

It is claimed that at present the English language is spoken by 110,500,000 people.

Hobo is a common word among the Sioux or Dakota Indians. They use the word in referring to young men who have nothing to do.

Slavery is supposed to have been abolished in the United States, but according to an article in the North American Review, it has existed among the Chinese in California for years, and continues almost unrestricted.

Some Swiss convicts recently escaped from prison, and an advertisement announcing the fact says that "with the close-cropped hair, knickerbockers and stripped jackets, the fugitive murderers may easily be mistaken for American or English tourists excursioning in the Valais Alps."

The world's annual brew of beer is more than 17,000,000,000 quarts. Germany leads with 5,000,000,000 quarts; the United Kingdom is second with 4,790,000,000 quarts, and the United States third, with 3,200,000,000 quarts. Russia is at the foot of the list, with about 400,000,000 quarts. Vodka is more to the taste of the Cossack.

Appeals for aid for the distressed people of Virginia, Minn., were sent to many wealthy men, not long ago. Some responded liberally. Mr. Carnegie sent his check for one thousand dollars. The name of Mr. Rockefeller did not appear on the list of contributors, and the Standard Oil magnate was criticised for refusing aid. It has now been discovered that he did not disregard the appeal, but sent an agent to investigate, and on his report opened a mine at Virginia and hired many of the starving men.

Clarence King, formerly chief of the United States Geological Survey, says: "The time is not far distant when a man can start out of Denver and travel to Klondike, stopping every night at a mining camp. Already two American stamp mills are pounding away on the borders of the Straits of Magellan, and the day is approaching when a chain of mining camps will extend from Cape Horn to St. Michael's. I believe we are about to enter upon a century which will open up vast resources, and will be the grandest the earth has ever known. Before the end of the twentieth century the traveler will enter a sleeping car at Chicago bound via Behring Straits for St. Petersburg, and the dream of Governor Gilpin will be realized."

In the commune of Monceau-sur-Oise, not far from Paris, a little village of only 250 inhabitants, the streets are lighted by electricity, electric lights are found in the church, in all the houses, and even in the stables; and the farm-buildings in the neighborhood of the village are illuminated in the same manner. More than this, the commune possesses a large threshing machine driven by electric power and capable of threshing nine hundred sheaves of grain per hour; besides turnip-cutters, crushers, sorters, pumps, and other agricultural machinery, all set in motion by electricity. The power is derived from a waterfall, and by combining their interests the inhabitants of the commune have made science illuminate their streets and houses at night and drive their machines by day more cheaply than these things could be done by the old methods.

An organization which is already strong and which expects to number 900,000 members is attracting much attention in the West. It is known as the American Railway League, and is founded, announces the Atlanta Journal, on principles decidedly different from the American Railway union. The new organization designs to effect a co-operation between railway owners and officials on the one hand and railway employes on the other. Its promoters think that railway labor organizations have too often proceeded on the theory that there is a conflict of interest between employers and the employed, and that this misconception has been a prolific cause of trouble and loss to both. One of the leaders of the new league explains its objects as follows: "We have learned that it is more to our advantage to co-operate with the men who are paying us wages than to oppose them at every turn. We believe that we can help them and help ourselves by an enlightened use of the ballot box more than by strikes and boycotts. We intend to take part in primary elections, and every candidate who secures our support must first pledge himself that he will oppose legislation which will tend to reduce the wages of railway employes."

THE FARTHEST YONDER.

Oh, friend of other years,
Do you remember
Those glorious autumn days
When distant hill-tops flamed
In all their splendor?
I whispered, "Speed us, love,
To beauty yonder."
Your voice was low and sad;
"Those hills of splendor
Are far and steep, my own;
The light will hide ere long,
And darkness gather,
And we shall yearn for rest
This side the yonder."

The years have swiftly flown,
Alone with wonder
I gaze upon the hills
A Master's brush has touched
With newer splendor;
My eager eyes would search
Beyond the yonder.
And you in higher realms,
Do you remember;
For through my soul I feel,
Persuasive, sweet, your call,
Thrilling and tender,
Past earth's most perfect scenes
To farthest yonder.
—Harper's Bazar.

BRISTOWE'S RUSE.

Pah! another bungle! snapped Bristowe, that dry old stick of a detective, throwing down his newspaper. If that man had had a smattering of science at his fingers' ends he could have done the trick. Yes, you can all see it now. Ah, I ought to know. It was a bit of science that once helped me to net £500, get at the root of a queer a mystery as ever I tackled and possibly to save a gentleman's life into the bargain. Yes, I can tell you just how it happened. I wasn't on the spot till after the crime, of course, but I know exactly what took place. My word!

It was Sir Gavin Grey's case, if you remember—Grey, the great London banker. He had a fine old place down at Wimbledon that his niece, Kate—as sweet and lovable a girl as ever walked this earth—used to keep for him. Old bachelor, you know. They say, and I believe, that that girl might have married any man she liked; but, of course, it so happened that the lucky fellow who crept into her heart was only a cashier at her uncle's bank—Leo Markhouse by name. The old gentleman was staggered at first, but at the finish he gave way to the condition that they waited till the young fellow proved himself fit for a partnership and for such a wife, and things went smoothly enough for a time. Then came a deadly crash.

Would you believe it, this Markhouse was fool enough to go and make use of a check that ought to have gone into the bank, and somehow or other it was found out before he could pay it back. It wasn't in Sir Gavin to give any man a second chance, I suppose; at any rate, he called him in, dared him to show his face there again and sent him about his business, with an alternative of prosecution. And one evening, a week later, when the old gentleman got back to his Wimbledon house the first thing he heard was that Markhouse had been there and that Miss Kate had gone off with him—gone for good. Pretty romance, eh?

Now for the mystery. It seems that for some days Sir Gavin was absolutely crushed and never left the house. He used to go up to the girl's room to make sure she was gone, and then he would go and sit in his study for hours at a stretch, hardly moving all the time, they said. Well, there was a glass door opening on a sort of balcony, and one night, when he was sitting there so, that door opened, and a man walked in. Burglar? No; it was Markhouse, come there with his wife to ask for one chance to redeem his backsliding. He said afterward that he had meant to go boldly up to the front door, because Miss Kate was sure only one contrite word was needed to go straight to the old gentleman's heart; but, as luck would have it, he had seen the light in the study and chose that way.

There was a fine dramatic scene; they say the noise of it could be heard half over the house. Markhouse, he pleaded hard and tried to explain things, but the old gentleman was hard as granite. At the finish (I'm telling you just what I had from Markhouse himself and from Silverley, Sir Gavin's man servant, who, being privileged, was listening outside the door the whole time) he dragged open a drawer and threw a packet on the floor.

"There," he says, "you've wasted your time and eloquence. Your wife's mother left her at death £200 and some jewelry. There it is and there the way out, and I never wish to see either of you again."

Markhouse swears he never once thought of touching the packet, but simply stood still for a time, dazed by the prospect and the other man's bitterness. Then he pulled the glass door to and went down the balcony steps and along the avenue to where Kate was standing in a tremble, staring at that light from the study. It was queer she should say to him:

"Leo, you never threatened him! I heard your voices, but I was too frightened to move. Leo, don't you harden your heart so—wouldn't you be bitter in his place?"

"Perhaps," was all he said. "The air of this place suffocates me."

Well, they had got to the end of the avenue when there came after them a hoarse scream, unnerving enough in the circumstances. Just the one word—"Murder," and nothing more. But the worst of it was that the sound came from the house he had just left. Of course, he stood staring at the girl incredulously, and the next thing he knew was that she had broken away from him and was flying back up the avenue. He followed mechanically, and instinct took him back to that study window. And, by Jove! across the carpet in there, sure enough, lay a still figure; his wife hung over it with clasped hands, and the servants were buzzing and whispering behind. Murder? Well, the old gentleman had been struck sideways, it seemed, as he sat. There was a purple mark on his right temple, and there was his own heavy ebony ruler lying near by. And the man? Well, Markhouse suddenly woke up to

the fact that they were pointing at him and that the buzzing had stopped. "There he is!" says some one. "Don't let him go!" "What?" He couldn't believe his own eyes, of course. They were all shrinking back from him—even his own wife, he thought. "Is everyone mad?" he asked. "Kate, what does it mean?"

"Mean?" says Silverley, stepping up. "Why, it means murder, Mr. Markhouse, and you mustn't leave this house yet. Accuse you?—all of us. You came here for money, stealthily; I was in the hall, and I heard every word of your quarrel. When you had gone I knocked several times, but the door was locked. I called the others, and we broke in to find him lying—no, Miss Kate, you can't!"

She had caught those words and grasped what they meant. Woman-like, her first thought was for her husband's safety; she got hold of Silverley's arms and held him back by main force, imploring Markhouse to go, to escape, and leave the rest to Providence. Of course, he ought to have stood his ground, but the thought that she believed him guilty fairly paralyzed him, it seems. At any rate he turned and went off without another word—as bad a thing as he could have done.

For the next two days it was all chaos. People who called to sympathize found Kate wandering about like a ghost, and everyone was whispering of her as a widow already. It seemed clear enough: Markhouse had struck the blow in a temper and was missing; his best friends could only hope that he had got ahead of the hue-and-cry. Two days; then came the news that Markhouse had been arrested easily a few miles away, simply remarking that he cared not a jot whether they brought him in innocent or the reverse.

Miss Kate, she heard it about 7 o'clock that evening, and it seemed to put new life into her. She stood staring at space, they said, for about five minutes and then sent a man galloping off with a telegram. That telegram was addressed to me, and it simply said: "Come instantly, upon a matter of life and death."

I happened to be away from home that night, but I took a train for Wimbledon about 10 the next morning and found that the inquest was afoot. The jury had just been to view the body, and most of the servants were making ready to return with them and give evidence. In the general excitement I had plenty of time to look about, while I mournfully smoothed a crape band on my hat. In 15 minutes I had heard a good deal. Silverley was my best man. I managed to buttonhole him, introduced myself as the undertaker's man and asked how true it was that this Markhouse had something to gain by Sir Gavin's death.

"Don't ask me," he says, distractedly. "That's the dreadful part of it—that everyone knows his wife comes in for her uncle's money. I've to go and give evidence against him! I wish to heaven I'd never spoken!"

It was all very hazy. I thought for a bit and then sent up a card with the word "Bristowe" only upon it, and I didn't waste time. When presently she comes down, with a pitiful white face and dragging steps and looked to see why the study door was open, she gave quite a piteous cry at sight of me down on my hands and knees between the desk and window there.

"Mr. Bristowe! You—you know all, then?"

"A good deal, madam; the newspapers and the servants, you know." I told her cheerfully. "Er—of course this room has not been disturbed in any way? H'm, I find morsels of earth and dry leaf just by the window, but none near that desk. But that's nothing, perhaps. I want you to be quite calm and tell me all you know."

She did so almost lifelessly. "Oh, you are clever, I know!" she ended, a fair study in supplication. "If you think—you'll never say so! You'll go and leave it to the police!"

"Just one thing," I said: "A full light from this jet ought to reflect on that gravel path, and Mr. Markhouse was between it and the window. You may safely tell me whether you saw the shadow of a lifted arm from where you stood—so. H'm!" She had whispered her "N—no!" with dry lips and hesitation; he had raised his arm once. "Leave it to me," I told her. "In an hour I'll come and tell you what I think."

She understood and went. Well, I puzzled and puzzled over the thing and could make nothing of it. The door had been locked, you see, and he was found dead five minutes after Markhouse had stepped out on the balcony. I had a vague idea, but the facts would not seem to fit in at all, and I suppose the hour went by, for presently I saw her standing in the doorway, her eyes wide with terror.

"You—you didn't come. You—you think—" the rest died off in her throat. If it had only been for her sake I should have tried my level best.

"I think nothing yet," I told her. "It's complicated, simple as it seems. You see, the motive was scarcely robbery, as the packet was found there afterward. I'll be plain with you; if it was not your husband, it was someone within this house, and there's no clew so far. Having nothing to go upon I'm going to concoct something. You must be patient and give me time."

She did try, but I shan't forget her face when, an hour or so later, she came to tell me that her husband had been committed on the coroner's warrant. I had a plan in my head by that time, but I felt certain, if nothing came of it, there was not much chance for Leo Markhouse.

About 8 o'clock that evening the drawing room at the Wimbledon house presented rather a dramatic sight. All the household, from Silverley down to the scullery maid, had filed in there at my request and formed a gaping, excited group. When, after giving them plenty of time for whispering, I walked in, carrying a black bag, you could have heard a pin fall.

"All here?" I began, very impressively. "Very good." A queer pause. "Now, I wish to tell you all something. Up till two hours ago, I confess, I could find no possible loophole in the net that at this moment surrounds Mr. Leo Markhouse. I have called you all here to tell you that now I fancy there may be one." Another breathless pause, as I fetched out a square of cardboard. "All hangs upon this," I said, "a photograph of the deceased gentleman's eyes, taken after death."

Two hours back I made the accidental discovery that there was in those eyes the indelible reflection of a face, a face all too recognizable at sight, and then I remembered something. By tomorrow morning, if there is any basis for the well-known scientific theory that the eyes of a person meeting death by foul play often catch and retain a likeness of the assassin's features, we may be in possession of the truth. Is this the face of Mr. Leo Markhouse? I am not at all certain of it; I am going straight away now to have this snap shot of mine enlarged tenfold and then—In the meantime, I will ask you not to let the matter go beyond the house."

A shiver and then a craning of pale faces to catch a glimpse of the photograph, but I was gone before they could fully grasp what I said. I had motioned to Kate, and she followed me to the hall door like one groping in a dream.

"Will you—will you save me?" I recollect her whispering. "You have discovered this, you suspect some one, and yet you warn them all. You—it is false! Show me that photograph, or I shall scream out!"

"Sh! you're too sensible," I said. "The photograph! It is a blank card; see! Mrs. Markhouse, I've simply played a card I don't possess, that's all. Time is precious. Now, listen. They think I'm off to town; you will let me in by the drawing room window in ten minutes from now. Goodby. First train in the morning!" I added, loudly, and the big door clanged.

Four hours later, when everything was quiet, I heard someone creeping along the passage leading from the servants' quarters and up the stairs. I had been waiting in the drawing room; I was out in a jiffy. A man—yes, he was standing at the top of the flight, as if afraid to go on. I had him! Up I crept. He went straight along to that room and tried the handle. When it gave he jumped back and almost saw me. Another second—then in he went. I heard him striking a match. I was there. He had lit a candle and was turning this way and that a drawn, white face that bore the marks of the four hours' suspense. It was Silverley, for years the valet of the man lying behind those white hangings, and it seemed that my bit of a bluff was going to have results. Holding the candle high, he drew back the hangings and stared hard at the poor old gentleman's eyes.

They were closed, of course, and would never open again. He had waited four hours in a fever for nothing at all.

A click behind him did the rest. I was pulling the door to, and he sprang across in a fair frenzy—just too late. I managed to lock it on the outside, and his nerves weren't proof against that second shock. He gave a sort of choking scream, and then all was quiet. Down I ran and woke one of the servants. However, when we opened that door there was no need to use force or even to ask questions. He was on his knees there and gasped out the truth on the spot.

"I—I did it in self-defence! Let me out—only let me out! They'll never hang me—they couldn't! You think! It was all quiet in there. I ran through the drawing room and along the balcony, and he was sitting with his head down so, and the packet was lying there—anyone's property! I—I thought he was in a fit and found my hand on the packet before I knew it. He saw me and snatched at my throat, like this, in a passion. He was mad and would have strangled me, and I—I had to do it! Then I was frightened and ran back. I never meant to let Mr. Markhouse in for it till I—I—Oh, heavens! I didn't! What have I said?" A bit more than I'd expected. Enough, at any rate, to get him penal servitude.

Eh! What did you say? That scientific theory was exploded long ago? Well, it wasn't when I went to school, and it helped me to unravel this mystery when everything else had failed. —Tit-Bits.

William Bache, who died the other day in Bristol, Penn., was the great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin. He was eighty-six years old, and was the pioneer newspaper publisher in Bucks county.



Plaids Are Popular. The shops are full of plaids. There are plaids in every grade of material, from rich silks to cheap cotton and wool materials. There is room for the exercise of a great deal of taste and discretion of selecting and wearing plaids. Very large women should abjure them altogether, the slender young ones can wear almost any of them, and the ordinary woman most any of the darker ones. Some of these will be very stylish when made up with dark furs.

Bicycle Promotes a New Weave. The public is, perhaps, indirectly indebted to the bicycle for the introduction into the market of a very fine dress fabric and binding. The latter is two inches wide and consists of a rubber-treated velveteen edge combined with mackintosh cloth. It comes in all shades of fast colors, and, besides its cleanly qualities, wears excellently. The same facing is made six inches wide for the bottom of bicycle skirts. The velveteen is not only shrunk by the rubber treatment, but it acquires a thickness and resistance to wear very valuable in a dress binding.

White Chamouis Gloves. "Get white chamouis bicycle gloves," says one woman bicycle rider. They are cool and comfortable, and also inexpensive, and can be cleaned readily. But do not wash them in soap and water. Use naphtha or gasoline, and treat them as you would ordinary gloves. Care has to be used with these inflammable liquids, but there is little danger with proper precautions. Cleaning the gloves in this way prevents them from losing shape, as the chamouis glove does under ordinary washings. It also saves time, for the glove is not so difficult to put on after cleaning.

Iridescent Mohairs. Iridescent mohairs are still favored for stylish traveling costume, and if the jacket and skirt style is chosen it is a pretty way to have the silk shirt-waist en suite match one of the colors in the mohair. Blue and gray, gray shot with rose, or green interwoven with tan color make good semi-dark surfaces for these durable fabrics that shed dust and do not change color in the least. The striped and changeable mohairs make very natty-looking cycling costumes. The fancy for fabrics with black and colors of various kinds interwoven has brought out many twilled French goods of different weights that are made into ample but stylish suits appropriate for various demi-dress uses the summer through.—New York Post.

A Heroine on a Bicycle. Still another bicyclist story, and this one has a real heroine, the kind of a heroine who, if the story was a romance, would convert a father and two or three sneering men cousins to the belief that the bicycle is essentially a womanly belonging. This not being a romance, there were no fathers, brothers, and young men cousins to be converted, but the heroine was a heroine just the same.

It was in Brooklyn, one of the warm days recently, and three young women and three young men, friends since long syne, went for a long cycle ride and took their luncheons with them. Luncheon time had come and all the vines were spread out in tempting array, when one of the young men who had complained of feeling unwell earlier in the day, fainted, and gave evidence of being very ill.

This was the time for the heroine to show the qualities which are most admirable in a heroine, common sense and quick wit. She remembered immediately a doctor living within two miles or so of the picnic ground, one whom she knew well, and who also knew the invalid. She jumped on her wheel—all heroines jump—rode at her best speed for the doctor, found him, turned over her wheel to him, and he with a medicine case in hand rode off and was with the sick man, it seemed, in about fifteen minutes from the time he was taken ill. And the plucky heroine walked back that two miles in the hot sun.—New York Times.

Victoria's Highly Educated Horses. Not within the memory of the longest reign has there been such a thing as a runaway among the larger number of horses that drag the numerous carriages of state in which Queen Victoria and members of the royal household take their airings or make ceremonious public appearance. This is due to the fact that before a horse is deemed fit for service in the stables of Windsor, Balmoral or Osborne, it must have gone through a course of training that renders it superior to any sudden surprise by reason of noises or unexpected sights, says the Philadelphia Times.

The training commences in the days of the horse's colthood, and he is eventually inured to hear sounds and see sights that would simply terrify and madden an ordinary horse of high mettle and limited education. Carriage horses are driven persistent-

ly in front of an empty carriage in the park at all hours of the day. They are taken to railroad depots and familiarized with the screech of whistles and the hiss of escaping steam.

They are taught to stand under railway arches while trains thunder overhead, to face flocks of sheep or geese, to calmly view the flying bicyclist, to bear the sudden flashing of colored lights, the rattle of musketry the blare of brass bands, the sudden flight of loose paper, the raising of umbrellas, the roar of cannon, the flashing of swords, and any and all of the scenes and sounds of a great city. When the horse becomes as impassive as its driver or the footman up behind, and is guaranteed to sink into the chasm opened by an earthquake without the quiver of a muscle, it is pronounced fit for the royal stable.

Handkerchiefs. Many young ladies who have an almost unlimited supply of pin money are making and laundering their own handkerchiefs, and those who must economize can save a considerable sum by following their example. India linen, mull and wash silk are a few of the materials used for white handkerchiefs, and the style of finish is so varied that any taste may be suited. There are the plain hemstitched ones, without any ornament except the initials or monogram in one corner, embroidered with white cotton or silk. Others have an edge of Valenciennes lace (real or imitation according to the size of the purse) put on around the narrow hemstitched hem. Narrow lace insertion is sometimes set two or three inches from the edge all around between two hems. Those made of silk muslin with a wide embroidered hem and a scroll or monogram in one corner are very handsome.

The latest fad in regard to handkerchiefs is to use colors instead of white. Those in cream color, ecru, yellowish brown, lavender, pink and blue are the most popular, but some in darker shades are frequently seen. Others have a white ground showing colored dots or stripes and colored hems are seen with white centres.

Do not put your handkerchiefs in with the regular washing, for the treatment they are likely to receive discolors white handkerchiefs and fades colored ones. Fill a wash bowl half-full of warm, soft water, and dissolve enough ivory soap in it to make a foamy suds. Rub gently, and squeeze in the hands until every trace of soil is removed, then rinse in cold water that has a little bluing in it. White handkerchiefs may be scalded a few minutes if thought necessary. Very little starch is needed for these articles—just enough to give them the appearance of new goods. Iron while quite damp, pressing the embroidery on the wrong side, and the remainder on the right; or it is a better plan to take them from the starch and press them smoothly on a clean marble slab or a window pane to dry, putting the wrong side next to the glass. When they are dry, take them off and fold nicely. They will not need ironing. This is a very convenient plan when one is boarding and cannot get a hot iron.—New York Observer.

Novelties in Dress Goods. There is much to attract in fall and winter goods this year. All the shades of olive are among the favorite colors. Yale blue and golden brown are popular, and the beige and castor tints are much in vogue.

Border effects are again in fashion. The most beautiful example of this is a woven plisse cloth, with a ribbon border. There are five rows of ribbon forming the border, which are woven with the material. The ribbon is generally the same color as the fabric. This exquisite material comes in all the new shades. It is sold in patterns of seven yards.

The plain cloths, showing a Zibeline border, are most attractive. The border is generally of silvery gray, and comes in all the latest shades. The silvery gray, on a prune shade, is a fashionable combination.

Another new material which boasts a border is a soft, smooth French cloth with a black astrakan border. The border is woven with the material and is from eight to nine inches in width.

Zibeline cloth is to be one of the favorites of the season. It is really a broad cloth, with a camel's hair face. The best quality is forty-eight inches wide. It wears admirably, and one of the greatest things in its favor is that it sponges beautifully. This Zibeline cloth can be bought in all the new shades.

A figured wool poplin, with a mo-hair figure, is an excellent example of the less expensive materials. In rich dark blue, with the figure in black, it will make a most serviceable gown. The two-toned cork screw materials are warranted to wear well.

All the plaids are particularly popular. They come in at least fifteen different colors.

One of the most stylish patterns in plaids is a small plaid almost a check. In coloring it shows three different shades of green and two of brown. Some of the newest plaids are outlined with a fine gold line.