

Russian railways are the most dangerous in the world. Thirty persons in every million passengers are either killed or hurt.

Although the salary of the King of Greece is four times greater than that of the President of the United States, it is said to be smaller than that of any other European monarch.

Consul Du Bellet, of Rheims, France, says that about 26,000 worn-out horses are shipped from England to the tanning factories in Holland every year. They are then sold in France as fine American canned beef.

Queen Victoria has been Queen of Great Britain during the administration of Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison and Cleveland.

The gentlemanly game of golf seems to be almost as dangerous as football. A death is reported from England in the person of a caddy who was hit by a brother carrier of the clubs in the back of the head while raising his club before striking a ball.

With a view to the encouragement of the British silk industry, the Prince of Wales is returning to the fashion of the Georgian era in silk waistcoats. It is known in fashionable circles that the Prince has ordered some waistcoats of a chaste black pattern, with small colored designs woven in it. Also one of black satin, wavy and watered, the figuring being a small design of berries in black heliotrope. For evening wear the Prince's waistcoat will be of rich gros-grain silk, figured with a white rosebud device in satin. London tailors, in consequence of the news, are displaying stuffs of this kind and the "Johnnies" are taking to the fashion.

It would appear that at length a remedy has been discovered for leprosy, says the New York Tribune. It consists of powder from the bark of a tree known as the Hoang-Nan, which grows only on the mountains that separate the kingdom of Annam from the Chinese province of Laos. It is being used with much success and efficacy in the leper hospital of the colony of Trinidad, so much so that the English government is taking steps to introduce its use in the government hospitals of India and other colonial dependencies where leprosy prevails. The remedy was first brought to the attention of Europe by the Catholic missionary bishop of southern China.

The famous singing teacher, Mme. Marchesi, has dealt a hard blow to the bicyclics. Not only has she publicly declared that she regards the attitude assumed in cycling as injurious to the chest and lungs, but also the rapid progression through the air as detrimental to the vocal chords. The first objection coincides with the verdict of a great London physician, who tells young people that cycling and skating are highly dangerous, owing to the rush of cold air that meets the lungs. Mme. Marchesi carries her theory out to its logical sequence; she forbids her pupils to cycle. Of course, adds the New York Advertiser, we shall now see how far her dictum carries weight against the example of such shining lights as Mme. Melba, Mme. Nordica and M. Jean de Reske, who are devoted to the wheel.

The brutality of the Turks has been a by word in Christendom for nearly 800 years. As far back as the fourteenth century the Mohammedans were famed throughout the world as brutal murderers and assassins. Notwithstanding the rapid progress that civilization has made since that time they have steadily continued to display the same characteristics which belonged to them in the dark ages. That the murderous spirit of the Turk has not abated in the least is shown by the record of the past century. In 1821 between 40,000 and 50,000 Greeks were massacred by these bloodthirsty infidels, while in 1843 no less than 10,000 defenseless Armenians fell a prey to the desolating sword of the Turkish empire. In 1860 this record was still further increased by the murder of 4,000 Syrians, and again in 1876 by the massacre of 16,000 Bulgarians. Since 1894 the lives of as many as 100,000 Armenians have been ruthlessly destroyed, to say nothing of the massacres which have taken place on the island of Crete. In the light of these figures it is not at all surprising to the Atlantic Constitution that Mr. Gladstone should be so earnest in his denunciation of the Turks, and that the sympathies of all Christendom should be with him.

A Good Story



A PROFESSIONAL.

BY CAROLINE SHELLEY.

She stood by the window looking through the straight-hanging lace curtains long after the door had opened and shut on Twyefort's form.

"This is what I have dreamed of!" She sat down at the low writing table in the corner and drew a sheet of paper and a pen toward her. "Sleep on it, think it over well," he had said, "and write me tomorrow." What need to wait? He should have his answer now.

But she did not write at once, she leaned her head on her hand while the pen idly trailed, quite dry, across the blotting pad, and her happy eyes watched its progress. She might have sat just so for her portrait. There were hundreds of photographs of her all over London in that position; it was one she particularly affected; a new package lay unopened at her elbow; taken in the very violet velvet gown she was wearing, and her name printed beneath—Maxima Sterling. She had not changed it when she went on the stage; she had no great family connection to overshadow her profession. Her father had been a circus owner, her mother the prettiest woman bare-back rider in the world, yet it could scarcely be said that she inherited her histrionic talent, for what is there in common between pirouetting on a horse's back to a circus band, and holding a London audience spell bound by the interpretation of a London heroine?

"Maxima Sterling," she wrote across the blotting pad in a big determined hand, and then, "Maxima—Lady Twyefort," and laughed aloud at the oddity of it. The little gilt clock on the chimney-piece chimed four, and a ray of cold sunlight flew through the lace curtains over the forgotten letter sheet. She heaved a sigh, the sigh of a mortal waking from fair dreams of Paradise to a realization of the world again and began her task. When the sunlight had left the writing table, and crept out at the window again and the hand of the small clock pointed to five, she sealed and directed it with her firm strong touch. There was a servant coming along the landing; he should mail it directly. She stood there waiting—tall, expectant—when the door opened.

"Mr. Heathcote."

"Ah! admit him," and she smilingly laid the letter face downward on the writing table.

"It is good to see you this bitter day, Teddy," she said, holding out her hand. Her voice was soft and low and resonant; it had been half her success in her professional career; it brought a clear light now into the man's eyes as he came forward and took a chair opposite to her at her hearthstone.

"Always hospitable," he said, gratefully, "but you knew I would be here, Maxima. Has ever more than a day gone by that I have not managed to see you, since we first started uphill together?"

"Not so very uphill, dear boy; we've shared success, haven't we?"

"Next season we must star together," he said, "I've a splendid plan; when you have given me some tea I'll unfold it."

Miss Sterling lay back in her chair, with hands clasped behind her head, staring at the shadows chasing one another across the tinted ceiling.

"Ah! but I am tired of it all, Teddy, tired—tired; I thought I was ambitious; I am not. I don't care a farthing for fame or footlights or—or applause; it is all so hollow. What am I but a puppet." She arose and walked the length of the room once or twice, and came back to lean her elbow on the chimney-piece, towering above him.

supper that followed with my Lady Giandon, and her gay company—did you enjoy it, Maxima? I believe you did, you vain little thing; you liked the adulation of all those titled women, knowing there was not one in the room that could claim a tithe of your beauty of your genius. Ah! I was proud of you. You looked a queen, head and shoulders above them, with their tiaras and their waving plumes."

"I hated them," she said, intensely. "I hated them for their superiority and for their impertinence in giving a supper and inviting their fashionable friends to meet an actress, a woman of the day, for example—one not of themselves and therefore a divertissement. I went; I was flattered by the noble patronage, you thought; what was I last night in that room, where every head was a titled one, but a puppet, to be met off the stage in order that they might observe at close range how the trick is done?"

She turned suddenly and looked at him with outstretched hands and a face all penitence.

"Forgive me; it was childish. Years ago I would have broken my toy into pieces, and screamed my face purple. Now I keep it bottled up for you—you generous martyr."

He held her hands in his, still looking at the fire.

"Maxima, do not let these people turn your head from your life work. There is nothing in the world like having a life work; it ennobles you and lifts you up; it carries you beyond and above all such feelings as engulfed you last night. Little woman, we were boy and girl together; we began at the foot of the ladder and we have risen in the ranks, hand in hand; where your name goes in our profession there mine goes too, as its shadow. We have both succeeded. Don't you be the one to let this wave of discontent wash you overboard into the ocean of fashionable frivolity that means death to the worker."

He released her hands and regarded her steadily. Some of the light went out of his eyes.

"Is it possible, Maxima, that it is a question with you now, which makes life worth living?"

"I am afraid it is," she answered softly. She smiled as she remembered the letter lying face downward on the writing table.

"So!" said Heathcote. He leaned forward in his chair with his hands some head bent down, and his eyes still on the fire. "While I have been steadily working upward, growing more and more interested in my career, not realizing all the while it was because it was keeping my road in life running smoothly along beside yours, you have been drifting away from me day by day. I have struggled with you for the world's favor, and now the world has come between us! You are fascinated by the luxurious ease of such women as my Lady Giandon and the honorable Sibyl Craven; such men as Cavendish and my Lord Twyefort, who never gave their lives a serious thought, have—"

"Wait a moment, Teddy," she raised her hand, still standing on the hearth rug before him, tall and pale, in her velvet gown. "Today my Lord Twyefort has done me the honor to ask me to marry him."

Heathcote rose to his feet; the little table with its burden of silver tea things glittered and twinkled between them.

After a moment he spoke, steady himself by the mantel on which she also had laid her hand. "And you have accepted him?"

"I have not given him my answer—why?" staring at his set white face. "It would make no difference in our friendship; because I became Lady Twyefort you would not cease to be my friend, would you? Oh, Teddy, I could not give you up; I have known you all my life!"

The man lost his head a little at that break in the well-known voice.

"Lady Twyefort and Edward Heathcote, of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, could scarcely be friends," he said trying to smile. "I congratulate you on securing one of the finest titles in England!"

He was sorry the next moment for the bitterness in his tones. Why could he not rejoice with her in this triumph as he had in all the others? Ah! then they had gone hand in hand before the footlights, and it had been his hand that raised and presented the flowers hung at her feet from pit to

gallery; but in this hour he had no share; he rose and took his hat and stick.

"You cannot expect me to be very glad," he said falteringly, looking down. "It means the end—of everything for me."

"But I do not understand at all," she cried piteously. That Heathcote should cease to be her chum, her confidant, her adviser, was as if the heavens had fallen.

"Teddy, you don't mean—?"

"That I love you? You are blind if you did not know it. It is too late, but you have forced me to say it now. I do love you, I always shall love you—never any one else as long as I live but you, and—"

He caught her in his arms and kissed her once, passionately, where the deep bronze hair fell away in ripples from her temples; the next minute he was gone, and the woman he had left stood staring at the spot where he had been, just as she had stared at him—speechless in her astonishment as he stood there.

After a moment a great wave of color flashed in her white cheeks; her breath came in short gasps that were half sobs from her trembling lips. She pushed open the door and rushed out into the hall.

"Teddy! Teddy!" she called; but there was no answer, only the decisive sound of the closing door, and the little cold gust of wind floating upward that told of his departure.

She walked slowly back into her shadowy drawing room; the fire was dying, and the room was growing dark. She went over to the writing table and picked up the letter lying there face downward. She looked at it a moment and smiled; the next it was ablaze in the hottest part of the embers, lighting up every corner of the pretty apartment, as the little gold clock on the mantel struck the hour.—New York Truth.

The Buffalo and the Indian.

Not many years ago General Sherman made an official trip through the Northwestern country. He traveled on horseback all over the bench lands about the course of the Upper Missouri. Wherever he rode across the wide brown plains he found strewn the bleaching bones of the buffalo, and throughout the section his attention was directed to former camping grounds of the Indians that had been abandoned when the buffalo failed to appear upon the ancient trails. The Indians deprived of the game upon which they had principally relied to keep them supplied with food and which had also encouraged them occasionally to defy the Government, had clustered upon reservations to be convenient to the regular supplies of beef and blankets.

General Sherman was not moved to compassion for the Indian by the sight of the bleaching bones and the disappearance of the buffalo. He thought and said, with his characteristic positiveness, that the extinction of the buffalo would be a small loss if that was to be the price the country must pay to secure the safety of white settlers and the subjugation of the savage.—New York Times.

Color Blindness on the Increase.

"Color blindness is on the increase," said Dr. D. L. Bliss of New York at the Metropolitan. "The causes of this defect in vision that may be otherwise perfect are not all very well understood. It would seem that the use of tobacco had a good deal to do with it. I have examined a great many for color blindness, having on several occasions been employed by railroad companies to do so, and in every instance where the man examined was found to be color blind, he was a user of tobacco. Women are seldom afflicted in this way, hence it must be caused by something that men do which women do not. What cases exist among women will be found to be inherited from male ancestors. I have never known a woman to be color blind whose father was free from the defect. I am a smoker, and my perceptions of color are unusually good, so that it is not impossible that a man may use tobacco without such an effect, but, but I believe a large proportion of the cases are caused by tobacco."—Washington Star.

A Curious Cow.

A thoroughbred Jersey cow belonging to J. L. English, of Hartford, Conn., has attracted notoriety this season by giving birth to two calves, not twins, but born at an interval of more than three weeks apart. The cow is registered as One's Grinnell. The first of the two calves was born June 29. It is a heifer, and has every mark of a Holstein. The second calf, which is a pure Jersey bull, was born July 23, three weeks and two days after the first.

CHEERED AND SANG.

Thrilling Scene at the Sinking of a German Gunboat.

Officers and Crew Gave Three Cheers for the Emperor.

The China papers give long accounts of the wreck of the German gunboat Itis, already briefly reported by telegraph. It appears from these that the Itis left Chifu at four a. m. on July 23, the weather being good and the barometer rising. Owing to an interruption in the Chinese telegraph lines, it was, unfortunately, not known at Chifu that a typhoon was approaching from the direction of the Formosa Channel, and it was not till the afternoon that signs of bad weather began to appear.

As the night came on the wind and sea rose and the storm increased. The vessel labored heavily, but not more so than on previous occasions, and, though the watch of duty was called on deck at ten p. m. to assist in furling the sails, no danger was anticipated. Half an hour later there was a severe shock, and it was found that the vessel was hard and fast on a rock. Leaks immediately showed themselves, and before long the engine-room and stokehole were flooded. The heavy sea dashed the vessel against the jagged edges of the rock upon which she had struck, and her plates were smashed and stove in. By this time most of the crew were gathered aft, the commander and the officer of the watch still keeping their stations on the bridge. Rockets were sent up in the hope of attracting attention from a lighthouse not far off, but it was soon seen that all such efforts were hopeless. Heavy seas continued to dash over the vessel, which soon showed signs of giving way under the strain, and it was at this moment that the commander, abandoning hope, gathered the doomed men together and called for three cheers for the Emperor. The men responded with enthusiasm, and almost immediately afterwards the ship broke in two forward of the stokehole, and the masts went overboard. Most of the men and officers were on the after part of the ship, and, in response to a suggestion of one of the gunners, the officers and crew joined in singing the very appropriate "Flaggled," a patriotic song which winds up by asserting that should their vessel be driven on reefs the men will go down singing: "Der Kaiser und die Flaggel-Hoch! Die Flaggel schwarz, weiss, roth!"

The after part of the ship then began to heel over and sank, and all upon it save two were drowned, the exceptions being two men who managed to swim through the boiling surf and reach the shore safely. The forward portion turned on its side, with the keel towards the shore, and there the men managed to cling until morning broke, when an attempt was made to construct a raft. One man was washed off the wreck during the day, but he reached the shore safely, and the construction of a raft being found impossible, the others were forced to remain on board thirty-six hours without food, when a Chinese boat came to their assistance and took them off the wreck. The Chinese inhabitants of the village near by behaved very kindly to the shipwrecked men, providing them with food and clothing, and an English missionary attended to the men who had been injured, while the keeper of the lighthouse at the south-east promontory, a German named Schwilp, came overland to the assistance of his distressed fellow-countrymen. Only twelve men in all were saved, there not being one officer among them. Great sympathy has been expressed in all the foreign communities of the far East, where the officers and men of the Itis were well known, and subscription lists have been opened at Kobe, Yokohama, Nagasaki, as well as the various China ports, for the assistance of the relatives of the drowned, who number in all some seventy-five men.—London Times.

School Gardens in Russia.

A very interesting feature of primary education in Russia is the establishment and rapid development of small farms, orchards, and kitchen gardens in connection with many primary schools, especially in the villages. The land for such model gardens, or farms on a small scale, was mostly obtained through free grants from the village communes, and, occasionally, from the neighboring landlords; while the expenses are covered by very small money grants from the country and district Councils (zemstvos). To take one province

in South Russia, namely, Ekaterinoslav, we see from the biennial report, just issued, that not only has almost every school an orchard and kitchen garden for the use of the schoolmaster, but that nearly one-half of the schools in the province (227 out of 504) are already in possession of small model kitchen gardens, orchards, tree plantations, or farms, at which gardening, agriculture, and sericulture are regularly taught. The teaching is mostly given by the schoolmasters, who themselves receive instruction in these branches at courses voluntarily attended in the summer or occasionally by some practical specialist of the neighborhood. The province of Ekaterinoslav being mostly treeless, special attention is given to tree plantations and, next, to silkworm culture. The aggregate area of the 227 school farms or gardens attains 283 acres, and they contained, in 1895, 111,000 fruit trees and 238,000 planted forest nearly 14,000 of the former, and 42,000 of the latter having been distributed free among the pupils during the same year. The money grants for these 227 gardens were very small—i. e., a little over three hundred pounds (£314). Besides, over a thousand beehives are kept, partly by the schoolmaster and partly by the children; and some schools had vineyards in connection with them. The movement has widely spread over different provinces of central Russia, where the culture of cereals dominates at the school farms; while in Caucasia attention is especially given to the silkworm culture and the culture of the vine.—Nature.

Food for Soldiers.

An officer of the United States Army has recently compiled some interesting figures on the food allowances made to the soldiery of different nations, and argues that the better the rations, it naturally follows, the better the fighters.

For instance, the case of the victorious Japs in the recent Chinese-Japanese war is cited. The Chinese troops subsisted on rice, together with what they could pilfer, while the Japanese soldiers had rice, tinned and fresh meats, fish and vegetables. The meat allowance of a Japanese soldier is seven ounces. The Russian standard is 16 ounces, the English 12, the Italian 11, French, Belgian, Turkish and German 9; Austrian and Spanish 8. The allowance to the soldiers of the United States is higher than any of the others, and is twenty ounces.

The daily allowance of bread is highest among the Austrian troops, who receive thirty-two ounces and the lowest is the English army, where each man is allowed sixteen ounces. In the United States Army, the French Army and the Italian Army the allowance is twenty-two ounces. In the German Army it is twenty-eight; in the Russian seventeen. All modern soldiers, except the Russians, have a daily allowance of rice. The American is the only one in the commissariat of which beansure an article of diet.—New York Journal.

Royal Horoscopes.

One of the London papers has been figuring out the horoscopes of various European rulers by means of physiognomy viewed in the light of the planets. Kaiser William, for example, is described as being active, cunning, inventive, unscrupulous, reckless of danger, ungovernable of temper, and oblivious of sin. With such a fine assortment of characteristics there cannot be the slightest doubt that their possessor would make one of the most successful bandits or highwaymen that the globe has ever seen.

King Humbert of Italy is almost the reverse, for he is said to be of the "happy lunarian" sort, jealous and afraid of death.

M. Felix Faure, the president of France, say the stars, is overfond of the table, but has much sense. He may go to prison eventually, however. These indications are drawn from a study of M. Faure's cranium, in addition to the dictum of Jupiter, Mars and Saturn.

The czar is of the "Venetian type," and the outlook for domestic broils in his own family is extremely good. He is instinctively honest, easily led, but not courageous, and it is quite likely that he will end his days in exile, if the stars do not lie.

The Sewing Lesson.

Mamma (regarding an elaborate tangle in Ethel's hands)—What are you making, dear?

Ethel—I dess I's making a mistake.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Longerman of North Adams, eighty-three years old, on a visit to Whittingham, Vt., recognized a horse which she had sold as a colt twenty-five years before.