

The debts of the world are estimated at \$150,000,000,000.

Germany's proportion of suicides is larger than that of any other European country.

It is estimated that by improper methods in the Pennsylvania mines 30 to 40 per cent. of the anthracite coal was formerly lost.

A railroad train in Spain recently made a run of twenty-five miles in a little over an hour, and, according to the New York Tribune, the papers are full of jubilant articles about the achievement.

H. Rider Haggard, the novelist, has bought a weekly newspaper printed in London, known as the African Review, which he proposes to devote to the interests of South Africa. Mr. Haggard is an uncompromising supporter of British rule in Africa, and believes that the Boer power in the southern part of the Dark Continent is doomed.

A member of the Leeds (England) Chamber of Commerce introduced a resolution at a meeting of that body a fortnight ago that the government be asked to put the big, expensive navy to some good practical use, by utilizing the ships for commercial purposes. He suggested the carrying of the mails, or passengers, or any remunerative work, "so as to make the navy wholly or partially self-supporting."

United States Consul Lastremski, at Callao, Peru, who has been concerning himself with the problem of bettering the trade relations between the United States and the nine million people on the west coast of South America, ascribes to inadequate means of transportation the present small trade relations, and gives some remarkable figures to prove how great is the discrimination in favor of Europe and against the United States under the present system.

The cost of erecting an office building which shall comply with all the provisions of the Building laws in New York City is said to be about forty cents per cubic foot, while ten years ago it was estimated that the cost of erecting a large building was \$2 per cubic foot. A natural result of this reduction, brought about by a variety of causes, remarks the Sun, is that capitalists have decided upon investing more money than ever in big buildings, and plans for several have been drawn, each of which is to be twenty-four stories high.

Physicians in New York City are much interested in the case of a man who had a malignant tumor in his throat, involving the vocal cords, states the Boston Cultivator. To save the patient's life the doctor removed the larynx and entire vocal apparatus, inserting a metallic tube in its place. Nobody thought the patient would ever be able to speak, and he was considered lucky if the doctor's makeshift enabled him to continue to breathe. But when the wound healed speech returned and the man can talk in ordinary tones nearly as well as ever. He addressed a clinic of surgeons recently and told them about the operation. His only disability is an inability to shout, but we have all known people who would be greatly improved for such a chance as this.

Some one given to statistics has discovered that, whereas in 1858 there were only seventy lines of industrial activity open to women, now there are 500. If the next quarter of a century sees a proportionate expansion of woman's opportunities, the New York Mail and Express predicts there will be a demand for protective organizations for the men. Women are grasping creatures, there is no question of that, and while men might be induced to overlook the minor invasion of their wardrobes, as illustrated by the present mania for shirts, cravats, hats, etc., etc., of an unmistakably masculine cut, but it cannot be expected of them to sit still while the bread is taken out of their mouths, poor ladies. It is a woman, as some one in the Ladies' Home Journal informs us, who has hit upon a quite new and very lucrative line of business, one, we should think, which would pay quite as well in New York as in London, where it has had its rise. It is the business of indexing—indexing everything deserving that distinction. A bright young English woman, a Miss Bailey, is the first to open an indexer's office, and she is making such a financial success that she is already casting about for competent assistants. It is dry and wearing work, but women bread winners stop at nothing nowadays that is clean, honorable and "says."

The population of the United States doubles in a period of about thirty-four years.

The finest mahogany in the world comes from British Honduras. Over 5,000,000 cubic feet were exported in 1890.

Australia mined 4,037,929 tons of coal last year. The supply is apparently inexhaustible and is counted on to be an important factor in the future industrial development of the country.

A French writer points out that while Greater New York will cover 317 square miles, equal to 83,100 French hectares, Paris covers only 7,802 hectares, Berlin 6,600, and London 30,000.

The confirmation of the news of the sinking of the great steel clad monster Aquidaban by a torpedo boat will, in the opinion of the Philadelphia Record, serve to diminish the confidence of the nations in their costly cruisers and battleships. It has always been so. As soon as some Goliath gets his reputation established, along comes some unexpected David with a sling.

In the German army promotion from the ranks is practically unknown; but in France about half the officers become officers in that way. It is the unanimous testimony of French soldiers that officers who have seen service in the ranks do, as a rule, succeed best in securing respect, obedience, and efficiency in their subordinates. Still, to get a commission from the ranks is by no means easy. After a non-commissioned officer has been frequently recommended he has to go through a military college and pass very severe examinations.

In the French, as in all foreign armies, a company consists of 250 men. This is commanded by a mounted captain and has an adjutant, who is a non-commissioned officer responsible for discipline, a sergeant-major and a quartermaster-sergeant. There are four companies in a battalion and three battalions in a regiment. A battalion is commanded by a "commandant" and a regiment by a colonel, assisted by a lieutenant-colonel. Authority and responsibility are not centralized, as in the American service. Each captain, for instance, is entirely responsible for his company, and upon its efficiency his promotion depends.

Metal articles manufactured in the United States are crowding out implements of English and German make in the foreign markets states the New York Sun. A list of articles exported, and which find ready sale abroad, contains the following: Tools used by carpenters, cooper, curriers, masons, blacksmiths, miners, plumbers and cabinetmakers, all in great variety. Shovels, spade hoes, forks, axes, saws, ploughs, harrows, reapers, mowers. Orders for 10,000 steel ploughs are received at a time. Binding twine and barbed wire in enormous quantities. All sorts of ship hardware. Cut and wire nails, tacks, brads and shoe nails. Builders' hardware, such as locks, knobs, hinges, escutcheons, etc. Tin, iron and enamelled ware, table cutlery, clocks, lamps and chandeliers, stoves, ranges, heaters, plated and silverware. All sorts of rubber mechanical goods. Pumps, wood working machinery, iron working machinery, steam engines, boilers and sugar working machinery.

In a public address delivered in Pittsburg a few days ago, Rev. Dr. Sheldrake, of Kentucky, related these singular stories: "There was a member of the Kentucky presbytery, whom I knew very well, who frequently went into a sort of walking sleep. While in this condition he would preach most eloquent sermons, but when he came out he could not remember a word that he had said. On one occasion a copy of the French Testament was handed to him to conduct family worship at the house of a well-known citizen of Frankfort. Although utterly ignorant of the French language, he read a chapter and then commented thereon at length in English. On another occasion, while in this condition, he remarked to his friends that a certain minister in Nebraska was in trouble, and that he had just written a letter in Kentucky, detailing the circumstances. He then proceeded to give the contents of the letter, and his words were taken down by some one present. Two days later the letter arrived from Nebraska, and it was identical, word for word, with the one the minister had dictated while in the waking sleep." The speaker cited these instances to show the life of the soul independent of the body, and argued therefrom the immortality of the former.

An Orchard Lily.
The warm sun shines down on banks of white clover;
The honey bee, laden, flits by on the wing;
And Jenny comes down where the peach trees bend over,
And robin gay rogue, is beginning to sing.
Blue, so blue, are the skies where the soft clouds are swimming,
And blue, yes, as blue, are the maiden's bright eyes;
But, alas! their fair beauty with teardrops are brimming.
While there's no hint of rain in the azure-hued skies.
The robin trills louder his rapturous singing;
The pink blossoms drift on the breeze that floats by;
But Jenny's heart-throbs, and her thoughts are a-winging,
As she spreads the white clothes on the clover to dry;
There is an empty nest in the apple tree hidden;
There's a blackberry vine that is dead in the sun.
It will rain, for the clouds by the breezes are hidden,
And the linen half dry, and the washing half done!
But the robin sang on. And the wind, idle rover,
Still drifted the peach blossoms down to the grass;
For how could they know of a faithless young lover,
And how could they read the sweet heart of a lass?
Still on moves the day. The sun mounting high,
Reveals a new nest in the old apple tree,
And the ruy ranch vine that seemed dead and they spy
A promise of hope, that the Summer will see.
And Jenny, slow tripping where blossoms bend over,
Finds that, silly maiden, that banishes tears,
As she plucks, with a smile, the hazel-ringed clover
That brings good fortune and drives away fears.
Ah! Jenny, the robin, his carol still singing,
Is watching the scene with bird-wisdom wise,
And he notes, I am sure, that the wind is a-bringing
No hint of a shower, in the blue of the skies.
So the peach petals drift, as the bee, busy rover,
Flies home at the close of the long Summer hours,
And sees blushing Jenny a-greeting her lover
Where the red robin nests, and the white clover flowers.

The Detective's Story.

"Although the law protects a police officer in the execution of his duty," said one of Mr. Byrne's detectives the other day, "yet there are occasions when the officer makes himself personally liable by arresting a citizen. I have had several experiences which left me in doubt for a long time as to my personal responsibility, and I remember particularly one case where it looked as though I would get myself into a heap of trouble by refusing to take the advice of my friends. That was a very peculiar case, one that I will not forget.

"I had become interested in trying to work out the solution of a mysterious case of theft, and had become so absorbed in my work that my curiosity and desire to come to some definite conclusion impelled me to go beyond ordinary bounds. I had nothing but suspicion and a sort of intuitive feeling to act upon, and had against me a threat of suit for personal damages and the opposition of all those persons who were interested in the matter in one way or another. The facts were simply these:

"A wealthy family living on the west side, not far from Central Park, lost a number of valuable articles in the most mysterious fashion. I was acting as the detective in that precinct at the time, and the captain sent me around to ferret out the thief. I found that the people lived in a beautiful house, which was just full of valuable articles that could easily be stolen by a person who had access to them. On the other hand, it was difficult for burglar or a sneak thief to get in, as the place was not only guarded by good locks but had also a burglar alarm, which was set whenever the family and servants retired. During the day and evening there were enough persons about the house to spot any thief that might effect an entrance.

"The family consisted of husband, wife, and baby, and there were four or five servants, including a nurse. The latter had it about as easy as any servant could wish for. Her employers were Californians, had lots of money, doted on their child, and were liberal to its caretaker. They had been absent for about a week, and it was during their absence that the thefts became so alarming as to cause them to complain to the police when they returned.

"I was so well satisfied after a short preliminary examination of the house and surroundings, that the thief was inside and not outside, that I devoted all my time to watching and cross-examining the servants. I had no difficulty with any except the nurse. She

was very uppish and short, and acted as though she considered my questions insulting. In this attitude she was supported by her employers, who said that there was no reason in the world for suspecting her, while they were not so certain of the other servants. The latter, however, were so direct and frank in their replies to all my questions that I became convinced that they were innocent. I therefore turned my attention to the nurse, and watched her whenever I went to the house. Although I could get no evidence against her, I became thoroughly convinced that she was the thief. Try as I would, however, I could not find anything to support my belief. Finally, my ardor led me into formally arresting her, although her master and mistress protested against my doing so. I took her before a police justice sitting at Yorkville. Now, I had known this justice for a number of years, and, as a matter of fact, it was through his influence that I had secured my place on the force. He had always treated me like a son, and I was therefore very much amazed and put back at his conduct on this occasion.

I had no sooner arranged the woman and started to explain my charge against her than he became very indignant, and said sharply:

"You have made a mistake, man. I know that this woman is not guilty. Why, she was employed in my own family for a number of years, and I know her to be as honest a woman as ever breathed. You had no right to arrest her, and if she brings suit against you I will have to testify in her favor. Where is your evidence against her?"

"I still felt confident that I was right, and so I braced up and said to the judge:

"I will get the evidence if you will remand her."

"I won't do it," said the judge, very hotly. "I will discharge her."

"If you do," said I, getting a little excited, too, "I will rearrest her."

My manner must have impressed him, for he finally did remand her, although very unwillingly. I worked all that night trying to get some clue, and visited forty or fifty pawn shops in the hope of finding the missing articles. Still I was unable to get a single bit of evidence. The next day, when I was taking her to court, I noticed that she carried a pocketbook in her hand which had escaped my observation when she was searched in the police station. I asked her to let me see it, and she appeared unwilling to do so. I took it from her and examined it carefully. There was nothing in it but a few dollars in money. I watched her closely while I went over the pocketbook a second time. I saw that she was watching me out of the corners of her eyes. That convinced me that there was some story which that pocketbook would tell if I only could get at it. Of course I had no right to destroy her property, but again my feeling that she was guilty and that I must prove her so overpowered my sense of discretion, and I began to rip the pocketbook apart. Finally I came across a pawn ticket, which had been slipped in through a slit in the outside cover, which had then been pasted down so that it was not noticeable.

"The woman didn't seem alarmed even then, but I felt that I had come upon a tangible clue.

"Where did you get that?" I asked her. "Oh, it belongs to my sister," she said carelessly.

"Where is your sister?" asked I. She gave me an address and I said nothing further.

The Judge was angrier than ever when I brought her up in court the second day, and had to confess that I had not secured any further evidence. I had to argue with him a long time before he would consent to remand her again, and again he warned me that if the woman brought a personal suit against me he would testify in her favor. After I took her back to the station I went to the address at which the woman said her sister lived. It was bogus. I then went to the pawnbroker and looked up the article represented by the pawn ticket. Although it was not down in the list of things taken from the house of the Californians, I knew at once that it did not belong to the nurse and that it must have been stolen from somebody. I tried a new policy then. I went into the cell where the woman was and I said to her:

"I am sorry that I have caused you so much trouble, but I see I have made a mistake. 'Yes, and you'll pay for it, too,' she said very sharply. 'Well,' said I, 'I hope you won't be too hard on me, I was only trying to do my duty. I went to-day to the address you gave me, but I found your sister didn't live there. I caught her

though at your master's house this afternoon when she came there to inquire for you. I got her dead to rights, as she had a lot of pawn tickets for the stuff, and she said that she took it when she came to visit you.'

"The woman caught her breath, gasped, clenched her hands, and yelled out in fury: 'She lied, she didn't take it! I took it!'

"Then, supposing that I had really caught her sister, and that the latter had confessed in order to save her she broke down and gave away the whole story. She had been stealing all the time, had pawned the stuff, and left the pawn tickets in the care of her sister. She told me where the stuff was pawned, and I got it together that night. It included all sorts of things, and made a big cart load. I had it all in court the next morning, and compelled the Californian to identify it against his will. The best of all, however, was the fact that I got evidence that she had stolen from the Police Justice, too, when she was in his family, and I had the pleasure of returning to him the things which she had taken, but which he had never missed.

"Once I actually had suit brought against me by a woman. She brought one suit against me for \$25,000 for defamation of character, and another for \$10,000 for false imprisonment. I had arrested her, and she had been discharged for lack of evidence. I followed her for four months after she was discharged, and finally caught her entering a pawn shop. It was a little place out of the usual run, and I had never thought of going there before. I got all the evidence I wanted then, and re-arrested her. Her suits were never brought to trial.

"In each of these cases, however, it was only my persistency and determination that saved me from trouble. If I hadn't stuck to it I probably would have got into serious difficulty, for I was not acting strictly within the lines of my official duty."—New York Sun.

The Bahamans.

A most curious utensil of a Bahaman dwelling is a big cement oven, like a cone at the back of the house. In this the family bread is baked. Bahamans are physiologically starved, and their thin, attenuated forms show it. An unvarying diet of fish and fruit is not nourishing enough, and the fact speaks for itself in these islanders. The white Bahamans are homely and sallow unless burned so that complexion is a thing of the past. They rarely—some never—wear shoes; hence feet in these latitudes are feet and not merely the ends of legs. I used to gaze in admiration at the feet that daily and nightly visited our schooner. The owners of the appendages could walk where a shod foot could not bear to tread. The skin becomes tougher than leather. Black Bahamans are the finest specimens of the race to be seen outside of Africa—strapping fellows with magnificent arms and chests.

It is inconceivable how simple the Bahamans are. I saw old men in Spanish Wells who had never seen a horse, or a cow, or a wheeled vehicle. Nassau is their Mecca. "Why, boy," said Joe Pinder to me (everybody down here is either a Pinder or a Johnson), "Nassau his a city. Hit 'as six thousand peopl-, hand the streets are so wide carriages kin go along hand leave room for persons to walk on heach side."—Californian Illustrated Magazine.

Electric Search-Light.

Among the many interesting things in the wonderfully attractive field of electrical investigation, the search-light has, perhaps, been brought to the notice of more persons than any other single exhibition of this remarkable element. The thousands who watched the manipulation of the search-lights on the top of the World's Fair buildings could scarcely imagine the possibilities of its future. It is not at all remarkable that this great light is in a fair way to be used as a pen to write advertisements upon the clouds. With a densely black evening sky, the light may be so thrown through properly adjusted lenses that a magic lantern effect on an extensive scale may be produced. Letters one hundred feet long are cut in stencil fashion from sheets of tin or iron and projected upon dark clouds or upon the blackness of night. As already arranged, these lights may be seen for more than one hundred miles. It is thought that in time lights of such power may be operated that ships at sea may be guided for great distances. It will unquestionably be one of the possibilities of the not very far distant future to communicate information to a wide area by means of letters projected upon the clouds.—New York Ledger.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

EGG SALAD DRESSING WHICH WILL KEEP.
Yolks of four eggs, four teaspoonfuls of salt, four mustard-spoonfuls of yellow mustard, a small cup each of milk and vinegar, a pinch of Cayenne pepper, a little sugar, one tablespoonful of butter mixed with a teaspoonful of flour; mix all together and stir over the fire until it boils.—New York Sun.

BUTTERMILK CAKE.

One cup of butter, two cups of buttermilk, three cups of sugar, half teaspoonful soda, five cups of flour four eggs.

Beat butter to a cream, add sugar and yolks of eggs; beat again until very light, mash the soda fine, add to the buttermilk, stir until dissolved, then add to other mixture. Add the flour, beat until smooth, then stir in quickly the whites of the eggs, well beaten. Bake in moderate oven about three-quarters of an hour.—New York World.

CHICKENS STUFFED WITH CHESTNUTS.

Draw and clean the chicken as usual. Roast one quart of large chestnuts; when done remove the shells and mash. Put one-half the chestnuts in a bowl, add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper; mix and fill the chicken the same as with bread crumbs. Lard the breast thickly with salt pork; place the chicken in a baking-pan, add a half cup of water and a half teaspoonful of salt; roast in a quick oven fifteen minutes to each pound, basting every ten minutes. When done, dish, remove the string and skewers, garnish with parsley. Put the remaining chestnuts in the pan in which the chicken was roasted, mix well, add a half pint of stock, stir until it boils, add salt and pepper to taste and serve in a boat. Chickens may also be stuffed with oyster or potato stuffing.

DELICIOUS CINNAMON BUN.

A delicious cinnamon bun for luncheon or tea that many housewives are making for the first time is made from two ounces of butter, three eggs, one-half cup of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt, and one pint of milk. Put the pint of milk in a farina-boiler, and when hot pour it over the eggs, which should be beaten till light while the milk is heating. Add the two ounces of butter and let the mixture stand until lukewarm; then add the yeast and salt and stir in enough flour for a thin batter. Beat thoroughly and continuously five minutes, cover the bowl, and stand in a warm place till morning. A cupful of flour is then added to the sponge, and when it is well beaten stir in enough more flour to make a soft dough. Add the flour a little at a time and work it in with the hand. Take out on the breadboard and knead quickly and lightly for ten minutes. The dough is not as stiff as that for bread. Put in the bowl, cover, and stand till very light in a warm place. Take out half the dough, roll it into a thin sheet, rolling from the centre towards the edges. Spread with butter, scatter thickly with sugar, then sprinkle with dried currants and cinnamon. Roll tightly in a long roll and cut into pieces about two inches long. Place the buns tightly together in a greased pan, the cut side up, and stand in a warm place covered until very light. Bake in a moderate oven half an hour, and take out of the pan and separate while hot. Use the remaining part of the dough in the same way as the first.—New York Post.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Rub a stove zinc with kerosene.
Clean jewelry with prepared chalk.
Cleanse grained woodwork with cold tea.
Use wood ashes on discolored tableware.
For grease spots, equal parts of ether or chloroform.
To clean a sewing machine of oil and dirt, go over it with a rag wet with coal oil.
Gum arabic and gum tragacanth in equal parts, dissolved in hot water, make the best and most convenient mucilage to keep in the house.
The correct way for serving bread, aside from the individual plate, is to put a doily upon a plate, pile the thinly-sliced bread upon this, and cover with another doily that all moisture may be retained.
If a steaming hot cloth is wanted at once, and there is no hot water, dip a flannel cloth in cold water and wring it as dry as possible, then spread out between two folds of newspaper, and hold it around the stove pipe; it will be hot in a moment. The paper keeps the flannel from being soiled on the stove pipe.