

The coal-mining industry of Great Britain has seldom had a more unsatisfactory year than 1895 proved to be.

It is said that in the event of war between England and Venezuela, 100,000 Brazilians will join the latter country.

An Indiana Judge, in his address to a Grand Jury the other day, when he heard certain evidence "inspiring hand."

The marriage rate in Bernese from 30.6 to 20.3 per cent at that rate there would be 400,000 marriages at all forty years.

An artist Verestovskoy of Moscow on distinctive architecture, give the city an attract thousands of the accompanying

Controversy is now in progress in St. Paul and Minneapolis. The most nuttous, the most consumptive sheep as her sister city, Minneapolis claims that the sheep raised in St. Paul are very small, and although she may consume a greater number of nuttous that they are so small as to cause Minneapolis to lead in pounds of nuttous.

The Scottish Farmer says that harness horses are so scarce in that country that they must come to America to have their needs supplied. Not finding what they wish, they take back the best available, which is to their loss and ours. The French are buying their light cab horses from us, which they formerly obtained from Germany. They contend that they can buy their cheap horses cheaper than they can raise them.

The number of suicides was 1,000 in New York last year. The number of suicides in the world. The year comprises 365 days, taken from all walks of life, and varying in age from children of less than fifteen years to men and women nearly ninety years old. This list is the largest on record in New York, although the percentage of suicides to the entire population is lower than on some previous years.

During 1895 just closed the Utica (N. Y.) Herald tried to keep a record of all people reported to have died in the United States at the age of 100 years or over. The total reported was 1,000. Two-thirds of those were women, all but four being white women. Of the colored centenarians there were thirteen men. The oldest person to die was a colored man, who was 125. A white man died at St. Louis who had claimed to be 140, but there was no proof that he was over 121. Even at that age, however, he was the oldest white man to die during 1895. The oldest white woman was 120. There were fourteen people whose ages ranged from 110 to 125.

The New York Tribune says: Some little time ago a famous firm of London solicitors found it necessary, in a case involving large interests, to have some detective work of a difficult and delicate nature done in this city, and instead of employing the regular agencies put it in the hands of an American woman of good social standing in private life. She undertook the task, and has been so completely successful in the performance of it that the firm employing her has not only thanked her, but sent her a check for a handsome sum. The employment of woman of education and position for delicate work has become common in England, but thus far few women have been so employed in this country. If they go into the business, however, it is pretty safe to say that they will succeed in it.

From Vienna comes the news of a wonderful discovery in photographic science. It is no less than a means of photographing the interior of solid, opaque bodies. By the new system perfectly photographed, the flesh being invisible in the picture. Broken limbs and bullets in human bodies were also successfully revealed, as well as objects placed in a wooden box. Professor Routgen, of the University of Wurzburg, is the inventor. The light he uses to photograph by is produced what is known as a Crooke's pipe, viz: a vacuum glass tube with an induction electric current passing through it. The result is a light that appears to penetrate organic substances just as ordinary light passes through glass. The inventor throws open a wide field for the deduction of new truths in electricity and optics.

SONG OF SPRING.

The spring time, O the spring time! Who does not know it well? When the little birds begin to build, And the little buds begin to swell. When the sun with the clouds plays hide-and-seek, And the lambs are bucking and bleating, And the cuckoo scatters greeting, In the spring time, joyous spring time!

WOURALI.

A TALE OF BRITISH GUIANA.

"ERY well, you fellows can believe it or not as you like," said Mackay, "but I tell you that for a day and a night, I have known what it is to be dead."

"Oh, come, Mac," said Mackay, "but I tell you that for a day and a night, I have known what it is to be dead."

"Oh, all right," said Mackay. "Only you said it was my turn for a year; but of course it—"

"Fire away, Mac; never mind the Major; he's an unbelieving chap when his own tales are bested. We'll believe you. Observe the childlike innocence of our countenance."

"Very well then, you shall have the yarn."

"It happened out in British Guiana. Phil Egerton and I had been knocking about the district in a yacht. He'd dabbled in the ologies when he was at Oxford, and he found something to interest him in the shallow waters round the coast. The buckets of mud and slimy things he fished up weren't very exciting for me, so I put in a good deal of time hanging round the billiard rooms of Georgetown."

"I don't think I could mention the place that I've spent more than a month in without contriving to make a fool of myself over some girl. She was a waitress this time, and, by 'Jove! she was pretty. We called her 'The Queen,' and I never knew her by any other name. What nationality she belonged to I can't tell you. I think she had a dash of most of them in her, but English, Spanish and Indian were perhaps the most prominent—English in business, Spanish in love, but pure undiluted Indian in hate. It was a dangerous mixture, but you've no notion how fascinating. I wasn't by any means the only fellow who succumbed to her charms, but I believe I was the only one she cared a fig about. You'll admit that the position had its dangers. Of course I knew perfectly well that I was making an ass of myself, but I couldn't help it. The only thing for me to do was to bolt. If I stayed another week I should marry her, and then there'd be the deuce to pay."

"Look here, Egerton," I said one night, "you've got to take me away from here. Leave those confounded weeds of yours and let's weigh anchor and be off."

"What's the matter, Mac?" said Egerton. "Got the figgets? I'm sorry, old man, but I've discovered a new species among these sick weeds, and I want to work it up."

"Well, Phil, my boy, if you won't leave, you'll have to be my best man, that's all."

"That frightened him a bit. I told him the whole story, and he saw there was no time to be lost if I was to be saved. Phil Egerton knew me pretty well in those days."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Mac," he said. "You know Wilson, the sugar-planter. He has a nice little house in the interior; any amount of birds and a chance at a stray jaguar or two. He's going to have a month of it, and he's asked me to join him. We can take the yacht's boat and go up the Demerara until we strike the woods. What do you say?"

"Anything you like, so long as you get me out of this mess."

"We went in the morning and saw Wilson about it. He was delighted, and said he would start as soon as we could get ready."

"Of course any sensible man in my position would have had the common prudence to employ the intervening time in cleaning his guns and looking out various odds and ends for the expedition. He has a lot of things, where women are concerned I'm not to be counted in the class of sensible men. I went to see the Queen, and naturally she wormed the whole thing out of me."

"Phil," I said, when I got back, "if we can't start to-morrow we needn't go at all. It would spoil the party if I took a wife with me."

"We'll start to-night if you like, Mac. I'm ready; and if Wilson isn't, he can follow us. But what's the hurry? You haven't told her you're going, have you?"

"Yes, I have, and that's why it won't do for me to stay here longer."

"Well, Mac, of all the thundering idiots it has been my privilege to know, I do think you're about the biggest. Why on earth couldn't you vanish quietly and leave her to find out about it afterwards?"

"I meant to, but when I started talking to her, out it all came."

"What possessed you to go there at all to-day?"

"Oh, come, Phil, be reasonable. You couldn't have kept away yourself, if you'd been in my place."

"You had a scene, I suppose?"

"Well, slightly. She accused me of wanting to get rid of her, trying to run away, in fact; and as it was perfectly true, I fancy I didn't show up very well in the argument that followed."

"Oh, you great bearded infant; put your hat on and we'll go and see Wilson at once."

"We started next morning. I was feeling a bit hipped, of course, but the others were jolly enough. As I think I told you, Phil had a weakness for pottering about in scientific messes, and he found a kindred spirit in Wilson, whose hobby was birds. It was really to get some specimens that he had originally proposed this expedition."

"By the way, Wilson," said Phil, "have you ever managed to get hold of any curare?"

"Curare?" said Wilson. "I don't know what it is; what is it?"

"Probably it has got some other name out here. We called it curaro in Oxford—Indian arrow poison, you know."

"Oh! you mean 'wourali.' No, I can't say I have, and I don't think I want to, either. It isn't a very safe plaything."

"Safe enough," said Phil, "so long as you haven't any cuts or scratches on your hands."

"For heaven's sake, shut up that scientific shop! I exclaimed. 'We've come out here to enjoy ourselves, not to talk like a confounded British Association meeting.'"

"Poor old Mac!" said Phil, "what shall we talk about? Will billiards do—or watteresses?"

"Drop it, Phil," I said; "I don't want to be a bear, but your jargon isn't very interesting to a chap who hardly knows an ology from an ism. Let's have something to eat."

"We found a shady spot under some bushes to have our meal in. We were just lighting up afterwards, and I was holding the match to my pipe when something flashed out of the bushes and knocked the pipe out of my mouth."

"What's that?" said Phil, starting up.

"It's a dagger," I said. "Just see what's behind those bushes, you chaps, while I tie my handkerchief around this hand. I've got a bit of a scratch. If it's 'The Queen,' let her go. Thank goodness she missed my face."

"It was 'The Queen.' They caught sight of her among the bushes, but she got away all right. They didn't follow her far, but came back to see if I was much hurt."

"It's nothing serious," I said; "only a scratch, but I think my nerves must be a bit upset. It has made me feel horribly tired. I'll go and lie down in the boat for a while, and let you fellows finish your smoke. I've got a bit of a head."

"Mackay, you're crying," exclaimed Wilson, "and the sweat is simply pouring down your face. You're pretty badly hurt."

"Crying!" shouted Phil. "Wilson, that dagger is poisoned!"

"Poisoned? You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. It's 'wourali,' a copious secretion of sweat and tears, headache, feeling of extreme lassitude—those are the exact symptoms. Oh with that badge, Mac."

"Good heavens! he's done for," said Wilson.

"Done for? Not a bit of it. Off with that bandage; I'm going to suck the wound!"

"I had just got energy enough left to protest against his doing this, but he insisted, and I was too feeble to prevent him."

"Nonsense, man," he said; "I'm safe enough. The stuff isn't a poison taken internally, even if I do manage to swallow some."

"He put his lips to the wound, and then I closed my eyes and everything became blank."

"It must have been hours afterward that I began to regain. I can't say consciousness, but an indefinite sensation of existence and horrible weariness. It seemed to me that I was swimming on and on somewhere in a vague, purposeless way, and I was very, very tired. I called it swimming, but that isn't an exact description. I could feel my arms moving back and forth with a steady rhythmic motion, but the rest of my body was absolutely still. I was almost suffocating for want of air, but I didn't seem to have strength to gasp. How long that sensation lasted I can't say, but it must have been a very long time. I wouldn't voluntarily go through another hour of such unutterable and helpless misery for anything you could offer me. I tell you it has given me my theory of what future punishment may be like."

"As consciousness gradually returned, the feeling of infinite weariness became more and more unbearable. My arms were still swinging backwards and forwards like a couple of animated pump handles and I was quite unable either to stop them or to move any other part of my body. Try and imagine the sensation; it was simply awful."

"I could hear every word they said, but I couldn't even wink to let them know I was alive."

"They had stuck a knife handle between my teeth to keep my mouth open, and the weariness in my arms was caused by the fact that for nearly a day and a night Phil and Wilson had been taking it in turns to practice artificial respiration on me."

"Egerton," I heard Wilson say, "do you think it's any good going on longer? He hasn't breathed now for nearly twenty-four hours. I believe he's dead."

"We'll go on as long as we can stand," said Phil, and I blessed him for it. "If we can only keep the artificial respiration going till the poison is eliminated, he will recover. For God's sake, keep it up as long as you can, Wilson."

"If you think there is the slightest chance of saving him, I'll go on; but I don't think I can last out much longer."

"He's still warm, Wilson, and I won't give up hope as long as that is so."

"That was a nice cheerful conversation to overhear, wasn't it? Listeners never bear good of themselves it is said, but I doubt whether the most persistent eavesdropper ever had the pleasure of hearing a man pronounce him dead, without being able to contradict the statement. If I hadn't begun to breathe spontaneously pretty soon after that, I should never have had the opportunity of contradicting it. Phil and Wilson couldn't have gone on much longer. How they kept it up for the length of time they did I have never been able to understand. The power of friendship is very much underrated."

"I must have been about two hours after Wilson had decided that I was dead, that Phil saw my eyelids begin to twitch."

"At last, Wilson!" he cried. "Go and get some water from the river."

"They dashed the cold water over me, and it caused me to gasp slightly. They carried me to the boat, and as soon as they saw the danger was over, they, both of them, sat down on the bottom boards and fell fast asleep. In a very few minutes after them, I was asleep too."

"Nearly fifteen hours after that, I woke, feeling rather weak and faint, but otherwise as right as a trivet. The other two were still asleep, and I didn't wake them."

"That is the story, and I don't think I'm guilty of an exaggeration when I told you that for a day and a night I had known what death was. A man who remains for twenty-four hours without drawing a breath may fairly claim to be dead, I think."—Chambers's Journal.

The Deadly Grape Seed.

The grape seed, having been relieved of the charge of causing appendicitis, seems to have taken a new tack and is trying to do its mischievous work in another fashion.

An official of a New Jersey county is in a critical condition from the effects, it is said, of a grade seed. He ate some grapes and took great care not to swallow the seeds, but by some accident managed to inhale one, which lodged in the upper portion of his lungs. Himself a physician, he realized the necessity for care and rest, and supposed he had given the seed ample time to become encysted, which however was not the case.

There are a number of cases on record where small articles of various sorts have been drawn into the lungs with the breath. In several instances irritation had begun that ended in death. Sometimes, though, the article becomes coated with exudations from the surrounding surface and is gradually covered up, forming a lump that one may carry through the remainder of life without serious injury. Post-mortem examinations have disclosed several of these cysts which had nothing to do with the death of the subject.

—New York Ledger.

A Great Dog.

"That pointer of mine is a great dog," declared Howard Vernon, as he petted his \$1000 dog Glenbeigh. "I can always depend on him. When he makes a point I know that he has scented a bird and I know that he will not move a muscle while I have a chance at that bird."

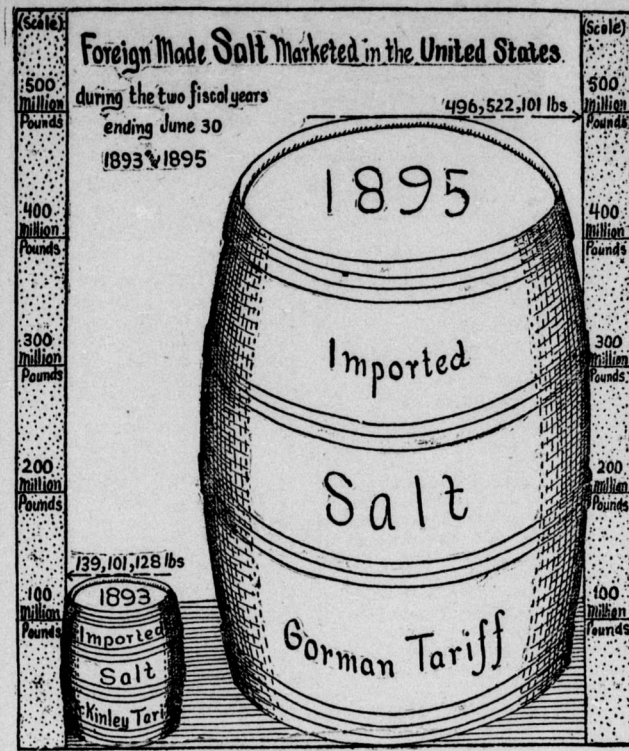
"I was hunting quail up at Point Reyes last month when I lost Glenbeigh. I knew he must be pointing in the brush somewhere, but I looked everywhere for him and could not find him. The next day I resumed the search, with no better success, but on the third day I found him in a dense thicket, standing perfectly rigid, with his tail sticking straight out behind and one foot up. A quail had run in to a hollow tree, and the dog stood at the opening pointing. The quail dared not come out, and the dog, true to his training, wouldn't move. He had been standing in that position, without so much as moving a foot, for sixty-five hours, and when I tried to lead him away he could not walk."

San Francisco Post.

Railway Travel in Africa.

Discontented passengers by the London, Chatham and Dover should try South Africa. A pathetic story comes from the Transvaal of a traveler who, at Kaapmuid, asked a railway official to direct him to a train for Barberton. He was shown into the down Delagoa train, and at Hector-spruit was fined \$5 for traveling to a place other than that mentioned on his ticket. Next day he went back to Kaapmuid, inquired of another official, and found the right train. But his welcome at Barberton was no warmer than that at Hector-spruit. The authorities promptly fined him another \$5 for traveling with a ticket of the previous day.

—London Realm.



KNIVES AND FORKS.

HOW BRITISH CUTLERY IS MADE FOR AMERICAN MARKETS.

Efforts Made to Flood Our Markets Before the McKinley Tariff.—How It Injured British Cutlery Trade.—Their Prosperity Returning Under the Wilson Bill.

Sheffield, Eng., Jan. 28, 1896. In the hardware line of this country, Sheffield is well nigh a household word. But in many other English trades, its success and prosperity is largely dependent on outside sources of consumption. In fact, nearly every industry of England is dependent on outside help before it can "see" at all, and like the woolen and worsted trade of another part of Yorkshire, Sheffield steel and cutlery manufacturers find in America their most important customer for her made up products.

As one takes up his table cutlery or examines his pocket blades, the familiar names Joseph Rogers & Sons, and several others of noted fame, convey the impression that all these productions emanate from large and magnificent factories. But such is not the case. Some of Sheffield's large concerns are housed on back streets so narrow as to be merely lanes, in buildings that formerly were used as shops and dwellings, now thrown all into one, with the result that to an outsider having such big notions about Sheffield's cutlery trade, he would think it degenerating to the same some of the cutlery has attained.

Standing one dinner hour in the street of the very thickest of Sheffield's factories, it was evident that the huge number of men, who were hurriedly walking about, were operatives in the district factory. It needed no great effort to button hole one of these and, having accomplished that, I at once began the "pumping" process.

"By your appearance you seem to be a workman in one of these cutlery factories; can you inform me of a like-like person who can give me a few particulars of your trade?"

"What is it that you want to know?" was very quickly responded. Then I announced to him my purposes.

"Look here," he said in effect, "I have worked in the steel and cutlery trade of Sheffield all my life, and just know a thing or two about it; come to my house, — street, No. —, at a later hour when I've finished and we'll have a talk together."

I agreed to that proposal and now submit the results of that interview. I may say here that, on inquiries about my informant, I found him to be a very sober, steady, intelligent man, whose character was thoroughly good and whose ability was undisputed.

"Well," I said, when I called upon him later, "how are you off for work in Sheffield?"

"Oh, just at present we've got quite plenty, in fact, in some departments, they are not only busy, but literally have more to do than they can possibly get through."

"Then of late you have had an increase of employment, say for this last year back?"

"Certainly we have."

"But what is the general opinion in cutlery circles as to the cause of this greatly improved trade?"

"Everybody says it's the American people knocking off the late heavy tariff," he said, somewhat childishly; but he was no doubt voicing the sentiments of all Sheffield, and speaking the truth into the bargain.

"But is there no other reason that can be assigned for Sheffield being so quiet until this year came in?"

Here he seemed to think soberly, and after a moment's reflection he gave me this valuable piece of information.

"Yes," he blurted off abruptly. "One of our largest manufacturers of cutlery, by name Messrs. George Wostenholm & Sons, up to the late inauguration of those very high tariffs in America was very busy."

"You mean the McKinley tariff which took effect in October, 1890, is it?"

"Yes, that was it. Well, up to then this firm was extraordinarily busy. Every available hand was occupied every minute of the day, very much overtime was worked, and every blade

and knife was got out it was possible for the men to do."

"And why was that?" I asked.

"This firm has branch warehouses in America, and they know full well that only let these new laws come into operation it would no longer be possible for them to send their goods across and sell them at the old rate, consequently they shipped all across the Atlantic they possibly could before McKinley duties became law, so that they might be able to warehouse the cutlery on the other side and sell it as they thought best afterward. Ever since the high tariff came into force Wostenholm's have been slack until this last few months back, when, like all the rest, they have become busy."

This was a very frank expression, and since I had it given me I have taken the trouble to investigate into its correctness. Accordingly I find in the Century's Progress, published so recently as 1893, in that part devoted to Yorkshire under the head of Sheffield's commerce, there stands the first on the list the name of George Wostenholm & Sons, limited, sole manufacturers of the celebrated "H. S. L." cutlery, and the famous original "piper" razors. In giving a detailed epitome of the business career of this firm, it is stated, among other things, that this firm have branches at New York, Philadelphia, Montreal, Sydney and Melbourne. As every production made by this firm is marked with their trade mark, it should be refused by every lover of American made goods.

Continuing I said, "How are workmen's wages to-day as compared with your former busy time in 1890?"

"When the slack time came and we had little to do, the masters of Sheffield thought that an opportune time for giving notice of a reduction of wages, and although we stoutly resisted it, yet we ultimately had to cave in to the extent of about 15 per cent. reduction."

"And you have not been able to get that put on again?"

"No fear," he said good humoredly, "once down, always down, and to-day we are working on that basis."

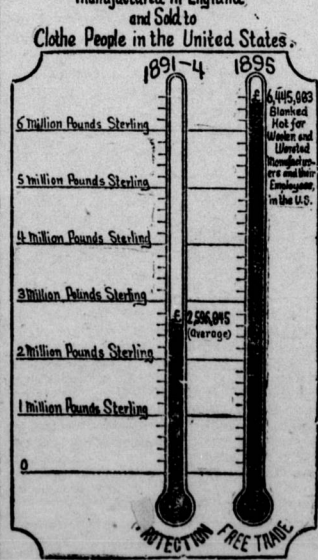
"What do you think is the busiest section in the Sheffield trade of to-day?"

"Undoubtedly the spring knife and table blade cutlery is the busiest."

"And can you give me any wholesale prices at which cutlery is being made?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I do know for a fact that not long ago one of our makers executed an order for one blade pocket knives at 12 shillings per gross, or just 1d. (2 cents) per piece, finished and complete, supposed to have on bone handles for hifts. Isn't that low enough for you?"

Value of Woollen and Worsted Goods Manufactured in England, and Sold to the People in the United States.



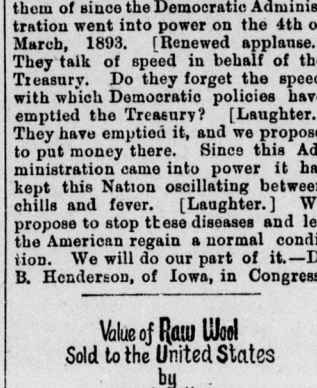
Cheese Trade Declines.

The way we captured the cheese markets of the world last year is represented by a decrease of 20,805,000 pounds in our shipments as compared with 1894, and a money loss of \$3,134,000.

Congressman Henderson to the Point.

Mr. Speaker, this is a business matter, for a business people, and should be met in a business way. A few days ago when this House was considering the Bayard resolution, we were taunted by the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Crisp] that we dared not take responsibility. We will show him today whether the Republican party is afraid to take responsibility or not. [Loud applause on the Republican side.] Whether this country is presided over by a Republican or a Democratic Executive, whether it is threatened with bullets or ballots, whether by deficiency or surplus, the Republican party never shirks its duty to this country. [Renewed applause.] We are taunted with working on a holiday. I want to say to my friend from Tennessee [Mr. McMillin] that if the Democratic ass falls into the ditch with a National load upon its shoulders we will even work on Sunday to take the National part of it out of the ditch. [Laughter and great applause.] The gentleman from Georgia tells us that this is for the purpose of taxing the people. My God, there is no power in Congress to put back in the pockets of the American people that which Democratic policies have robbed them of since the Democratic Administration went into power on the 4th of March, 1893. [Renewed applause.] They talk of speed in behalf of the Treasury. Do they forget the speed with which Democratic policies have emptied the Treasury? [Laughter.] They have emptied it, and we propose to put money there. Since this Administration came into power it has kept the Nation oscillating between chills and fever. [Laughter.] We propose to stop these diseases and let the American regain a normal condition. We will do our part of it.—D. B. Henderson, of Iowa, in Congress.

Value of Raw Wool Sold to the United States by Great Britain.



Seat of the Present Trouble.

Restore again the policy of the Republican party and reverse the balance of trade in our favor and the effect will be, as it always has been heretofore, to stop the outflow of gold from our shores and bring to us instead the yellow metal sufficient to make good the balance of trade in our favor. The real seat of the present trouble is largely if not wholly due to a false economic policy insisted upon by the opposition in the face of overwhelming facts as well as the logic of the present unfortunate condition of our National well-being.—Hon. Robert J. Gamble, of South Dakota, in Congress.

Capturing Those Markets.

In 1895 we sold almost 6,000,000 bushels less wheat and 1,080,000 barrels less flour to foreign countries than in 1894. The money loss exceeded \$10,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that the average price of wheat was about nine cents a bushel higher last year than in 1894.

RATS AND MICE.

Russia Suffered From a Genuine Plague of Rodents. Russia has suffered from a genuine plague of rats and mice, and the story is attractively told by United States Consul Steman at Odessa, in a report to the State Department. The vermin first appeared in Southern Russia in the autumn of 1893, and they increased in number with marvelous rapidity owing to heavy grain harvests leaving much untrashed grain, and to the mild winter. In addition to the common house rat, field mouse, another and new variety appeared, having a long, sharp nose. These mice over-ran every place, and they moved in vast numbers like armies, and in instances did not hesitate to attack men and animals. While the rats were not so numerous as the mice they were more destructive, eating every thing, gnawing away the woodwork, and even ruining entire buildings. After exhausting all other means, the plague was finally terminated in 1894 by resort to bacteriology, when the vermin were destroyed by the inoculation of a few rodents with contagious disease germs.

CANADA'S MILITIA.

They Are Not Drilling Much and Have Obsolete Guns. The Canadian Minister of Militia laid his report before Parliament at Ottawa. The report shows that only 20,877 men put in their annual drill of twelve days last year, the appropriation having run short. The Minister says it is to be regretted that the whole of the active militia cannot be drilled every year. The whole force is about 49,000 men, and he believes that by being exercised twelve days each year they would become quite efficient and available for active military duty at very short notice. The expenditure on account of militia last year was \$1,774,013, of which \$1,177,000 was on account of defenses of British Columbia, \$68,000 for modern firearms, and \$51,000 for warlike stores. The Adjutant-General calls attention to the obsolete rifles with which the force is equipped.