

Chicago has twenty-two general and sixteen special hospitals, with 3,409 beds.

The new inheritance tax law of England has had the effect of making many people give their bequests before they die.

British Honduras is entering largely upon the cultivation of the henequen, or manilla plant, from which the best quality of rope is manufactured.

In France 148,000 families have claimed exemption from certain taxes recently voted by the government, on account of having seven or more children.

Under the Belgian law unmarried men over 25 have one vote, married men and widowers with families have two votes, and priests and others of position and education have three votes. There are severe penalties for those who fail to vote.

British sailors discharged in foreign ports are protected against land sharks by a recent arrangement made by the Board of Trade. On the arrival of a vessel an agent of the board appears, who finds out what men wish to return home and the sums due them; he then provides them with money for travelling expenses and warrants of the board for the rest of their wages, payable in England.

Over \$400,000 was spent by the British government for cavalry re-mounts in 1893. The army veterinary department cost \$135,000 per annum and \$2,500 is expended for fodder. The British establishment has an average of 14,869 horses and the Indian 11,861. The household cavalry averages 819, cavalry of the line 11,229, royal horse artillery 2,956, field artillery, 9,118, royal engineers 391, infantry transports, etc., 723; army service corps 1,269 and 196 horses unattached.

An aluminum-copper torpedo boat has just been constructed in England. The proportion of copper is but six per cent, this giving the vessel a vast increase of strength. The boat weighs but half as much as one made of steel, though the plates are twenty-five per cent thicker than they would be if made of that material. The alloy is very tough and breaks only at a pressure of 28,000 pounds. The craft steams at twenty and one-half knots, whereas a similar boat of steel would show but seventeen. "The alloy will be the ship building material of the future," predicts the St. Louis Star-Sayings.

According to recent statistics, there are about 2,000 women practicing medicine on the continent of North America, of whom 130 are homeopaths. The majority are ordinary practitioners, but among the remainder are seventy hospital physicians or surgeons, ninety-five professors in the schools, 610 specialists for the diseases of women, seventy alienists, sixty-five orthopedists, forty oculists and aurists, and, finally, thirty electro-therapists. In Canada there is but one medical school exclusively devoted to the training of medical ladies, but in the United States in 1893 there were ten, one of them being a homeopathic establishment.

Southern Russia and the United States need to supply all the wheat requirements of Europe. Today we are feeding wheat to stock. Here are the reasons: The Argentine Republic this season exported to England 40,000,000 bushels more than ever before, the grain being mostly grown by Englishmen. The Indian harvest was not very good, but, lumping them together, the exports of India, Egypt, Russia, Persia and Turkey were in 1894 as large as ever. England has enjoyed a fair harvest, and France one so unusually good that she requires only 15,000,000 bushels instead of the 49,000,000 she ordinarily requires. Every one of these wheat producing countries are increasing their wheat areas, some to an extent most damaging to American interests, as, for instance, that of Argentine, which now has over 7,000,000 acres devoted to this grain, an increase of nearly fifty per cent over 1893.

**Thirty Miles in the Earth.**  
Rev. Osmond Fisher, in a very reliable work entitled "Physics of the Earth's Crust," says that "the rate of increase in temperature as the distance beneath the surface is augmented is, on the whole, an equable one and may be taken to average about a degree for each fifty-one feet." Figuring on this statement as the most reliable, we find that at a depth of thirty miles below the surface all known metals and rocks are in a state of white hot fusion.—New York Advertiser.

**Lovers Still.**  
His hair as wintry snow is white;  
Her trembling steps are slow;  
His eyes have lost their merry light;  
For cheeks their rosy glow,  
Her hair has not its tints of gold;  
His voice no joyous thrill;  
And yet, though feeble, gray and old,  
They're faithful lovers still.  
Since they were wed, on lawn and sea,  
Oft did the daisies blow,  
And oft across the trackless sea  
Did swallows come and go;  
Oft wore the forest branches bare  
And oft in gold arrayed;  
Oft did the lilies scent the air,  
The roses bloom and fade,  
They've had their share of hopes and fears,  
Their share of bliss and bale,  
Since first he whispered in her ears  
A lover's tender tale;  
Full many a thorn amid the flowers  
Has lain upon their way;  
They've had their dull November hours,  
As well as days of May.  
But firm and true through weal and woe,  
Through change of time and scene,  
Through winter's gloom, through summer's  
glow,  
Their faith and love have been;  
Together hand in hand they pass  
Serenely down life's hill,  
In hopes one grave in churchyard grass  
May hold them lovers still.  
—MAGDALEN ROCK in Chambers' Journal.

### A Device of the Duchess.

Miss Marjoram burst into a ripple of merry laughter. Ferdie was a dear boy and all that, but she couldn't possibly love him—and she'd refused Lord Barchester for no reason at all, which was a woman's reason—and there is the carriage, and auntie had better hasten, or they would miss Melba's wake song in the first act of "Romeo et Juliette."

For a brief space the Duchess's fears concerning Kittie's affections were lulled, but they were roused again to instant suspicions when, at the beginning of the balcony scene, Allan Tremayne, all uninvited, entered her box and coolly slipped into a chair at Kittie's side.  
Every sigh of love, every thrill of passion of the two stage lovers found an echo in Kittie Marjoram's heart, and the Duchess saw it, for she was an observant woman and knew well how to read fleeting blushes and downcast eyes.  
When the fond Veronese pair sang of a secret marriage the chaperon's sharp eyes saw Tremayne's lips—handsome, clean-shaven lips—shape rather than utter a word or two in her ear.  
Tremayne put the ladies into their brougham after the opera, and as he did so said an impressive "Good-by."  
"Au revoir, I presume you mean, Mr. Tremayne," said the Duchess, her tones, sharpened by the certainty that as she and her niece entered the park next morning Mr. Tremayne would spring from somewhere with an offer of chairs or the latest scrap of tittle-tattle.

"No, really, good-by. I'm off for six weeks' salmon fishing in Norway. Lord Tregarth has lent me his rivet and the chance is too good to be missed."

"And you won't be at Goodwood or Cowes?" cried the Duchess, in accents of most uncomplimentary joy.

"Alas! no. So once more good-by."  
"Well, I hope the affair is done with," sighed the Duchess to herself, after Kittie had kissed her good-night and gone to her own room. "It's a mercy that man has gone. He might easily have persuaded the silly child to any act of folly—even to marrying him. Perkins, Miss Marjoram has left her gloves and fan here. Take them to her."

The Duchess pushed Kittie's belongings aside, and as she did so felt the faint crackle of thin paper beneath the pressure of her hand.  
"Never mind," she cried hastily. "Miss Kittie need not be disturbed to-night. You can go, Perkins."  
Once alone the Duchess drew from palm of the small-scented glove a note written on foreign paper.

"My Own Darling. Thanks for your trusting faith in my love and your sweet promise to become my wife. You must leave the Goodwood course during the luncheon hour on Wednesday. Drive to the station at Chichester. I will meet you there with the license in my pocket. We'll be married at Dover, and then for a life-long honeymoon. You shall see how beautifully I shall catch Her Grace over the Norway lie. Your adoring,  
"ALLAN TREMAYNE."

"I wonder to how many women Allan Tremayne has signed himself an adorer?" cried the Duchess to the silver-topped bottles on her dressing-table, "and how many women have been fools enough to believe him? But Kittie, poor little simpleton, shall be the last. Her heart is touched, I know, but she's a proud girl, and won't wear it on her sleeve for the rest of her sex to peck at. Anyway,

it will be for her own good, even if the cure hurts. Now what's my best plan of action?" She twisted the tiny note in her fingers for a moment. "Kittie mustn't know I've seen this, it will put her on her guard, and only result in another plan. I can't let her have this back, it's too valuable a weapon to part with. I wonder—I wonder if I've any paper nearly like this?"

With the activity of a young girl she ran to her escritoire, and searching through her blotter found a half sheet of thin foreign paper.

"The very thing," she cried, and, sitting down, the Duchess of Dalverton proceeded to trace word for word of Allan Tremayne's note on the fresh scrap of paper. It took an hour to do, and the dawn was peeping round the blinds as she folded the forged letter into Kittie's glove and locked the original document in a private drawer.

On the following Monday the Duchess of Dalverton, with Miss Marjoram, Lord Ferdie and a party of friends repaired to Down View, Goodwood. The weather was delightful and the party in high spirits, except the Duchess herself, who complained of headache and depression. She went to the races on Tuesday, however, but on Wednesday declared herself unfit to leave the house, and her guests drove to the course without her.

She watched Kittie from her window as she entered the carriage. The girl looked pale, but very lovely, dark rings of sleeplessness enhanced the beauty of her soft eyes, while the plaintive droop at the corners of her sweet mouth lent an added charm to her face.

She wore a white serge frock, just touched with her favorite poppy red at the throat and hem, a neat close hat was fitted above her curls, and a large dark wrap cloak was handed into the carriage after her.

"Umph! quite equipped, I see," muttered the Duchess, as she rang her bell for Perkins, demanded to be dressed at once, and ordered her single brougham to be round in an hour.

"Wants a quarter to one, then she won't be here yet," said Allan Tremayne, as he sauntered into the Chichester railway station. "By jove! Allan, you're a lucky dog to land such a prize, a real little beauty, and heavily gilt from top to toe. I love her, too, for her big eyes and for that rosy-bud mouth of hers. But I'll—the dickens! the Duchess!"

"Good morning, Mr. Tremayne," cried the Duchess of Dalverton, cheerily, "I expected to find you here. No, I won't shake hands, thanks."

She glanced at the station clock.

"One already. Dear me, how time flies, and we've only ten minutes for a chat."

"A quick train for London stops here in ten minutes," interposed the Duchess, with an air of imparting agreeable information, "and you are going to catch it."

"I beg your pardon, Duchess, but I think not. You are laboring under a mistake." Tremayne tried to keep his temper, but the knowledge that something had gone wrong with his plans made him brusque of speech.

The Duchess, too, altered her tone from simple urbanity to a colder key. "Come into the waiting-room with me," she said, "Ah! you need not look so eagerly at the door. I know you are expecting Miss Marjoram every minute. I cannot prevent her from coming here, but I can stop you from speaking to her."

"Wild horses could not do that," blustered Tremayne.

"I daresay not," replied the Duchess, "but those three constables over there, who hold a warrant for your arrest, can."

"A warrant!" gasped Allan, turning pale. "What for?"

"For attempting to marry a ward in chancery without the consent of the court. Ah! you needn't deny. Your letter arranging this—little affair—is at this moment in the hands of the magistrate who granted the warrant. It will be forwarded to the proper authorities tonight in the event of your arrest. Now, Mr. Tremayne, your train is just due; hadn't you better get over to the opposite platform? One moment, though—your disappointment concerning my niece is, no doubt, great—and the trip to Norway is—expensive."

She drew from her pocket a roll of notes and thrust them into his hand. "Your train," she said once more, smiling. "You'll have to run."

And he ran.  
The Duchess turned to find Kittie behind her, white as her gown, and trembling from head to foot.

"The coward! The mean wretch! To be bought off like that with a few paltry notes!" cried the girl indignantly.

"There were £500 worth, my dear," said the Duchess, slipping her hand through Kittie's arm and leading her from the station.

The matter was never referred to again except on the evening of the day on which Kittie Marjoram promised to become the wife of Lord Ferdie Bellairs.

"I owe you a big debt of gratitude, auntie, dear," said Kittie, kneeling at the Duchess's feet. "I feel I can never repay you."

"You have done so today, my child," cried the Duchess, parting her golden curls and kissing her forehead. —London Society.

### Some New Facts About Seals.

A. B. Alexander, an official connected with the United States Fish Commission, has lately returned from Alaska, where he put in the summer studying the seals from a scientific point of view.

"I find the catch this year will be considerably less than last year," he said last night, "but about up to the usual average, for it must be remembered that last year must be an exceptionally good year. The Indians say that every four years there is a good catch and every twenty years a phenomenal one. This is undoubtedly true as far as the run every four years is concerned, but the subject has not been studied long enough to say whether they are correct in regard to the twenty-year theory."

"This has been an off year as far as the investigation of the fisheries by the Albatross is concerned, as she was pressed into service to assist in patrolling Behring Sea, and so I spent the best part of the summer studying seal life from the deck of a pelagic sealer. We did not have particularly good luck, and though seals were fairly plentiful the weather was so boisterous that the boats could not be lowered. I examined the stomachs of a number of those caught to get an idea of the seal's favorite diet, but as seals have very strong digestive organs and digest their food very quickly, it is somewhat difficult to speak with any degree of certainty. However, I found a number of jaws of the squid, which are hard and indigestible, in the stomachs examined so it is fair to presume that they are fond of that very repulsive looking fish. Cod and halibut are also the prey of the seals, as well as a number of other smaller fish. It is a moot question as to what depth seals can reach, some claiming that they can reach profound depths, while others claim that they have only the power to dive a short distance."

"On the Fairweather grounds off Cape St. Elias, where the water is at least 100 fathoms deep, I have seen them come up with red codfish in their mouths, but though the fish are a ground fish, I cannot guarantee that they were captured on the bottom.—Seattle Telegraph.

### Montana's Paint Mine.

It is not generally known that we have in this locality, very near the "Geyser," a paint mine. We might say it was a quarry, there is so much of it. One of our enterprising citizens, Mr. Joseph Blessing, recently took a wagon and shovel and loaded up with two colors (there are three or four colors to be had) and brought it home, pounded it up with an old hammer, mixing it up with linseed oil, and put it on his picket fence. He now has one of the handsomest fences in the State—the upper part a rich old gold and the lower a beautiful maroon.

The mine seems to be simply inexhaustible. This mine and the "Geyser" which is near it, were discovered, or, rather, located, about eighteen years ago by that veteran old-timer and prince of good fellows, Naylor Thompson, whom everybody knows and likes. It was shown to him in the first place by a friendly Indian chief, who took a liking to Naylor and assured him (Naylor) that it was the source of supply for all the Indians west of the Mississippi River and has been for centuries.

Those were the days when Naylor could draw his chair up to a table and sit down without knocking the table over—he was very active. Well the Indians came thousands of miles for this paint and used it to decorate their persons when on the warpath; trails led from the mine in all directions, showing that it had been a natural centre of meeting for the red men, just the same as the well-known pipe-stone quarry of southwestern Minnesota.—Townsend Messenger.

### Willing to Try.

Duke de Cay—Do you love an old ruin?  
Miss Catechum—Oh, your Grace, this is so—or I think I could learn.—Detroit Tribune.

## DIPHThERIA CURE.

European Doctors Discover a Remedy for the Disease.

Diphtheria Bacteria Rendered Harmless by Inoculation.

Even every child early learns about "bein' vax'ated" against a dread illness known as smallpox. And perhaps some of you have heard about a similar process being lately discovered as a remedy for the other fatal contagious disease, diphtheria. The German and French physicians have been investigating the theory for years, until finally a "serum" has been prepared and used in the Hospital des Enfants Malades, in Paris, by Dr. Roux with good results. Under the influence of the new treatment the diphtheria mortality in this hospital was reduced from fifty to twenty-six per cent. Dr. Gibier, of the Pasteur Institute, of New York, is now at work preparing the "serum" and is only awaiting an opportunity to there demonstrate its efficacy by actual administration to the little diphtheria patients.

The preparation of the "serum" is a long and tedious process, but the essential points can be briefly told. You must first know that diphtheria is now found to be caused by a microbe. This microbe, which, in scientific works, has a long name, throws out a poison which produces in the patient all the peculiar symptoms of the disease. Strange as it may seem, the first step in the preparation of the healing "serum" is to make a culture, or colony, of these deadly organisms. A portion of the membrane, or diseased tissue, is obtained from a bad case of diphtheria, and the germs found in it are transferred to a vessel containing bouillon, or a kind of beef soup. The microbes are found to thrive in this broth, and they are left for several months to multiply and generate their poison. At the end of this time the broth is filtered, after which it is ready for injection. An animal is selected and prepared for the operation. The horse is found to be the best for the purpose. With a large syringe a definite quantity of the poisonous broth of ascertained strength is injected into the horse's jugular vein. The first dose must be small. It is said that the horse experiences no pain and no other symptoms than a slight feverishness are produced. The injection is repeated daily for six weeks. It is then found that the blood serum of the horse, when drawn off and separated from the blood clot, is a successful treatment for the poisonous toxin of the diphtheria microbes, the horse serum being injected into the blood of a human patient.

Hence the name giving the curing substance is anti-toxine. The theory of the antagonizing power of the serum is based on the fact that the blood gradually acquires the power of resisting certain poisons. The cells of the blood learn by experience to make a secretion which will resist the action of the poison. It is a matter of cellular memory. The diphtheria microbe poison is strong enough in many cases, where the system is unprepared, to kill. The anti-toxine is just strong enough to warn the cells of danger and then how to fortify themselves against the enemy.—Washington Pathfinder.

### A Well as a Barometer.

There is a curious well on the Flint farm, in the town of Great Valley, Cattaraugus county N. Y. It is a natural barometer. Nobody ever passes that farm, winter or summer, if the weather is settled, without asking something like this:  
"Does the well threaten a change?"  
For everyone knows that if there is bad weather coming the well will let them know it, sure as sure can be.

They call the well up there the "whistling well," although it doesn't whistle now. But that isn't any fault of the well. This well was dug about fifty years ago by the father of Col. Flint, who now occupies the farm. He put it down forty-five feet, but found no water, a strong current of air came from the well at times. The opening was covered with a big flat stone, and for amusement a hole was drilled in the stone and a big tin whistle fitted into it. This whistle had two tones—one when the air rushed up from the well, and a different one when the counter current sucked the air back into the mysterious depths. It wasn't long before the discovery was made that within forty-eight hours after the outrushing current from the well started the whistle shrieking a storm invariably followed. When the tone of the whistle was changed by the reversing of the current, it was

discovered that the change meant a change and the coming of fair weather. These weather signals never failed. When the weather was settled the whistle was silent. The whistle got out of order some years ago, and for that reason, was never repaired, but the coming and going currents of air still prophesy the coming of their respective "spell of weather" with unvarying infallibility.—New York Sun.

### A Petrified Woman's Value.

Judge Hunt decided yesterday that one-half of a petrified woman is worth \$1,000. The petrified woman in controversy was owned jointly by Max Gutter and Richard V. Doggett. They formed a partnership for the purpose of exhibiting her ladyship to the public and of reaping thereby a harvest of dimes and nickels. It was in November, 1893, that the manager of a Market street museum offered \$20 a week to secure the lady's presence as an added attraction for his place of amusement.

Her petrified ladyship, however, never appeared on exhibition. The cause was explained by Gutter in a suit wherein he alleged that his partner had taken the aforesaid petrified lady by force and violence and converted her to his (Doggett's) own use. Gutter demanded compensation for his loss, which he estimated at \$2,000. He proceeded on the assumption that a genuine petrified woman should be worth at least \$4,000. Making due allowance for the enthusiasm of the showman Judge Hunt fixed the value of her ladyship at \$2,000. A little bit of calculation showed that one-half the lady would be worth \$1,000, for which amount Gutter was awarded judgment.

There was nothing in the evidence to show which particular half of the petrified beauty was claimed by each or either owner. Doggett, however, made good and sure of his one-half by taking both. On the other hand Gutter now declares that he will pursue his one-half until he gets the \$1,000 awarded him by the court.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### The Mule Has More Sense Than the Horse.

It is commonly thought that a mule is a stupider creature than the horse, but I have never found a person who was well acquainted with both animals who hesitated to place the mongrel in the intellectual grade above the pure-blood animal. There is, it is true, a decided difference in the mental qualities of the two creatures. The mule is relatively undemonstrative, his emotions being sufficiently expressed by an occasional bray—a mode of utterance which he has inherited from the humbler side of his house in a singularly unchanged way. Even in the best humor he appears sullen, and lacks those playful capers which give such expression to the well-bred horse particularly in its youthful state. It is evident, however that it discriminates men and things more clearly than does the horse. In going over difficult ground it studies its surface and picks its way so as to secure a footing in an almost infallible manner. Even when loaded with a pack it will consider the incumbrance and not so often try to pass where the burden will become entangled with fixed objects.—Scribner.

### Number of Hogs in the United States.

There is no annual record kept of the swine industry of the United States, but on census years there is an attempt made to get the number of the various domestic animals raised during those years. The statistics for the last census have not as yet come to hand, but those of 1880 give the number of hogs in the United States as 49,772,700, consequently we can safely say that in round numbers there were at least 50,000,000 raised during that year. When pork is low there is always a decrease in the number of hogs, and when the price is high farmers strive to increase the number of hogs on their farms. It is the same with all kinds of farm products and this is one of the reasons why there is such a wide fluctuation in prices. The time, however, to prepare for high prices is when there is a great depression in the markets.—New York Sun.

### Your Voice Tuned to Suit.

Experiments have been made by the Prussian throat specialist, Dr. Sandras, upon the modifications effected upon the voice by various kinds of inhalations. It appears that the voice can be raised or lowered at will by inhaling brandy, rum, curacao, tar, chloroform, petroleum, etc.

The inhalations are made to suit a tenor, soprano or bass voice, who can thus write around to their medical adviser for an extra note or two whenever they are going to sing at an opera or concert.