

The latest naval ordinance fires frozen dynamite, but it is pretty hot stuff for the other fellow.

Sixty-five persons have committed suicide at Monte Carlo, the world's most notorious gambling resort, this season. The fool-killer couldn't have established better headquarters.

Robert P. Porter estimates the loss in income of railroads in the United States from reduction of rates between 1890 and 1895 at \$109,999,000, and the loss direct and indirect to wages at \$159,000,000 annually.

Russia is employing the schoolmaster to secure her conquests. Schools have been established in Meru and eight other towns in the region beyond the Caucasus where the Russian language is used in teaching by the side of the native tongues.

In a recent speech in New York, Lieutenant Peary, the Arctic explorer, said that with \$150,000 and a few picked newspaper men and Eskimos he could find the North Pole. Certainly he could. It was newspaper men who helped Nansen to find it.

The State of Arkansas claims to be first in the South in the production of small fruits and apples, first in the Union in quantity of nut timber, second in the Union in coal, and second in the number of acres required to produce a standard bale of cotton, Louisiana being first, but only slightly in the lead.

According to a recent calculation there are now not less than 48,000 artists in the city of Paris, of whom more than one-half are engaged in easel work. The total number of pictures submitted to the hanging committees of the various exhibitions during the year just ended was somewhere in the neighborhood of 50,000.

The New Orleans Picayune exclaims: By gum! The spruce tree is not in it with the sapota. Chile, an exudation of the sapota tree of Mexico, is the basis of all the chewing gum manufactured in the United States. Over 4,000,000 pounds of this gum are imported into this country annually, the produce being valued at \$1,500,000. One factory made over 100,000,000 pieces of gum last year.

A university professor has testified in a damage suit that the popular impression that a rushing express train creates a suction calculated to draw under the wheels a careless bystander is erroneous, and that the air currents have a repelling rather than an attractive effect. In spite of this scientific evidence, very few persons will be inclined to test the matter, as a lightning express train in motion is an object to be viewed at a respectful distance, rather than close at hand.

London's population continues to increase rapidly, but recent census figures reveal a change in the character of this growth which has both surprised and puzzled the English statisticians. Up to times comparatively recent the city's increase was chiefly at the expense of the country districts and of other lands, the number of births within the metropolitan limits, when not less than the number of deaths, being not nearly enough in excess of it to account for the annual increment. Thus, in the period of 1871-80, the increase in population was more than 100,000 in excess of the births over the deaths. In the years 1881-90, however, the balance was the other way, the addition to the population being nearly 118,000 less than the natural increase. In the period of 1891-5 the excess of births over deaths was 230,000, but the actual increase in the population was slightly less than 200,000. From these figures, it appears that either London-born children are the victims of an excessive death rate, or else that the opportunities to be found in the great capital are no longer attractive enough to satisfy its native inhabitants, large numbers of whom, therefore, have been led to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The problem is a rather obscure one, and the new social current has not yet been flowing long enough to make easy a determination of its direction, extent, and cause.

Where Cousins May Not Marry.
The marriage laws of the different states in this country are in general so liberal that to most persons it will be a surprise to learn that in quite a number of states the marriage of first cousins is forbidden. This is the case in Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming.—Boston Cultivator.

A Good Story



A Thrilling Adventure.

The fire that burned the Wells, Fargo express car in the Southern Pacific holdup near Roseburg, Oregon, recently, destroyed, among other things, several boxes of samples consigned to Junius Crosby, a Boston drummer on his way to Alaska. He came to Portland on the Northern Pacific expecting to find the sample trunks ordered shipped there from the San Francisco branch of his house. On learning of his loss he wired San Francisco for a fresh supply and pending their arrival decided to visit an old friend of his boyhood days who has a ranch on the Columbia opposite Wyeth, and who had often written him to come and enjoy the hunting and fishing, of which he had given rather glowing accounts.

The two days which he spent on the Columbia and the thrilling experience he underwent in that time, were told by him in Portland on his return to life and civilization and will form a period in his existence he can never forget. When sufficiently recovered he told his story, while wrapped up in warm blankets with his feet in a mustard bath.

"I caught the U. P. train out Saturday night, intending to put in Sunday with my old chum. All I knew about his location was that his mail was addressed to Wyeth, Wasco county, Oregon, so I bought a ticket to Wyeth. It was pitch dark when I got off the train, and all I could see was a little shaft of a station and a lot of big trees all around me. I had hardly got off when the train pulled out and left me. I soon found myself gazing at a big, hard-looking backwoodsman who had come out of the darkness from somewhere after throwing a mail sack aboard the train.

"Can you tell me where Charley Green lives?" I inquired. "There's a Charley Green lives across the river, but you can't find him this time o'night," he said, eyeing me suspiciously. "Where did you come from?" I told him, and expressed my anxiety to get across the river if he would show me the ferry.

"There ain't no ferry nearer than White Salmon and that ain't runnin', nohow," he answered. "The best thing you can do, young man, is to wait till mornin' and get an Injun to paddle ye across in a canoe."

"I didn't like that scheme for a cent, for it was cold, raw and threatening rain, and I didn't feel that I would have trusted that old chap even if he had volunteered to find for me a place to sleep, which, however, he didn't. After talking the question over, and with considerable coaxing, he finally agreed, for a moneyed consideration, to row out an Indian to take me across. If the Indian was sober and would condescend to take me across, well and good. If he was drunk, which the old fellow seemed to think most likely, and refused, mine was the loss. I followed him along a narrow path toward the river, stumbling along over stumps and roots, doing my best to keep up with him, till we reached a tumble-down shanty on a flat near the river. A series of heavy blows on the door succeeded in calling forth a responsive grunt from within, and after a little more delay the door was opened and a weazened-faced old Indian peered out at us. In a dialect I could not understand my companion explained to him what I wanted. A few deprecatory monosyllables and shakes of the head informed me that 'Lo' looked with decided disfavor on the proposition. Further conference and the promise of a good stiff reward caused him to change his mind, and without another word, Indian like, he started off down a path toward the edge of the water.

"He's sober enough, I guess, young feller," said my companion, "so cut along after him, but be keefal he don't cut yer throat and rob yer." With this cheering admonition he left me and soon disappeared in the darkness, leaving me in a decidedly uneasy frame of mind, heartily wishing I had

stayed in Portland. I however nerved myself to see it out, and followed the path after the Indian. I found him at the river's edge, bailing out an old flat-bottomed boat with an oyster can. I must admit I was nervous, and I revolved in my mind the advisability of going off with this Indian, but I could not see how I could improve my situation by remaining. I was in for it, and by the time the old Indian had reduced the water to about two inches from the bottom, I decided to go at all hazards. The Indian, after pushing the boat a little way out into the water went back, and from under a stump brought out a dirty old sail. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze down the river, and the sight of that sail gave me the cold shivers. There was no use remonstrating with him, for he evidently couldn't understand me, so I watched him dismally while he shipped it, and thought of the wife and baby I had left in Boston. The Indian had evidently noticed my trepidation, for he stopped abruptly and held out his hand suggestively. I put the stipulated \$3 in his palm and he then motioned me to get in the boat. I must confess that I never hated to do a thing in my life as I did to step into that rickety box of a boat. I did it, however, a sort of fascination drawing me on that I could hardly resist, and I sat down on one of the thwart, with the water in the bottom of the boat running into every cranny of my shoes.

"The next instant the Indian pushed the boat out into the stream and jumped into the bow. The wind caught the sail, which was tied fast aft, and the little craft careened, till the water poured in over the gunwale, but the Indian was quick, and a second later he had seized the tiller and brought her around, catching the wind and sending us out into the stream and almost utter darkness. I noticed that the current was very swift, and that in spite of the sail we were drifting down stream rapidly.

"I didn't know what was below us, or this would have added to my mental condition. Soon the dim black line that marked the mountains back of us faded, and I could make nothing out but the boat and the form of the old Indian crouched down in the stern. We soon found ourselves in the midst of driftwood, into which the boat kept bumping and sliding over at an alarming rate. We struggled on in this fitful way for what seemed to me an hour. I was chilled to the bone, and there was something in that terrible darkness amid the wailing of the wind so suggestive of death and its horrors that I wonder my hair didn't turn gray with fright.

"All of a sudden some great big black object seemed to jump up right in front of us, and before I knew what had happened, over went the boat and threw us out into the icy water of the Columbia.

"I am a pretty good swimmer and got to the surface in pretty quick time and grabbed the nearest piece of driftwood I could find, which proved to be a big railroad tie. Frightened and chilled as I was, I could not help looking around for the Indian, but failed to see anything of him or the boat, the swirling eddies in that swift-running current having separated us so that we were lost to one another.

"I kept on floating down the river in a totally helpless condition, for the cold had numbed my limbs so that I could scarcely maintain my hold on the log. I, however, could see the faint outline of what I supposed was the shore and I used my hands, with my body across the tie, to paddle toward the shore. I felt that my only salvation now lay in reaching the shore as soon as possible, for the water was so icy cold that I felt that I could not hold on much longer.

"As I drifted along a dull roar, which I had noticed several times above the sound of the wind, made itself audible. Louder and louder the sound grew, and it was not until it drowned almost every other sound around that it dawned upon my benumbed senses that Wyeth was only a few miles above the Cascades, and I then realized that I was swiftly and surely drifting to my certain death into the terrible and resistless gorge of the Columbia.

"Then my heart stood still and the horror of my hopeless situation stood clear in my mind. The current was growing swifter and swifter and I now gave up all hope and in my desperation I considered the advisability

of letting go the log and dying there before I should be swept into the fearful rapids. I was really about deciding to do so, and had given my wife and child a last thought, when I was recalled to my senses by the log striking something solid, and being checked in its course, while the current piled up a great body of water all around us. I reached out for the object and felt it to be a smooth log, extending shoreward and apparently fast and firm.

"This revived the little hope left in me, and I abandoned the railroad tie which went sailing away, while I pulled myself up on the log, really more dead than alive, for I lay there across that log, clutching its smooth and slippery sides with the desperation of a dying man.

"I don't know how long I lay there, but presently my strength seemed to return to me, and I worked myself along the log into the darkness toward the shore, having frequently to stop and rest. The last time I started my weak hands refused longer to work, my muscles were benumbed and I slipped off into the water, evidently to my death, but you can imagine how I felt when I found my feet touch bottom. Well, I was not long in wading to shore. The log I had struck was one of a boom rigged out to catch drift, and was just half a mile above the rapids. Had the tie I was on been a foot further out in the stream I should not now be here to tell the story of the closest call I have ever had from the grim messenger.

"Fortunately for me, I found a fisherman's cabin near the boom, and he took me in and cared for me, putting me in his own bed and drying my clothes.

"I was a godsend to the poor fisherman, for the money I gave him saved him from starvation, and at last I managed to recover sufficient strength to get back to Portland.

"I must say that I have lost my desire to see Charley Green, and if he wants to see me he will have to come to Boston to see me. I am thankful for my wife and my baby's sake that I was spared, but it was the closest call I ever had."—San Francisco Chronicle.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There are rubber teeth.
No Mexican chews tobacco.
A machine "makes duplex."
A Michigan mine is 5,000 feet deep.
Hamburg, Germany, has a paper house.
Some of the coal used for gas in San Francisco, Cal., comes from Japan.
Shakespeare's longest play is "Hamlet"; it contains 4,653 lines; the shortest is the "Comedy of Errors," with 1,897 lines.

An "automatic singer" has been exhibited in Paris. The voice can be heard 229 yards off. The apparatus is said to be simple.

The new organ of the Church of St. Ignace, San Francisco, weighs more than 100,000 pounds, and has more than 5,000 pipes.

In the fords on the Norwegian coast the clearness of the water is wonderful. Objects the size of a half dollar may be seen at the depth of twenty-five or thirty fathoms.

The date of the earliest certain account of the modern writing pen is 636. Steel pens were first made by Wise, in England, in 1833. Quills, however, were used for writing in the fifth century.

In Canton, China, they name streets after the virtues, as here they are named after persons. Thus there is a street called Unblemished Rectitude, a Pure Pearl street, a street of Benevolence and another of Love.

In Europe the number of inhabitants to the square mile is ninety-five; in Asia it is forty-eight; in Africa it is fifteen; in America it is eight; in Oceania and the polar regions it is three; in Australia only one.

John C. Sattou of Denver, Col., spent all his money, \$30,000, a few years ago in building a church in Denver, on condition that he should be allowed to live in the tower and be employed as the sexton of the church.

Dr. Geist-Jacobi of Frankfurt, Germany, has written a history of dentistry from 3,700 B. C. to the present time. It is known that there were men practicing the profession of dentistry in Egypt at least 5,000 years ago.

A train running from Belgium to Paris was the other day delayed an hour, owing to the arrest of the engineer and fireman, who were found to be smuggling coffee, matches and tobacco across the boundary on the locomotive.



WITHOUT HONOR AT HER HOME.

Minnie Hank lived as a girl in the now deserted town of Sumner, Kan., three miles below Atchison, and waited on the table at her mother's boarding-house. The Atchison Globe says that she came to Atchison to give a concert after she had become famous, but she did not attract much attention except among a few of her mother's old boarders.

SKIRT RAISERS.

To raise your skirt from the ground during the muddy walking in autumn, sew four straps of the same material as the dress to the waistband of the skirt. Make a buttonhole in the point of each. Place buttons on the back and side seams of the skirt at such a distance that when the straps are buttoned on them the skirt is sufficiently shortened without the trouble of holding it up.

COIFFURE QUIRS.

The Marie Antoinette coiffure, arranged with a large bowknot at the back, is charming for some women, and little bowknots of gold or silver set with fancy stones are suitable ornaments. No one need fear an excess of decoration, for three or four side combs and as many fancy pins are only a beginning towards the complete fashionable coiffure. Mercury wings in spangled gauze or set with precious stones are very effective when they crown a Madonna-shaped face, and silver set with ordinary brilliants is very showy.

WOMEN ENGINEERS.

The Engineering Record notes the fact that female draughtsmen have for several years been employed in architectural and other offices in clerical and copying work chiefly, and that one woman in the Chicago drainage canal engineer's office is doing creditable map and color work. A firm of architectural engineers in New York has gone beyond this and employed one young woman who has graduated from an engineering school and shares the ordinary duties of her associates, though, of course, at a disadvantage concerning shop, mill and field work.

GIRLS ARE LARGE.

At very recent debutante teas given to introduce the buds of the season, wide comment has been made upon the phenomenal size of this new generation of women. In eight out of ten cases these very young girls are a full head and shoulders taller than their mammas. Five feet eight or nine inches is no longer regarded as an unusual height for a debutante, and this Junoesque statue is supplemented as a rule by broad, shapely shoulders, a firm, round waist, with harmonious proportions of arms, hips and bust. The new woman from a merely physical standpoint is not only fair to look upon, but promises well with her clear eyes, rosy skin and steady nerves as a wholesome mother of the coming race.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WOMAN OUTLIVES MAN.

Of the fourteen reputed centenarians who died during the past year, no fewer than eleven were women, says the Illustrated London News. Out of the 188 persons who were declared as over ninety years of age at death, 108 were women. The superior longevity of the female sex is a well-established fact. To some extent it depends, of course, on their more sheltered method of living, but by no means exclusively, as the women of the laboring classes show a great vital tenacity as well as those who have an easy time of it in the world. The vital power of girls is displayed in babyhood, for though about 104 boys are born to every 100 girls, the females have more than overtaken the deficiency before the end of the first year. In other words, the belief of old nurses that "boys are harder to rear than girls" is a true one.

For the first time, another point in vital statistics as between the sexes has recently been investigated. This is the relative periods of sickness in life. It is only lately that there have been any female friendly societies, and hence the statistics as to the days of

illness among women have been largely conjectural. But if these figures are to be received as reliable, women have more days of non-fatal sickness in the year on an average than men at all periods of life, except between fifty and sixty.

BRINGING MEN TO TERMS.

The car was crowded when the two women entered, and several men were already standing up. However, that did not seem to worry the women. They were well dressed and pretty, and a combination of that sort will secure a seat almost any time.

But on this particular occasion every man in the car appeared to be either tired or preoccupied. At any rate none of them moved or betrayed the slightest inclination "to do the polite thing."

The two women stood by the door first, smiling in that calm, confident way that women do when they feel that things are bound to come their way. They smiled upon every man in their immediate vicinity in turn, but there was no appreciable effect. Not a man moved, in fact, not a man even looked up to get either of the smiles.

One of the women moved down to the centre of the car. The smile was gone now, and a cold, hard, haughty look had settled down on her face.

"Come down here," she said to the other. "The floor is a little softer."

The little bald-headed man in the far corner was seen to smile behind his paper, but that was the only sign that the shot had hit anywhere.

"After all," said the woman who had first spoken, determined not to be balked, "it is proper that men should have the seats in a car."

Her companion looked surprised. "Do you really think so?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. Not all men, of course, but those who usually get them and hold them. It is really quite fitting and proper. Why, you must have noticed that the men who object to having to stand around for women in a streetcar—"

She paused to see that she had the attention of most of the people in the car, and to make her remark a little more emphatic.

"—are the ones who have to stand around for women when they are at home."

"Madam," said eight men at once, "won't you take this seat?"—Chicago Post.

FASHION NOTES.

The handsomest of the brocaded moire silks for trains is made more elaborate, with an embossed velvet flower or two among its satin ones.

The Princess dress is very popular in Paris, and many handsome gowns of velvet and silk for weddings and other dressy occasions are cut in this style.

The latest fancy for trimming silk petticoats is two or three accordion-plated ruffles fully a quarter of a yard wide. These are plinked on the edge, and sometimes caught up in festoons fastened by bows of ribbon.

Narrow quillings of chiffon are a feature of dress this season, filling a large space in the shops, and are employed in a hundred different ways, one of which is as a border for sashes of velvet or silk worn with evening dress.

The autograph tea-cloth is one of the fads among English women. It is of plain white linen with a broad hem-stitched hem. Numerous friends write their names diagonally above the hem, and each one is embroidered in white or colored cotton.

The new ribbons are very delicate in texture like silken gauze, and the variety in grass linen effects has multiplied many times since last season. There are Scotch plaids, light tinted grounds plaided off with some strong color and scattered over with polka dots or sprays of flowers and plain colors, with fancy edges of hair line stripes, in various colors, and checked borders which are very effective. Taffeta seems to have the lead among the plain ribbons, and some of them are satin faced. Moire ribbons with corded edges are also seen.