

GIRL LIFE IN INDIA.

ENGLISH MAIDEN IS CALLED A "SPIN" THERE.

Dances, Dinners and Theatricals—Plenty of Men and All-Pervading Air Luxury—Servants At Hand for Every Task.



MISSY Sahib, chota hazri tayar hai (breakfast ready), and the daughter, who has just come out from home to join father or mother in the far east realizes that at last the long sea voyage and land journey are over and her first day in India had really begun, says Madame.

A dusky, white-robed ayah has brought a tray with tea, toast and fruit to the bedside and pulled up the white net curtains that protect the sleeper from the bloodthirsty mosquito and now waits to assist at her mistress's toilet. It is 6 o'clock and time to begin the day. Unused to the services of a maid at home, the girl experiences a sense of luxury in having her stockings put on for her—even though one is sure to be inside out. She also begins to realize a sense of her own importance, for in India she is distinctly a personage, and women are probably at a higher premium there than in any other civilized country. The arrival of a new "spin" (as the unmarried girl is colloquially termed) is the cause of much excitement in an Indian station, and everybody is on the alert to see the latest addition to feminine society.

The day usually begins with a visit to the badminton courts and there the girl will run the gauntlet of criticism from a large portion of her neighbors, for it is a favorite meeting place. The ladies eagerly scan every detail of her dress; being fresh from home she must, of course, have the newest fashions, and later on they will ask for blouses, etc., as patterns. There are also plenty of candidates of the opposite sex eager to teach her badminton and everyone's racket is at her disposal. At 9 o'clock it is too hot for further play and they drive home for bath and breakfast. The bath, with its water cooled in large earthenware jars, is delightfully refreshing and the tin mug worthwile to bale it over one's person is a distinct novelty. Breakfast is a meal of many courses, commencing with porridge and ending with fruit. After breakfast the housekeeping has to be seen to and this seems an easy matter to the girl accustomed to that duty at home, for it simply consists of giving orders to the numerous servants and dealing out the tinued "Europe" stores. Then there are flowers to be arranged and at 12 o'clock callers begin to arrive. The servant in the veranda inquires if the mem sahib be "at home" and brings up a pile of cards on a silver. Carriage follows carriage in quick succession, for everybody in the station is anxious to make the new arrival's acquaintance. Only the governor's wife and the general's do not come, for it will be the girl's duty to leave cards upon these important personages. The bachelors of the station arrive in groups of twos and threes, thereby lending each other their moral support should they feel nervous, but they are all eager to meet and converse on current topics with the "spin."

They inquire whether she dances or is fond of riding, and if the answer be affirmative beg for a place on her card at the first ball and put their ponies at her disposal. By 2 o'clock (tiffin, a repetition of breakfast, is ready, and after this meal people retire to their rooms to read and a siesta is generally indulged in. After tea everybody goes out. They drive to the band-stand, where the regimental band plays; there is lawn tennis for the energetic, or garden parties at the club or messhouse, and the new arrival will be struck by the all-pervading air of luxury. Servants are in constant attendance, the carriages are filled with comfortable cushions and every tennis player has a small dark boy at his elbow ready to hand him balls. At 8 o'clock dinner takes place and when there are no dances or evening entertainments everyone goes to bed early. Certainly the daughter in India has a really good time. Invitations to dances, dinners and entertainments come rapidly for acceptance and if she can sing or act she will be in great demand. Everywhere the preponderance of men strikes her and they vie with each other in providing her with amusements. At the races and shooting matches they ask her to "nominate" them, when, if her nominee wins, she will receive the prize. The constant balls and dances are rendered gay by innumerable uniforms, and the large proportion of men makes that hardy perennial, the wall-flower, an impossibility, and every girl with the faintest idea of dancing has her card filled to the twentieth extra.

Before the hot season, with its scorching winds, makes an exodus to the hills general, she will have had several proposals to exchange her position of daughter for that of wife, for though "spins" on their first season are plentiful, those in their second are rarer, and those in their third are hardly to be met with. Marriage is a thriving institution in India, in spite of the vanishing rupee. Although the life of a girl in India is frequently a round of pleasures and little else, it need not be so, and though there is not much in housekeeping to occupy her energies, there is a vast

amount of other work to be done. She will win the heartfelt gratitude of the chaplain's wife by interesting herself in the Sunday school for soldiers' children and visiting their mothers in the regimental lines. Then, again, if she takes the trouble to study the language carefully and learn more than the few sentences required for ordering servants it opens up a world of interest too little known to Europeans. Hidden away behind the purdah in houses of well-to-do natives are women whose lives are spent in seclusion between four walls and they gladly welcome anyone who will devote a little of her time to visiting them and taking an interest in their affairs, and the daughter will find the gratitude of her Indian sister well worth the sacrifice of an occasional tiffin party or picnic.

A WONDERFUL WEDDING.

Ten Thousand Couples Were United in Marriage at One Time.

The largest and most remarkable wedding since the world began took place at Sosa. When the great Alexander had conquered Persia, wishing to unite victors and vanquished by the strongest ties possible, he decreed a wedding festival. Now, guess how many people he ordered to be married. You could never do it. Well, Alexander himself was to marry Statira, the daughter of Darius; 100 of his chief officers were to be united to ladies from the noblest Persian and Median families, and 10,000 of his Greek soldiers were to marry 10,000 Asiatic women—22,202 people were married at once.

I don't see how they managed to get up a feast for so many, but they did, and for a vast multitude of guests besides. They had the most splendid arrangements. On a plain near the city a vast pavilion was erected on pillars sixty feet high. It was hung and spread with the richest tissues, while the gold and precious stones ornamented it would have made your eyes blink.

Adjoining this building were 100 gorgeous chambers for the 100 bridegrooms, while for the remaining 10,000 an outer court was inclosed and hung with costly tapestry, and tables were spread outside for the multitude, a separate seat was assigned each pair, and all were arranged in a semi-circle on either hand of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his habitation, and when the last of these had been announced by trumpets to the multitudes without, the brides entered the banquet hall and took their places. And now don't you think each bridegroom stood up separately and vowed: "With this ring I now thee wed," and so on. No, the ceremony was very simple; the king gave his hand to Statira and kissed her as his wife, and the other bridegrooms followed his example. —Cincinnati Tribune.

Major Shirts, of Course.

Famous old Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, was directly or indirectly the source of many a good story. Here is one that I do not think has found its way into print: One day at a political gathering he was approached by a well-dressed individual, who shook hands warmly with him. The governor was a bit bothered, and confessed he could not recall the handshaker's name.

"Why, you must remember me, governor," said the latter. "I'm from Richmond. I made your shirts."

"Why, of course," said the governor, with all a politician's tact. "Gentlemen, this is my very excellent neighbor, Maj. Shirts." —Washington Post.

To Fry Tomatoes.

Put three ounces of butter in the frying pan. Slice six large, smooth tomatoes into three slices each, and dip in flour. Then sprinkle with pepper. Put the slices into this pan when the butter is hot, and fry until tender and brown. Remove from the pan with a cake turner, or with a broad-bladed knife, to a hot dish. Mix one teaspoonful of flour with two tablespoonfuls of butter, brown in the pan and add one pint of milk or cream. Stir until it boils, season and pour over the tomatoes. Serve while very hot. —Kansas City Times.

The Wizard's Speech.

Mr. Edison has only once tried to make a speech. It was before a girl's seminary, where he had agreed to lecture on electricity. He had engaged a friend named Adams to operate the apparatus while he talked; but when the wizard arose before his audience, he felt so dazed that he simply said: "Ladies, Mr. Adams will now address you on electricity, and I will demonstrate what he has to say with the apparatus." —San Francisco Argonaut.

An Expert.

First Boarder—"I understand that the landlady is to take a trip to the West." Second Boarder—"Is that so?" "If the train would stop long enough at stations she could give the railway restaurant people some great points." —Puck.

In Heaven.

"My dear," said Mr. Simple to his wife, "I dreamed last night that I was in heaven looking for you." "And did you find me, dear?" "No. They told me you were at the bargain counter." —Detroit Free Press.

Down to Date.

"Diggs seems to be doing a rushing business." "Yes; he has hired a lot of deaf mutes and is running a painless barber shop." —Puck.

No Need for Hurry.

Collector—"This account must be settled, Mr. Shorts. It has been running a long time." "Well, let it stand awhile." —Truth.

FENCE RAIL BICYCLE.

The Most Novel of All Rapid Transit Schemes.

Here is the oldest bicycle railroad scheme ever heard of. Persons traveling over the public highway between Mt. Holly and Smithville, N. J., are startled to see men zipping by and out of sight at a high rate of speed, down the meadows, a short distance from the public road, on what appears to be inverted bicycles, secured in some way to what looks very much like an uncompleted line of fence. This is "the Hotchkiss bicycle railway."

Several years ago a stranger located in Mt. Holly. He told of his many inventions. The greatest, he said, was the bicycle railway. It was the big thing of the future.

There would be no right of way to buy, either in rural communities or cities. Being semi-aerial it would be out of the way of all other traffic. The rails could be laid on brackets extending over the street, on awning posts and from telegraph poles and trees in the country and, having nothing in its way, great speed could be made over it for long distances.

The machines were very much like an ordinary bicycle turned "upside down," split up the middle and placed upon the track like clothes pins. In front and back of the rider were grooved wheels about nine inches in diameter, both resting upon a steel rail, wedge shaped like a knife blade, and almost as sharp.

This was fastened to a 3x3-inch plank, securely fastened to posts at frequent intervals.

There being but little friction or weight propulsion was easy, requiring but slight expenditure of energy, and this latter and very important element was generated from a ratchet gear and clutch levers instead of pedals.

Receptacles for packages and even small "trailers" could be added. Tandem machines with plush cushions would enable men to take their wives and sweethearts riding. Letters patent were to be issued in all countries and territorial rights sold.

The scheme made a hit. A company was formed and the road put in operation. It passes over wood and farm land. The scenery is exquisite. For a quarter of a mile from Mt. Holly the road is double track. During the remainder of the distance the Rancocas creek gets in the way eleven times and is crossed on pilings driven "single file."

But when the farmers want to get into their fields and let down a strip of fence the next luckless rider that comes along is dumped. There has been endless wrangling over the right of way.

The employees of the big machine shops at Smithville go on the "bike" railroad to and from their homes in Mt. Holly. But the scheme has never paid even the cost of operation. The track is getting rickety and sadly out of plumb. The inventor, disgusted, has sold out his interest and gone to Florida. —New York World.

LAW AND LONGEVITY.

Channey M. Dewey Advances an Interesting Theory.

In an address before the St. Louis Law School Channey M. Dewey said: The law promotes longevity. It is because its discipline improves the physical and mental and the moral conditions of the practitioner. In other words it gives him control over himself, and a great philosopher has written that he who could command himself is greater than he who has captured a city. The world has been seeking for all time the secrets of longevity and happiness. If they can be united, then we return to the conditions of Methuselah and his companions. Whether I may live to their age I know not, but I think I have discovered the secret of Methuselah's happy continuance for nearly 1,000 years upon this planet. He stayed here when we had no steam and no electricity, no steamers upon the river or the ocean propelled by this mighty power, no electric light, no railways spanning the continent, no overhead wires and no cables under the ocean communicating intelligence around the world, and no trolley lines reducing the redundant population. He lived, not because he was free from the excitements incident to the age of steam and electricity, but because of the secret which I have discovered, and it is this: Longevity and happiness depend upon what you put in your stomach and what gets in your mind.

A Big Inducement.

A somewhat unusual inducement to buyers of bicycles is being offered by a Brooklyn dealer who refuses to cut prices. To each purchaser of a wheel he gives a building lot in a small town about half way down the Jersey coast. The lot is not very large, and, of course, it can't be very valuable just now, but the bicycle dealer talks glibly about what it may be worth if a big hotel is erected there, and if this town should become a popular resort, and if several other things should happen. He has found that people who have no more use for a building lot in Jersey than for the man in the moon are induced to give the list price for bicycles by this means. —New York Sun.

Imogene's Complexion.

The rain that makes the rose bloom in bowers of delight, Has washed the rosebuds from the cheeks Of Imogene to-night. —Detroit News.

He Stood Corrected.

The Children's Friend—"Goo, goo, an' whe' do de dittle tootsey-wootsey do? Goo, goo?" The Child—"Oh, just out for a little recreation with Gertie here." —Life.

BETRAYED BY A NOTE

HOW A PARISIAN ASSASSIN FEIGNED INSANITY.

He Almost Escaped the Guillotine—Complete and Masterly Acting of the Murderer—Lunacy Experts Were Deceived.



A DROWNING man will clutch at a straw and, as has been shown often in causes celebre, a murderer of whose guilt there is no doubt will cling tenaciously to the plea of insanity as an extenuation of his crime, says the New York World. But here is the remarkable story of a cunning murderer who feigned insanity even before the commission of the crime, surrendered himself red-handed to the police and confessed the deed, while his foolish utterances and the peculiarly shocking and unnatural circumstances of the murder convinced the judges that none but a madman could have committed so hideous a crime.

So complete and masterly was the acting of the assassin that even the lunacy experts who examined him were deceived. One false step, however, exposed the murderer and turned his feet from the asylum to the guillotine. At about 11 o'clock on the night of Dec. 9, 1895, a young man carrying a traveling bag of black serge presented himself at the gate of the hospital of St. Louis, in the Rue Bichat. The satchel, which was suspended from his shoulder by a leather strap, bulged at the sides as if it contained a spherical object.

"Eh bien!" he cried to the doorkeeper. "I come to ask you to examine my brother, who is very ill. Open the door for us."

When the door was opened he at once entered and stepped into the reception room, saying that he wanted to consult a doctor concerning his brother and that he had heard voices that had ordered him to make this great sacrifice. Alarmed by the man's incoherent talk and his wild aspect, the doorkeeper called two porters, who took him around to the commissaire of police at the Porte St. Martin.

There the man opened the satchel and held it under the light of a gas-burner. The police agents were horrified to see that it contained the head of a young man of about 20. The madman, as they believed him to be, said to them: "It is my brother's head! My brother Alphonse!"

This head, which had been skillfully severed from the trunk, was covered with brownish-golden hair. The features showed refinement. The commissaire of police sought by prudent and searching questions to find out how the madman had come into possession of the head. The fratricide replied without hesitation that his name was Baptiste Laborie, born at Calvitet, arrondissement of Aurillac, on April 5, 1868. He was a house-servant of the mayor of Pouilly-le-Francois and had had for some time the idea that his brother Alphonse, who lived at home with his father in Senezergues, was very unhappy there because his father was a man of violent temper. There was only one way in which his brother could be relieved from his misery, he said, and that was to kill him.

This being resolved upon he left the employ of the mayor and with 300 francs, his wages, walked to Melun, where he bought a revolver and a box of cartridges for 20 francs. At another shop he purchased a butcher's knife. He then took the train and arrived at Senezergues. His brother was working at a neighbor's, so he had supper with his father and awaited his brother's return.

When his brother came home he asked him to accompany him on a short walk. Alphonse consented, and, when they were out of hearing, Baptiste drew his revolver and shot him, killing him instantly. Then he cut off the head and, after washing the severed part in a brook, put it in his bag and took a train for Paris.

At 6:45 he arrived at the Orleans station. On the train he had made the acquaintance of two men, with whom he had dinner at a cafe near the station. He had spent the evening in walking about Paris and at 11 o'clock had rung the bell at the gate of the St. Louis hospital.

The assassin furnished all these details in a simple tone and with unwavering voice. It was only when he mentioned his dead brother's name that he showed any excitement. Then his eyes protruded from their sockets and he declared that to kill his brother was the only thing that remained, since he was so unhappy. He exclaimed: "It was my duty to get him away from my father and I obeyed the Most High, who ordered me to perform the task. I loved him very much."

The commissaire of police sent the head to the morgue and informed the authorities of Senezergues, who found the trunk of the unfortunate Alphonse by this means. —New York Sun.

An Opinion on Currency.

"It's a great relief," remarked Meandering Mike, "ter t'ink dat dere ain't no call fer us ter worry 'bout de financial polisy er dis country."

"Still ye can't help kinder t'inkin' 'bout em," replied Plodding Pete, "specially when everybody else is g'ivin' 'emselves up ter it. Right down is yer heart, Mike, what metal do yer honestly favor, gold or silver?"

"Nelder," was the prompt response. "Ez long ez beer is 5 cents a glass I don't see no use er havin' anytin' but nickel." —Washington Star.

HELD BY THE ENEMY.

The Romantic History of the Castle of a German Princess.

The wife of the German chancellor, Princess Hohenzollern-Schillingsfuerst, was, until recently, the owner of a castle in France that has a very romantic history. The princess is the daughter of the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleburg, nee Bariatinsky, a member of a wealthy and aristocratic family of Russia. Her brother was the Russian prince Peter Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleburg, who was adjutant to Czar Alexander III. The prince made his home in France for more than half a century. He became smitten with the charms of the little vaudeville actress Rose Leon while serving as attache of the Russian legation in Paris. At the same time he came into possession of Castle Kerleon, which lies half way between Landersheim and Brest. He contracted a morganatic marriage with the fair Rose and the marriage feast was celebrated at Kerleon in the presence of his entire household, consisting of seventy persons. The bride had been playing in the "Seven Wonders of the World," which had a long run in the Port-Saint-Martin. "The eighth wonder," said her husband to her, "will be your castle in Bretagne."

On the day following the wedding the foundation was laid for the present magnificent castle of Kerleon, which the prince surrounded with exquisite gardens and immense hothouses for tropical trees and rare exotic plants. To this magnificent property Prince Peter added the Russian pavilion of Kerjulien, a second castle of enormous proportions, as a gift to his bride.

Rose Leon died August 28, 1886, at Ems, of which resort she had been a regular patron. Her husband had the coffin with the white-robed dead conveyed to his castle of Kerleon, and eight years later she was buried in the little cemetery of Relecq. The prince could not be persuaded to leave Kerjulien after her death. At table a place was laid for his wife opposite his own, and every day at breakfast and dinner a bunch of flowers was served with every course for the dead princess. Such conduct was not calculated to prolong the life of the millionaire prince. He died one day while sitting at table, with his eyes resting on the flowers in his dead wife's place.

Prince Peter left no children, and his sister, the Princess Hohenzollern-Schillingsfuerst, was his sole heir. But it was a difficult matter for her to come into possession of the property of the former adjutant of the czar. Every effort to sell the beautiful castle, which had cost 2,000,000 francs, and the lands of which yielded an annual income of 30,000 francs, failed, because "patriotism" prevented the would-be buyers from wanting to have anything to do with the German heirs. A few weeks ago it was sold for 210,000 francs to the Count of Gueraunde, who rented it for the summer to the Count of Nantua. The charming castle of Kerjulien the Princess Hohenzollern retained for herself, and occasionally she spends a few weeks on her Russian possessions. Kerjulien is said to be one of the most artistic and beautiful properties in Russia, and surrounding nature is in harmony with the character of its simplicity. —St. Louis Republic.

THE PARROT HUNG ON.

Two Incidents Illustrating the Extraordinary Agility of the Bird.

There is something about the huge paper hawk and solemn visage of the parrot, coupled with his unexpected agility, that suggests the masked and painted clown of the circus, says an exchange. One of the serenest sights to be seen on a boulevard of a warm afternoon is a green parrot the size of a hen hawk which takes his daily airing on the hand-bars of a lady's wheel. His owner, a boarding school girl, is making desperate efforts to teach the bird to sing "Daisy" in recitative.

No jolting can dislodge this fowl of the tropics. He sits aloft on his nickel perch and without turning his head keeps watch on the track right and left ahead, evidently with a view to giving warning of the approach of collisions. The wheel had an accident the other day, but the parrot executed a lightning change in front and when a policeman ran to the scene the wheel was upside down, but the bird, still clinging to the handle-bars, was right side up and shrieking with amusement.

This is the same bird that used to get an odd constitutional every afternoon in the spring. The residents of a west side flat saw the windows opposite raised each day and a bird clinging to the clothes-line come sliding out, an invisible hand manipulating the pulley-rope. When the parrot had traversed half the distance to the pole its progress ceased and it tightened its toes for the Homeric sport to follow four flights above the stone flagging.

Suddenly the rope would begin to twitch and dance, while its passenger trimmed sail. There was a jerk or two, during which Poll performed the usually difficult feat of being in two places at the same time and then nothing was seen in the sunny court but a flash of green moving so rapidly that it became an emerald cartwheel. Round and round swung the rope between earth and heaven, with the parrot holding on beak and toes for her dear life.

When the revolution abated there sat Poll.

A Cure for Snake Bite.

"I spent some years in the mountains," said C. T. Paxton of Nashville, Tenn., at the Ebbitt. "The mountains of the south are full of rattlesnakes, and it is not at all uncommon for a person to be bitten. I had always heard that whisky was an antidote for snake bite, and, as the use of whisky there is almost universal, I supposed that was their remedy until one day while with a mountaineer in the woods he was bitten on the bare foot by a large rattler. He immediately took his knife from his pocket and lacerated the wound, then he poured a handful of powder from his flask into the place and lay on the grass. The gunpowder burned out the wound and must have caused intense pain, but he made no sign of discomfort, and in about an hour he was ready to go home. I found this remedy was universal, and had never been known to fail." —Washington Star.

A Contentious Cat.

"I own a chivalric cat," said A. L. Lawrence of Peoria, Ill., at the Normandie. "Our house was overrun with rats and mice when we secured the cat. The next day a mouse was caught in a trap, and I gave it to the cat. The animal refused to have anything to do with it. The cat paid no attention to it in the trap, and I was about to give the animal away. A cat that would not notice either rats or mice I did not consider as of any account. The next morning the animal came in and deposited a dead rat on the floor; a few hours later he left a dead mouse in the same way. He is the best hunter I ever saw, but he will not touch a rat or mouse that is in captivity." —Washington Star.

Guarding Royalty's Gold Plate.

About 10,000 pieces of gold plate came up to town from Windsor for the state concert. It was brought by special train under a guard of soldiers, and was hedged round at every step with as elaborate a system of receipts as the heirloom jewels of the empress of Austria. There is about \$10,000,000 worth of plate in the care of the gold pantry department. —London Leader.

Output of Books in Britain.

The Publishers' Circular estimates that in Great Britain the output of books is as follows: Sermons, one volume a day; novels, five a day; educational books, two a day; art and science, two each every week; histories or biographies, six a week; and law, one every two weeks.

A Great French Lighthouse.

The illumination in the lighthouse at Cape de Heve, three miles from Havre, France, is equal in power to 23,000,000 candles. It is one of the most brilliant artificial lights in the world, and in clear weather can be seen at a distance of 144 miles.

Rapid Writing.

A rapid writer can write thirty words in one minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, 1/16 of an inch. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five and a half hours a full mile.