



THE WRONG ADJECTIVE.

DOCTOR—"You've got acute rheumatism, Sam."

SAM—"I knows I'se got rheumatiz—but they ain't nothin' 'cute about it."

THE BANTAM RICKSHAW.

A STORY OF INDIAN LIFE.

BY WOODYARD RIPLING.

"BEGORRA," said Private Mulvaney, "things is changed moightily since I intered the service, d'ye mind, in '62. Och, thim was the days. Was I ever tellin' ye how a detachment av the ould 71st captured the Mugwump av Masulipatam an' bate tin thousand av his boodilliwullahs wid divil a man av us kilt barrin' Tom Brady, as got full an' bruk his neck, the hivens be his bed."

"Ow, 'old yer 'orses, Mulvaney, you've told us that a 'undred times," said Private Learoyd. "Blarst this 'ere bloomin' 'ot country, hi say, and hi just wish hi was 'ome."

Private Mulvaney made no response except to throw a beer bottle at the head of Learoyd. Just then Col. Chumley emerged from the bungalow, and his appearance terminated the dispute as the warriors retired to cantonments. Such little episodes are of daily occurrence. They vary the monotony of barrack room life.

Col. Chumley turned to his seraputty. "Chingley howlah piggibad chumwash," he remarked with a frown. He spoke Hindoostanee with the purity of a native. He had been in the service seventeen years, and his liver was growing torpid. When a man's liver once begins to torp his usefulness is at an end. But all things have an end in this world. I don't know how it may be in other worlds.

"Yes, sahib," replied the seraputty, salaaming profoundly and turning his back so that the Colonel could kick him to better advan-

tage. Col. Chumley was not a harsh master. He merely kicked his seraputties and dab-wallahs as a matter of form, in compliance with Oriental usage. The first lesson to be learned by a European in India is that the natives will despise you if you do not kick them. But if you kick them too hard or too frequently it may excite a prejudice in their minds, and the seraputty may put shookum-berry juice in your chow-chow, which will be bad for your health. There is a medium in kicks as there is in other things.

By this time all Simla was astir, and the scene presented an animated aspect. The Doorahbad Road was gay with equipages as Mrs. Walthrop's rickshaw, with its attendant kalmuddars, approached, its appearance being the signal for significant whisperings and shrugs of the shoulders among a group of subalterns.

"Where's Walthrop now?" asked a sallow complexioned, raw-looking youth, swinging his furlough carelessly in his right hand.

"Why, don't you know? The last that was heard of him he was up in the Pondich-hoop district in connection with that Nizeri-bad affair, and it is more than suspected that the Maharajah of Sowjellapoor—you understand."

"Ah, precisely so," replied the first speaker, with that receptivity generated by long seclusion at a remote station in the Whacker-abund presidency. It is rarely that the

mental calibre fails under such conditions to assert itself.

As Col. Chumley's steed drew up before the rickshaw the kalmuddars stopped. They were ryots from the Padrashkar hills, a lithe and active race. A pale, tearful face, betokening strong resolution, looked forth.

"Jacob," she said softly, her speech characterized by a glow of its old-time resilience, "Jacob, there was a time when we hardly might have realized——" and she stopped abruptly, while her glance scanned the ghauts in the distant horizon.

"Walla jing wank chawpitty," said the nearest kal-



NOT TO BE WONDERED AT!

According to the *Spectator*, laughter is an extinct art.

Mr. Littleton Jones is sure that laughter is extinct, for, although he considers himself to be the veritable champion of comic singers, he is bound to admit that he cannot even raise a smile from his audience, even when rendering what he calls his most screamingly comic song, "Get Your Face Washed."—*Funny Folks*.