

agement ring.

She is told to avoid opals, as no one ever was known to have any happiness who owned one of them. In spite of this, however, dealers say that there is always a demand for rings set with this beautiful stone. Pearls, the superstitious say, are even worse, but eventually the little circle is purchased and the time for the wedding discussed. Then more complications arise as certain days are unfavorable and some months are to be shunned. May is said to be an especially unlucky month, why no one can tell, but many a rhyme could be quoted to show that this notion has prevailed for centuries. August is also looked upon as a disastrous time in which to wed, and those who marry in Lent will "live to repent," according to very old authority.

Winter seems to be the favorite season for wedding bells to chime, in our country at least. In Scotland the last day of the year is regarded with great favor, and should December 31 fall on Friday so much the better, as that is the favorite day of the week for a wedding. Sunday weddings are common in England, and in the early history of our country many couples were made one on that day, but recently such a thing is seldom heard of.

In Norway and Sweden Thursday marriages are forbidden by the Church, it being called pagans' day.

After much consideration the day is decided upon, and brave indeed is the girl who will consent to change it, for that is sure to bring ill-luck which all the rice and old shoes of the country could not drive away.

The time arrives and with it much advice in regard to the color which she shall wear and the manner of arraying herself. Probably no girl in her teens is ignorant of the rhyme which urges young brides to be careful to wear "something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue," in order that she may live "happy ever after," as the storybook says.

Misfortune is sure to follow the bride who has a speck of green in her costume. She must never array herself in all her pretty robes until dressing for the ceremony. She must never read the marriage service quite through and she must not stand before the mirror one second after she is ready, no matter how pleasing the reflection of the happy face and graceful gown.—Journal of American Folk-Lore

### DOGS AS HORSES.

The Country Where They Are the Beasts of Burden.

I have met M. Nantet, the Belgian author, who follows the usage of his country in utilizing the dog as a draught animal. He has a little phaeton drawn by dogs in which he drives about when at home, and in which he has come from Brussels to Paris. M. Nantet thinks that Belgium, with her cheerless sky and sodden soil, is able to hold her own, and be among the most prosperous nations of Europe, because the dog is not only the friend and comrade, but the carrier of the poor man. The costermonger and his wife in Paris or London are broken down prematurely from fatigue, and the stabling and fodder for a donkey is a heavy tax on their profits, but their Belgian brethren can house their dogs with themselves. The dogs, after being unharnessed dine with their masters, and in winter sleep before the kitchen fire.

The strength of a good draught dog is marvelous. He does not spoil roads like a horse, and when tired he asks to lie down, a favor always granted, and, on being rested, goes on again cheerfully.

The pair which drew M. Nantet is of average size and strength, and had a long line of ancestors, who did good work in their time as carriers. When at an inn their master used to unharness them and take them with him into the coffee room, where they lay down at his feet. He drove all the way, unless where there was a steep hill to climb. At a place called Louvrol the mayor heard he had come into the town, and informed him that his equipage came within the reach of the Grammont Law for the Protection of Animals. "Very well," answered the Belgian, who was preparing to start, and he ordered the dogs to get into the phaeton and sit on the seat, while he drew them. They obeyed and stayed there until they were beyond the bounds of the commune, where they descended to be harnessed. To avoid crowds, who might think well to take part with the dogs against their master, M. Nantet kept clear of large towns. At Compeign he telegraphed to a number of Belgians here at what time he was likely to reach Paris, and they went out to meet him. When he was sighted the dogs were going at a brisk pace. He thinks they could have done the journey comfortably in five days, but as he is as much their friend as their owner he gave them seven.—Paris Cor. London Daily News.

VISITOR'S DUTY BUT THE VISITOR'S DUTY has ordered it, according to the khansamah, and you cannot very well ask her. The towels, even the sheets of the visitor's bed, disappear the day of her departure! The khansamah looks sorrowful and deprecating, but thinks the visitor's ayah must have been an extremely dishonest person. And the unhappy visitor has probably had one lime for her bath during the entire length of her stay; and the towels have brought two annas apiece at the bazar, which goes into the secret wallet of the khansamah.

Next in rank comes the kitmutgar, who brings the dishes from the kitchen, helps to wait at tables, but is an inferior person. A favorite term of obloquy among Anglo Indians is "He looks like a kitmutgar," which is much worse than being compared to a khansamah. The baburehi is the cook, and he has a mental in the musalchi, who washes the dishes. "Bearer" is a more or less general term, but when you call the bearer among your household staff you mean the man who trims the lamps and dusts. He will not sweep—not he!—you must have a miter to sweep, who is of very low caste indeed.

The ayah is the memsahib's maid, and she cannot get on without one. The durwan is the gate keeper, who sits all day long beside the door to attend to callers and messengers, and does nothing else. Beside these the sahib must have a syce—groom—for each horse. No syce will take double pay and attend to two horses—that is not the Aryan way. And if there is a garden there must be a mallee to take care of it, and for the most menial work of the house there is a beestic or water carrier, whose name is admirably appropriate, and who skulks about his business under the opprobrium of all the rest.

The dhoby is the washerman, whose peccadilloes are interestingly "naive." He has been known, for instance, to dismember certain garments of the sahib and send them in separate legs, in order to show the proper number on his list and yet retain a shirt or a handkerchief. There is the dhurzie, too, who is a joy in India, and who comes and sits and sews all day on your veranda for fourpence! Very imitative, indeed, is the dhurzie, not to be trusted with anything, even to bodices and skirts, for which he has a pattern.

Anglo-India tempers are short, and the khansamah knows their brevity better than anybody in the world. A favorite expression of abuse in connection with undergone mutton perhaps, is in exciting Hindustanee "Son of a pig!" which hurts the gentle Hindoo's feelings as much as anything. But the gentle Hindoo usually replies conciliatorily in some term of deep respect and admiration; and certainly the unconscious khansamah got the best of it, who replied to this expression on the lips of his irate sahib, "Sir, you are my father and my mother!"—Garth Grafton in Montreal Star.

—Thirty years ago the cant question in England was, "Who is your batten?" just as here now it is, "Where did you get that hat?" It was succeeded by "How are your poor feet?" and when the "Dead Heart," the subject of Irving's present revival, was brought out originally, where one of the characters says, "My heart is dead, dead, dead!" a voice in the gallery nearly broke up the drama with "How are your poor feet?"

—Are there no grindstones in this town, Josiah?" asked his wife, laying down the paper. "Lots of them. What makes you ask such a question?" "Why, the paper says that Mr. Votem, of this place went to Washington last week because he had an axe to grind. I should think that if there were any grindstones in town he wouldn't go nearly three hundred miles to get his axe sharpened."—N. Y. Ledger.

—Pat and Mike, two verdant Irishmen fresh from the "Old Sod," came across a drove of fine Berkshire hogs, while traversing a country road. Not being well acquainted with American pork in its live state, Pat inquired of his friend "What might be the name of thim animals with the fat cheeks?" With true Irish wit Mike replied: "Faith and thim looks to me loike shaved shape wid the numps."—Litt.

—A Bucksport, Me., student got tired one day and laid his books in one of the open pipes of the water works while he went to play. When next he thought of the books he couldn't find them, as the pipe had been buried under ground. A few days later the water was turned on, but something was wrong. The water would only come slowly. Finally on working the valve of the hydrant some paper appeared, then more paper in lumps, then some pieces of cloth binding—and the mystery, both of the bad behavior of the works and of the youth's missing books, was solved.

essor Garrick Mallery, of Wash. has been looking into the grounds of belief that the American Indians are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. He finds there are no reasonable grounds for such belief, although there is a certain similarity of customs between the Indians and the most ancient Israelites. The principal reason why, in the opinion of Professor Mallery, the Indians cannot be descended from the lost tribes is that these tribes were never lost, but were scattered and absorbed by other peoples.

The year of jubilee for the horse is approaching. The western cities have long used the cable traction system for street cars. Now eastern towns are taking it up. Baltimore will have her street cars pulled by a cable by next July. A few months more will also see them in operation on Broadway, New York. Now, if somebody will invent a motor to haul the huge wagons and trucks that convey freight through city streets, a long step towards the perfect civilization will be accomplished. There is not room enough in city streets for mankind and horses too.

The smoke nuisance in Chicago has gradually made life a burden almost intolerable to be borne. The same is true of Cincinnati. But Chicago now turns with joyful hope of relief to the natural gas wells of Indiana. In half a year, if all goes well, the people in the great town by the lake will be warming their houses with natural gas, brought in pipes from a field 130 miles away. Then Chicago will be a beautiful and splendid city. It will give her a better chance for the World's fair.

### An Unfortunate Inference.

Miss Parsay (calling on Mrs. Bunscomb, picks up a card from her table)—Bludgekins! What a homely name! I'd have it changed.

Little Bobby B. (sweetly)—Is that your name?

Miss P. (also sweetly)—No. What makes you think that's my name?

Bobby—I heard mamma say you were dreadful anxious to change it. Sound of distress from Bobby fifteen minutes later.—Farmer's Bazar

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2:45 p.m.	West Seio		10:00 a.m.
3:45 p.m.	Spicer		9:02 a.m.
5:21 p.m.	Brownsville		7:42 a.m.
6:20 p.m.	ar	Coburg	6:00 a.m.

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Foot of F Street.

7:00 a.m.	lv. Portland (P. & W. V.)	ar	6:20 p.m.
9:22 p.m.	Lafayette		9:22 a.m.
12:10 p.m.	Sheridan		2:13 p.m.
2:13 p.m.	Dallas		12:37 p.m.
2:55 p.m.	Monmouth		11:22 a.m.
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