

IN THE FARM WELL.

Whirr-ir-ir-ir! Splash! Thank Heaven I was not killed, and might yet escape with my life!

I was spending the summer in sketching the wild mountains and old farmsteads of West Somerset, and lodged at Knappick Farm, a very interesting old Tudor house that had figured a good deal in the troublous times of the Monmouth insurrection, and had many romantic associations.

Farmer Hembrow and his wife were a hardworking, worthy couple, for whom I had great respect, but their prosperity was on the wane, and they were, consequently, glad to increase their slender income by taking in artists as lodgers during the summer months.

There was a daughter—Bessie was her name—and I may as well at once confess that I had not been in the house three days before I was her slave. She was, of course, pretty; she was more, she was beautiful. She had not the beauty that is largely the product of society graces and affectations, but that rustic loveliness which comes of pure thoughts, a healthy life, and living so near to the apple blossom and the rose.

The farmer soon took me into his confidence. Farming, he told me, was not what it had been. He worked hard from morning till night, and for several years had not succeeded in just "making both ends meet." His affairs had now, however, become so bad that he feared there was nothing but ruin before him.

When, therefore, I asked Bessie to be my wife, she said, in a simple, dutiful way, that her parents could not do without her; they would be obliged to engage a maid to take her place and would have to pay wages. "It," she said, "farming improves, and you then remain of the same mind, well, then."

The sentence was unfinished, but its meaning was clear, and I had to be content to wait. One day, after I had been sketching, I strolled home across the fields, and passed through a small gate into the garden at the back of the house. A little way from the kitchen door was an old well, from which deliciously cool and refreshing water was drawn for the use of the farm. It was said to be of unusual depth, even in a part of the country abounding in deep wells. It had the customary hand-winch and chain for raising the bucket, which was left standing on the edge.

I raised the lid of the well and looked down. I could just see, or fancy I could see, a small shimmering light at the bottom of the dark abyss, and when I dropped a small stone I was fascinated by the deep, weird, musical note that echoed and circled upwards when the water was struck.

How it happened I do not exactly know. Whether I became giddy, or my foot slipped, or both, certain it is that I suddenly stumbled forward into the well. I clutched at the chain and by a merciful Providence grasped it. But, my weight being so much the greater, the bucket was immediately dragged over the edge, and with it descended at a fearful speed to what I had just time to think must be certain death. Fortunately, however, the winch was rusty and worked hard, while the heavy handle, as it spun round, acted as a fly-wheel and also helped to retard my descent. Still the fall was rapid and horrible in the extreme.

Directly I struck the water I took my grip of the chain, and was plunged deep into the dark pool. When I rose to the surface, I seized hold of the chain again and managed to get my foot into the bucket, which hung some two feet under the surface. I had received some severe bruises in striking against the side of the well, but had luckily sustained no serious injury. Had I not been stunned I must inevitably have been drowned, for the water was obviously very deep. Still, my position was the most terrible one I had ever been in. The depth of the well was immense, and I was almost in pitch darkness. As I gazed up through the long, tube-like passage, I could see the glimmer of a star, although it was broad daylight. The water was icy cold, and my legs seemed freezing, while the round wall was wet and slimy. I gave one loud cry for help, and nothing can describe the horrible effect of the deafening reverberations. It seemed as if innumerable hordes of vampires and fiends were shrieking, howling, and gibbering around me. I cried, and I did not repeat it.

How was I to save myself from this living sepulchre? It seemed clear that there were only two courses open to me: one to climb the chain, and the other to wait until somebody drew me up with the bucket. As I was to be a climber and a poor athlete, I felt I could not safely trust myself to the former, and therefore decided to exercise all the powers of endurance I possessed and wait until somebody came to draw water, which usually happened two or three times a day.

But the more I thought the matter over, the more I saw its dangers. The maid-servant always drew the water, and this was what would happen: she would proceed to wind up the bucket, and as my additional weight would make the work much harder, she would wonder what was the matter. The last thing in the world that would occur to her would be that a living man was at the end of the chain. She would probably conclude that the rusty state of the winch had most to do with it. Now, whether I first discovered myself to her by letting her see me come to the surface, or by calling out to her when I was near the top of the well, the shock would be equally great to her, and she would infallibly leave the handle and fly into the house, for I knew her to be a most timid and superstitious woman. I could not hope to come out of a second fall alive.

This did not take me more than a fraction of the time to think that it does to write. It was clear to me that I must try somehow to climb the chain, and at once set to work to accomplish it. I knew I could climb short distances, and it only had a foothold for an occasional rest I might reach the top. Was there who else could reach the top? Was there who else could reach the top? Was there who else could reach the top?

When I returned to the farm the good people would hardly believe their eyes. Bessie, dear soul, was in tears, which ran fresh at sight of me. David Worsfold had been looking into the garden from the road and saw me fall into the well. I was looking down, he had said, when one of the large flagstones at the edge had apparently slipped away and carried me down with it. Now I knew the reason for David's fear, and that he had himself buried down the stone, which I had so miraculously escaped, to make certain, as he thought, of my death. When he saw my form rise up before him amid the albatross ruins, he must have seen his supposed crime upon his head, and have been terror-stricken.

The value of the treasure that I had found was considerable, and enabled Farmer Hembrow to get out of his difficulties and have a fresh start. The good fellow knew nothing about the law of treasure-trove, and as we were very interested in his welfare, I did not inform him. He took my advice and kept the discovery a secret from his neighbours, and there was not much difficulty in turning the old treasure into money.

David Worsfold had, I believe, emigrated to Nebraska, and somebody told me

and then went forward again until I could get my foot into its resting-place. After a few minutes' rest I went on again, descending a little way first, to detach the watch chain. As I glanced upwards the extent of my advance was not appreciable, but I was determined to persevere, and started on my second stage with energy. I soon found, however, that my strength could not hold out even with the occasional rests that I had arranged for myself. The instability of the chain, the soreness of my fingers, and the horror of my surroundings all added to the muscular difficulty of the climb, and when I was on the third stage of my perilous journey I was resolved to slip back to the bottom of the well and await my fate.

Suddenly, some two feet above my head, I fancied I saw some sort of opening or niche in the side of the well. My eyes had grown more accustomed to the darkness of the place, and the round, slimy surface of the wall reflected a few rays of light, with the exception of this spot, which seemed darker than the surrounding brickwork. Probably part of the well had at some time fallen in. Curiosity stimulated me to go on, and when I was level with the place I arranged the sling for my foot and rested a moment.

By swinging on the chain from side to side, I was soon able to grasp a brick in the angle of the opening, and place the foot that was disengaged upon the ledge. The hole seemed to extend some distance—at any rate, farther than I could reach with either hand or foot—and as the floor was firm and level, I decided to land there. I should be a little nearer the outer world, if not in greater safety, and it would certainly be preferable to standing in two feet of water, with the prospect of being raised some hundreds of feet to be flung again to the bottom. However, I took the precaution of securing the chain temporarily, while I explored my new surroundings.

I had just finished fastening it against the wall, when, in a flash, some huge object came thundering down the well and fell, with a mighty crash in the water below. Great heavens! What new horror was that? I threw myself against the wall and trembled with fear. Had the movements been the cause of the dislodgement of part of the masonry above? Suppose I had been at the bottom!

I now put out my hand to feel whether the chain was secure. It was gone! Every moment seemed to bring some fresh terror. There was nothing whatever before me but starvation and death. I was practically buried alive. However, I was resolved not to die without a struggle.

I found, on exploring the place I was in, that it was really an arched passage. What could have been its object? Where did it lead? As I groped cautiously along, I remembered that the ruins of an old abbey were close by, and that Farmer Hembrow had told me that the villagers always declared there were underground passages leading from it. Perhaps this was one of them.

My advance was suddenly cut short by some obstacle, which I soon felt to be an ancient monument chest, bound with heavy bands of iron. My foot, as I kicked it, went through the rotten woodwork, and struck on something that jangled like metal. I put in my hand and drew out what I felt at once to be a jewelled chalice. This was, indeed, a treasure chest. But what was all the treasure in the world to me now? I replaced the cup and felt behind the chest. There was a dead wall, and as I did so I kept my steps to the well, and that by which I came. It was fortunate I did so, for it led to my discovering another passage leading at right angles. Along this I was able to make my way to a much greater distance than in the other, though it was rougher, and I kept stumbling over loose bricks, stones, and earth that had fallen in. At one place I had to crawl on my hands and knees over a large heap of debris, through an opening not large enough to admit my body, and as there was nothing but the bare earth above, which my movements might cause to fall in on me, it was a terribly anxious moment.

The passage ended in a flight of stone steps, but the whole exit was blocked by masonry and rubbish. However, a door of fresh air reached my feverish cheeks and gave me new hope. I set to work desperately and cleared away the stones and debris with my hands. Soon I saw on one side a small chink, and through it the open sky. Working in this direction, I presently succeeded in making an opening large enough to crawl through.

When I emerged I found that I was in the midst of a heap of ruins on the site of the old abbey, and surrounded by tangled thorns, harts-tongue, ferns, and huge dock-leaves. Directly I stood up and took a deep draught of fresh air I saw a few yards in front of me a man seated on a stone, abstracted and melancholy.

It was David Worsfold, a young farmer, and a rejected suitor of Bessie's. I had been told that he was intensely jealous of myself, and had even vowed vengeance against me. But I regarded this as mere gossip. I called on his name, and he rose up as if by magic, and sprang to his feet with a look of horror on his face. For a moment he remained spell-bound, gazing at me as I stood like one risen out of the earth. Then he turned and, without a word, fled across the fields.

"Frank," he said to the boy as he nodded at some papers under the desk, "when you see such things as that on the floor, don't they suggest something to you?" "Yes, sir," replied Frank affably. "That some careless person has been around the desk," said Frank, and he got the bounce from the careless person on the spot.

His Reasonable Precaution. An Irish judge tried two notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the constable of the court, they were found "not guilty." As they were being removed, the judge, addressing the gaoler, said: "Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep those respectable gentlemen until seven o'clock, or half-past, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five o'clock, and I should like to have at least two hours' start of them."

This is a French joke. A worthy mother-in-law, whose children were troubled with severe coughs, wrote to the editor of a paper to insert a remedy under the heading of "Answers to Correspondents." On looking over the

paper a few days afterwards she found the following answer sent her initials: "They are not too young, peel them carefully, steep them in boiling water with plenty of salt, and keep them eight days in brine."

The sub-editor had mistaken the column, and substituted for the desired remedy a recipe for "picking onions."—Petit Journal.

It is set forth that the human family living on the earth today consists of about 1,450,000,000 souls, not less, probably more, says the Brooklyn Eagle. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold. In Asia, the so-called "cradle of the human race," there are now about 800,000,000 people, densely crowded on an average about 120 to every square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded as Asia, but everywhere dense and in many places over-populated. In Africa there are, approximately, 210,000,000, and in the Americas, North, South and Central, 110,000,000; these latter, of course, relatively thinly scattered over broad areas. On the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000 more. The extremes of the blacks and the whites are as 5 to 3; the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown, yellow and tawny in color, of the 800,000,000 people, densely packed, cover the middle parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads.

Nothing Like Etiquette. Having been lavishly entertained in New York, Lord De Void endeavoured to show his American friends some attention when he visited Scotland. The Scotch were all castled at hand, and thither the host conducted the party. They were standing on the walls of the ruins looking downward into the moat.

"I was showing this place to a country-man of yours last year," said his lordship, "when the poor fellow was taken with the zines and fell. His legs were broken, he was altogether a wreck."

A series of sighs came from the ladies. There was one girl in particular whose sweet face took on a look of sorrow. This touched the host, and he moved to her side.

"Thinking of that poor chap?" he asked. "Yes," she answered, slowly. "It was so American."

His Lordship looked puzzled, wondering whether it was a national custom to fall from ruined walls into dry moats, but he only queried, "Yes?"

"My dear sweetest American, indignantly," "some of my countrymen have no manners. The idea of doing a thing like that in your company, before your lordship had taken precedence!"

The Empress Frederick is, ordinarily, the least unamiable of monarchs. No one understands better how to give dignified rebuke when occasion requires it. Some years ago, when she was spending the winter on the Riviera, with her three daughters, they were in the habit of making excursions in the neighbourhood almost daily, travelling by train, and taking their place among the other passengers in any carriage where they found seats.

On one of these occasions a Frenchman, who happened to find himself in the same compartment with them, being ignorant of, or affecting ignorance of, the rank of his fellow travellers, was proceeding to light a cigarette in the presence of the universal crowd of smoking on that line, but before doing so he turned to the Crown Princess and inquired—

"Does madame object to the smell of smoke?" "I don't know the smell, sir. Nobody has ever presumed to smoke in my presence," was the reply.

The Elephant was a Fraud. A curious story is told of a white elephant shown in a circus at Bankok. The circus belonged to an Englishman named Wilson. He advertised boldly in the sacred city of Bankok that he had a real white elephant in his show. His tent was crowded to suffocation, and he sure enough the elephant which appeared was snow-white—it had been white-washed, and the clown made great fun out of rubbing himself against it and bringing the white off on his clothes. It is easy to imagine how outraged the Siamese king, and European residents feared that he would be lynched; but the Siamese loftily remarked that Buddha would avenge himself—that man and elephant were to die; and when the elephant died at sea a few days afterwards, the proprietor was carried off by dysentery as soon as he landed at Singapore, they were justified of faith exultingly.

They Suggested Something. The office boy was slow, very slow, to catch on to the less agreeable tasks of his office, and he did not always have the floor swept as neatly as it might have been, or the furniture as carefully dusted. His employer was good-natured, however, and tried to teach him by gentle means. The other morning he came in and the place was untidy.

"Frank," he said to the boy as he nodded at some papers under the desk, "when you see such things as that on the floor, don't they suggest something to you?" "Yes, sir," replied Frank affably. "That some careless person has been around the desk," said Frank, and he got the bounce from the careless person on the spot.

His Reasonable Precaution. An Irish judge tried two notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the constable of the court, they were found "not guilty." As they were being removed, the judge, addressing the gaoler, said: "Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep those respectable gentlemen until seven o'clock, or half-past, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five o'clock, and I should like to have at least two hours' start of them."

This is a French joke. A worthy mother-in-law, whose children were troubled with severe coughs, wrote to the editor of a paper to insert a remedy under the heading of "Answers to Correspondents." On looking over the

paper a few days afterwards she found the following answer sent her initials: "They are not too young, peel them carefully, steep them in boiling water with plenty of salt, and keep them eight days in brine."

The sub-editor had mistaken the column, and substituted for the desired remedy a recipe for "picking onions."—Petit Journal.

It is set forth that the human family living on the earth today consists of about 1,450,000,000 souls, not less, probably more, says the Brooklyn Eagle. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold. In Asia, the so-called "cradle of the human race," there are now about 800,000,000 people, densely crowded on an average about 120 to every square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded as Asia, but everywhere dense and in many places over-populated. In Africa there are, approximately, 210,000,000, and in the Americas, North, South and Central, 110,000,000; these latter, of course, relatively thinly scattered over broad areas. On the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000 more. The extremes of the blacks and the whites are as 5 to 3; the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown, yellow and tawny in color, of the 800,000,000 people, densely packed, cover the middle parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads.

Nothing Like Etiquette. Having been lavishly entertained in New York, Lord De Void endeavoured to show his American friends some attention when he visited Scotland. The Scotch were all castled at hand, and thither the host conducted the party. They were standing on the walls of the ruins looking downward into the moat.

"I was showing this place to a country-man of yours last year," said his lordship, "when the poor fellow was taken with the zines and fell. His legs were broken, he was altogether a wreck."

A series of sighs came from the ladies. There was one girl in particular whose sweet face took on a look of sorrow. This touched the host, and he moved to her side.

"Thinking of that poor chap?" he asked. "Yes," she answered, slowly. "It was so American."

His Lordship looked puzzled, wondering whether it was a national custom to fall from ruined walls into dry moats, but he only queried, "Yes?"

"My dear sweetest American, indignantly," "some of my countrymen have no manners. The idea of doing a thing like that in your company, before your lordship had taken precedence!"

The Empress Frederick is, ordinarily, the least unamiable of monarchs. No one understands better how to give dignified rebuke when occasion requires it. Some years ago, when she was spending the winter on the Riviera, with her three daughters, they were in the habit of making excursions in the neighbourhood almost daily, travelling by train, and taking their place among the other passengers in any carriage where they found seats.

On one of these occasions a Frenchman, who happened to find himself in the same compartment with them, being ignorant of, or affecting ignorance of, the rank of his fellow travellers, was proceeding to light a cigarette in the presence of the universal crowd of smoking on that line, but before doing so he turned to the Crown Princess and inquired—

"Does madame object to the smell of smoke?" "I don't know the smell, sir. Nobody has ever presumed to smoke in my presence," was the reply.

The Elephant was a Fraud. A curious story is told of a white elephant shown in a circus at Bankok. The circus belonged to an Englishman named Wilson. He advertised boldly in the sacred city of Bankok that he had a real white elephant in his show. His tent was crowded to suffocation, and he sure enough the elephant which appeared was snow-white—it had been white-washed, and the clown made great fun out of rubbing himself against it and bringing the white off on his clothes. It is easy to imagine how outraged the Siamese king, and European residents feared that he would be lynched; but the Siamese loftily remarked that Buddha would avenge himself—that man and elephant were to die; and when the elephant died at sea a few days afterwards, the proprietor was carried off by dysentery as soon as he landed at Singapore, they were justified of faith exultingly.

They Suggested Something. The office boy was slow, very slow, to catch on to the less agreeable tasks of his office, and he did not always have the floor swept as neatly as it might have been, or the furniture as carefully dusted. His employer was good-natured, however, and tried to teach him by gentle means. The other morning he came in and the place was untidy.

"Frank," he said to the boy as he nodded at some papers under the desk, "when you see such things as that on the floor, don't they suggest something to you?" "Yes, sir," replied Frank affably. "That some careless person has been around the desk," said Frank, and he got the bounce from the careless person on the spot.

His Reasonable Precaution. An Irish judge tried two notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the constable of the court, they were found "not guilty." As they were being removed, the judge, addressing the gaoler, said: "Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep those respectable gentlemen until seven o'clock, or half-past, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five o'clock, and I should like to have at least two hours' start of them."

This is a French joke. A worthy mother-in-law, whose children were troubled with severe coughs, wrote to the editor of a paper to insert a remedy under the heading of "Answers to Correspondents." On looking over the

paper a few days afterwards she found the following answer sent her initials: "They are not too young, peel them carefully, steep them in boiling water with plenty of salt, and keep them eight days in brine."

The sub-editor had mistaken the column, and substituted for the desired remedy a recipe for "picking onions."—Petit Journal.

It is set forth that the human family living on the earth today consists of about 1,450,000,000 souls, not less, probably more, says the Brooklyn Eagle. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold. In Asia, the so-called "cradle of the human race," there are now about 800,000,000 people, densely crowded on an average about 120 to every square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded as Asia, but everywhere dense and in many places over-populated. In Africa there are, approximately, 210,000,000, and in the Americas, North, South and Central, 110,000,000; these latter, of course, relatively thinly scattered over broad areas. On the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000 more. The extremes of the blacks and the whites are as 5 to 3; the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown, yellow and tawny in color, of the 800,000,000 people, densely packed, cover the middle parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads.

Nothing Like Etiquette. Having been lavishly entertained in New York, Lord De Void endeavoured to show his American friends some attention when he visited Scotland. The Scotch were all castled at hand, and thither the host conducted the party. They were standing on the walls of the ruins looking downward into the moat.

"I was showing this place to a country-man of yours last year," said his lordship, "when the poor fellow was taken with the zines and fell. His legs were broken, he was altogether a wreck."

A series of sighs came from the ladies. There was one girl in particular whose sweet face took on a look of sorrow. This touched the host, and he moved to her side.

"Thinking of that poor chap?" he asked. "Yes," she answered, slowly. "It was so American."

His Lordship looked puzzled, wondering whether it was a national custom to fall from ruined walls into dry moats, but he only queried, "Yes?"

"My dear sweetest American, indignantly," "some of my countrymen have no manners. The idea of doing a thing like that in your company, before your lordship had taken precedence!"

The Empress Frederick is, ordinarily, the least unamiable of monarchs. No one understands better how to give dignified rebuke when occasion requires it. Some years ago, when she was spending the winter on the Riviera, with her three daughters, they were in the habit of making excursions in the neighbourhood almost daily, travelling by train, and taking their place among the other passengers in any carriage where they found seats.

On one of these occasions a Frenchman, who happened to find himself in the same compartment with them, being ignorant of, or affecting ignorance of, the rank of his fellow travellers, was proceeding to light a cigarette in the presence of the universal crowd of smoking on that line, but before doing so he turned to the Crown Princess and inquired—

"Does madame object to the smell of smoke?" "I don't know the smell, sir. Nobody has ever presumed to smoke in my presence," was the reply.

The Elephant was a Fraud. A curious story is told of a white elephant shown in a circus at Bankok. The circus belonged to an Englishman named Wilson. He advertised boldly in the sacred city of Bankok that he had a real white elephant in his show. His tent was crowded to suffocation, and he sure enough the elephant which appeared was snow-white—it had been white-washed, and the clown made great fun out of rubbing himself against it and bringing the white off on his clothes. It is easy to imagine how outraged the Siamese king, and European residents feared that he would be lynched; but the Siamese loftily remarked that Buddha would avenge himself—that man and elephant were to die; and when the elephant died at sea a few days afterwards, the proprietor was carried off by dysentery as soon as he landed at Singapore, they were justified of faith exultingly.

They Suggested Something. The office boy was slow, very slow, to catch on to the less agreeable tasks of his office, and he did not always have the floor swept as neatly as it might have been, or the furniture as carefully dusted. His employer was good-natured, however, and tried to teach him by gentle means. The other morning he came in and the place was untidy.

"Frank," he said to the boy as he nodded at some papers under the desk, "when you see such things as that on the floor, don't they suggest something to you?" "Yes, sir," replied Frank affably. "That some careless person has been around the desk," said Frank, and he got the bounce from the careless person on the spot.

His Reasonable Precaution. An Irish judge tried two notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the constable of the court, they were found "not guilty." As they were being removed, the judge, addressing the gaoler, said: "Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep those respectable gentlemen until seven o'clock, or half-past, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five o'clock, and I should like to have at least two hours' start of them."

This is a French joke. A worthy mother-in-law, whose children were troubled with severe coughs, wrote to the editor of a paper to insert a remedy under the heading of "Answers to Correspondents." On looking over the

paper a few days afterwards she found the following answer sent her initials: "They are not too young, peel them carefully, steep them in boiling water with plenty of salt, and keep them eight days in brine."

The sub-editor had mistaken the column, and substituted for the desired remedy a recipe for "picking onions."—Petit Journal.

It is set forth that the human family living on the earth today consists of about 1,450,000,000 souls, not less, probably more, says the Brooklyn Eagle. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold. In Asia, the so-called "cradle of the human race," there are now about 800,000,000 people, densely crowded on an average about 120 to every square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded as Asia, but everywhere dense and in many places over-populated. In Africa there are, approximately, 210,000,000, and in the Americas, North, South and Central, 110,000,000; these latter, of course, relatively thinly scattered over broad areas. On the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000 more. The extremes of the blacks and the whites are as 5 to 3; the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown, yellow and tawny in color, of the 800,000,000 people, densely packed, cover the middle parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads.

Nothing Like Etiquette. Having been lavishly entertained in New York, Lord De Void endeavoured to show his American friends some attention when he visited Scotland. The Scotch were all castled at hand, and thither the host conducted the party. They were standing on the walls of the ruins looking downward into the moat.

"I was showing this place to a country-man of yours last year," said his lordship, "when the poor fellow was taken with the zines and fell. His legs were broken, he was altogether a wreck."

A series of sighs came from the ladies. There was one girl in particular whose sweet face took on a look of sorrow. This touched the host, and he moved to her side.

"Thinking of that poor chap?" he asked. "Yes," she answered, slowly. "It was so American."

His Lordship looked puzzled, wondering whether it was a national custom to fall from ruined walls into dry moats, but he only queried, "Yes?"

"My dear sweetest American, indignantly," "some of my countrymen have no manners. The idea of doing a thing like that in your company, before your lordship had taken precedence!"

The Empress Frederick is, ordinarily, the least unamiable of monarchs. No one understands better how to give dignified rebuke when occasion requires it. Some years ago, when she was spending the winter on the Riviera, with her three daughters, they were in the habit of making excursions in the neighbourhood almost daily, travelling by train, and taking their place among the other passengers in any carriage where they found seats.

On one of these occasions a Frenchman, who happened to find himself in the same compartment with them, being ignorant of, or affecting ignorance of, the rank of his fellow travellers, was proceeding to light a cigarette in the presence of the universal crowd of smoking on that line, but before doing so he turned to the Crown Princess and inquired—

"Does madame object to the smell of smoke?" "I don't know the smell, sir. Nobody has ever presumed to smoke in my presence," was the reply.

The Elephant was a Fraud. A curious story is told of a white elephant shown in a circus at Bankok. The circus belonged to an Englishman named Wilson. He advertised boldly in the sacred city of Bankok that he had a real white elephant in his show. His tent was crowded to suffocation, and he sure enough the elephant which appeared was snow-white—it had been white-washed, and the clown made great fun out of rubbing himself against it and bringing the white off on his clothes. It is easy to imagine how outraged the Siamese king, and European residents feared that he would be lynched; but the Siamese loftily remarked that Buddha would avenge himself—that man and elephant were to die; and when the elephant died at sea a few days afterwards, the proprietor was carried off by dysentery as soon as he landed at Singapore, they were justified of faith exultingly.

They Suggested Something. The office boy was slow, very slow, to catch on to the less agreeable tasks of his office, and he did not always have the floor swept as neatly as it might have been, or the furniture as carefully dusted. His employer was good-natured, however, and tried to teach him by gentle means. The other morning he came in and the place was untidy.

"Frank," he said to the boy as he nodded at some papers under the desk, "when you see such things as that on the floor, don't they suggest something to you?" "Yes, sir," replied Frank affably. "That some careless person has been around the desk," said Frank, and he got the bounce from the careless person on the spot.

His Reasonable Precaution. An Irish judge tried two notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the constable of the court, they were found "not guilty." As they were being removed, the judge, addressing the gaoler, said: "Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep those respectable gentlemen until seven o'clock, or half-past, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five o'clock, and I should like to have at least two hours' start of them."

This is a French joke. A worthy mother-in-law, whose children were troubled with severe coughs, wrote to the editor of a paper to insert a remedy under the heading of "Answers to Correspondents." On looking over the

RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Eastern Maine STATE FAIR at Bangor. EXCURSION TICKETS on sale Aug. 26th to 30th inclusive, good to return until Sept. 6th. AT \$5.00 EACH. AT \$4.00 EACH. Further particulars of Ticket Agents. D. McNeill, C. E. McPherson, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt., Montreal, St. John, N. B.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, June 28th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.30 a.m.; 11.55 a.m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.50 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p.m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.50 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a.m. LEAVE YEWYOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.15 a.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a.m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the City of Montreal for St. John daily (Sunday excepted). At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BARNES, General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway. 1893-SUMMER ARRANGEMENT-1893. On and after Monday, the 26th June, 1893,