

SPRING SPARKS.

A note-orious affair—A concert.
Striking back boys are not pugilists.
Faint's profile—The wagen of sin.
Unusually the head that wears a swell.
A school for lars—A school of fish.
The junk dealer is a busy metalist.
A foot rule—Don't wear tight shoes.
A shooting affair—The electric battery.
The hands of a toy watch are pushed for time.
Desirable Quarters—Twenty-five cent places.
The finest toilet soaps are sold by the scotch's worth.
What interjection is of the feminine gender? Alas!
When the car drivers strike, they do not break anything.
A carpenter may have many virtues, still he can't get along without vice.
Swelled heads are more than coronets and "gilt"-edge stock than Norman gold.
Among the "society offenders" who might walk to under ground" we may mention the telegraph wires.
There is nothing new under the sun. Noah made the "no-light" when he drove out the animals on Ararat.
"We will take what we need," is the motto of socialists. That assures a bath at all events.
An exchange says a sure cure for cold is to stuff the nostrils with beeswax and starve the cold out. Wonder if a few whacks on the nose itself wouldn't be quite as effectual?
"The cockroaches in this house are remarkably venal," said an actor at a hotel table, picking up a biscuit. "I notice that they appear in different rolls every morning."
The spring style in lynching seems to be entirely different from the one heretofore in vogue. Single copies, life-size, were a la mode last year. This season the popular fancy runs to groups.
"My dear," said a husband to his wife, "I am unable to get any sleep. I have tossed about ever since I came to bed. I wish you would get up and prepare me a little laudanum." "It's hardly worth while, now," she replied, "consulting her watch. It's almost time to build the kitchen fire." Then he sank into a quiet, restful slumber.

PERSONAL.

Archer and Wood, the two noted English jockeys, according to the income tax assessment, made last year respectively \$50,000 and \$45,000.
One of the wives of King Thebas was presented by some British officers with a bottle of gin, which she used to perfume her clothing, refusing to drink it.
It is said that Tom Keene, the tragedian, has a lot of ground on Staten Island for which the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will pay him \$300,000 at any time.
The Pundit Ramabai, now visiting America, is a daughter of the Pundit of Poona, who devoted his wealth and life to the cause of emancipation of the women of India.
The late M. Giequel and General Gordon were the only Europeans authorized by the Chinese Government to wear peacock's feathers in their caps and tunics of imperial yellow.
The Prince of Wales intended to make his recent trip from London to Cannes without a stop, but could not resist the temptation to spend thirty-six hours in Paris to see "Daphne."
Miss Braddon's next novel will be entitled "The One Thing Needed," and will first appear as a serial in journals at home and abroad. It is the twelfth novel of the author this published.
Mr. Henry Labouchere, the British Democrat, is in his 55th year. He is allied to some of the most aristocratic families of England, is rich, able, witty, a fine writer, a bold thinker, and withal he is sincere.
Princess Isabella, heir to the throne of Spain, is extremely religious, and sometimes the astonished subjects of her royal father have beheld her sweeping the floor of the church and in a coarse gown and humility of spirit.
F. Marion Crawford, the American novelist, lives in his beautiful villa in Sorrento, near Naples, situated on a cliff overlooking the sea. Near by it Milton, more than two hundred years ago, found health and peace. Mr. Crawford is a tall, thin, the picture of health and beauty, and but yet 33 years old.
"Peer Carletto," the once beautiful Empress of France, is reported as nearing the close of her eventful career at the old castle of Bouillon, near Brussels. Happily, the tragedy which eighteen years ago blighted her life and darkened her reason, left her no remembrance of the horrors through which she had passed, and she has dwelt since in an imaginary world of regal magnificence—an empress in bedlam.

Economy in Love.

De Guy—Fred, I saw you at the academy with a strange girl last night. Who was it?
Possibly—That was my spring and summer girl. I've shaken my fall and winter love.
De Guy—I'm afraid I don't fully envelope your drift.
Possibly—Nothing easier to explain. My winter girl likes lozenges and hates oysters, and my summer girl despises lozenges and adores the bivalves. By this plan I save enough each year to buy my clothes in London.
A writer says that corporal punishment is no longer practiced by parents possessing common sense. This may be true in regard to boys, but we notice that girls are still brought up with a "switch."
There is said to be a kind of sympathy between extremes. To illustrate, many a homely man's head has been turned by a pretty girl's foot.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NUBIAN," "THE RED CROSS," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

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A SHOT FROM THE SADDLE.

An Adventure with Apaches.

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NORTHWEST VETERANS.

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Some of the Wounded Soldiers who are Still on the Sick List.