

Fully one-third of the land in Great Britain is owned by members of the House of Lords.

There are more than 200,000 volumes in the National Library of Mexico, and additions are being made by every steamer from New York and Europe.

The German miners are, in the opinion of the Berlin Reichsanzeiger, among the best paid in the world, their income ranging from \$225 to \$300 per year, with gifts of land and life insurance added.

The work of extending substantial aid to the suffering thousands of Armenia goes bravely on in the United States, while Europe is busy evading the question of Christianity and humanity versus political expediency and the balance of power.

St. Paul's Universalist church of Chicago, often called "the church of the millionaires," because of its extremely wealthy congregation, will very soon start an advertising campaign. The object of the advertising is to attract the masses, and thus extend the scope of the church's work.

Two-headed snakes, like inventions, seem to originate simultaneously in different places, notes the New York Sun. Just as one is being exhibited alive as a curiosity in New York, Professor A. L. Metz of the Tulane University Medical School at New Orleans is exhibiting one, preserved in alcohol, which he got recently at Bayou Goula.

An Englishman, now in Washington, says: "The poor man in this country seems to be more self-respecting than the chronic pauper that has made the name of Whitechapel notorious all over the world. The latter is in such abject poverty that he has lost all hope of ever bettering his condition. How the miserable wretches live is a mystery. And when it comes to the women this Nation has an immense advantage. Your women do not frequent public drinking-houses. It is the greatest disgrace of London that the women of the poorer class are as good customers of the liquor shops as the men, and worse still, the poison is handed them across the bar by one of their own sex. In East London children of tender years accompany their mothers into such places."

Professor George Beyer, who examined the prehistoric mounds at Cahoula, La., insists that he has found a sort of "missing link," and has some remarkably shaped anthropoid skulls in support of his theory. The skeletons disinterred by him were those of men over six feet in height, but the skulls are different in shape from those of any mound-builders unearthed, but correspond with some found in Brazil of a very ancient date. There is an almost entire absence of forehead, but nothing to indicate that this was accomplished by artificial means, as in the case of the Flathead Indians; and the skulls were three-fourths of an inch thick. The Louisiana Historical Society was not prepared to accept the Cahoula mound-builders as "the missing link" on this evidence; but professor Beyer will submit the skulls to other archaeologists for an opinion as to what kind of being they represent.

Mr. J. D. O'Connell, of the Bureau of Statistics in the Treasury Department at Washington, prints in the New York Sun an open letter to President Eliot, of Harvard, whom he takes to task very courteously for neglecting to give due attention, in a recent magazine article on "Five American Contributions to Civilization," to what the Irish have contributed to the United States. Mr. O'Connell attacks Dr. Eliot's assumption that the "English race" predominated in this country in the eighteenth century, and gives interesting reasons for his belief that there were more people who derived from Ireland than from England among the eighteenth-century Americans. He makes it clear, explains Harper's Weekly, where a good part of the hitch is, however, when he claims all the Scotch-Irish emigrants to America as Irish. Irish they certainly were, to be sure, if they were born and lived in Ireland, but to describe a Scotch-Irishman as an Irishman is to describe him very insufficiently. "Irishman" conveys one idea; "Scotch-Irishman" another; and as long as there is so very substantial a disparity between the ideas conveyed it is a waste of ink to argue that one word would serve for both. Nevertheless, Mr. O'Connell's exposition of the value of Ireland's early contributions to the American republic is interesting and is a part of our history that is not generally appreciated.

Where's Mother?
Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say:
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"
From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Hearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won—
"Where's mother?"
Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say,
"Where's mother?"
Mother with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"
—Good Housekeeping.

THE BABY'S RING.

As he hurried up Park row he saw a familiar figure in the crowd ahead of him, and, dodging the cable cars, he crossed to the other side of the street. He did not care to meet any of his acquaintances at that time. He turned his coat collar up to his ears. It was dark and cold, and a drizzling rain was falling. He did not expect to have that coat much longer, and intended to make the most of it while it was still in his possession. He glanced quickly at the numbers over the doors of the shops as he passed them, and, after going a short distance, he stopped and looked up to where three big brass balls were hanging over the walk.
"This is the place," he said to himself. "I ought to know it before very long without stopping to look."
He opened the door and walked in. Behind the counter stood a little, hawk-eyed man, who bowed and rubbed his hands together nervously. "Bad night, Mr. Pettibone," said the little man. "Guess we're in for a long rain. Getting colder, is it? Too bad; too bad."
Mr. Pettibone thought he detected a trace of sarcasm in the man's words. He took off his overcoat and smiled. But the smile was a forced one. There was no reason for him to smile just then. Indeed, there had not been for several months past.
"How much?" asked the little man, taking the coat and examining it closely.
"Same sum. Four and a half."
"Oh, too much, Mr. Pettibone. Make it three."
"But you gave me four and a half the last time," Mr. Pettibone protested.
"Yes, I know. But this coat isn't as good as it was. Coats don't last forever. Look at that hole. Three dollars. Couldn't give you any more."
"Well, make it three, then," said Mr. Pettibone, with a sigh.
He took the ticket the little man gave him and walked out. For a moment he stood in front of the shop in the rain, and shivered. He looked down the street and watched the crowds hurrying hither and thither. In the glow of the lights he saw the raindrops, swept by the wind, and he began to wonder where he would find a place of shelter.
"Confound the rain!" he muttered. "Just my luck to have it begin when I had to hook the coat. Luck's always been against me since—since—"
He turned and looked at the things in the pawnbroker's window. There was a tray full of rings lying close to the glass. Perhaps his own was among them. He looked them over closely. He gave a start, and pressed his face to the glass. In the middle of the tray was a baby's ring, a plain gold band, with a name engraved on it. He stooped that he might get a nearer view of it.
"It's the same little ring," he said to himself. "It's her own little ring. There's the same mark on it."
"She must be bard up," he muttered at last.
The next moment he was back in the shop.
"That ring," he said, pointing it out to the little man. "Who left it here? Yes; I know it may not be business to tell, but I've got to know."
The little man thought to himself as he slowly rubbed his hands together, and, after a time, he answered.
"Seeing it's you, I'll look it up, though it's gone on sale, and perhaps I can't tell you. I think I remember the young woman. She has been here several times since. I think this is it. Yes, here's the name and address, left here a month ago."

"What do you want for the ring?" asked Mr. Pettibone hurriedly, after looking at the writing in the book the pawnbroker held out to him.
"A dollar."
Mr. Pettibone threw over the money and took the ring. Then he hurried out into the street. He did not stop in front of the shop this time. He made his way through the crowd as fast as possible. He did not think of the rain nor of the cold. He turned the corner to the east. Sometimes he would break into a run. His breath began to come in short gasps. At last he stopped before a tenement where a crowd of dirty children were playing in the hallway.
There was a light in the room at the head of the dark stairs, up which he had silently stolen. He gave a timid knock on the door. It swung open under the pressure of his hand. Inside a woman was sitting by a table, her back turned toward him. A child lay asleep on a bed in the corner. The woman turned and looked at him, and gave a little startled cry. Her look was fierce at first, and then her eyes softened. She saw how forlorn he was and how the rain drenched him.
Mr. Pettibone stepped inside. "Lucy—I—I saw the baby's ring," he stammered. "and—and—I thought I'd bring it back to you. I know I've been a brute, but I'd have come to you sooner if I'd thought you'd have me. The Lord knows I've had trouble enough. I can get a job tomorrow, and—and—"
The woman whose pretty face bore the marks of months of suffering, came toward him with outstretched arms. There was a smile on her face, although her eyes were filled with tears.—New York Journal.

Whistled for a Husband.
"Talking about whistling," said the young man who was spinning a yarn in the smoker, "reminds me of a curious incident that happened to me in a hotel once—not exactly a tragedy or a comedy, but involving features of both. It was a country town hotel, and I went to my room early to escape the dullness of the office and write letters to the house. There was gas in the room, but after searching, I could not discover any matches and there was no bell to ring for them. I decided to waylay some attendant in the hall and sat down to my writing. But no sooner was everything still than I heard some one whistling in the next room. First it was a snatch from an opera, then a tender and musical rendition of 'Annie Laurie.' I could not write a line for the witchery of the whistled numbers. Once I applied, but there was a long silence and I did not repeat the indiscretion. It was evidently some young fellow who whistled unconsciously, and when reminded of it ceased to pipe his sweet music.
"When he stopped whistling I resumed my pen and wrote my letters. Then I thought of the matches and rapped on my neighbor's door.
"I say, young fellow, oblige me with a match, will you?"
"There was no response, but I could hear a movement and a kind of chuckle. I became interested and rapped again.
"Say, there, don't be a dog in the manger. Anybody who can whistle as sweetly as you ought to be obliging."
"With that the door opened and there stood before me a demure, but very pretty young woman, who handed me a solitary match, and shut the door and locked it so quickly that I could not even say 'thank you,' even if I had not been stricken dumb with surprise."
"She was the whistler?"
"She was."
"And did you meet her again?"
"Well, rather. I had a great big apology to make the next day and I made it—and, well, she is my wife now, and I owe my happiness to the fact that she whistled."—Detroit Free Press.

In His Own Coin.
Patient (wrathfully)—You said you extracted teeth without pain.
Dentist—So I do. I never feel the least bit of pain.
Patient—Oh! Ha! ha! Good joke. Good day.
Dentist—But you haven't paid me.
Patient—I said I'd pay when through, didn't I?
Dentist—Yes.
Patient—Well, I'm not through yet.
By-by.—Cleveland Leader.

Odd Names.
Temperance people were represented by Ginn and Porter, solicitors, and their clerk named Beer, in opposing the granting of licenses lately at Devonport, England. Mr. Sturgeon of the Fisherman's Arms got his license removed.

Zoologists Were Puzzled.
London's "Zoo" has lost one of its old residents by the death of a queer little creature, called by naturalists *Chiromys Madagascariensis*, and by such unlearned people as ever heard its peculiar cry, the "aye-aye." In the nine years during which the animal has formed a part of the London collection, few visitors have seen it, for, being of nocturnal habits, it passed the day in a little box at the top of its cage, only descending when dusk fell and the keepers were about to close for the night. Even had it come out of its sleeping place, it would hardly have attracted much attention from the average visitor, for it had not the playfulness of a monkey or the beauty of a lemur. Yet for those concerned with the problems which perplex zoologist and botanist alike, the "aye-aye" was full of interest, since for many years systematists were at a loss as to its proper position in schemes of classification.
The "aye-aye" is about the size of a cat, with dusky brown fur, and a great toe with functions like those of monkeys and lemurs, but its skull and teeth resemble those of a rodent—say a rat or a squirrel. The resemblance between the "aye-aye's" skull and teeth and those of a gnawing animal is no sign of relationship, but an example of what is known as "adaptive resemblance," which frequently occurs between animals of different groups, but of nearly similar habits and environment.
The difficulty and delay in securing a specimen arose from the fact that the "aye-aye" was an object of veneration in Madagascar, and from the belief that any native who touched one was sure to die within the year. Eminent practical, Sandwith "overcame this difficulty by offering a reward of \$50 to the man who would bring him one of them."—New York Times.

Higher Than a Kite.
The recent improvements in kites are among the most notable of current inventions. A man has invented what he calls a box kite, with which he has achieved some remarkable results. He carried up with his kite a packet weighing as much as the average man. This reached an altitude of six hundred feet, and floated along without accident or incident, until suddenly the rope broke. Of course, the natural conclusion was that the kite would come tumbling down, but instead of this it floated with the wind for something like half a mile, when it gradually sank to the earth in a way that would not have injured a man had he actually been there. This kite is peculiarly arranged, having air-cells that can be altered in shape by the use of a lever, thus enabling the passenger to change the course and position of the kite, and to guide it in its downward flight. The experiment is especially interesting from the fact that the kite came down so gently, carrying the weight of a man with it. This will stimulate kite-building experiments, and it may yet be that the kite idea will prove to be the correct basis for the construction of flying machines.—New York Ledger.

Sun Spots.
The small group of sun spots which first became visible on September 9 on the western limb gradually increased until they came completely into view about September 13, when they were seen to extend in a long straight stream, the spots in some parts being so close together as almost to form a single rift in the solar surface. As seen on September 16 the group extended over some 180,000 miles, with a breadth of about 35,000 miles, and it took two complete days for the long procession to pass by. The principal axis of the group was inclined at an angle of about fifteen degrees to the sun's equator; in the aftermath of the group a decided tendency to segregation was noticeable and by the 19th a deep, dark unclear spot had formed at the head of the group, and a second large spot with dark double nucleus about one-third of the way down the group. Although this is one of the longest continuous streams of sun spots which have been observed, the phenomenon was not attended with great magnetic disturbances; but just before the last spot crossed the meridian there was a distinct disturbance, and aurora borealis displays were noted in some parts of the country.—London Chronicle.

Mexico's Army.
According to the recently issued report of the secretary of war, the Mexican army consists of 24,479 men, as follows: Seventy-six generals, 1,045 chief officers, 2,272 officers, and 21,086 rank and file, which gives a total of 24,479 men, of whom about 20,000 are actually efficient. The army has 6,145 horses and 1,992 mules.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.
DATE CAKE.
Here is the recipe for making a delicious cake. Take two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of butter, half a cupful of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, a little nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of dates, stoned and chopped, and enough flour to mix to a paste. Bake in a moderate oven.
CRANBERRY TART.
Take half a pint of cranberries, pick them from the stems and throw into a saucepan with half a pound of white sugar and a spoonful of water; let them come to a boil; then retire them to stand on the hob while you peel and cut up four large apples; put a rim of light paste around your dish, strew in the apples; pour the cranberries over them; cover with a lid of crust and bake for an hour. For puddings, proceed in the same manner with the fruit and boil it in a basin or cloth.

FILLET OF TONGUE.
Cut cold-boiled tongue in pieces about four inches long, two wide and half an inch thick; dip in melted butter and flour. For eight fillets put two tablespoons of butter in the frying pan, and when hot put in the tongue. Brown on both sides. Take up and put one more spoonful of flour in the pan and then one heaping teaspoonful of flour. Stir until dark brown; then add one cupful of stock or water, half a teaspoonful of parsley and one tablespoonful of lemon juice or one teaspoonful of vinegar. Boil up once and pour it around the tongue which has been dished on thin strips of toast. Garnish with parsley and serve. At the last moment stir into the sauce a tablespoonful of chopped pickles or capers.

TOILET SOAP.
Take two pounds of pure beef tallow, two pounds of sal-soda, one pound of salt, one ounce of gum camphor, one ounce of oil of bergamot, one ounce of borax; boil slowly an hour; stir often; let it stand till cold; then warm it over, so it will run easily, and turn into cups or molds, dipped in cold water. This is very nice for toilet purposes, and is greatly improved by age. While speaking of soap, perhaps it would be well to tell what to do with waste pieces. Cut the pieces into small bits and cover them with water. Place them upon the range, where they will gradually dissolve into a jelly-like paste; add a little perfume. When thoroughly dissolved, pour into a square-sized pan and, when cold, cut into cakes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
When clothing has acquired a close, unpleasant odor from being packed away where the air cannot reach it, a few pieces of charcoal laid along the folds will soon remove the odor.
When roasting small birds always fasten the heads under the wings and lay a thin slice of pork on the breast of each bird and a piece of bread underneath. A bird would not be complete without its bed and blanket.
Papered walls, if too badly soiled, may be cleaned by cutting a loaf of day-old bread in quarters and using as a rubber after the walls have been thoroughly dusted. Dry cornmeal rubbed on with a cloth will clean them well, also.
An egg that has been boiled soft and become cold cannot be cooked again and made hard; but a soft boiled egg that has not had the shell broken may be reheated by cooking three minutes in boiling water, and it will taste as well as if freshly boiled.
Among decorative plants for the house the African asparagus, commonly called asparagus fern, is most useful. The graceful fronds last a long time; they are rarely troubled with insects, and gas and furnace heat do not affect them so quickly as many other plants.
If the light in the coal oil lamp burns dimly you can be sure the wick or the burner is at fault; if the wick is dark and clogged it needs washing. If it is clean, then the burner is gummed up and needs scrubbing in soap and ammonia, or you will have a smoky, bad-smelling lamp.
The small stone crocks used by many for holding butter should always be well washed and freshened before being refilled. The best way to freshen them is after washing to fill them with boiling ammonia or borax water, allowing a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of water. Let the water remain all day, and then fill the crock with sweet milk and let it stand over night.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.
ROBBERS LEFT A TRAIL.
Stolen Wheat Dropped From a Hole in a Sack.
The granary of James South, of Sugar Grove, was robbed of 50 bushels of wheat Monday night. South discovered the robbery the next morning and also found a trail, a hole having been forced into one of the grain sacks by the robbers in their haste, allowing the wheat to fall out in a small stream. South followed the trail for several miles. It was finally lost near the barn of a man named Hallback. A warrant was issued out and Hallback pinned under arrest. The stolen property was discovered hidden in the hay mow.
The Hollidaysburg office of the Guarantee Loan and Investment Company was robbed. The safe was cracked and \$500 in cash and many valuable securities taken. Managers J. C. Avers says the stolen property belongs to private individuals and that the company loses nothing.
The sheriff condemned the four rolling mills and 90 houses of the Catusqua Manufacturing Company at Altoona; and will sell them January 2. Executions were entered in favor of A. N. Ulrich and R. C. Harzorely, trustees, for \$105,616.67, and A. N. Ulrich and J. S. Elverson, trustees, for \$104,650.54.
A dividend of 31.2-10 per cent will be paid to the depositors of the Merchants Savings bank, which suspended nearly three years ago. Depositors antedating certain changes in the ownership of bank stock will receive nothing.
The Westmoreland hospital management has secured an option on the Frank Shearer property, West Pittsburg street, Greensburg, and will probably purchase it and begin the erection of hospital buildings.
James Overland, employed by the Equitable Coal company, at Westlar, was run over by a trip of empty wagons in the mine, and had both legs broken, besides sustaining internal injuries.
Four children of Jesse Cassel of Broad Ave were poisoned by eating apples. It developed that the trees had been sprayed with paris green to kill bugs and the poison stuck to the apples.
Judge Miller, of Monroe county, has deferred sentence on the Howells-Goldberg, the wealthy junk dealer of Sharon, convicted of the larceny of \$300 worth of copper wire.
William Mallory, a blind man, and one of Sharon's best-known citizens, has received information that he will receive about \$3,000 by the division of an estate in England.
Edward F. Bliss and Peter Dunn are under arrest at Mt. Pleasant for robbery. Bliss kicked Dunn's eye out and Dunn bit off a piece of Bliss' ear in a fight.
The presentation of D. C. Oyster at Ridgeway, ex-president of the bank, was dismissed on his payment of the costs.
Alpheus W. Gans, of Fairchance, died from injuries received by falling from a bicycle in a race race last October.
Norman Thomas, who as "Razzie Dazzel" has become a well-known name, was taken to Warren asylum.
A Nagl has been appointed postmaster at Lillyville, Beaver county, vice W. Liebendauer, resigned.
Frank Griffin, aged 60, was killed by a fall of slate in a mine at Scott Haven, near Greensburg.
David McCoy, a stonecutter of Greenville, was beaten by highwaymen and robbed of \$40.

FIVE SHOT THREE DEAD.
Political Opponents Have a Fierce Fight in Kentucky.
A battle occurred a few days ago in Letcher County, Kentucky, between the Morgan family, strong supporters of Congressman D. G. Colson, and the Harris family, advocates of ex-Congressman John D. White, in the recent Congressional election.
William Morgan and his three sons, Thomas, Caleb and Joe, were going to kill when they met over "Jim" and Henry Harrison who they had shot, and Tom and Caleb Morgan were slain.
Old man Morgan fell dead at the first fire, and when the fight was over "Jim" and Henry Harrison also lay dead, and Tom and Caleb Morgan were slain.

PITTSBURGH.		
Grain, Flour and Feed.		
WHEAT—No. 1 red	96	97
No. 2 red	94	95
COHN—No. 2 yellow ear	30	31
No. 2 yellow shelled	30	31
BUCKEYE	30	31
OATS—No. 1 white	24	25
No. 2 white	23	24
RYE—No. 1	44	45
No. 2	42	43
FLOUR—Winter patents brand	4 50	4 50
Fancy straight winter	4 50	4 50
Best family	4 50	4 50
HAY—No. 1 timothy	11 50	11 75
Mixed clover, No. 1	10 00	11 00
Leaf from wagon	10 00	11 00
FEED—No. 1 White Mt., ton	13 00	13 50
Brown Middlings	9 50	10 00
BRAN—Sulfur, new season	2 50	3 00
STRAW—Wheat	7 00	7 50
Oat	7 00	7 50

Lumber Products.		
BUTTER—Eggs Creamery	1	21
Fancy Country Roll	15	14
Cheddar—Ohio, new	7	8
New York, new	7	8

Fruit and Vegetables.		
APPLES—Bull	81	1 75
MEANS	1 20	1 25
POTATOES—in car	25	30
CABBAGE—Home grown, bb	75	1 00
ONIONS—1 cwt	40	50

Poultry, Etc.		
CHICKENS, w pair	50	65
Turkey—Pa and Ohio, fresh	21	26
EGGS—Pa and Ohio, fresh	21	26

Miscellaneous.		
SEEDS—Clover to lb	5 55	5 45
Timothy, prime	1 35	1 40
Blue grass	1 55	1 60
MAIZE—No. 1, new season	60	60
GRAIN—Country, sweet, sul	3 00	3 50
TALLOW	3 00	3 50

LIVERMORE.		
FLOUR	5 75	5 50
WHEAT—No. 1 red	94	94
RYE No. 2	42	42
COHN—Mixed	30	30
OATS	24	24
MATS	16	16
MUTTON—Ohio country	16	16

PHILADELPHIA.		
FLOUR	5 75	5 50
WHEAT—No. 1 red	94	94
RYE No. 2	42	42
COHN—Mixed	30	30
OATS	24	24
MATS	16	16
MUTTON—Pa. state	16	16

NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Patent	6 75	6 50
WHEAT—No. 1 red	94	94
RYE No. 2	42	42
COHN—Mixed	30	30
OATS	24	24
MATS	16	16
MUTTON—State and Penn	16	16

LIVE STOCK.		
CENTRAL STOCK YARDS, EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE.		
Friesian, 1,500 to 1,600 lbs	4 50	4 50
Good, 1,200 to 1,300 lbs	4 00	4 00
1,100 to 1,200 lbs	4 00	4 00
Fair light steers, 900 to 1,000 lbs	3 50	3 50
Common, 700 to 800 lbs	3 50	3 50
HORSES.		
Medium	3 25	3 50
heavy	3 25	3 50
houghs and tags	2 50	3 00
SHEEP.		
Good, 50 to 60 lbs	3 25	3 50
Fair, 40 to 50 lbs	2 50	3 00
Common	2 50	3 00
Lambs	4 25	4 50