

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 25

WORSE THAN THE SEWERS.

Perhaps there has never been a more telling exposure of the evils of foul air in places of assembly, than that recently made by Dr. WALTER T. SCHEELE, of New York, an eminent analytical chemist. He has tested specimens of air from DALY'S theatre, the Imperial music hall, the Tombs prison, a Bowery lodging-house, a Pullman sleeping car, a Sixth Avenue elevated railway car, and a large sewer. The air of the sewer contained more oxygen, and was therefore purer, than the air of any of the other places.

In the air of DALY'S Theatre were found both the feather and the lactic acid bacteria. As with fleas, as exemplified by Dean SWIFT, and later by LOWELL, so with bacteria. To quote SWIFT:

The flea, as naturalists say, Has other fleas which on him prey, And these have smaller yet to bite him, And so proceed to an infinity.

And the feather bacteria form feather beds for the lactic acid bacteria. On the lactic acid bacteria roost the tubercular bacilli and the diphtheritic bacilli.

A considerable quantity of dampness was present in the air of DALY'S theatre, and dampness is what microbes thrive on. The air of the Pullman car after a journey was found to bear a striking resemblance to that of the Bowery lodging-house, where the air was so poor as to make a healthy human being being sick by entering it.

These facts are startling, and are essentially of vital importance. How common a case it is that a person has gone from some crowded place of entertainment and is straightway laid up with pneumonia or typhoid fever. His death attributed to exposure to "the night air," the perniciousness of night air being one of our great grandmother pet theories, instead of to the true cause—exposure to the foul air of the theatre or concert room. And doctors now agree—as far as it is possible for them to agree—that influenza is not due to cold rooms so much as to hot, close ones. And the close air is alarmingly prolific of headaches and nausea.

The principal places of amusement in St. John are not as well ventilated as they should be. The same is true of some of our churches. This analysis of Dr. SCHEELE should be a potent warning. But it is not only places of amusement or places of worship or cars or sewers where the cheerful bacilli thrive in a vitiated atmosphere. Some of them are not free from the feather bacteria, or the lactic acid bacteria, or other insidious organisms.

This was the treatment of WILL CARLETON'S Doctor: I opened the blinds; the day was bright; And God gave Mrs. ROGERS some light. I opened the window; the day was fair; And God gave Mrs. ROGERS some air. And the Great Physician, assisted by a wise earthly one, cured Mrs. ROGERS.

Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, the Jew who once humorously predicted that the day would come when ZANGWILL societies would be abroad in the land, recently paid a very pretty compliment to Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. He said that her late poems were among the most thoroughly optimistic ones he ever read. She looked pleased but a little surprised, as she replied to the effect that most of her friends deplored an opposite tendency in them. "Ah, no," he said, "You write of the pain of leaving this beautiful world which you picture so charmingly. Now, the pessimist declares that the world is not beautiful, and that he would be glad to leave it." Mrs. MOULTON smilingly thanked him, and said that Mr. ZANGWILL had helped her to know herself. But Mrs. MOULTON is not the only optimist who is accused of pessimism. The author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," a book of which little is heard nowadays, but which deserves to live, has told how her book was called by many of her correspondents exceedingly pessimistic. Yet there are never a much

more charmingly optimistic book than this same "Ships that Pass in the Night," telling as it did, how healthy optimism gradually overcame morbid tendencies in the other direction.

The Educational Gazette tells the story of NARCISSUS as it thinks it should be told to the youth of the country. The Gazette's story begins thus: "Once upon a time—a long, long time ago—in a country called Hellas, there lived a youth whose name was NARCISSUS." All of which is very pretty, but surely "Hellas" is a word for older persons to understand—and even in a book for older persons it would be considered stilted to use the word as above. But the chief humor of the Educational Gazette's story lies in its ending, the first sentence of which is particularly humorous: "He had not really changed into a flower, of course, but the blossom was so like him that the people gave it his pretty name. And so, whenever you see the narcissus flower, I want you to remember this story I have told you, of the boy who loved his own image, so long ago, in a country called Hellas."

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in speaking of the American eagle and other birds says: "When it comes to merit of the highest order the first of all birds beyond comparison is the hen. It adds to the wealth of the country every year in eggs alone \$135,000,000, or about the combined value of our output of iron and wool. The hen in England is a great institution, and yet that country imported \$22,000,000 worth of eggs and poultry last year. Nobody ever complains of an overproduction of eggs, and they are a cash article." "But," continues the Globe-Democrat, "no political economist ever considered the hen worthy of his consideration." Does the Globe-Democrat man never read political articles?

Pennsylvania does not seem to have read, marked, learned or inwardly digested LONGFELLOW'S beautiful poem, "The Birds of Killingworth." When that state in two years spent over \$100,000 in hawk and owl bounties she did worse than squander good money. She did mischief to the farming interests, which are supposed to be protected by such expenditure. An examination of the stomachs of these birds by the ornithologist of the United States department of agriculture has proved conclusively that 95 per cent. of their food was field mice, grasshoppers and crickets, which were infinitely more injurious to farm crops than the birds themselves. Even considering the chicken question, it was bad policy to get rid of these birds.

Great Britain and Japan should unite in the far East, thinks HENRY NORMAN. It is certain that in the event of a union of the power which has long been an acknowledged power and the one which is in its infancy as a power, one would command the sea. The British fleet would keep communication open, and Russia could scarcely maintain a force that could withstand the soldiers of the Mikado. The Korean Channel might become a Dardanelles, and the Sea of Japan another Black Sea.

Some Nova Scotia physicians are doing good work in bringing before the people the necessity of having scientific inspectors of meat and milk. The best authorities on the subject say that the development of consumption is very largely increased and propagated by infected animals. The milk and flesh of hundreds of diseased cattle are used, the evil effects of which are not taken into consideration by butchers and consumers. Some cattle are a menace to their species when living, and to man when living and dead.

Says the Dundas Banner: "The birds are calling to the flowers to brighten the dull earth with their beauty, the flowers are responding to the calls of the birds by exhaling sweet perfume to the sky, the sun is shedding its warmth upon both birds and flowers, and the dull earth, shaking off its winter chill, begins to live again in the warmth and the love of the summer sun." All of which shows that politics does not completely displace the poetry in Mr. PIRIE'S soul.

Prof. HENRY DRUMMOND is now a success as a new ladies' man, because in a recent address he said "woman had been put through a marvellous discipline during the long night of history to teach her the virtues of unselfishness, tenderness, patience, compassion and love, so that she might become the teacher of the world." Still there is the insinuation that woman had to have this marvellous discipline in order to teach her those virtues.

Some of the United States papers who swear by JINGO are exercised over the reported refusal of Great Britain to agree to last year's sealing regulations, but they are rather reserved about the default of the United States congress in the matter of damages. What a fickle divinity is that which philosophers call Point of View!

The Island Reporter of Sydney, C. B., has one subscriber whose subscription is paid to August 30th, 1901. No man appreciates a paper so much as when it

is paid for; this is an unerring law of human nature. That subscriber enjoys his Island Reporter.

MAX MULLER knows eighteen different languages to the extent of being able to speak or write in any one of them, and a considerable number less perfectly. And yet it is possible that Prof. MULLER might some day be in the predicament of the scholars who were wrecked on the island of Bollygalloo: In spite of all their 'varsity knowledge, And all the languages leagued at college, They had to fall back upon one of the crew To converse in the language of Bollygalloo.

LORD ROSEBERY recently purchased a £20,000 necklace, made from jewels once belonging to the crown of France. Perhaps the necklace contains the amethyst that SIEUR DE MONTS found on Partridge Island in Nova Scotia, and presented to the French Queen.

The case of Little BUTTERCUP has a parallel in Indiana, where a woman and her daughter recently gave birth to a male infant on the same day. The children were left together, and now the perplexing question is, which is the uncle and which the nephew?

The author of "Coin's Financial School," whose popular work was unfavorably criticised in these columns last week, has admitted that his "object in writing the book was to make a sensation, and incidentally to add good money to his private exchequer."

The New York Advertiser pays the following unique tribute to "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS," otherwise MRS. CRAIG: "This author dresses up her moral in such a sparkling armor of witticisms that it is hard to tell it from the immoral."

It is pretty hard on President CLEVELAND that just because he recently ordered from a New York bookseller a few volumes of solid and instructive literature, the report should arise that he is going to write a book.

CY WARMAN, the author of "Sweet Marie," got enough out of his first love to pay for a trip to Europe, and now that he is there he forgets his Dulce MARIA, and apostrophizes the soul of SAPPHO.

A New York court has decided that municipal corporations are responsible for any loss by fire which could have been prevented by a proper fire-extinguishing apparatus.

Marshal CAMPOS, of Cuba, has changed his plans, and now thinks that money to buy off the insurgents would be the most "potent sinews of war."

The men of Virginia want the tobacco plant as their floral emblem. But the women and the Virginia Anti-Tobacco society object.

Sad indeed was the oft-repeated remark of the Duke of HAMILTON, who died last week. He said he had six palaces, but no Home.

The latest London sensation is the report that the radical LABOUCHERE has royal blood in him.

Cincinnati is envious of the City of Culture, and has taken to calling undertakers morticians.

Send her victorious, happy and glorious.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Outing Number of the Delineator is bright and breezy. There is a new bit of vocal music by the composer of "The Song that Reached My Heart." "The Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor have of late years been superceded in the magazines by real conversations of famous people, and in this number of the Delineator Edith M. Thomas has a talk on women as artists. Miss Thomas has the last word—which is a very pretty poem, telling how art was born, the material for which Miss Thomas got from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

It is pleasant to know that the work of Canadian writers—even of those who are not widely known in their own country—are being recognized by English publishers. During the past year, Messrs Richard Bentley and Son have taken up Miss Fitzgibbons' "A Veteran of 1812;" Sampson Low, Magston & Co. are issuing Mrs. Trull's "Pearls and Pebbles, or Notes of an Old Naturalist;" and T. Fisher Union has taken up McIlwraith's "Birds of Ontario."

Of Interest to Housekeepers.

Mr. S. C. Porter advertises in today's PROGRESS a repeat order of 230 pairs White Lace Curtains—direct from the manufacturers which he is offering at unusual low prices. Ladies should see his stock of curtains before making their selections.

Honeycombing a Mountain.

A continental engineering paper gives an account of a novel scheme for a railway for Mont Blanc. Instead of ascending the mountain in usual way, the line is intended to penetrate into the mountain by means of a tunnel four and a half miles long, terminating exactly under the highest point. Here a vertical shaft would be constructed, reaching to the summit, and the travellers would be carried up by the shafts. The dept of this shaft would be about a mile and three-quarters, and the ascent to the observatory now being built on Mount Blanc would be rendered easy at all times.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Still Waters. By the still waters of the silver stream, By the bright willow branches bending low; He leatheth me to watch the eddies' gleam, And hear him ever chanting as they flow. His voice is there, my father's voice of love, The waters bear it onward as they glide; He smiles upon them from the world above; And in His constant care they all abide.

So softly flowing ever in our soul, The calm still waters of redeeming grace; Sing with the broad majestic river as it rolls; Beneath the radiance of Immanuel's face. O golden waters of the life divine; Close to the heart of Him whose love is ours; The splendid light where all the margins shine, Is God's great glory on the leaves and flowers.

By the still waters, O my own love true, How sweet to walk and tread between us and Thee; That blessed hope which cometh ever new In the sweet language of the trustful mind. By the still waters of affection sweet, Remembrance leads us in the twilight glow; Where in confiding faith we loved to meet, So dear to welcome and so fond to know. GUAVA VINE, May 1895. CYRUS GOLDBE.

The Battle of the Spurs. DERE was twenty sports inside de shed alookin' at de fight; Bill Murphry, Snyder Brown and me took in de fight dat night. Bill Murphry cum up on de roof an' pecked down troo a crack; Den aed Snyder clum up too; now dis is a straight tale. Sam Johnson's bantam rooster and Dick Duffy's big red game Were fightin' in de sawdust ring, 'twas a howlin' lively scene. Den both steel spurs was red with blood, dere feds dere stuck out straight; When de little bantam made a spring for de big game weter-weight. I dassin't wink; I elosed my eyes an' caught ahold of Japs, As de little bantam rooster lit right on de big one's back. Bill Murphry's head got full of 'whens an' up he tried to stan', An' as he did he put his foot on top of Snyder's hand. Den Snyder grabbed ahold of me as we tumbled off de shed; De last I knowed was when de ground come up and bit me head. Dat's all I know; de next I knowed I'm all broke up, in bed. Say, tell me, Doc, is both legs broke, an' say—is Snyder dead? You needn't be afeard to tell—am I goin' out of sight? But break it to me gently, Doc—de bantam lose dat fight? W. P. McC.

Failure. Up the white walls the shadows steal apace; Fast slips the day, the day that promised fair. At morn I rose with flushed and eager face, And to the hillside turned to toil my share, But at the gate I paused to pull a rose, Beneath the myrtles there to lounge and dream, And so I lapsed and lost the morning speed, Ere I could guess that it was afternoon. "And why so now?" "Stay yet awhile," they said, "Tomorrow will, today is all too soon."

Thus with my life; a youth that promised fair, The world's broad highway for my eager feet; But pleasure wooed me from the noonday glare, And old age finds me with no task complete. —Providence Journal.

Dawn. Low so'ning waves upon a shadowed shore, Within the mead a scent of sleeping flowers, A waning moon behind the hilltop towers, And darkness darker than it was before. Gray stretch of ocean 'neath a sky of gray, Within the pearted East a faint far light, A wind among the grasses on the height; Below, the distant murmur of the bay. Dim light that trembles o'er the sombre sea, Pale sky that flashes suddenly to rose, E'en golden bright the sun his glory shows— And lo! a bird is singing from the trees. —Lydia M. Wood in Chambers' Journal.

Miss Murray Explains. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I should like to give through the medium of your widely circulated paper, what I believe to be the correct view of the subject brought forward by "ASTRA" in your last issue, viz, the omission of the Lord's Prayer at the opening of the meeting of the Women's National Council. In the first place, the meetings have hitherto always been opened with silent prayer, so that there is no question of omission. The question on to be decided at Toronto next week is, whether a change shall be made from silent prayer to an audible recitation of the Lord's Prayer. To us who are members of the Church of England the audible recitation seems more earnest and devout, but to those not accustomed to liturgical worship the quiet hush of silent prayer appears more reverent and devout than the commingling of many voices in various tones. As a matter of fact this confusion of voices in audible prayer is beginning to be so much felt in our liturgical churches that in many of them it is superseded by monotonous or chanted prayers.

Under the lead r.h.p. of such women as Lucy Abreden, Lady Tilley and Lady Ritchie, (Pres. of the Ottawa Council), women, whose deep religiousness is well known, there need be no fear that the interests of religion will be neglected by the women of Canada in the meetings either of their National or their Local Councils. FRANCIS L. MURRAY, Vice Pr. of the St. John Local Council.

Railway and Steamboat Arrangements. The management of Sousa's band concerts have arranged the following excursions and dates with the transportation companies. Return tickets at first class single fare will be issued from stations on the Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial, Shore Line, Central and Dominion Atlantic, and all connecting branches as follows:— To St. John, June, 4 and 5 good to return up to and including June 6. To Halifax, June, 6 and 7 good to return up to and including June 7. Moncton, June, 8 good to return same night only. Also by International, and Bay of Fundy, nati. steamer to St. John. Special excursions will run to St. John, from St. Stephen, and Fredericton. To Halifax, from Truro, New Glasgow, Windsor, and Kentville. To Moncton, from Newcastle, Chatham, Amherst, Sackville and Dorchester. All station masters can give information and supply tickets.

A Good Head for a Maln. Sub-Editor—"A correspondent sends up a full account of a cock fight, with photographs of the steel spurs used, the cock-pit, spectators, birds in battle, etc., with every round described."

Great Editor—"Glorious! Get it all in." Sub-Editor (doubtfully)—"But this is a family paper."

Great Editor—"Y-e-s—I know. Head it 'A Brutal Sport—Where Were the Police?'"

A CLUB FOR THE JILTED.

UNIQUE SOCIETY RECENTLY ESTABLISHED.

The Club was Formed by a Very Wealthy Man Who was Jilted—Some of the Possible Reasons for This—A Scarcely Admirable Institution.

There are a good many different kinds of clubs in the world, especially since the custom of men's club's has been introduced and some of them are odd enough both as to the objects for which they are organized, and the names given them, to awaken more than a passing interest. But by far the oldest organization of the kind which has come under my notice so far, is a club which flourishes in New York city, and I which is supposed to be the only one of its kind in the world.

It bears the depressing title of the "Jilted Club" and is intended exclusively, as its name implies, for the use of those disappointed beings who have been disappointed in love, or in plainer words jilted. It is situated on 29th street, and is in no way different, as far as outward appearances go, from any of the other houses on the street. It is rather unpretending for a club, but that may be from the frequenters' natural dislike to publishing their misfortunes; within, however none of the appointments of the most luxurious are clubs lacking and a conspicuous feature is the neat monogram J. C. with a diamond the mens servant's buttons, and the club note paper.

Here a limited number of men gather daily and nightly, to seek that consolation which is supposed to be found in the sympathy of those who suffer from a common sorrow.

The club is naturally rather select, as it is not every man whose vanity will permit him to confess that he has been jilted, but the members are all congenial, and seem to enjoy life in their own way, nursing in their hearts an implacable hatred for all womankind, and cherishing above all other emotions, the desire for vengeance against the whole female sex.

This singular institution, strange to say owes its existence to the whim of a woman, and like many other flourishing establishments it has grown to its present proportions from a very small, small beginning.

The man who founded it was not only very rich but young, and at the time we first hear of him he was engaged to a young lady who was also wealthy, well connected, and a belle of the upper circles of New York society. It may be that the lover was a trifle easy and confident in the manner of his wooing; he was accustomed to have his advances very favorably received by the damsels of his acquaintance because his good birth, good looks and excellent good fortune made him a most desirable parti, and never having known what defeat meant in love affairs, he perhaps took it for granted that there would not be much effort on his part required to retain the affections of the lady who had won as much of his well balanced heart, as he had to spare. Therefore he may have been careless of all these little lover like affections which mean so much to every woman and inclined to take his victory very easily. Or the lady of his love may have been naturally fickle, but whatever the causes were, the result was most unforeseen, the young lady gave her too confident swain clearly to understand that he had failed to fulfil her expectations as a lover, in fact that he would not suit her at all, and look elsewhere for a partner. She returned all his presents, and his tepid love letters, and bade him a final but not a fond farewell.

Strange to say that the shock to his vanity and self esteem absolutely stunned him, and he left the presence of his lost love murmuring "jilted! jilted!" in a dazed manner as if he could scarcely comprehend the misfortune which had overtaken him. Almost immediately he purchased the house on 29th street, with the idea of setting up bachelor's hall in it, but shortly afterwards he chanced to meet a friend who was smarting under the same bitter humiliation as he had just undergone himself, and as misery loves company, they decided, after comparing notes as to the worthlessness of womankind in general, to live together and take their revenge by making themselves as charming as possible to the other sex but never on any consideration to marry.

By-and-bye they heard of another friend whose lady love had broken off with him, and they took him also to their sympathetic hearts, and strove to comfort him, and in the fulness of time he brought in yet another victim, who had been served the same way. And so the little community grew and was added to until its members were amazed to find what a number of men there were in the same plight, all nursing undying enmity against womankind and seeking vengeance for their wrongs.

So they formed themselves into a regularly organized club, gave it the name of the Jilted Club, and made it a condition on joining that the candidate must have been jilted at least once, that he must conform to the rules of entering society freely making himself as agreeable as possible to all the women he met there, and win as many feminine hearts as possible without losing his own. Should he ever forget his wrongs, form a new attachment and become engaged again, he ceases at once to be a member,

and his name is ignominiously struck off the list of J. C's.

Such is this strange, and scarcely admirable institution which seems almost like a relic of the middle ages which has strayed by mistake into this matter of fact nineteenth century. ASTRA.

Why the Editor Blushed.

A lady well known in St. John society circles went to a church of England clergyman not long ago, and asked him what she would do for "Sunday reading." She had conscientious scruples on the subject, and was sorely puzzled as to what to read.

"Well," said the clergyman, "have you John Wesley's sermons in the house?"

"I have," said the lady.

"Do you take Progress?"

"Yes."

"Well with John Wesley's sermons and the Sunday reading page in Progress," said the clergyman, "you have an abundance of good Sunday reading."

Was this young man who gets out Sunday reading for Progress heard this anecdote, he laid down his Police Gazette and blushed as pink as that paper's pleased was he that his efforts towards the religious instruction of mankind were duly appreciated by the clergy.

Weapons Indians Fear.

Indians sometimes face light firearms with great courage, but they fight shy of the attentions of any weapon that sends a large projectile," said Col. F. A. Blake, who has had wide experience on the Western plains. "The rush and scream of the heavy bullet frightens them, and they prefer to keep away from their range. To that not unreasonable prejudice is due the fact that the buffalo hunters of the early seventies, who in following their business were constantly exposed to the attacks of hostile Indians, were molested comparatively little by them. The long, heavy rifle, with its telescopic sights and the knowledge of the deadly certainty of the buffalo hunter's aim, almost invariably served to make the red man keep his distance, and set him temporarily free from the notion of scalp hunting.

One buffalo hunter, by the name of Murlock, that I knew, was creeping upon a herd on the Staked Plain where he spied a band of Comanches riding toward him. He instantly levelled his gun upon them as a warning that they should not approach too near. Checking his warriors, the chief of the band pointed with his hand to a buffalo in the distant herd, then mentioned in the Indian sign language that the hunter should shoot it. Murlock fired as the chief indicated and the buffalo fell. The Indians gave a loud "How" of approval, waved their hands, turned their ponies, and swept on past the hunter, leaving him to pursue his shooting of the buffalo unmolested."

Fishes That Cannot Swim.

More than one species of fish is met with which cannot swim, the most singular of which is the maltha, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl, or walk, or hop, after the manner of a toad, to which animal it fish to some extent bears a resemblance, and it is provided with a long upward snout. The anterior (pectoral) fins of the maltha, which are quite small, are not capable of acting on the water, it can only move backwards and forward. Having truly the form of thin paws. Both these and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes, and could not serve for swimming at all. Other examples of non-swimming fishes include the seahorse another most peculiarly shaped inhabitant of the sea, which resembles the knight in a set of chessmen; and the starfish, of which there are many specimens, which mostly walk and crawl on the shore or rocks, both being unable to swim.

The Lunatic's Advice.

At a certain county asylum for lunatics there is a well-kept bowling-green for the amusement of such patients as are under forcible treatment. The officials also find time to take a part in the play, and the other day they challenged a local club to a friendly contest. The patients usually allowed on the green were in this instance debarred from play, but were delighted to walk about and look on, occasionally venturing remarks, critical, humorous or otherwise, as the special form of their affliction would dictate. Towards the finish of the match a good deal depended on one shot, and as the deciding bowl was making its way to "tee," one of the local club bowlers became intensely interested, and was fanning the bowl furiously with his hat to help it towards the coveted position, shouting and dancing with excitement as well, when one of the patients, who had been perfectly silent up to time of this incident, tapped the local bowler on the shoulder, and said with a solemn head-shake: "Don't go on like that, sir, or you may be kept here for life, like me?"

A Chinese Invitation.

On any special festive occasion a Chinese host sends out three separate invitations to his guests. The first is dispatched a couple of days before the banquet; the second on the day itself, to remind the friends that they are expected without fail; and the third, about an hour before sitting down to table, by way of showing how anxiously the visitors are expected.

Asbestos Clothing.

Asbestos clothing, which is not only incombustible but non-conducting, is now made in New York, and is recommended as a protective dress for firemen. Experiments show that with a proper respirator and an asbestos suit a fireman can enter a burning building with much less danger to his life than if he wore the ordinary uniform.

Welcome in Flats.

"The dumb piano" is a new invention on which young ladies can learn music without making any sound. It is simply automatic, all the keyboard is there, but emits no sound whatever. Young ladies without any ear for music can now play these pianos without disturbing their hearers.