

THE INDIAN ARMY.

COSTS BRITAIN AN IMMENSE SUM ANNUALLY.

Three Hundred Thousand Men in Uniform All the Year Around—It Is a Governing Body Officered by White Men from England.

The ever-increasing prodigality with which England is drafting upon her military resources, both at home and abroad, makes it pertinent to recall to mind that British India and her vast population of nearly 400,000,000 are practically kept in check by only 70,000 British troops.

But when Alfredo and Ruggero do appear before the public they are confident that in a short time they will have proved themselves the premier acrobats of the world.

Just at present they are eating no candy, and are doing breathless "stunts" under the direction of their papa.

Their training continues every morning at rehearsal on the playhouse stage. First the little fellows limber up by knee practice—100 times without stopping they stoop forward then rise to their full height.

Then the "mechanic" belt is fastened cinch-wise around his waist, a "mechanic" rope is attached with a swivel on each side of it.

For the most difficult feat of all is the pirouette somersault, in which the little body turns swiftly in the air—a somersault with fantastic muscular variations.

A year more of constant daily practice, and Alfredo will add another somersault in midair to the pirouette.

His lungs are not in the least winded by the exercise. He is sorry that it is Ruggie's turn. He amuses himself by standing on his head and watching Ruggero from that inverted point of view.

THE SERPENTINE SOMERSAULT

These, ladies and gentlemen, are the brothers, Cassini, Alfredo and Ruggero, acrobats. Observe them well, for you are not likely to see them in the flesh for a couple of years at least.

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LEARNING SERPENTINE SOMERSAULTS.

THINGS SOME VALETS DO.

One Rocks His Master to Sleep, Another Breaks in His 24-Inch Corset.

Applying for a situation as valet, a young fellow of 25 was, to say the least, somewhat astounded after an interview with the companionless gentleman.

In addition to the orthodox requirements, the latter requested that his servant should rock him to sleep after dinner, a cushioned hammock stretching from wall to wall of his smoking room, being pointed out as his couch.

While gently swinging the net, the valet would perfume the air by smoking scented cigarettes, leaving the room noiselessly with the first snore.

WHY MEN SIT ON TABLES.

About Ten Million Women Are Exasperated by It Daily.

About 10,000,000 women are exasperated every day by men sitting on tables, says the Criterion.

So far as I am aware, women do not pay for the furniture, and it is none of their business how it is used.

The habit of men sitting on tables had led to the invention of the cushioned billiard table and will no doubt ultimately result in other clever notions.

COURAGE IN BATTLE.

THE INHERENT BRAVERY OF EVERY MAN.

Individuals Who at Home Are the Most Peaceful of Men Become Demons in the Face of an Armed Enemy—Stories of Heroism.

Among the millions of citizens whose lives have run along in peaceful channels and who have never been urged by duty or inclination to forsake the ordinary routine of life for the camp and battlefield there is a sentiment of warm admiration and love for the soldier who performs daring deeds in time of war.

It matters not the nationality of the warrior, or on which side our personal sympathy may be placed, the announcement of some daredevil act of heroism calls forth our hearty applause.

And why should it be otherwise? It is natural. It is the strong heart that wins. The dashing blade or free lance who with his life in his hands faces death calmly is to be respected, for in most instances really brave men are always true men.

The great majority of people who have casually noted and dissected this universal applause for feats of military prowess have completely misunderstood the real meaning.

The performance of a great tragedian may thrill us and bring forth our unstinted admiration, an admiration increased perhaps by the knowledge that we ourselves have none of the qualities he possesses.

And not one man in a hundred who has read the stories of heroism that have come from Cuba and the Philippines, or later from South Africa, but places the possibility of his ever performing similar deeds just as far above him.

He is in error. The inborn genius of dramatic fire is the property of the favored few, but the recklessness and courage of the soldier on the battlefield are simply an outcropping of the common heritage of mankind.

At home, in a progressive community, a man may be a merchant or a bank clerk, but, whatever his station, the environment of civilization influences is strong upon him.

But out in the open, with most of the trammels cast off and the enemy in front, with the ripple of the colors about him, and, more than all, the feeling that comes from companionship in a common danger with many of his fellows, it is the animal that gains supremacy.

MAKES HER SICK.

New Jersey Woman Who Is Strangely Affected by Light.

In a Spruce street boarding-house there is now living an elderly spinster who for thirty years has avoided the light.

She is no misanthrope, no recluse, nor does her aversion to light arise from any constitutional defect.

Of wide information, chatty and fond of company, her peculiar condition precludes enjoyment of society in circumstances making social intercourse most pleasant.

In the evenings when the gas is lighted, she retires to a cloaked corner, and hidden under an umbrella especially constructed to ward off rays of light, she holds converse.

Thus she sits for hours, like some seeress unseen by those in the same room, and not seeing those to whom she talks and charms with her fund of bright and interesting things.

Not that her eyesight is affected—it is as good as that of any woman 60 years of age. She simply cannot bear the light to strike her.

Diffused sunlight as a rule does not trouble her, but a tiny ray illuminating a near-by object upsets her physical system and is followed by an attack of nausea.

The patient is Miss Ford of Moorestown, N. J., a descendant of the Fords in whose house Washington made his headquarters while in that part of New Jersey.

She came here recently to be treated for her peculiar malady. The physicians who have her case in charge will not say whether her condition is pathologically natural or reflex.

Her ailment has existed for thirty years. For all that time she has been unable to suffer the radiance of gaslight, and when electric light was introduced her retirement from its presence was rendered imperative.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

TERRIBLE SCENES OF COURAGE IN NATAL.

Graphic Description of a Private of the Slaughter of the Highlanders—How the Boers Mowed Down the British at Magersfontein.

Here is what a private in the Northumberland Fusiliers writes of the charge at Magersfontein:

"The Black Watch in front made an attempt to charge the position, but we had to retire and simply run for it, the enemy blazing at us all the way, and dropping our fellows like skittles from their splendid positions.

There was nothing for it but to lie down and pretend to be dead, and this I did about 5:30 a. m., till, I suppose, 6 p. m., the sun pouring down on me all the time and not a drink of water all day, and dare not stir hand or foot, and expecting every instant to be my last.

I could hear nothing but the cries, moans and prayers of the wounded all round me, but I daren't so much as look up to see who they were. Shot and shell were going over me all day from the enemy and our side, and plenty of them striking within a yard of me—I mean bullets, not shell—and yet they never hit me. I believe some of the fellows went off their heads and walked right up to the enemy's place, singing till they dropped them.

One youngster lying close to me said he would make a dart for it about 3 p. m. I tried my best to persuade him not to, but he would go. A couple of seconds after I could hear them pitting for him, and then his groans for about a minute, and then he was quiet.

About this time the sun began to get fearfully hot and I began to feel it in the legs, which are now very painful and swollen; besides I was parched with thirst. Most of the wounded round me had ceased groaning by this time. As it began to get dark I managed to wriggle my body through the shrub further back, and, after I had been at it for some time, on looking up found myself right in front of another entrenchment of the enemy.

They sent a few rounds at me, but they struck just in front and ricocheted over my head. After a bit, it getting darker, I got up and walked back; and there was nothing but dead Highlanders all over the place.

WHISKY FROZEN IN CHUNKS. One of the Troubles Fingers of the West Had to Contend With.

"One sad evil we had in early times, and we have it yet, only in a more gigantic way, was that of interperance," said an Indiana man. "There was no beer, but whisky straight, and whisky hot, and whisky cold, and it served two purposes besides making drunk.

DEAF CHILDREN LEARN MUSIC.

Interesting Experiments With a Successful Result at Detroit.

An interesting work with deaf children is being done under the direction of the superintendent of music in the Detroit public schools.

A class from which the best results are obtained consists of about six pupils. The children gather around a piano, resting their hands and in some cases their arms upon the instrument.

Soon after a piece is started the children will begin to count in correct time with the music, catching the accentuation of beats through the vibration of the wood.

Occasionally a child would seem to progress beyond the mere response to time and count aloud with some approximation to the tune.

When this fact was observed by the teacher the pupils were told to repeat the words "baby, baby," over and over and at the same time a lullaby was played on the piano.

TOASTING THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty Thus Honored by All But One of Her Regiments.

There is only one regiment among all those who swear fealty to Queen Victoria which does not toast her majesty at mess. This is the Seventh Fusiliers, and the regiment is extremely proud of its distinction in this respect.

It seems that upon one occasion, in the long ago, some King of England was dining with the officers of the regiment, and said after dinner that the loyalty of the Seventh was sufficiently well assured without their drinking the sovereign's health.

It is a curious fact—the origin of which is not known—that the Queen's health, on shipboard is drunk by the officers sitting, instead of standing, as is customary elsewhere.

Every night, in every ship which carries the flag of the British empire, her majesty is toasted by the officers. Of all her majesty's regiments, the Welsh Fusiliers have the most curious army toast. It forms part of the ceremony of the dinner given annually on St. David's day.

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In the summer it drove the heat out, but in the winter it drove the cold out, but it didn't kill offhand as it does now.

Cheap whisky was made at cheap distilleries, or still houses, as they were termed, and sold cheap and exchanged for corn, and it was considered almost a prime necessity in every house.

One old man that I knew well, who loved a dram dearly, was a frequent patron of one of these still houses.

He would take a sack of shelled corn on horseback and go to the still house and exchange it for four gallons of the one thing needful, and the amount would last him about a month.