

Some geographers have been surprised by the recent census in Egypt. The population of 9,000,000 reported exceeds that under the greatest of the pharaohs.

Here is one of the questions which candidates for appointment as school-teachers in Abilene, Kansas, were required to answer: "Why does a horse walk backward while eating grass, and a cow walk forward?"

An advertisement in a Chicago newspaper reads: "I would like to communicate with any and all persons who have had at any time in life any sort of remembrance or indication that they ever lived before in any sort of animal life on this or another globe."

Dr. A. B. Rosenberry shows in the Medical Record that to Dr. Reginald H. Fitz of Harvard university is justly attributable the introduction of the word appendicitis into English usage. Many physicians say it is a philological absurdity, while conceding that they can suggest no word more appropriate for use in its stead.

A railroad to Jerusalem from Joppa is bad enough, indignantly declares the Independent, but the proposal to build a railroad to the summit of Mount Sinai utterly contradicts all the prophecies. Who would want to go to Sinai by railroad? Nobody will go there except to get a feeling of the desert, and to enter into the spirit of the life of Moses and Elijah. One cannot do that on a railroad; it requires the slow pace of a camel.

The percentage of recent losses in British shipping is higher than usual, but France, Sweden, Holland and Austria show an even higher rate of loss. Lloyds' quarterly report of British shippings states that the three months' losses amounted to 254 vessels. Of these 123 were wrecked, 11 were lost in collision, seven were burned, and 31 were abandoned at sea. Under the distressing category of "missing ships" there were 29 vessels. The large number of steamers lost in bad weather presupposes insufficient power to grapple with it. Underpowered engines is one of the evils of cargo boats of the "tramp" class. Shifting of cargo is another fruitful cause of disaster.

"We are on the verge of a great mining era," remarked Clarence King, formerly chief of the United States Geological Survey, in the Baltimore American. "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. 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."

The London Law Journal says that "suicide is quite alarmingly on the increase in France, and presents a serious problem to thoughtful statesmen in that country as the dwindling birth-rate. In vain to such the church refuses its prayers, the army funeral with military honors. The same tendency is observable in England. What attitude ought the law of England to take up in the presence of this growing evil? It will be said that the law of England has long ago taken up its attitude on the subject of suicide, stigmatizing it as felony. This is hard measure, and injures inclining to charity have of late years uniformly postulated insanity as the explanation, and returned a verdict of unsound mind as a presumption rather than an inference. Whether this presumption is well founded may be doubted. Even philosophers have not always been agreed as to the ethics of suicide. Englishmen have the feeling strong in them that suicide is the refuge of the coward. In old days and in small communities the loss of an able-bodied tradesman was a source of weakness and danger. To our Anglo-Saxon race, with its overflowing population, this consideration is insignificant. The seriousness of the suicide problem consists in the fact that the prevalence of suicide is symptomatic of a diseased condition of the body politic. It is to this law and legislation must address itself, not to any fresh penalties; to promoting healthier conditions of life and indicating a higher standard of citizenship."

ENDURANCE.
How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn
All evils may be borne.
We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.
We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts
Are still,
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.
We wind our life about another life;
We hold it dearer, dearer, than our own.
Anon it falters and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;
But, ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This also can be borne.
Behold! we live through all things—famine,
thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired and faint,
and worn—
Lo, all things can be borne!
—E. A. Allen in Chicago Standard.

Brought to Time.
BY MARION E. PICKERING.

Jerry Sanborn wheeled his shining new tandem out of the woodshed and carefully propped it against the piazza railing. Then he strode across the yard, shading his eyes with both sun-burned hands, and peered intently at a snug farmhouse nestling against the neighboring hill.

"Tilly's got home from Sandport. That's her pink gown a-flittin' in and out of the garden. Now if I can only wheedle her into takin' a mornin' ride we'll see who's master of the situation. Two years now she's been puttin' me off in that bewitchin' way of her'n, and I'm tired of it. I hain't been spendin' my winter evenin's readin' up about Napoleon Bonaparte and General Taylor and all of them other determined fellers for nuthin'. I've been altogether too meachin'. It's high time I put my foot down and made Tilly come to reason, and I'm a-goin' to do it!"

Jerry set his jaws grimly, sprang astride the saddle, whirled rapidly down the winding road and soon presented himself, cap in hand, at the door of the Morgan homestead. Tilly herself appeared promptly, her comely face alive with dimples and her bright blue eyes dancing with mirth.

"Took a run over to show you this new machine o' mine," announced Jerry, with a sidewise wave of the hand.

"I saw you coming up the hill," responded Tilly demurely. "You looked for all the world like a big, long-legged grasshopper,"—with an irrepressible giggle.

"I only wish you darst try it a bit and see what an easy runnin' concern it is," pursued Jerry, a sudden flush mantling his broad forehead and losing itself in his curly locks. "But, of course, 'twould be risky, considerin' you ain't used to it," he added apologetically.

"Humph! There's never been a colt on the place that couldn't bridle and ride, and 'tisn't likely I'm afraid of a newfangled contrivance like that," replied Tilly loftily.

"Well, I s'pose you might try it, but I warn you it's dangerous business," hesitated Jerry. "You have to take in sail a bit," with a critical glance at her newly starched gingham. Tilly darted upstairs and soon appeared in a trim walking skirt, with a jaunty Tam O'Shanter pinned securely to her shining brown braids.

After a few preliminary failures, she was securely seated and the tandem glided smoothly along the shady country road. Tilly sat erect, firmly grasping the handle bars with her plump fingers and thoroughly enjoyed the novel experience.

"Pshaw! This is as easy as riding old Roan to plow. Now I'm going home to finish my ironing."

"No, you're not, Tilly Morgan. You won't go home until you have given a plain answer to the question I have been askin', off and on, for two years or more," announced Jerry peremptorily, while his heart thumped heavily against his ribs and the roar of the Atlantic seemed surging in his ears. "Steady there!" as Tilly gave an indignant bounce that threatened to capsize the wheel.

"Jeremiah Sanborn, I'll never speak to you again! There's Uncle Moses and Aunt Debby and Dan out in their dooryard. I'll call for help as true as I live if you don't stop this minute," scolded Tilly.

"They can't catch up," replied Jerry coolly, gradually increasing speed.

Despite her valiant threat, Tilly sailed by the open mouthed trio with flaming cheeks and downcast eyes.

There was a long silence, while the tandem bowled merrily along. The perspiration streamed from Jerry's crimson forehead. The sun was mounting higher, the road was up grade, and Tilly was no lightweight.

"Jerry," she faltered at length coaxingly, "please take me home."
"You know the condition. Reckon we'll reach Centreville by noon at the rate we're spinning," vouchsafed Jerry uncompromisingly.

you will come and be mistress of the little home I've had ready and waitin' for you for a year and a half," said Jerry, sternly.

Tilly glanced about her uneasily. Far in the distance she could see the glittering church spires of Centreville. "This is too ridiculous, Jerry."

"Well?"
"Will June 15 suit you?"
"Perfectly. Dismount and rest in the shade for a few minutes, and I will take you home at once."

Tilly meekly seated herself on a grassy rock beneath a hugh oak and covertly watched Jerry from beneath her long lashes. He was apparently engrossed in flecting every possible grain of dust from the shining spokes of the tandem, but his eyes shone with a triumphant light.

The long run home was performed in dignified silence.

Tilly sprang lightly to her feet. "I think you're just as m-mean as you can be, Jerry Sanborn," she sobbed as she flew into the house and slammed the door.

Safely inside, she hurried to the parlor and peeped through the blind. Jerry, with erect head and shoulders squared, was speeding down the hill, his long legs performing most extraordinary gyrations.

"My, wasn't he masterful, though! That's all I ever had against Jerry, he was too tame. If I said A, he had to say B, and so on through the whole alphabet. Now I'll get dinner out of the way and begin hemming my table linen."

And with a song on her lips Tilly whisked on a fresh apron, vigorously stirring the fire and darted down the cellar stairs after the potatoes.—Wheelman.

CIVILIZED CANNIBALS.

Some Interesting Facts About the Battaks of the Island of Sumatra.

Sumatra is one of the largest islands in the world, and has a population of 8,000,000. Respecting some of the tribes of the interior hardly anything is known, inasmuch as the island had been crossed by white men only two or three times. The immediate neighbors of the Acheens are the Battaks, a most interesting race of cannibals, who are quite civilized in their way, having a written language of their own. They know how to make firearms, even boring their gun barrels. Also they carve gun stocks in correct style, and are acquainted with the art of making powder. They find their own sulphur and saltpetre, using pieces of bamboo for cartridge cases and bits of coral for bullets. They are excellent agriculturists, and raise cattle. In addition they are clever gold and silver smiths, making filigree work and weaving gold thread.

The Battaks only eat prisoners of war or bad criminals. Formerly the habit of cannibalism among them was universal, and human flesh used to be sold in the country in open market, some chiefs eating it daily as a matter of liking. It is considered the greatest possible insult to a foe or punishment to a person guilty of a grievous crime to eat him. Besides the question of economy is considered. At a feast it was cheaper to slaughter six slaves at 100 guilders than to kill six buffaloes at 150 guilders. When a distinguished person died two individuals customarily went through a lot of buffooneries at the graveside, after which they were killed and laid in the excavation, the coffin being placed on top of them. Cannibalism is more or less mixed up with the religion of these people, who have their wizards and witch doctors to practice incantations.

The Battaks build houses of planks and strong beams, placing them on piles for the advantage thus given in defending them. Many of their villages are on almost inaccessible pinnacles in the hills, favorite spots being little plateaus formed by the broadening of a mountain range. Commonly they are surrounded by palisades, with watch towers. Much art and industry is put into the carving and painting of the woodwork of the houses. An outbuilding serves as a sleeping place and council house, rice being stored in the upper part. No light is kept at night for fear of attracting ghosts, but in emergency candles of resin are used. Communal houses serve as sleeping places for the unmarried men, sometimes 100 of them together. Here are hung up the heads of slain enemies and other trophies.

Nearly all of the highest peaks in Sumatra are volcanoes, and most of these are active. In the immediate neighborhood of these mighty chimneys, which hurl out masses of ashes and stone, are the fertile lowlands, with a dense population. The destruction of 40,000 human lives by the eruption of Sumbawa in 1815, and the washing away of 16,000 people by "tidal waves," following the eruption of Krakatoe in 1883 are not solitary instances.—New York Sun.

Effects of Rare and Dense Air.

Dr. Von Liebig of the University of Munich calls attention, in Science, to some of the curious effects of rarefied and condensed air on human respiration. On high mountains some persons experience distressing "shortness of breath," one result of which is that they are unable to whistle. Precisely the same effect is sometimes produced by the condensed air in caissons and diving bells. Laborers working in compressed air frequently find, however, that their powers of exertion are increased as long as the atmospheric pressure is not more than double that of ordinary air; but beyond that point unpleasant effects are experienced after the men have left the working shafts and returned into the open air. On the other hand high atmospheric pressure in the case of persons not doing manual labor has been found to act as a mental stimulus, increasing the impulse to talk.

THE POLICE ROLL OF HONOR.

The Heroes of a Month—Drowning and Runaway Horses the Principal Source.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt writes for the October Century an article entitled "The Roll of Honor of the New York Police." Mr. Roosevelt says:

Perhaps the best way to convey an idea of why we awarded medals is to give a list of the men thus rewarded for two months. In October, 1895, we, on the 1st of the month, awarded a medal to a patrolman for peculiar gallantry in stopping a runaway horse under circumstances which made the act one of great danger to himself, and which doubtless resulted in saving the lives of those in the vehicle. The patrolman thus rewarded was also later made a roundsman, and put in charge of the bicycle squad, our attention having been first called to him by this act. On the same day we gave honorable mention, but without a certificate or medal, to three other officers; one had also stopped a runaway horse; another had rescued a man from drowning, and the third had arrested an insane man armed with a revolver, under circumstances which went to show that the officer's coolness and presence of mind saved both himself and the onlookers from death or injury at the hands of the armed maniac. On the 8th of the month we gave a medal to an officer who had rescued a boy from drowning by plunging into the water between the wharf and the steamer from which the boy fell, at the imminent risk of being crushed to death between the two, a fate from which he and the rescued boy were saved purely by his pluck and his skill as a swimmer. Honorable mention was made of two other officers—one for rescuing a boy from drowning and one for stopping a runaway horse. On the 15th yet another officer received honorable mention for saving a man from drowning; and on the 22nd a sergeant and two patrolmen were commended for the coolness and skill they displayed in stopping a prize fight and arresting both the participants and the spectators, though they were an uncommonly tough crowd, and showed immediate fight.

Yankee Skipper's Trick.
A good anecdote is told illustrating the superior enterprise of the Yankee skippers years ago. The Bedford whalers left port for many a long voyage, sometimes to the far North, at other times to the far South. These intrepid followers of the sea sought and pursued the whale in the ice-clad latitudes about the poles with a natural fearlessness. A squadron sent out by Russia to explore the South seas, and reach the pole if possible, had attained a degree of latitude which the commodore proudly told himself had never been reached before by white man or other human beings. While he reflected upon the fame that would surely embellish his name, his sailors cried "Land ho!" Off to the south he desisted a long low-lying bit of land, and hastened to shape his course to reach it, there to plant the Russian standard on its highest point, claiming it in the name of his Majesty.

What was his disgust and astonishment when, as his vessel approached the shore, he observed, over a bit of headland, a flag fluttering from a mast-head. In a few minutes a little schooner poked her nose around the point, and came sailing smartly over the waves towards his vessel. The lean Yankee captain, who was standing in the rigging as the schooner came up in the wind, yelled:

"Ahoj there! What ship is that?"
"His Majesty's ship, the ———"

"Well, this is the Nantucket, from Rhode Island. We're doing a little piloting in these latitudes, and if you want to run in the cove yonder, why, we'll pilot you in for a small charge."

The admiral's disgust caused him to square his sails around and shape his course for Russia.—Harper's Round Table.

The Largest Crane.

Absolutely the greatest mechanical giant in the world is now lifting stone on a new sea wall on the north coast of Scotland. Not even the monster cranes used for lifting the governmental great guns can compare with this Titan, as it is called. It is capable of lifting 100 tons, and it could pick up a modern locomotive with as much ease as the same locomotive draws a train of cars. It could lift the cubic contents of 100 carloads and strew them over a wide section of the landscape. Its daily work is the placing in position of fifty-ton blocks of granite, of which the new sea wall at Peterhead is being built.

The length of its arms, reaching out from the central point of support, is exactly 100 feet, and it can set a sixty-ton block in the sea 100 feet deep and 72 feet from the outer edge of the masonry wall. This long arm is balanced by a shorter weight arm that carries the engine house, with the machinery for moving the Titan forward or backward on a railroad set into the finished masonry, and to run out or in on the long arm a traveling car from which are suspended the four-sheaved blocks through which is received the cable that lifts the great pieces of stone. The Titan itself weighs 700 tons, and is built of steel. The long arm swings about on a turntable, just as a bridge swings over a river. The wall which it builds and then travels over as it slowly advances into the sea is nearly 50 feet wide.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.

Pleasures of Travel in South Africa.

Mr. J. B. Buchanan, traveling along under the Mananga with a wagon, came across five lions, two of which were adult male and female and the remaining three cubs. The whole family sat 80 yards off and watched the oxen pass, and the only weapon in the wagon was one rusty assegai.—Swaziland (South Africa) Times.



Miniatures as Glove Buttons.

She may not wear her heart upon her sleeve, but she wears upon her wrists what may be considered an equally sentimental affair. Her gloves button with miniatures for buttons. If she is a rich dame they are specially made miniatures. "His" face, or that of her best friend serves to join the bits of kid. If she is poor she must be content with such miniatures as are turned out by the dozen with the faces of various historically famous fair ones upon them.—New York Journal.

Decorations of the Home.

A woman with a clever, original brain and deft fingers can, however small her purse, work wonders in the decoration of her home. One such woman recently rejuvenated one of her apartments and made it a veritable paragon of beauty. She accomplished the transformation with a pot of paint, several rolls of cheap, coarse burlap, nickel-headed tacks, common sense, quick fingers and good taste. She is going to paper another room soon, and will buy the rough finish wrapping paper and stencil it herself.—New York Tribune.

Countess as a Nurse.

The Countess of Annesley is one of the few women in society who have gone through the drudgery of a nurse's life. She spent some time in the City of Dublin hospital, and at one time she seriously thought of taking up nursing as a profession. Even now some of her happiest moments when in Dublin are spent in the hospital, and at this time of year the Earl of Annesley always sends, in the name of himself and his wife, a quantity of game to the various infirmaries and charitable institutions in which Lady Annesley takes so keen an interest. Both she and her husband are devoted to yachting, and, together with their two young children, they spend a good deal of their time on the Sea Bird.

Floral Delights for Children.

Few women realize the refining influence of flowers in the home until they see the delight with which children watch them grow. On a broad shelf in a sunny window the children will flourish free of expense all winter. The knowledge demanded of the little gardeners is very simple. Gentle heat and moisture cause fresh seed to germinate, during which process they require darkness. When sprouted, introduce to the light by degrees and keep constantly watered, but not wet. In a deep china plate place a layer of cotton wadding cut to fit. Soak with warm water and sprinkle with kernels of fresh corn, raw peanuts, dried peas or even orange seeds. A dozen acorns will soon be a forest fit for the fairies. An onion, a sweet potato or a turnip will thrive in a wide mouthed bottle filled to the brim. A sponge dripping with warm water and sown with flaxseed will soon form a ball of green. Moneywort asks only a pretty vase, filled with pebbles and water. Nasturtiums and morning glory seeds kept for a day in a cup of warm water and then planted in the deep saucer of a flower pot will flourish as it is useful. In a shallow box sew water cress for the family use. A thin, red carrot, half planted in a seedling pot, shows graceful, feathery fronds.—New York Sun.

Fur and Fancy Muffs.

Very large muffs and quite small ones are both to be fashionable, but the large ones are the more desirable. The fancy muffs, which were such a feature of last year's styles, are now necessary with every well appointed wardrobe, and are really more used with smart gowns than are the fur ones. Neat arrangements of fur, lace and velvet, with fancy muffs to match, are among the novelties. They are called "sets," and are odd in design and coloring. The mirror velvets are most beautiful in texture, and their coloring accords particularly well, or contrasts equally well, with the fur that is used with them. In green velvet, heavily trimmed with sable, is a very effective set of this description. The velvet is put on in box-pleats to a high standing collar, which also is laid in pleats. The bottom of the cape and the top of the collar are trimmed with richest sable, and a bunch of sable tails is sewed in the back. In front there are bunches of tails and the ends of velvet, which hang down far on the skirt, have also sable tails. The muff, which is an absurdly large "confection" is made of velvet laid in big pleats, and caught at either end with bands of sable. A bunch of sable tails is fastened on the front with a piece of old point lace. The whole thing is very smart, and, needless to say, very expensive. The shape of the all fur muff is round, but these fancy muffs are more oblong.—Harper's Bazar.

Mending a Kid Glove.

Mrs. Boulden, in the Ladies' Home Journal tells how to mend gloves successfully.

Mending may be so perfectly done,

says she, that the rent article is embellished rather than disfigured by the stitches which repair. Especially is this true of kid gloves, although there are very few who know how to mend a glove successfully and neatly. A simple lengthwise break in a seam may be carefully overcast on the wrong side, a very fine needle being used. Such a needle prevents further tearing of the kid and enables the needlewoman to take shorter, closer stitches than could otherwise be done. For such fine overcasting on the wrong side cotton thread in a color to match the glove exactly and in a number to suit the needle perfectly will be best chosen. Silk thread has a greater tendency to cut the kid than has the cotton.

An actual hole in the glove requires different treatment. It cannot be—should never be—drawn together. There are two effective ways of repairing such a place. The most admirable method is that of the button-hole stitch.

For this a fine needle is necessary, fine silk thread the same shade as the kid, and a spirit of leisure and painstaking care. The place is to be nicely buttonholed all around with tiny stitches, just as a buttonhole would be, except that the stitches are taken a trifle less closely, perhaps; then, just as if no buttonhole stitching had been done, it is with the same infinite pains buttonholed again, the second row of stitches being taken one between each stitch in the edge of the first row. Thus two rows are formed, the second circle being, of course, smaller than the first; a third row is then done by catching between the stitches in the edge of the second row. This process is repeated until the ever-narrowing circle ends in the centre of the rent. When well executed the result is so beautiful that one would almost wish for a break in a glove in order to ornament it with such needlework.

Any one can do such a bit of mending, but a fine needle and thread must again be insisted upon. The shade of the thread must be just the same as that of the kid. Patience only is necessary for the rest and the task is soon accomplished.

Fashion Notes.

Some novelties in buckles show all sorts of odd colored jewel effects.

A genuine gown novelty is a dinner costume of white cloth with a Venetian red sash.

It is noticeable that the very latest fashion plates from Paris show the tip-tilted hats as still holding their vogue.

Flat, overlapping bias folds an inch or an inch and a half wide are the only decoration at the top of some of the new sleeves.

We have Klondike collars on our jackets now, and they are all the name suggests as regards height and protection from the cold.

Russian blouses of black, and some of the dark, rich shades of velvet, edged around with fur, will be worn with silk and cloth skirts.

Neck fancifuls combine everything possible in decorative fixings, fur, chiffon, jet and ribbon frequently being employed in one French conceit.

Overskirts or draperies are said to be fully established in fashion's favor; but at present they appear mostly in side panels, reaching to the bottom of the dress skirt, which shows between back and front.

Neat black gowns are relieved by collar and belt of black satin fastened with gilt buckles, a row of small gilt buttons down the side opening and a scroll braiding over the waist front of black satin ribbon edged with gilt souché.

Green and blue are effective, while blue braided with brown, if only just the right shades are chosen, is always a good combination. The light gray gowns that are to be as fashionable as ever all winter, can have color at neck or wrist or introduced into the trimming.

Large toques in velvet seem to be the dominant idea in millinery, and they are trimmed with upright feathers on one side or a long plume falling partly on the hair at one side, with two short, fluffy plumes standing up. Flowers and bows of ribbon are also used, and they all tilt up on the left side.

If one wears black velvet belts, be sure to have them very narrow, as the smart ones are. A few little upright tabs added, made to cling to the figure or bodice, are most becoming and a pretty change. Smart ribbon or taffeta belts, when they fasten in the back, have upright bows, the loops pinned flat to the bodice.

A new material which comes plaided with green, blue and a few other colors, on white, is of cotton, warranted to wash, and very pretty for pillow covers and tablecloths. The green has a particularly cool effect. A simple design of feather stitching is worked into every white square formed by the colored blocking. The material for one pillow cover, with a ruffle of the same and silks for working, can be bought for a few cents over a dollar.