely to forget it, for he goes down some of the steep Berkshire hills at a furious pace in his buggy, slashing vigorously with his whip all the time. He will drive a good horse, and that means a very fast trotter, and if a horse he has bought does not please him, no matter what the cost of it, it is just sold for what it will fetch.


RICHARD CROKER.

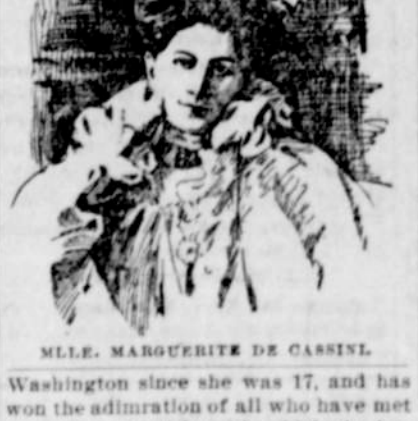
A most extraordinary love for animals is one of his characteristics and he had at the Moat House five bulldogs, several prize cats and five St. Bernard dogs. Two of the bulldogs, Rodney Stone—the champion of the world and for which he paid $5,000—and Bromley Crib he took back to America with him, taking first-class passage for both.

To the local charities, the writer continues, he is a liberal subscriber. On Sunday mornings he usually drives over to Hendred, a village six miles distant, to the Roman Catholic Church, and in the afternoons he generally goes to see over his stables and farm. He is a man of immense physical strength, and on one occasion when some men were trying to lift a seven-foot flywheel on to a dynamo, but seemed to have a difficulty in doing so, Mr. Croker got up and put his shoulder under one of the spokes and lifted it himself on to the crankshaft. The tiger's head, with open mouth and teeth showing, which is the badge or coat-of-arms of Tammany, is to be seen here and there in the Moat House. In the drawing room it appears on various menu cards which were used at the great Tammany banquets. The New York papers are a source of unfailing interest to him, and he is often much amused at the cartoons of himself.

MLLE. MARGUERITE DE CASSINI

She Has Been Made a Countess in Her Own Right by the Czar.

Mlle. Marguerite de Cassini, who has just been made a countess in her own right by the Czar, is the grandniece and adopted daughter of Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador to the United States. The new Countess is a lady of remarkable beauty and of most charming personality. She has lived in Washington since she was 17, and has won the admiration of all who have met her. The new title with which she has been honored will establish her rank—which up to the present has been in doubt—among the ladies of the diplomatic set. It was rumored recently that the fair young Countess had been betrothed to M. Pavloff, the Russian minister to Korea, but the report has been denied.


MLLE. MARGUERITE DE CASSINI.

A REMARKABLE ORCHARD.

It Is Over 122 Years Old and Is Still Bearing Fruit.

When Lord Howe landed in Cecil County on his way to capture Philadelphia a number of Friends, from their supposed sympathy with the invading army, were arrested by the Americans and sent to Winchester, Va., as political prisoners. Many of them being of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of the above-named city, they were not long in Winchester before the officers in charge of them, finding them to be men of honor and truth, paroled them on condition that the Friends of the neighborhood would board them free of expense to the then ruling power, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun. Among those who took them I mention Lewis Neale, Abram Hollingsworth and Isaac and David Brown whose descendants are still living around Winchester.

Isaac Brown, great-grandfather of the writer, had three of the exiled Friends at his home, three miles north of Winchester. While they were with him in the spring of 1778 they planted an orchard with apple trees. Ever since then the orchard has been bearing fruit, and I send you a few of the apples from the orchard on the farm now owned and occupied by two granddaughters of Isaac Brown, Elisau and Catherine Brown, cousins of the writer, who annually send me a box of the apples as a reminder of the many happy days of youth spent with them over three-score and more years ago. The same house occupied by the Friends is still occupied by the present owners.

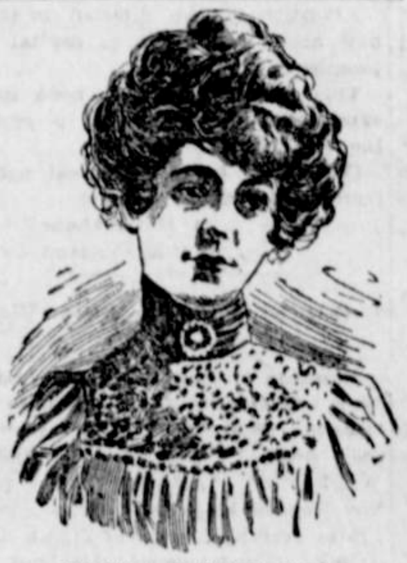
In the Historical library can be found the diary of the exiled Friends at Winchester, which contains the correspondence their wives had with Gen. Washington when they applied to him for their release. He declined upon the ground that they were state prisoners and were beyond his control.

The Gilpins, Whartons, Pembertons, Fishers, Drinkers, Penningtons and other well-known citizens of Philadelphia are the descendants of the Quakers spoken of above.

ONE OF BOOTH'S SOLDIERS.

American Noblewoman a Worker in the Salvation Army.

The Countess of Tankerville, one of the most devoted members of Gen. William Booth's Salvation Army, is now in this country and is accompanied by her husband, who was also a member of the Salvation Army at Tacoma, Wash., where the two first became acquainted and were married. At that time the Earl of Tankerville was third in succession to the title. The Countess was Miss Lenora Van Marter, a resident of Tacoma, and it was while engaged in army work there that she attracted the Earl's notice. He was so smitten by her rare beauty that he abandoned the gay life he was leading in order to be near her. Together they worked for many months in the streets of Tacoma, doing good to all with whom they came in contact. Finally the young man, by the death of relatives, came into possession of his estates and title. He at once married the young army lass and together they set out for England. Here they despised the gayeties of the social set they were entitled to enter and continued their work in the Salvation Army, winning high praise from Gen. Booth for their zeal and efficiency. They return to the United States to continue their chosen work for a time. Whether or not they will remain permanently has not yet been determined. If the work here shall seem to require their services they will stay; if England offers a more promising field for their endeavors they will return there. In any event they are determined that they will not forsake the army in the days of their prosperity.


COUNTESS OF TANKERVILLE.

Highland Venison.

Most of the red deer venison which finds its way to London is Scotch—wild venison, shot in the forests. There is great difference in quality in this highland venison. To be good, venison needs to be fat, and unlike most game the "artificially fed" deer, or, rather, the deer that enjoys the feed of a good English park, is better for the table than when picking up a hard living on a Scotch mountain, but there are varieties of Scotch deer. Those on forests with plenty of low ground attached grow fat and heavy, and the meat is as good as that of an English park-fed stag. At the end of October and beginning of November the flesh deteriorates rapidly and is rank and poor, evidence, if any were needed, that the shooting ought to have closed earlier, but a good deal of Russian venison, shipped ready and cut up into joints, is very poor stuff. The same rules as to season govern the supply of red deer venison from English parks, but the weight and quality of the latter are superior to the Scotch. Most large proprietors find a sale for their spare venison near home, and consequently it is less common in the market. Red deer hinds are again in season in winter, but the fallow venison is in every way better. Some is even stall fed, and the carcasses show almost as much fat as does small mutton.

Just in Time.

A circus paid a flying visit to a small northern town not long ago, and the price of admission was sixpence, children under 10 years of age half-price. It was Edith's tenth birthday, and her brother Tom, aged 13, took her in the afternoon to see the show.

Arrived at the door he put down ninepence and asked for two front seats.

"How old is the little girl?" asked the money-taker, doubtfully.

"Well" replied Master Tom, "this is her tenth birthday, but she was not born until rather late in the afternoon."

The money-taker accepted the statement, and handed him the tickets. But it was a close shave.—London Spare Moments.

Population of the British Isles.

The census will be taken on the last day of March, 1901. Ten years ago, when the last census took place, the population of the United Kingdom was 37,740,283. The registrar general estimates the present population at 40,931,471.

As the salt savors the broth, so does labor give relish to pleasure.

Science and Invention

A factory for liquid air is being erected at Los Angeles, Cal., for refrigerating purposes.

Careful experiments by Monsieur Brunhes, in France, indicate that the X-rays have a definite velocity which is of the same order as the velocity of light.

There are 120 firms in Germany engaged in the acetylene industry. Most of the burners are made at Nuremberg. There are no fewer than twenty-six small towns in Germany lighted by acetylene gas. The first plant of this kind for lighting small towns in Germany was erected at Hassfurt, a town of 2,500 inhabitants.

In England a lamp-post has been introduced which combines a fire hydrant, tap and fire-alarm box. The hydrant can be used for fire purposes, filling water carts and for street flushing, while the small tap can be used by an individual for domestic water supply. There is a water meter and siphon at the bottom, by which the water is shut off from the hydrant, thus preventing it from freezing.

According to a report published by the Home Office in London showing the mineral productions of the world for the last year, the United States easily leads all its rivals in this form of wealth. Great Britain ranks second, but far behind the leader, the total product of the United States having been about $720,000,000, while that of Great Britain was $400,000,000. Germany stands third, with nearly $250,000,000.

Lord Rayleigh, in discussing our ability to tell the direction from which sound proceeds, calls attention to an interesting difference between the eyes and ears with regard to the size of the waves that strike them. The average wave length of light is about one ten-thousandth of the diameter of the pupil of the eye. On the other hand, "the waves of sound issuing from a man's mouth," says Lord Rayleigh, "are about eight feet long, whereas the diameter of the passage of the ear is quite small and could not well have been made a large multiple of eight feet." One consequence of the minuteness of light waves in comparison with the size of the eyes is that the lenses of the eyes are able to concentrate rays of light upon the retina with great efficiency.

Prof. John Trowbridge has recently had installed at Harvard University the most powerful apparatus in the world for the production of electro-motive force. The plant comprises 20,000 storage cells giving 40,000 electrical units of pressure, and this can be increased to 3,000,000 volts. But in order to obtain the full effect of so enormous a pressure, Professor Trowbridge says it would be necessary to remove the apparatus into the center of an open field and elevate it at least thirty feet from the ground in order to avoid loss from the inductive action of floors and walls. With this great battery the highest degree of instantaneous temperature yet attained can be produced. Professor Trowbridge hopes with its aid to obtain some clew to the temperature at which hydrogen exists in the stars. This plant furnishes, he adds, an ideal method of producing the X-rays.

WAYS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Regulations that Were Once in Vogue at Funerals and Churches.

Diving into the old records of one of the most charming cities of our commonwealth, Northampton, we find much of deep interest as revealing customs and habits of olden times. No fire was found in "the meeting-house" in olden time, and comparatively recently foot stoves were carried to church, as were tallow candles to the evening meetings. In 1787 the important vital question at a legal town meeting was, "Shall men and their wives be seated together in pews?" and the vote was an emphatic "No!"

In 1744, about the beginning of Jonathan Edwards' trouble in the parish, it was voted not "to pay the charge of bringing his daughters from Brookfield." In 1738 this appears on the town records: "Taking into consideration the difficulty Mr. Edwards hath labored under this year and some time past with respect to his firewood, the town voted that those persons who have not this year brought him a load of wood might have liberty between this time and next Tuesday night to bring each one his load of wood." If there was not a sufficiency of wood by that time, the town then voted, the selectmen shall see that the deficiency should be met at the cost of the town.

Later, in 1738, we find in the warrant for town meeting this entry: "To procure firewood for Rev. Mr. Williams, to choose a committee to seat the meeting-house." A most serious business to decide, who should take preference in the broad aisles: The "nigger pew," well remembered by the writer, caused no trouble to said officer, as that was readily accepted by the "colored brethren," like cows in the stable, who went dutifully to their separate stalls.

Not only the living had special rules governing their conduct, but the rules about the dead were very quaint, as by this report of a committee, May 11, 1780, to whom had been referred the conduct of funerals, as follows:

Whereas, It is the opinion of this town that funerals ought to be conducted with great decency and decorum in order to impress on rising and risen generations the importance of the awful solemnity, and to render the house of mourning better than the house of feasting. Be it therefore recommended to all the inhabitants of this town to observe the following regulations at funerals:

1. That the relatives of the deceased follow next the corpse, two and two.

2. If the deceased was a male person the males are to follow next the mourners, two and two, and the women after them, two and two; but if the deceased was a woman, then the women are to follow next the mourners and the men after them.

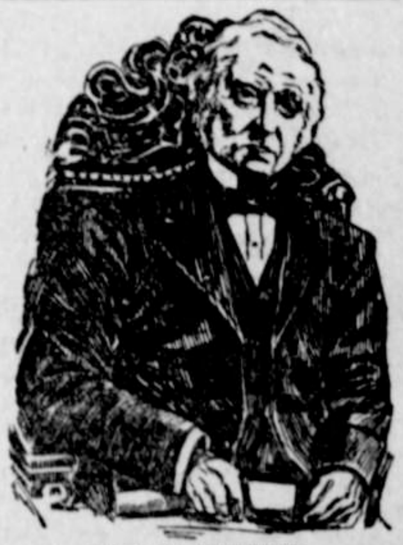
3. Those on horseback are to follow in after the foot folks, hores two and two, and the carriages are to follow in the rear of the procession. And it is requested that no person walk or ride on either side the procession from the house to the grave.

Ten of the prominent men of the city were appointed and requested to attend at funerals and to regulate the procession thus recommended until the same shall become habitual to the people. In 1745 the question was raised in the annual town meeting "if the town would be at the expense of coloring the meeting house, and it passed in the negative!" Evidently they thought that nature would do it without expense. Not till 1749 were the forts and fortifications of the town demolished and the timber and boards sold for the benefit of the town. Laws were passed relative to the schooling of boys and the amount of wood they should bring to the schoolhouse; girls were of no account in those days.

HE VOTED FOR JACKSON.

Ex-Senator Bradbury a Notable Figure in National History.

James W. Bradbury, of Augusta, Maine, ex-Senator of the United States, recently celebrated his 98th birthday. The career of this venerable statesman covers a period of American history unexample in the experience of any other man. He was born in 1802 and consequently is able to give personal recollections of the war of 1812, being a lad of 10 when that struggle was in progress. He was 18 years old when Maine was admitted to the Union; he helped welcome Lafayette to the State in 1824; he participated in the celebration of the semi-centennial of American independence in 1826; he was a United States Senator from 1847 to 1853, and was colleague and personal friend of Webster, Clay, Benton and Calhoun; he is the only suvivor of the 100 men who sat in the Senate during his term; he is the only living member of the Bowdoin class of 1825, which included Longfellow, Hawthorne and John C. Abbott. Mr. Bradbury has lived in Augusta for sixty-three years, over half a century in the house which he now occupies. From Jackson to Cleveland he voted for every Democratic Presidential nominee. He has never tasted liquor or tobacco and to-day is able to attend to his considerable correspondence without the aid of an amanuensis.


JAMES W. BRADBURY.

GREAT BRITAIN'S ELECTORATE.

It Has Increased Nearly Sevenfold During Victoria's Reign.

When the queen came to the throne there were less than a million electors out of a population of more than twenty-five millions. That is as much to say that only 14 in every 100 adult males were possessed of the franchise. And yet five years had passed since the great reform bill had been placed upon the statute book after an epoch-making battle. To-day nearly 70 per cent of the adult males in the United Kingdom possess the franchise. The increase in population, added to the increase in the percentage of representation, has, however, given us an electorate of about six and three-quarter millions.

It is as well to note that during this extraordinary development of the electorate the elected representatives of the people have scarcely increased in number by a score. In 1801, at the union of the British and Irish parliaments, there were 658 members of the House of Commons. Disfranchisements and suspensions of writs reduced the number in actual practice to 640, round about which figure it remained till Mr. Gladstone in 1885 raised it to 670, the present total of the house.

It is quite probable, therefore, that, should the much-discussed "manhood suffrage" ever come into operation in this country, it will not add a single member to the distinguished gathering at St. Stephen's. Nor, as a matter of fact, will it add to the electorate itself as a large proportion as has been added in the last thirty-three years. For in that time 50 per cent has been added to the rate of adult male representation. A mere 30 per cent more would give every man over 21 a vote—if he cared to use it.—London Express.

What He Forgot.

A certain elderly gentleman suffered much from absent-mindedness, and was frequently compelled to seek the assistance of his servant, says a London journal.

"Thomas," he would say, "I have just been looking for something, and now I can't remember what it is," whereupon the obliging Thomas invariably made suggestions.

"Was it your purse, or spectacles or check book, sir?" and so on, he would inquire, till he hit upon the right object.

One night, after the old gentleman had retired, the bell rang for Thomas, and on reaching the bedroom he found his master rambling restlessly about the room.

"Thomas, Thomas," he said, "I came up here for something, and now I've forgotten what."

"Was it to go to bed, sir?" suggested the faithful retainer.

"Ah, the very thing, the very thing! Thank you, Thomas. Good night!"

Lobsters.

Hubby—I feel like the deuce this morning. I'm afraid those lobsters I ate last night didn't agree with me.

Wifey—I was afraid they wouldn't. They were green when I bought them, and I told the fish man I didn't think they were ripe, and he said they always come that way.—Harper's Bazar.

A letter from a relative is more apt to contain advice than money.