

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. B. HARTER, Editor and Prop.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., DEC. 8, 1902.

A new Methodist Episcopal Church is being built at Glasgow, Montana, the nearest church being 267 miles away.

English cattle breeders are agitating a bill against American stock, providing for the quarantining of all live cattle.

What the New York Independent terms an odd story comes officially from Harvard College that the most noticeable deficiency in candidates for admission is good English.

The different railroads operating in New York City carried more than 447,000,000 passengers, receiving from them in five-cent fares the aggregate sum of \$22,382,587.

The waters of Lake Michigan come underground from the Rocky Mountains, says the Chicago Herald. They must dip deep into the bosom of the earth, says the doubting Boston Transcript, when they cross the Mississippi.

The establishment of nine postoffice delivery stations in various parts of Philadelphia has been followed by the saving to the department of \$21,000 per annum for carrier conveyance and to the public of forty per cent. of time.

The recent Statistical Quarterly Statement of the German Empire reports the latest religious data of the country. According to these, Germany has 31,026,810 Protestant subjects; 17,674,921 Roman Catholics, 145,549 other Christians; 567,841 Hebrews, 562 adherents of other religions, and 12,753 without any religious profession. The total population is 49,428,470.

Some English newspaper women who wanted to find out whether the people who sing in the London streets make a good living or not, put on a disguise and, taking a guitar, went out to try it for themselves. After singing and playing for an hour and a half they had collected \$1.84. And they were only amateurs at that, and with no previous experience in pleasing the people.

Twenty-eight States had their Novembers designed to curb fraud, and make the voter's intent as definite and certain as possible. These States are: Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Maryland, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Dakota, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, South Dakota, Illinois, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Washington, Wyoming and Vermont.

A saunterer came across an interesting Indian settlement in Maine the other day, on the St. Croix River, in Perry Township, which the New York Post observes may be known well enough locally, but will bear description for the benefit of the general reader. The settlement or village is known as Pleasant Point, and occupies a commanding site overlooking the St. Croix and St. Andrew's (New Brunswick) Bays. The tribe is a branch of the Algonquian, Abenaki Nation, and is known as the Openangos. Their dwellings are cottages of the old colonial style of architecture, and on an eminence in the middle ground they have a church with parsonage attached. Their faith is the Roman Catholic. They were converted from the worship of an invisible being, which the sun was a feature, by a missionary sent to them in 1791 by the Rev. John Carroll, the first Bishop of Baltimore. Their schoolhouse is under the management of the sisters of a neighboring convent, who instruct their pupils in the common branches. Some of them, however, still converse in their original tongue only. Among other signs of an American civilization the Indians have a town hall, and a liberty pole, and a band of music. Some of them are farmers, but the majority prefer to hunt the porpoise in summer and make baskets in the winter. The State holds in trust for these Indians the sum of \$53,999, the proceeds of land sales, on which they receive six per cent. interest. They have a representative in the Legislature, whose business it is, without the right to vote, to state any grievances they may have. Their present Governor is Newell Francis, a full-blood who is married to a white woman. They have a large family of children. Some of the girls of the tribe are said to possess unusual beauty.

William Miner, serving a sentence for stage robbery, and John Marshall, for burglary, attempted to escape from the State prison at San Quentin, Cal. The guard fired upon them, killing Marshall and seriously wounding Miner.

O SHIP OF STATE!
O ship of state, sail strong and free
Around the reefs and shoals of fate
On history's majestic sea,
O ship of state!

IN THE CANON.

BY EVELYN RAYMOND.



TRAIN which had been creeping cautiously across the great bridge came to a dead halt. For a few seconds the weary passengers in the Pullman continued to read, yawn, or gaze from the windows with the same apathy which had characterized their interest since they had reached the monotony of Arizona. But when the halt was protracted and the train employes began to rush through the car with excitement expressed on their usually stolid faces, one after another the four travelers grew curious to discover through the steam-covered panes the cause of this fresh detention. The old gentleman in the end section muttered a mild oath and brushed his fingers in a vain attempt to raise the double sashes, then settled back with a sigh and touched the button for Joe. That long-suffering creature failing to respond, the ringing was prolonged till the jingling of the bell roused the occupant of the state room from her nap, and she appeared at its door with surprised inquiry on her countenance. One glance showed her that it was Number Eleven who was manifesting so much impatience; a second, that the train was standing still above a wonderful gorge. "Oh, sir, has anything happened?" demanded Miss Denslow, strangely ready to take alarm on that lonely homeward journey in midwinter. "That's what I am trying to find out! Where the—Don't allow yourself to be disturbed, miss. I will—Joe! Joe! porter!" Voice was added to ring in the summons for the attendant. The audacious, aggressive commercial traveler, in section four, rose and came down the aisle. "I'll find that porter, and I'll find out what's up," he remarked to Helen in passing. She ignored him, but after he had disappeared walked through the car and seated herself before a window. "Why, this is Canon Diablo! Strange I did not recognize it." "Rightly named, too," retorted Number Eleven. "Seems as if all the umps in creation had been hired to do those work here. Wonder if that porter isn't one of them, and gone to join his fellows. If it were not for this foot I'd soon find out what's the matter. Joseph!" Ting-a-ling-a-ling! "Well, there's a 'Jonah' somewhere on this train, sure. Never made such a trip since I've been on the road, and that's four years. We're five hours late now, and the bridge all torn up!" exclaimed the guard, entering hastily. "The bridge torn up! What do you mean?" thundered Number Eleven. "Fact, some would-be robbers, or 'greasers,' been at work. Indians maybe." "What—what will become of us?" asked Miss Denslow, faintly. "Oh! I forgot there was a lady aboard, or I wouldn't have said that. But we'll be all right. Found the thing out in time." "But you have said it. Now tell me; what is to be done?" "Go back, of course, till the track is repaired. We're beginning to move now. See! But, upon my word, I'd like to know who the fellow is. We've broken an axle, blown out a cylinder head, smashed the windows of the tourist car—had about forty such hindrances since we left Los Angeles—and now stalled here for nobody knows how long." Pullman conductors are less wary in their conversation than train conductors, on whose shoulders responsibility rests; they are apt to be chatty and communicative. They regard the traveling public as a guest to be entertained in one fashion or another. Helen Denslow did not look as if it were a pleasant form of entertainment just then employed. "How far back must we go? How long will it take?" "I hope not long," and to ward off further inquiry the official departed. The girl looked hopelessly around. In reality her situation had not changed. She was no more alone than before, when the consciousness of motion, progress, had given her a sense of nearness to the rest of the world; but now that the progress had ceased she felt as if she were. She observed a fresh her companions in the "Pacino." She had exchanged speech with but one of them, the gouty and ancient New Yorker in section eleven. The somnolent presiding elder in number five was awake at last, and mildly curious, though as exasperatingly placid as if being stalled on a trestle two hundred feet above that awful chasm were a commonplace incident. The merchant from San Diego had ceased his eternal figuring in a notebook, and now gazed through the glass, though he remained indifferent to the presence of any fellow creatures. The commercial traveler had returned and deposited himself, his plaid cap, and his magenta necktie upon the seat across the aisle, where he kept up a running comment on the state of things, which was intended for Miss Denslow's ears, but was addressed to Number Eleven. The train receded to the west brink of the canon and came to another halt with a thud which shook the heavy carriages violently.

Joe appeared. His face was pallid beneath the dark exterior. "To de lan! We's don't fixed now!" The employes swarmed backward through the car. Before and behind the road had been torn up, demolished. The fiendish work of a few moments had caused the delay of hours, and already the early dusk was settling down: But life was safe—so far. "Who could have done it—and why?" "Some lurking band of thieves, no doubt, hoping to rob the train!" "They took a deal of trouble. They could have 'held us up' without making themselves so much work," said the man with the loud necktie. "There's only one solitary passenger in the other Pullman." Miss Denslow turned sick with fear. The utter desolation of her position appalled her. Why had she done this foolish thing? Yet, why should she have thought of danger; or how foretell that she would be the only woman on board that east-bound train? And the doctor's letter had been so urgent. Her aunt was dying and needed her. She felt as if suffocating, and hurried toward the door. "I wouldn't lady! Bettah stay inside. Yo' needs be scared. We kin take care of yo', lady. Mebbe it's on'y foolin'." urged the porter, gently. Helen had been a generous patron and not fault-finding. She had almost compensated to the chivalrous porter for his empty car, and, therefore, almost empty pocket. "Open the door, quick! I must get out of this prison!" In an instant she had sprung to the frozen ground and was running blindly, wildly forward. She passed the train's length and care to the canon's brink. As she flew by them her pale face was illumined by the flare of the trainmen's torches, searching the disaster's extent. "Oh, lady! Don't go down there! Take care! It's a tough place!" At the touch of the brakeman's hand on her arm the girl stopped. Her unreasoning fear left her as suddenly as it had come, and she was her cool, alert self again. "Have you telegraphed for help?" "That's the worst—the wire are cut." "See some one, then?" "Yes—if the messenger ain't stopped." "Did such a thing ever happen before?" The man answered evasively. "It's a wild country, lady. Considerable money goes east now and again, and there's a diamond merchant travels the road sometimes." "Jerry! Bring that light this way." As the glare of the torch faded the moonlight filled its place. Miss Denslow's fear gone, her curiosity remained. Canon Diablo is a world's wonder. Its sides are covered with loose stones and boulders which look as if they had been brought one by one and tossed into place. "I will go down a little way. We may stay here for hours—I shall have no other chance in all my life!" The girl's nostrils dilated. Her heart beat eagerly. Here was a new experience, indeed. It promised to be a satisfying one; and she had fed her hungry heart with such husks since that day, a year before, when she had parted from her lover in a quarrel. Moonlight always brought his memory back to her with cruel distinctness. He seemed very near to her at that moment. "I wonder if he did really go to the Pacific coast. They said so—and it seems as if I must have heard of him there; and yet—is that why I hate going home! What a dunce I am! Expecting to hear of anybody in such a great country as California. Ah, this is—marvelous! It is a desecration for mortal to trespass here." Nevertheless, the desecration was ruthlessly continued. The train and its mishaps were forgotten, while petty personal interests dwarfed and faded out of sight before the majesty of that moment in that awful solitude. "I wonder if even before a woman's foot passed over these stones. How excited I am! All alone with desolation and—God." By daylight, with less exaltation of spirit, she could not have accomplished the descent; but at that weird hour she reached the bottom of the chasm safe if trembling. Then she looked upward across the canon, and shuddered. Its further brink seemed to rest against the sky. Backward and upward the heights appeared interminable. She sat down in the shadow of a boulder, and a delightful, unmeasured season of repose succeeded the excitement of endeavor. A penetrating chill aroused her, and she looked upward again. "How can I get back! How did I ever do it? She stifled the returning dread of her soul and began the ascent, over the rocks which rolled and slipped and threatened her destruction. Suddenly she stopped. That echo of falling boulders was not caused by those which her own feet had dislodged. Then she saw the figures of four men silhouetted against the sky, and, frozen with terror, watched them descending toward her. They were the train wreckers, she thought. She was doomed. She understood it clearly. She had put herself out of the reach of aid. Impulse had cost her her life, as it had once cost her his happiness. Well, life without happiness—that is, without William Glenney—wasn't of great value. Death in Canon Diablo—how strange! Miss Denslow's terror ended in an indifference which was half unconsciousness. But she was not of the sort which faints. She listened dreadingly to the increasing sounds, and began to count; curiously wondering how high her numbers would reach before her destruction came. "Up in the first thousand! But that stone rolled very near. One thousand and twenty-one—Oh!" "Great heavens! Helen! You—here!" For an instant she thought that she had "crossed the border" and had found him on the other side; a hypothesis quite remote from the fact that he had been that one solitary passenger in the other Pullman, to whom the loquacious "drummer" had so contemptuous-

ly referred. She passed her hand across her confused eyes; then saw William Glenney distinctly in the flesh and perilously balanced upon a tottering ledge with hands outstretched towards her. "I'm sorry, Will. I—" "Sorry for what. That I've come in time to help you out of this canon! You can never get up alone and alive. Or sorry for—the other?" "I—I'm not afraid. I was in the car. I couldn't stay there, and I came—I came—" He fancied that he heard between the broken words the answer which he craved. "Helen—this is a temple indeed! Will you?" She looked at him bewildered. He called the presiding elder and explained. All the happenings of life were fallen leaves upon the shoulders of this priest, who traveled heavenward. This touched him as lightly as the rest; and he turned readily from the mystery of the wonderful place he was exploring to the subtler mystery of love; while the commercial traveler and the unsocial merchant had no choice but silently witness the simple ceremony which then took place on the perilous slope of Canon Diablo.—Frank Leslie's.

Camphor From Japan. Many seeds of the camphor tree have been sent to the Department of State from Japan in the hope of affording to the United States a chance to add this valuable substance to its vegetable products. The tree is a species of laurel, and it grows in extensive forests in the mountainous regions of the south of Japan far from the sea. Large groves are owned by the Japanese Government, the wood being very desirable for ship-building. Many of the trees attain an enormous size, often measuring twelve feet in diameter and sometimes attaining twenty feet. The seeds or berries grow in clusters, resembling black currants in size and appearance. The fine grain of the wood renders it particularly valuable for cabinet work. The camphor is a resinous gum. To get it the tree is necessarily destroyed, but, by a stringent law of the land, another is planted in its stead. The simple method of manufacture employed by the natives is as follows: The tree is felled to the earth and cut into chips. A big metal pot is partly filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Then a wooden tub is fitted to the top of the pot and the chips of camphor wood are placed in this. The bottom of the tub is perforated, so as to permit the steam to pass up among the chips. A steam-tight cover is fitted on the tub. From this tub a bamboo pipe leads to another tub, through which the inclosed steam, the generated camphor and oil flow. This second tub is connected with in like manner with the third. The third tub is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a layer of straw, which catches and holds the camphor in crystals. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs of 133 pounds each and is ready for market. After each boiling the water runs off through a faucet, leaving the oil, which is utilized by the natives for illuminating and other purposes: Adulteration of camphor gum is practiced mostly by adding water just as far as the buyer will tolerate it. Sometimes the purchaser will find that twenty pounds of water have run out of a tub in twelve hours. The unadulterated article, known as the "old dry," can sometimes be bought, but not often. In a letter on this subject newly received by the Department of State, Consul Smithers writes from Osaka, Japan, that it would be very desirable to send a competent agent from this country to Japan, who should visit the camphor-producing districts and study the processes of manufacture, packing, etc.—Washington Star.

The Population of Greenland. It seems by a recent report of the Danish Statistical Bureau that the census of Greenland in 1890 showed a total population of 1516, of which 399 were Europeans, the remaining 10,207 being natives. Since 1880 the increase has been five per cent., the greatest growth being in North Greenland. In one of the "colonies," that of Godhavn, the increase has reached thirty-five per cent. Nearly the whole of the European settlers are found in the south. As has always been the case, the women greatly outnumber the men. This is especially true of Southern Greenland, owing to the fact that the milder climate allows hunting and fishing from the kayak to be carried on both winter and summer. During each of the last decades the number of accidental deaths in this occupation has averaged 290 in the south to fifty or sixty in the north. With regard to occupations, 1668 persons are engaged in the whale and seal fisheries, 355 are ordinary fishermen, thirty-three are netters, forty-seven are hunters, and three are cattle-owners, this last industry having been introduced into Southern Greenland during the year 1890.—London Times.

No Cloud Without Rain. A very curious fact is that a cloud is always raining. Even in summer, when the cloud over our heads is white, the drops are falling from it. But they are very small and they evaporate before they reach the earth. In evaporating they pass from the cloud particle stage to the haze particle stage; from saturation to simple condensation, or the dry dust particles on which the condensation took place may be left perfectly dry. It is a general truth that when a cloud is formed it begins to rain. The minute particles of water come down in millions. The distance they fall depends on their size. If the air the cloud rests on is dry and warm they do not get far. If it is chilly they collect in masses and form drops of rain that reach the earth.—Longman's Magazine.

BUDGET OF FUN.

NUMEROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Sea Stumble—Sponge Cake—The Insatiate Tailor—A Dress Bargain—A Lightning Change Artist—Sure to Go, Etc., Etc.

The girl I love is like the sea; Her moods its tides at ebb and flow, Her voice is full of melody. As its soft murmurs, sweet and low, Her eyes as changeful as its tides, Her nature wide and deep and grand, And, oh! she's like the ocean, too, Because she has such lots of "sand." —Frank Leslie's Weekly.

SPONGE CAKE. Mistress—"Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as can be." New Cook—"Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum."—New York Weekly.

NO CHANCE TO TRY IT. Mrs. Cawker—"Have't you got a headache, Ben?" Mrs. Cawker—"No, my dear. Why?" Mrs. Cawker—"Oh, I am so sorry that you have not. I bought a new headache cure to-day at a bargain, and I wanted you to try it."—Harper's Bazar.

THE INSATIATE TAILOR. Two friends meeting, the following colloquy ensued: "Where have you been?" "To my tailor, and I had hard work to make him accept a little money." "You astonish me! Why?" "Because he wanted more."—London Tid-Bits.

A LIGHTNING CHANGE ARTIST. Helen Hyler—"But, I don't see how you could stay in love with a man long enough to marry him. Didn't you ever change your mind after you accepted Carley?" Mrs. Lovely—"Mercy, yes! I changed it four times while we were walking up the church aisle."—Puck.

A DRESS BARGAIN. Wife—"Oh, such a bargain! I reached Biggs, Drive & Co.'s ahead of the crowd this morning, and got enough stuff for a perfectly elegant dress for one dollar and ninety cents." Husband—"Hoopla! You're an angel! What will it cost to get it made up?" Wife—"Bout thirty dollars."—New York Weekly.

SURE TO GO. Little Dot—"Mamma is going to take me with her when she visits Aunt Jenny." Little Dick—"She's going to take me, too." "Did she say so?" "No." "Then how do you know?" "She'll never leave me with that pocket full of jam."—Good News.

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION. Successful Farmer (whose son has been to college)—"What was all that howlin' you were doin' out in the grove?" Cultured Son—"I was merely showing Miss Brighteyes what a college yell is like." Farmer—"Wall, I swan! College is some good after all. I'm goin' into town to sell some truck to-morrow. You kin go along an' do th' callin'."—New York Weekly.

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT. Mamma—"I am going out, and I don't want you to stir away from the front steps until I come back." Little Johnny (who has been invited to play)—"All right, mamma. I won't stir a step, and if I get tired I'll go in th' house and read 'bout little Samuel an' Daniel in the lions' den. Goin' to take a street car!" Mamma—"No, I'm only going across the way to speak with Mrs. Blank. She's there at the front window." Little Johnny—"Boo, hoo, hoo!"—Good News.

HE RETURNED THE COMPLIMENT. Not long ago a venerable native of Erin landed for the first time on Chinese soil. Soon he was surrounded by natives, who began to chatter a rather broken sort of English. Pat, who was quick tempered, was not long before he let fly at one with a dish which he seized from a warehouse close by. A Chinaman's face was badly out and Pat was brought before the English Consul. "Why have you done this?" demanded the Consul. To which Pat replied, "Och! sure the ugly haythen spoke broken English and I just gave him broken China in return."—Modern Society.

LIKE MISTRESS LIKE MAID. The large-boned domestic, with a broad, thoughtful brow, answered the bell with a fine de siecle promptness. "Mary," remarked the mistress, "did I hear you say to a man in the kitchen last evening that you would marry him?" The domestic bowed lowly. "You did, ma'am." "Was it the same young man I heard you say you would marry the night before, Mary?" The girl tossed her head in haughty scorn. "It was not the same, ma'am. I would remind you, ma'am, that servants are human beings."—Detroit Tribune.

EVEN A POET HAS RIGHTS. "I have here," said the long haired poet, entering a newspaper office, "an ode which will make about one column in your paper. I wish—" "Don't want any poetry," growled the editor, who was feeling savage and dyspeptic. "Get out of here." "I was about to add," continued the visitor, "that the poem has reference to a new kind of soap that my employer has invented and I was going to ask you

to publish it as an advertisement twenty cents a line." And he disappeared in the direction of the rival newspaper office before anything could be done toward intercepting him or making overtures of peace. New York Herald.

A POOR INVESTMENT. "No, sir," said Mr. Closest; "I will not subscribe to any memorial for Congo bus; and I wish to say that it is my unwise and even criminal to hold up the character of that man for the emulating of our American youth. Why, sir, the man started an enterprise at a cost of forty thousand dollars, that ended in complete failure! You take forty thousand dollars, sir, and compute interest at six per cent. per annum, compounded annually, and tell me what it will amount to at the end of four hundred years. Nearly seven hundred billions of dollars, sir—more than all the personal real estate in North and South America is worth, sir; and yet there are, I understand, men who are otherwise as teemed prudent and careful, who pretend to honor the memory of a man, who started an enterprise that won't pay six per cent. dividends, sir. A disastrous failure, sir! Good morning, sir!"—Puck.

HIS DEGREE OF HUNGER. It was quite early in the morning when the tramp slept in at the back gate of a house on Baubien street and sat down on the kitchen steps to wait for developments. In a few minutes the case opened the door. "Gracious me!" she exclaimed, standing back, "what are doing here!" "Nothing, mem," he replied humbly. "Oh," she said, recovering her wits, "that's what you do mostly, isn't it?" "Mostly, mem," he admitted without argument. "How long do you expect to be there?" "Until I get up, mem," he replied. "And that'll be right soon," she snapped, "for I'll set the dog on you." "Is he a large dog, mem?" he asked quite unmoved. "Yes he is. He's mastiff that weighs 150 pounds." "Is he young and fat and healthy, mem?" "You'll think so when he gets after you once." The tramp remained seated. "Bring him on, mem," he said. "Too weak to get up, but I'm hungry enough to eat a raw dog this morning, and if you will be so kind as to trot him out right away, I think I'll be strong enough to walk off after I have finished him." Then he sighed heavily, and she took him in and gave him his breakfast.—Detroit Free Press.

Arab Conjuring. "Talking about miracles," said James P. Carr, "I'm no believer in them generally speaking, but I saw something like or several years ago at the city of Cairo in Egypt. It was just as supernatural and incomprehensible to my senses as anything that could possibly take place. Some years ago I was sent to Alexandria by a Connecticut paper mill company to buy a cargo of rags. I went on up the Nile to Cairo to see what I might do there. While sitting one afternoon on the veranda of the famous Shepherd's Hotel in company with some English travelers, we were approached by a very singular-looking personage who at once took all our attention. He was an Arab, tall and lank, with a long, swarthy visage, deep-set eyes of piercing solemnity, and was very deliberate and solemn in all his movements and aspects. He wore the turban and a long cotton gown with loose sleeves and a rope around his wrist for a girdle. He had an interpreter with him who proposed to do a miracle for us at the low price of twenty cents per head. We all chipped in with alacrity. "He stood within a circle formed by us, his interpreter outside. He first rolled up the wide sleeves of his gown and tucked them on top of his shoulders. Next he removed the turban from his head, twisted it up into a rope about two inches thick, and held it in the middle with both hands, passing it up and down before our gaze and not more than ten inches from our faces. His interpreter asked one of us to take out a pocket-knife and cut the turban in two right between his hands. I was the one who did it. It took about three slashes to get it apart. I then, upon direction, lit a match and set fire to the two ragged ends, which we all were watching very closely. The cotton caught readily, blazed up a moment, and was then blown out by the performer. He passed the charred ends before our noses, and, with a slow movement of his fingers, gathered the two pieces into his hands, rubbed them all up in a small bunch, and then, with the tips of his fingers, disengaged the tangle and drew out, in one length, the whole turban, just as he had taken it from his head! Smell of smoke, charred ends, ragged edges, all gone. The Arab slowly passed away. It was broad daylight, the sun was shining in the evening sky, and the streets were full of passing people. We had to look around at these familiar sights for a moment to realize that we had not really witnessed a miracle."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Calculation Extraordinary. Some people who are not harassed by the "daily bread" problem seem to delight in researches which have no other effect than to settle a point which was never disputed. Sir Archibald Geikie, of the British Association, after much careful thought and patient investigation, together with a deal of figuring, has come to the conclusion that the world is between 73,000,000 and 650,000,000 years old. Rather a wide margin, it would seem.—Washington Star.

Yeddo, the capital of the Japanese Empire, contains 4,000,000 inhabitants and has a greater area than London.