LIFE IN INDIA.

An Incident That Shows the Complete Self Possession of Officers.

It was in India. Dinner was just finished in the mess room, and several English officers were sitting about the table. Their browned faces had the air but not unkindly look common among military men. The conversation, at least, had not been animated, and just now there was a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean cut man of fifty-five, turned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar smoke at the ceiling.

The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness and in a quiet, steady voice, he said: "Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers. I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle." "All right, major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes; "hadn't the least thing of moving, I assure you. What's the game?" By this time all the others were listening in a fairly expectant way.

"Do you think," continued the major, and his voice trembled just a little, "do you think you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes—to save your life? "Are you joking?" "On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?" The subalterns bared whispered, "Yes," and his face paled slightly. "Hurks," said the major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer and set it on the floor here just back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!"

Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it quietly around the table and set it down where the major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra di capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided toward the milk.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor. "Thank you, major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly. "You have saved my life." "You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior, "but you did your share."—San Francisco Argonaut.

One of Nature's Graveyards.

"The Bad Lands of Dakota," said Professor J. B. Wilkinson, are good for nothing on the face of the earth but fossils. It is a remarkable fact that every portion of the hills there, however, are absolutely filled with evidences of animal life. Fossil insects, fishes, birds, the bones of the elephant, the mastodon, of the lion, the tiger, and of moves, if not hundreds, of extinct animals and species are to be found in the same hillside.

"In one declivity, where the rain had washed away the underlying earth and a heavy slide had occurred, I found, in a space not exceeding thirty feet square, the fossil remains of seven distinct species of mammals, of a seventeen species of fish and of five varieties of birds, while the shellfish and insect remains were too numerous to count. By what great natural convulsion this district was made the graveyard of millions of animals it is impossible to say, but nothing short of a tremendous and widely extended calamity could, in one comparatively small tract, have destroyed so many animals as must have perished there."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bound to Sell Something.

Peddler—I am introducing a new kind of hair brush which——

Business Man (impatiently)—I've no use for a hair brush. Can't you see I'm bald?

Peddler—Yes, sir. Your lady, perhaps——

Business Man—She's bald too, except when she goes out.

Peddler—Yes, sir. Child at home, probably——

Business Man—Only a month old. Bald too.

Peddler—Yes, sir. You keep a pet dog maybe——

Business Man—We do; but it's a hairless dog.

Peddler (desperately)—Can't sell you some fly papers, sir!—London Tit-Bits.

Sore to the Occasion.

Cannon told us of a country manager whose Young Norval was arrested for debt. Having no one to take the part he dressed up a gawky lad who snuffed the candles in footlights, etc., pushed him on the stage, and himself advanced to the footlights with the book. "Ladies and gentlemen,

This young gentleman's name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
His father feeds the flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his only son (this young gentleman) at home,
For this young gentleman had heard,"

and so on through the play to the delight of the audience.—Barham's Diary.

A Soft Answer.

A bright woman who had the misfortune not to be as handsome as most of her friends, had a habit of continually looking at herself in the mirrors of any apartment where she happened to be. A woman, a friend of hers, who thought this very inconsistent, resolved to speak of it before a party of people, so she asked aloud, "There is Mrs. White, who is forever looking at her own image." "Yes," was the quick answer, "it is true. I wish to know by experience whether it is possible to habituate one's self to ugliness."—New York Sun.

Culpable Negligence.

A widower accompanied the remains of his second wife to their last resting place. A terrible thunderstorm suddenly came on.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the widower, "again, like the last time. I have come without my umbrella. I'll take good care it doesn't happen a third time!"—El Mundo Unversitario.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

A Man Describes to a Woman the Virtues of the True Woman as She Is.

A woman said to a man the other day, "Mr. White is a woman of the world to her finger tips," and the man said, "Thank goodness, she is. I wish we had a few more like her."

And then he added: "Do you know anything of the virtues of a woman of the world—that is, the true woman of the world? She is the woman who makes life perfectly smooth and delightful. She does not say disagreeable things. She makes her likes felt, and her dislikes are so well concealed that her enemies are ignored, when they get a blow, as to where it comes from. Don't imagine by this that I mean that she is the woman who does the not act, and is given to smiling and grinning at everybody.

"Oh, no, she has too much sense for that. She has the art of making people appear at their best, and she knows how to be agreeable alike to old and young. Her husband respects her; her children love her; her servants fear her, and consequently they obey her orders. If she finds it necessary to mark either a man or a woman as detrimental, she can usually give a reason for it, so she does not go out of her way to make enemies.

"She would not forgive bad manners in a genius, for she very properly concludes that a genius has no more right to be bad mannered than a more ordinary mortal, regrets that genius and gentleness are not always synonymous, but until they are she doesn't desire the acquaintance of the genius. She is an optimist believer in the sanctity of marriage, and thinks it is quite as unnecessary to uphold it as it is to refuse to discuss scandals in regard to a failure in it.

"She does not talk much about her dress, but she does insist that she shall have respect. She is not one of the women who make their husbands unhappy, for she is not impulsive. She can never forgive bad morals then bad manners, and she knows many things because it is not good form for her to see them, covering in this way with a mantle of charity the half concealed offenses of her friends.

"The man married to a woman of the world has a much happier life than does the one married to the ingenue; she is disappointed because he isn't her ideal, and he is made wretched because of the tears and moans that pervade the household. If I had a son I should prefer he would marry a woman of the world—remember, I am using the phrase in its best and truest sense—and had I to choose a husband for my daughter it should be a man who had known other women, who had seen their faults and their virtues, and who knew how to take a young and innocent girl by the hand and lead her carefully and deliberately into the state of matrimony until she herself became the monarch thereof."

And the woman to whom this little sermon was preached began to think that after all there were different kinds of women of the world.—New York Sun.

Gifts to Worn Out and Tired Women.

How I wish I could gather together all the pale faced little women who are forever hammering away at cast iron destinies like so many blacksmiths at a forge; all the worried and worn out invalids, lying all day and all night on beds of uncomfortable pain; all the tired out housekeepers, trudging away at the accomplishment of monotonous destinies like so many dairy sheep on a treadle, and fash them out into a good time of their own choosing.

For some of them the "good time" would be an outing in the country where Lonesome is once more hearing the voice of his Lord at the doorway of the tomb, and preparing to come forth in May time resurrection of leaf and blossom and fern; for some it would be a season ticket to the opera; for some a full purse to expend on bargains, and for others it would be a chance to slip away somewhere and rest. Do you know when I get quite too awfully rich to know what to do with all my coppers, I am going to establish a charity in contradistinction to your bread and butter, free soup and flannel petticoat charities. There are too many of that sort already.

The "Lord bless you, my good woman; take this dollar and support yourself and seven children for the rest of the season," charities are plentiful enough. What we want are remembrances of joy for those who know no joy. Good times for those who have forgotten how to be glad. To fash a bit of sparkle into tired lives, or God souls singing birds into dark forests. Who ever heard a tired woman marching a band of "Glory McQuirice" to see a play, or a jolly gentleman presenting Tiny Tim with a velocipede and a ride on a merry-go-round as well as a Christmas turkey and copper toed shoes.—Teresa H. Dunn in Chicago Herald.

The Real Tragedies of Life.

The real tragedies of life are often to be found where we should perhaps least expect them. They are going on before us in the lives of many a wife and mother in our American cities today, who, between her duties to her husband, her children, her church and the calls of society, which she often must act slight because of her husband's position, present or aspired to, is being killed before our eyes, tortured at the same time by the incompetent domestic service which makes housekeeping and the creation of a comfortable home almost an impossibility.

One such woman I saw die in New York only a few years ago at thirty-nine, thoroughly killed by the brave effort to do all her duty, and they are "dying Gods around us every day," with brave smiles on their faces. You may see them by hundreds in the streets and at afternoon receptions in any American city if you have been initiated into the lore, and know the pass-words and the grip. If you do you will think that they are brilliant and beautiful women, and involuntarily bow the head before them for their goodness and their accomplishments, but you will also know that you are rendering homage to martyrs as truly as if you saw them led out like Solomon's as playthings for a Numidian lion, and as fearless as any martyr of their religion.—Anna C. Brackett in Harper's.

The Huddersfield (England) Gazettism five years ago gave relief to a man to the extent of £50. Since his death his widow, who earns about eight shillings weekly as a charwoman, by denying herself all luxuries, has repaid the money, in order to maintain the honest independence of the family.

One of the richest women in San Francisco is Mrs. James G. Fiend, the widow of the noted mining man and banker. She passes the greater part of her time with her daughter in her country residence, at Menlo Park, and the big house in "Nob Hill" remains closed through two-thirds of the year.

A farm of 300 acres in Ohio is owned and managed by Miss Antoinette Mangis, a young woman who has received a college education. Her farming is done more from books than from experience, but she is making a success of it.

Mrs. Felix Moscheles, wife of the celebrated English pianist, is a most beautiful woman, remarkable especially for her hair, which is like threads of spun gold and seems to keep the sunlight in it even on the darkest days.

"Four things are required of a woman," say the Chinese, "that she may dwell in her heart, that modesty shine on her forehead, that gentleness flow from her lips, and that work emerge her hands."

ITALIANS IN NEW FIELDS.

They Find Profit in a Weed That Most Farmers Deem a Nuisance.

Persons who travel down the Brooklyn boulevard in the direction of Coney Island of an afternoon will usually have their attention attracted by parties of Italians—men, women, boys and girls—loaded down with huge bundles. Some of them are objected by the sight. There are certainly no treasures in the way of rags, choice garbage and the like to attract such an army of expert scavengers. What, then, is it that these big bundles are made up of? This was the question that suggested itself to a man the other day, and he proceeded to investigate forthwith.

He found a new reason to wonder at the seeming intuition that leads an Italian in this country to earn his bread in ways and through means that our other adopted citizens never think of. Now he is known that down on the flat, low meadows that go to make up the town of Flatbush and on down to Gravesend the dandelion grows in such profusion that it is alleged to be a nuisance. The farmers down there go out in the morning and sow seed, and in the afternoon the energetic dandelion comes up and scatters the seed and reigns in its stead. Ordinary plants have no show against the vigorous, prolific weed. Therefore they hate it and wage war against it and see nothing but evil in its open yellow face.

One day a party of Italians, or it may have been only one, for that matter, was exploring this region of dandelions, and saw much in it to admire. The sequel has proved that he saw money in it. From that day Italians all the way from Mulberry bend might be seen far down on the Coney Island road every morning before sunrise eagerly plucking dandelions. The farmer saw it and chuckled. In the warm spring afternoons when he saw Italians of all ages and both sexes staggering up the dusty road under great bags loaded with the weeds he hailed, actually carrying them away from his farm at their own expense, he more than chuckled. He laughed.

Now, that farmer was not wise in his day. He knew that the leaves of the dandelion plant when young are good to cook with pork or corned beef, and then to eat. The Italians who in these days are gathering those weeds by the root know that, too. But they know more. They know that during the dandelion season, which extends from April until August or thereabouts, there are men in New York city who will pay good money for those same weeds; that those weeds are afterward turned into patent medicines, into food for silk worms and put to other uses, while its root is used in some cases as a substitute for coffee—a bad substitute, perhaps, but one that is used never theless.

And so it is that an army of Italians invaded New York every day and delve in the fields outside Brooklyn, while the Long Island farmer marvels. But when you come to consider the whole matter there is not so much to marvel at unless it be the mental density of the farmer and the marvelous faculty of the Italian for discovering sure and profitable forms of labor.—New York Recorder.

An Indian's Haunted Grave.

On the shore of Oneida lake is an Indian's grave where at times light mists its appearance. It is described as a ball of fire about the size of a large orange, and seems to and fro in the air about twenty feet from the ground, confining its irregular movements within a space about 100 feet square. People have attempted to go near enough to solve the mystery, but it would suddenly disappear before they could reach it.

A very peculiar story is told by the neighbors near the lake. They claim that many years ago the locality was a part of an Indian reservation. A man of the name of Belknap frequently dreamed that there was a crock in the Indian cemetery containing immense treasures, and that if he was there at the hour when graveyards yawned he could secure it.

These dreams were repeated so often that they had a strong effect, and he went there with pick and shovel, according to instructions, but he failed to turn round three times when he found the crock, as the dream directed. He stooped to pick it up, but was stunned by a flash of lightning, and the crock disappeared. Since that time the spot has been haunted by the mysterious light.—Oneida Mail.

Advocating Bigger Guns.

At a meeting of the Royal United Service institution Fleet Engineer George Quick read a paper on "Heavy Guns." He said that in the Victoria, Sans Pareil and Benbow the British navy has three magnificently powerful vessels perfect in all respects except that their six heavy guns have proved weak. These are said to have cost $60,000 each, or a total of $540,000 for the guns of the three vessels. Mr. Quick contended that new guns of 16.25 inches caliber, of greater power and of much greater strength than the present guns, could be supplied to the Victoria, Sans Pareil and Benbow at a cost of $125,000 per gun, or $750,000 for the three ships, and if the guns were properly designed and constructed, by a proper adjustment of the size of the chamber to the diameter of the bore, and by the use of suitable cartridges, the life of the heaviest might be very much prolonged.

He advocated the use of a single motion breech mechanism, extremely simple in its operation, which, he alleged, was quite as simple as the turning of a grindstone handle. "Supposing," said Mr. Quick, "that six new guns be ordered for our three grand ships to replace the present ones. To insure a large reserve of strength, not only should an improved design be adopted, but also an increase of weight should be given, so that instead of weighing 111 tons they shall weigh 120 tons each. This would add a total weight of eight ten tons to each ship, which is a mere trifle in ships of 10,000 tons displacement."—Exchange.

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