

Even little Belgium spends every year \$9,000,000 on her army.

Ohio produces fully one-half of the total quantity of iron and steel roofing sold in the United States.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat states that the horse property of Australia is more valuable, compared with population, than in Europe.

"It is somewhat of a joke," thinks the Chicago Times, "for bankrupt Spain to talk of building a navy big and powerful enough to stand any show besides those of England or Russia."

The total value of the crops of the United States during 1892 is estimated at \$3,000,000,000, of which the largest item is \$750,000,000 worth of hay. The animal products, including meats, dairy products, poultry and eggs, and wool, are placed at \$965,000,000 more.

A consignment of about thirty stallions, broodmares and some trotters for road and campaigning have just been sent abroad, notes the New York World. Some of the animals have been already sold, and others are taken on speculation. The idea is to introduce the American trotter to the notice of foreign horsemen.

Owing to the ruthless manner in which orchid hunters and other Europeans have devastated the fauna and flora of the domains of Sarawak, Rajah Brooke has decided to prohibit the collecting of natural history specimens within his territories. Many species of valuable plants native to that region were in danger of becoming extinct.

Sixty per cent. of the Hungarians, more than half of the Italians, thirty-five per cent. of the Austrians and Bohemians, twenty per cent. of the British, eighteen per cent. of the Germans, forty per cent. of the Irish and ten per cent. of the Scandinavians who came to the United States between 1880 and 1890 returned to their native lands in the decade.

In spite of the substantial nature of the buildings of London fires in the great metropolis are not infrequent, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. The most destructive are those which occur in large store and ware houses, but they are generally confined to the premises or block in which they originate. The Fire Department of London, although the English seem to think it is perfect, does not begin to approach the degree of efficiency reached in many American cities. Comparative drills show that American fire ladders turn out with much more celerity than the British. Perhaps when the latter cultivate spryness to the same extent as the Yankee fire will be less numerous and less destructive in London.

The early and deep snows in the mountains of the Northwest are causing a wholesale slaughter of deer. The animals, compelled to leave the hills, are the easiest kind of prey for the sportsman, the pot-hunter and the wanton slaughterer. Five hunters with four dogs killed twenty-four deer in one day, and a total of fifty-one in a six days' hunt in the Elk Creek district, Oregon. The animals have been driven to the tidewater along Puget Sound, and great numbers are being killed all over the Sound region. The Indians on the border in British Columbia are slaughtering the deer in droves simply for their hides, leaving the carcasses untouched. A trapper found over two hundred fresh skins in one camp of Indian hunters a week or so ago.

A French engineer named Bozin comes to the fore with a scheme for a steamship on rollers or drums. These rollers are to be supplied with paddles, or creepers, and driven by engines, so that the craft will progress more like a street roller or a locomotive than an ordinary ship. This scheme is spoken of as something novel and startling. In fact it appears to be identical with a scheme invented and carried forward to an experimental stage some two or three years ago. The inventor appeared somewhere in the West, and later was engaged in building a craft on this plan not far from New York. Of late nothing has been heard of him and his drum ship. Did M. Bozin steal the idea from the American, or is this another of the instances in which great discoveries are made independently and almost simultaneously by different persons far removed from one another? Be that as it may, we may depend upon it that the American, if alive and composit mensis, will bob up as a claimant in case M. Bozin makes a success of his ocean high-roller.

The annual increase of house property in New York is \$32,000,000.

Denmark has the greatest amount to the inhabitants in the savings banks, the pro rata being about \$50 to each.

The value of the railroads of the United States is greater than the combined railroad valuation of Great Britain, France and Germany.

Mulhall says that of our National wealth \$31,150,000,000 are owned by native born Americans. This sum being over six-sevenths of the whole.

Holland does the largest business proportioned to population of any country on the globe. The total of exports and imports equal \$225 to each inhabitant, while that of the United States is but \$25.

Spain expects twelve million dollars indemnity from the Sultan of Morocco as indemnity for outrages by the Riff tribes about Melilla. But Morocco never can pay it, declares the New York Independent, and territory will have to be given in pledge, another slice out of Africa.

The much disputed question of the loftiest mountain on the North American continent has at last been settled, announces the Boston Cultivator. John Partridge, Secretary of the Geographical Society of the Pacific, has received a letter from the chief of the United States coast and geodetic survey, Washington, D. C., stating that Mt. Orizaba, in Mexico, is the highest. Mt. St. Elias, Alaska, has for many years past been considered the highest, but Orizaba has been proved to be the higher by 299 feet. The exact figures, as forwarded to Secretary Partridge, are: Mt. Orizaba, 18,314 feet; Mt. St. Elias, 18,015 feet.

The journeys of the Emperor of Germany cost him a great deal of money. According to an article recently published in a German paper, over \$200,000 were spent on the trip to Italy and Austria undertaken soon after he ascended the throne. A heavy trunk, in charge of a privy councillor on that occasion, contained eighty diamond rings, 150 decorations, many of them jeweled; fifty scarf pins, thirty necklaces, with diamond pendants; six handsome sabres, three large photographs of the Emperor and his family, framed in gold; thirty gold watches and 100 gold cigar-holders, with diamond ornaments. The Emperor pays his own expenses when traveling on German railways.

An Odessa correspondent says that the Russian orthodox missionaries have so failed in their proselytizing efforts among the Khirgisee that the missions will probably be shortly withdrawn. Nearly the whole of the steppe tribes, generally described as "heathens," are now adopting, almost en masse, the Mohammedan faith, which is spread among them chiefly by Tartar teachers. The Mohammedan Tartars have always enjoyed the right of free proselytism among the natives of the Khirgisee Steppes. According to a report just issued by the All-Russian Orthodox Mission Society, during the last twenty-five years it missionaries have made 85,000 converts among the heathens of Asiatic and European Russia and Japan. The cost of these missions during the quarter of a century amounts to 3,146,763 rubles.

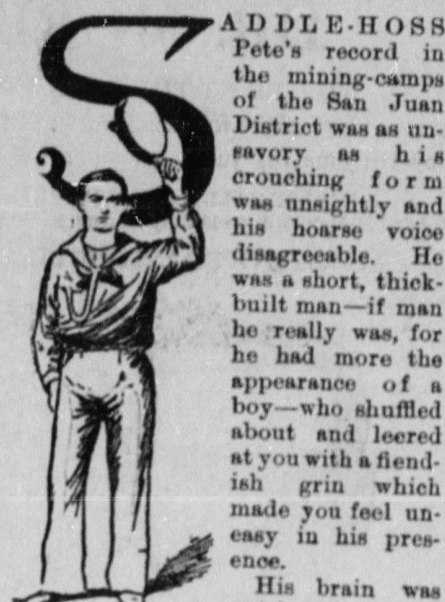
Says the New York World: From all the cities there goes up the cry of the thousands of unemployed. The churches are united and earnest in their efforts to house and feed these homeless poor. That eminent evangelist, the Rev. B. Fay Mills, writing in the Outlook, a Congregational paper, mentions a unique plan suggested by a Chicago pastor in a recent meeting of the clergy in that city. "Why not take some of the homeless people into our churches through the nights of the winter?" "This plan," writes Mr. Mills, "seems to me to be so easy, so practicable, so in harmony with the spirit of the Master, so well adapted to relieve untold misery in these coming months of poverty, and one so well adapted to produce the beneficent effect of bringing together the prejudiced masses and the members of our churches, and destroying the well-founded or unfounded prejudices against the churches on the part of the laboring men, that I cannot but hope that the example of these earnest Chicago churches may be followed by scores and hundreds throughout the land. Since I wrote the above these nine Chicago churches have decided to take one large room together, capable of lodging 250 men and keep it warmed and cared for, and give the lodgers sandwiches for supper and breakfast."

SERVICE AND SONG.

"I am worn with work and watching;
My home is humble and lone;
Why lift up my voice in singing
For no human heart but my own?"

Her notes stirred a passing poet;
He sang to a mighty host;
And the world is glad and better
For the music she counted lost!
—G. T. Packard, in Youth's Companion.

SAVED BY A SNOWSLIDE.



SADDLE-HOSS Pete's record in the mining-camps of the San Juan District was as unsavory as his crocheting for m was unsightly and his hoarse voice disagreeable. He was a short, thick-built man—if man he really was, for he had more the appearance of a boy—who shuffled about and leered at you with a fiendish grin which made you feel uneasy in his presence. His brain was quick though his physical movements were slow, and he was strong as a bear. His record was that of tin-horn gambler and all-around thief. Added to this he bore the reputation of having been run out of Leadville for horse stealing, and having escaped from Tombstone's ready-made justice, charged with a like offense. Thus he came to the mining camp lying in a pretty basin under the shadow of old King Solomon, one of the grandest mountains of Southern Colorado.

Nine-tenths of the population had departed before the first storm had come, as was the custom in new camps in the early days before the railroads had broadened the trails and opened the passes through the Rocky Mountains. Only about one hundred men and women remained in camp that winter, and they had little else to do than amuse themselves. They were law-abiding and had little use for peace officers. So the town and county officials took their usual vacation with others who did not feel like facing the rigid winter which was predicted.

Saddle-Hoss Pete did not go out with the majority. He usually formed a minority of one. But he was not disappointed at their leaving him. He thought he would be able to stand it for one season. But Paymaster Bill and Big Frank, who seemed to be looked upon as guardians of the affairs of the camp, plainly told him that he must go out—that the penalty of his return would be sudden death. So Saddle-Hoss Pete departed before the second storm came—whither nobody knew.

Parson Tom had come to the camp in the previous spring and had made a good impression on his own kind of people, though the present remaining population knew little of him, and did not care whether he remained or not. None of them were church-going people. But as the parson said he had no idea of preaching, nobody objected to his staying in camp. He gave a reason for staying that in case of death his service would be needed. Beyond that he would not intrude his office.

The extreme length of the winter had Paymaster Bill to inquire into the parson's finances; and, learning that there was a probability of his running short before his parishioners should return, Bill proposed to the men in the camp that a purse be raised. His suggestion was acted upon, and Paymaster Bill himself presented the purse of money, accompanying the presentation with an appropriate extempore speech, in which he advised Parson Tom of the appreciation of the donors.

Parson Tom declared he could not accept the money unless he should have an opportunity to earn it.

"But we don't none of us want ter die," objected Bill, "jist ter give ye a chance ter earn the money. We'd ruther pay ye ter pray for our continued good health, jist as we drinks ter your good health w'en we makes up that purse."

Parson Tom laughed, and said he had no desire for the demise of any one, but merely wanted to give them some return for the money. That night Parson Tom appeared in Big Frank's saloon, where the entire male population was endeavoring to break the bank, having cleaned up the corner saloon early in the evening. The appearance of the parson created a flutter, and one or two superstitious players lost every bet they made for the balance of the deal. When the end of the deal had been reached, the parson asked their attention for a few minutes, and, mounting the platform which held the look-out chair, he thanked them kindly for their generous donation, and said if they would come to the little school-house on Sunday evening for a half-hour he would endeavor to entertain them without preaching a sermon. He declared that he could not accept their money without earning it.

Upon entering his cabin, Parson Tom stirred the fire, thinking of his visit, and, after sitting by its warmth till he had thawed himself, he went to his trunk, which held his treasure, to look at the little hoard of gold and silver which these rough men of the mountains had so kindly donated. It was not there! Perhaps, in his excitement at his good fortune, he had hidden it from himself and forgotten the hiding-place. But, no, it was not in the cabin!

The parson was troubled. He could not believe that any of the men who

had been so kind to him would be guilty of robbery. And yet the money was gone. The long buckskin bag, in which he kept his money and which bore his name worked in silken thread, he found behind the trunk.

When he met Paymaster Bill on the following morning, he mentioned his loss. Bill was astonished. He did not believe that any man in the camp was mean enough to steal, "at any rate, not a parson's money."

The story of the loss of Parson Tom's money was told about the camp, and, while it was a mystery to some, the more irreverent smiled and said they guessed the parson was excited, and it would turn up all right in time.

On Sunday the sun shone out bright and clear, and old King Solomon was as glorious a sight as one might wish to see. His biblical namesake in all his reputed glory could not have furnished a grander inspiration.

Every male person was promptly on hand that night at the little school-house, and there was a sprinkle of the other sex—women who had not listened to a preacher's voice since they were little girls.

The half-hour was devoted to reading stories, which were responded to by hearty laughter and a few pathetic exclamations. When Parson Tom had finished and was about to say good-night, Paymaster Bill arose and reminded his companions that on the night the parson had called on them, it had been proposed that a fund be started toward building a church. Then he added:

"I don't reckon none of ye has got a notion o' backin' down on that'er proposition. Ef ye has, let's hear it."

There was not a dissenting voice, though the amount of gold and silver dropped in the parson's pretty buckskin bag was not so large as it might have been had the parson not "lost his first winnin'."

The moon had dropped down behind the peak of King Solomon, leaving the camp in darkness, while soft snow fell with that monotony which indicates a heavier fall to come.

Parson Tom had just opened the door of his cabin to step in, when a heavy hand was laid upon his throat and a hoarse voice demanded:

"Give me that money! Quick!" The parson was by no means a coward. He struggled with his assailant, and together they fell into the cabin and rolled out into the light cover of fresh snow which had fallen on the frozen crust. Muttered curses and a tighter grip upon his throat met his resistance.

Parson Tom knew not how long he had lain there, and, despite the warmer temperature, he was numb with cold when he crawled into his cabin. He was so completely overcome by the struggle with his assailant and the cold that he lay upon his bed in a stupor far into the night.

When he awoke, the snow was falling in great sheets, like drifts, from the gulch above. He opened the door and looked out. He could see nothing but the blinding storm and the darkness which was scarcely subdued by the ghastly whiteness of the snow. He dared not venture out. No man could live an hour in that terrible storm.

Rebuilding the fire, the parson sat down and tried to think—tried to think where he had heard that voice before it demanded his money. If he could only recall that, he would be able to identify the man who had robbed him. Without that recollection, his claim that he had been robbed the second time would be only laughed at by the men who had been so generous in their gifts.

But it was impossible to recall it, though he knew he had heard it and remarked its peculiar tone. And there he sat through the long, black night hoping against hope.

It was broad noonday when he awoke, sitting by the dying embers on the hearth. The sun shone brighter than it had shone for weeks. Its hot rays melted the snow on the roofs of the houses, and the day was like a day in spring. But it brought no joy to the heart of Parson Tom.

The habitues of Big Frank's saloon had hardly settled themselves down to the pleasures or pastimes of the day—their morning hour being the noon-time—when they were startled by the ghost-like appearance of Parson Tom. In a trembling voice, he told his story.

"He plays it well," sneered Big Frank; "that's a purty good make-up ye've got on yer face. Ye'd ought ter be a performer. There'll be chance fer ye when the variety show opens up in the spring."

This speech was greeted with laughter by the crowd, and the poor parson was dumb—but not deaf—with mortification. How could he face these men who disbelieved his very first utterance? He turned to go.

"Hold on ter!" cried Paymaster Bill; "this is twice ye say yer bin robbed in this camp. Both times it was our money as ye was robbed of—money 'at we give ye. Now ye've got ter prove it; fer we don't 'low no man's accuse none o' us o' robbin' him the second time 'thout he produces ter proof."

"Ter proof's w'at we wants!" shouted the crowd.

Parson Tom stood as still as death. He could not speak.

He had been born without speech, while Paymaster Bill demanded that he prove his innocence, and the crowd, led on by Big Frank, sneered at and reviled the accused.

During this trying ordeal for the parson, three men, selected by Big Frank, had gone to the parson's cabin, and there, upon the floor, had found a nugget of gold belonging to Big Frank. This they brought and flouted in the face of the trembling victim. Well he knew how it had come there, but it was idle to assert or protest. His words—if he could have spoken—would have been, to these infuriated men, like the screech of a wild bird borne on the wind in a howling storm.

"Ye hev no proof o' yer innocence," said Paymaster Bill, hotly, "an' we hev this proof o' yer guilt. W'at'd ye say now?"

Parson Tom saw that all hope was lost, but with dying hope his speech returned, and he said with evident effort:

"Gentlemen, I see no hope of establishing my innocence; but still maintain it. That nugget of gold must have been dropped by the robber in our struggle in the cabin. If I could recall the voice I should convince you. It was none of you who did the deed, but one who has once lived here among you, though I can not tell his name. He can not live far away—perhaps at one of the idle mines or in some deserted tunnel. He went toward the gulch, for had he come this way he would have had to cross my body, as I lay there in the snow. That is all I have to say. Do with me as you must."

It was useless to search the gulch—the heavy snow would not permit. And, then, these angry men had no doubt of the guilt of the parson. Only the production of the man he claimed had robbed him would destroy their belief in his guilt. The crowd grew angrier as the minutes passed.

"The parson has lied," coolly remarked Big Frank, whose faith in the preacher sort had never been strong. "He's an ungrateful robber," Paymaster Bill added.

"Hang him!" yelled a man in the crowd.

The excitement increased like the roar of the wind through the gulches in the coming of a storm. A minute more and the infuriated mob who, in the absence of a court, had tried, convicted, and sentenced the accused, was eager to execute the sentence of death.

Like wild men they flew to the upper end of the camp, dragging the parson with them. Convinced of his guilt, and maddened by thoughts of his ingratitude, no hand could stay them.

Quickly the preparations for the execution were made. Two barrels, each of which supported an end of a broad plank, placed under the stout limb of a great tree, formed the scaffold. One end of the rope was fastened to the limb, the other formed into a noose and placed over the head and around the neck of the trembling parson.

"Aire ye ready?" cried the leader of the mob to the two men who were stationed at the ends of the plank ready to lift it out from under the feet of the doomed man.

"Give him one more chance ter tell who robbed him," demanded Paymaster Bill.

Standing there upon that plank, with the death rope around his neck, Parson Tom's memory returned. The ugly face of his assailant, which he could not see the night before in the darkness, was now plainly visible, and the couched form of the robber appeared as plain as on the day he had sneaked out of camp at the command of these same men.

The crowd waited almost breathlessly.

"Quick!" shouted Big Frank, who was leader.

"Saddle—Horse—Pete!" almost shouted the parson.

The crowd broke out in jeers. "Oh, no!" they said, "that can't be. He was drove out, an' he's not likely to show his head anywheres 'roun' this camp. That won't do. Guess agin."

"Ye'll hev ter produce ter body of Saddle-Hoss Pete afore the court'll admit ter evidence," said Bill.

"Once agin. Aire ye ready?" shouted Big Frank.

"Yes," came the calm but determined voices of the two men at the ends of the plank.

"Give him time ter pray," begged an unwilling participant.

"Pray then!" shouted the leader.

Parson Tom stood erect with bowed head. Slowly and with firmness he lifted his voice. Suddenly he faltered, turning his face toward the mountain.

Hark! Look! The excited group of men stood there riveted to the ground. The hands of those who held the plank were frozen as if in death's clutch. The tongue of him whose word was law was paralyzed. The sound which filled their ears carried more terror to their souls than the awful roar of battle, the rushing of the mighty waters in a storm at sea, and the rumbling of an earthquake, all combined, could have inspired.

On, on it came, tearing from their roots great trees that had withstood the storms of generations; hurling heavy branches, logs, timbers and rocks a hundred feet above the heads of the frightened witnesses.

Great clouds of snow filled the air and hid from view the surrounding mountains.

Swift as a meteor it came, and, like the bursting of a thunderbolt, had spent its wrath; and its dreadful harvest lay scattered far and wide, like dead and wounded soldiers on a battlefield.

And when the sky had cleared there lay, at the feet of them who held a life within their grasp, a dead and frozen human form. Tight against the breast, the clenched and stiffened fingers of the dead held the buckskin bag of money—the evidence of Parson Tom's innocence!

The crowd fell back, aghast!
It was Saddle-Hoss Pete!—Argonaut.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Two hundred and eighteen thousand tons of phosphate have been mined in South Carolina during 1893.

There are fifty miles of electric railway and 1600 telephones in use in Grand Rapids, Mich., a city of 90,000 inhabitants.

A deposit of iron ore has been discovered near Chipman, New Brunswick. Specimens are now being tested with a view to working mines.

P. Silvert, of Dohlen, Saxony, proposes the manufacture of glass pipes by rolling down molten glass in grooves or flutes, and using a core to complete the formation of the pipe or tube.

The strongest timber is said to be that known as "bilian," or Borneo ironwood, whose breaking strain is 1.52 times that of English oak. It becomes of ebony blackness under long exposure.

The Yale Medical School has received a new respiration apparatus, an invention of Professor Vort, of Germany. It is said that it will make an innovation among the medical schools of the country.

Petrified horse tracks are among the curiosities attributed to Missouri. They are said to be found in the bottom of a creek in Ray County. The ancient bird tracks of Connecticut thus have present-day rivals.

The highest pressure used to drive a water wheel is claimed by a valley near Grenoble, France, where a turbine ten feet in diameter has been operated since 1875 with a head of 1638 feet. A flow of about seventy-five gallons of water per second gives a force of 1500 horse power.

On French canals some boats have apparatus by means of which they pull themselves along, drawing in (and discharging behind) a chain cable that lies along the bottom of the canal. Formerly the machinery was worked by steam; but electricity has been used, with a trolley system, for the last two months on the Bourgogne Canal.

Thousands of photographs of lightning have been secured during the last few years, but until last month there was no known record, made in this way, of the globular form of lightning. Such a one is said to have been obtained by Dr. Kempfill, of Kingstown, England, on November 9, during a terrible storm. This negative exhibits both the ordinary sinuous flashes, and, on the surface of the sea, a number of fireballs, joined together by horizontal lines of light, and resembling "the course of a ball of wool played with by a kitten."

Under the Tibetan system of polyandry, as observed by Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird), the eldest son alone of the family marries, and the wife accepts the brothers of her husband as secondary spouses. The whole family is thus held to the home. The children belong to the elder brother, while the other brothers are "lesser fathers."

The natives are strongly attached to this custom. The women, in particular, despise the monotony of European monogamy, and the word "widow" is a term of reproach among them. Children are very obedient to their fathers and their mothers, and the family feeling is strongly developed.

The Coast Fitted.

Deacon Ironside (after the service) —"Elder, I got in a little late this morning, but I don't think you had any right to take it out of me in your sermon."

Elder Keepalong—"Take it out of you? How?"

"Get back at me. Ain't that what you did? I hadn't hardly got inside the door when I heard you say: 'And now comes the worst of them all, the chief rebel against the government of heaven.' And then you went on describing my character, and putting all failings in the worst light you possibly could. You didn't mention no names, but I knew who you was drivin' at, and I must say, Elder, that I didn't like the way of—"

"But, my dear Deacon Ironside, you totally misapprehend. The subject this morning was 'The Rebellion in Heaven,' and when you came in I was trying to picture the depravity of Lucifer, the arch-apostate. I am truly sorry, deacon, if I seemed to—"

"Never mind, elder; never mind. We'll—h-m—we'll say no more about it. Rather a nasty morning, ain't it?"

—Chicago Tribune.

Following Her Example.

It is often remarked that an unaccustomed traveler can get on pretty well if he will keep his eyes and ears open. A native of Ireland landed at Greenock and wanted to take the train for Glasgow. Never having been in a railway station before, he did not know how to get his ticket, but he saw a lady going in and determined to follow her lead. The lady went to the ticket box and, putting down her money, said:

"Maryhill, single."

Her ticket was only handed to her and she walked away. Pat promptly planked down his money and shouted: "Patrick Murphy, married!"

—Youth's Companion.