

There are said to be 760,000 Italians in Brazil, of which more than half are settled in the province of St. Paulo.

A correspondent of the New York World says that there is now a man in the United States Senate who has taken a prominent part in fifty-four lynchings.

The steam railways are suffering from the competition of the trolley roads, and now the cry is raised that the trolleys are being painfully depleted of their traffic by the bicycles.

Says the Chicago Dispatch: Unless we have made a mistake in our count the fatalities thus far reported by the Spanish troops in Cuba number about three times the total population of the island.

A plan is being discussed in New York City to establish bachelor apartment houses in the suburbs, where a half dozen men may enjoy the comforts of a rural home at small cost. An economist has figured out that four men may live in fair style in this way for \$55 each per month, and that they may even live comfortably for \$35 a month. The only trouble lies in securing a good servant, but servants are said to prefer a company of men to a family, because there is less complaint and greater leisure.

Some idea of the high value of real estate on the lower end of Manhattan Island may be gained from a recent sale, at which the southwest corner of Liberty and Nassau street was sold for \$132 a square foot. This lot is seventy-two feet six inches on Nassau street by 112 feet seven inches on Liberty street, and the price paid was \$1,250,000. Upon it will be erected a fifteen-story office building, the front of which will be largely glass and iron in order to afford abundant light. It would amaze any old-timer of the early years of this century to see the enormous development of lower New York City and the great increase in the price of real property. This rise in real estate values, which has been greater in the last twenty years than for a half century before, furnishes new proof of the sound business judgment of the Astors, who have been consistent purchasers of New York property for three generations.

The English statistician, Michael G. Mulhall, publishes in the North American Review an article on "The Power and Wealth of the United States." Mr. Mulhall's conclusion is that if we take a survey of mankind in ancient or modern times as regards the physical, mechanical and intellectual forces of Nations, we find nothing to compare with the United States in this present year of 1895, and that the United States possesses by far the greatest productive power in the world. He asserts that the absolute effective force of the American people is now more than three times what it was in 1850, and that the United States possesses almost as much energy as Great Britain, Germany and France collectively, and the ratio falling to each American is more than what two Englishmen or Germans have at their disposal. He points out, by a careful comparison between the conditions in these different countries, that an ordinary farm hand in the United States raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, five in Germany or six in Austria. One man in America can produce as much flour as will feed 250, whereas in Europe one man feeds only thirty persons. Mr. Mulhall calls special attention to the fact that the intellectual power of the great republic is in harmony with the industrial and mechanical progress, eighty-seven per cent. of the total population over eight years of age being able to read and write. "It may be fairly asserted," said he, "that in the history of the human race no Nation ever before possessed 41,000,000 instructed citizens." The writer sets forth in regard to the growth of the wealth of the United States that the average annual increment from 1821 to 1890 was 901 millions of dollars, which sum is one milliard over the total wealth of Great Britain. In classifying the whole wealth of the Union under the heads of urban and rural, he finds that rural agricultural wealth has only quadrupled in forty years, while urban wealth has multiplied sixteenfold. In an important series of figures it is shown that the rise in wealth and the increase of wages came almost hand in hand. In dealing with the development of farm values Mr. Mulhall makes the following statement: "If the United States had no urban population or industries whatever, the advance of agricultural interest would be enough to claim the admiration of mankind, for it has no parallel in history."

DOWN IN THE GRASS

What did you get for the stoop
Down in the grass so low?
I heard the rushing of many wind
Through a green world come and go,
And the dream of a song in a faint white
flower
Before it began to blow,
And this got I for the stooping
Down in the grass so low.

This much I got for the stooping
Down where the soft winds blew,
The feel of the moist young green things
That feed on the sun and dew,
And the song that I learned from the small,
white flowers,
It smelt the whole day through,
This much I gathered, a little young song
That bloomed in the grass and grew.
—Anna H. Branch, in Independent.

AN ANGEL OF BLOOD.



MUST confess, sir, that the Harley street explosion has all the appearance of the Cannon street affair. There is no doubt that our wires run just alongside where the principal break is apparent, and the general appearance would lead one to believe that there may have been a constant leakage. One house is only half damaged, indeed, but I should say it would be difficult for the owners to prove to a jury that electricity can escape upward as well as downward, and that any day we may expect to see forked lightning shoot out of the earth instead of from the skies."

"I do wish you would confine yourself to facts and leave theories to experts. Can you discover whether there is any report?"

"No report has been made as yet, sir."

"I don't mean an official report. I mean was the explosion, or whatever it was, accompanied by any great noise which might be caused by gas?"

"Or thunder?"

"Oh, hang your thunder theories! Do stick to facts!"

"It is very difficult to stick to facts for the simple reason that people's imagination runs away with them. Some say they heard a sound like a clap of thunder; others say they heard nothing, but felt a terrible shaking and were thrown down. I have seen all the witnesses available and taken their statements, each of which is diametrically opposed. In fact, the only thing which is certain is that there is a deep fissure in the street, and that the horse and the four-wheeler, which stood at the door, have been blown to atoms."

"The cabman, you say, cannot be found?"

"He has not turned up yet, but whether he was blown to pieces or merely went for a drink at the corner public house, and being frightened ran away, is not known."

"Has the number on the cab been taken?"

"It cannot be found."

"This is a mysterious affair, and it seems to me that it is a very serious business for the Budget. In the first place the Department is sure to be sued for heavy damages, and after all the expense we were put to in sinking the overhead wires below ground, if there is an agitation we may be pitted further expenditure of restoring them to their former position. You may go now, Mr. Thompson, but let me impress upon you the importance of keeping to facts and not allowing your romantic imagination to run you into theorizing."

The two speakers were the Postmaster-General and Mr. James Thompson, an energetic young man who had for some time acted as his private secretary. There was a third person in the room who so far had said nothing. He was the Home Secretary, who had come to learn all his colleague, and his assistants, could gather about the recent alarming and unaccountable explosion in Harley street.

"Is there anything more to be learned?" said the Home Secretary, as the door shut behind the young man, and his retreating steps were heard dying away.

"It is difficult to say. Your detectives are convinced, you tell me, that the mischief has been caused by a leakage of electricity of gas or a combination of both."

"And I must say I agree with them."

"Naturally do you, but I do not."

"That is equally natural on your part; but on what grounds do you base your incredulity?"

"I feel certain that there are two persons who could tell us all about the whole affair."

"And they are?"

"The cabman for one."

"And the other?"

"Somebody who lives, or who has lived in the street."

"Have you a clue?"

"I may have; and, in spite of my lecture to young Thompson about romantic theorizing, I will tell you a story."

"Pray go on."

The Postmaster-General settled himself in his deep arm-chair and began: "As I daresay, you know, several years before I came into the Cabinet I held very much the same position which young Thompson holds now as my private secretary, and a great portion of my time was spent at St. Martin's le Grand, and I was often detained late at the office. On one such occasion I had a very remarkable adventure. I was tired of sitting and writing letters all day, and although

the streets were full of thin November fog, I determined to walk instead of driving home. I started in a north-westerly direction, as I thought, but knowing little of the neighborhood and being somewhat confused by the mist, I saw after a time that I had lost my way. There was not a cab to be found, and so I had nothing to do but ask my way. This, too, was a difficulty, for there was nobody about—or seemed not to be. Before, however, I had gone many steps I walked into a party of persons which the fog had veiled from me. It consisted of five persons, and they were eagerly discussing something under the street lamp which stood in front of a dark and apparently empty house. I raised my hat and said:

"Can you oblige me by putting me right for Oxford street?"

"The answer I got was: 'Pardon, Monsieur, mais je ne parle pas Anglais.'"

"I was about to repeat my question in French, when one of the party, a woman, stepped forward and said: 'If you take the third on the right and the second on the left and keep straight on you will come to Oxford street in about five minutes.'"

"She spoke in perfectly pure English, and in a singularly low, sweet voice, which I did not expect to find associated with the dirty, unshaven-looking ruffians with big cravats, who were her companions in this squalid street."

"I raised my hat and thanked her for the information, and, as she bowed in return, I could see that she wore a beautiful and costly cape of sable tails, and that her golden hair was beautifully dressed at the back."

"The woman's appearance and the strange disparity of her companions, interested me strangely, and I kept wondering all the way home as to what could have brought a person of her obviously high class to such a quarter on such an evening, and in the company of such raffian-looking scoundrels. It was this which made me count the lamp-posts to the corner and then ask the first person I met what was the name of the street. I was told it was called Little Martin's street."

Work, however, drove the matter out of my mind till I was attending a foreign office reception a few months later. It was just as cold and wet a night as I ever remember in June, but the reception rooms were crowded. I was rather late, and the big staircase was packed with exquisitely dressed women, who were ascending and descending to the cloak rooms in a leisurely way, stopping to chatter at every step. I was rather tired and in no great hurry to face the battalions, preferring to await a lull and content myself to watch the show. Amid the babel of many tongues my ear was suddenly attracted by a soft voice which seemed familiar to me. It was obviously the voice of a young woman, but I could not locate it. I turned, and all I heard in reference to the question: "What is it like?" was the answer: "It's a sable-tail cape."

There was nothing in the mere words to me then, for I had forgotten all about the incident in Little Martin's street eight months ago. It was the voice which interested me and puzzled me to associate with any one I knew. I determined, however, to watch, and was soon rewarded by seeing a young man returning from the cloak room with a handsome sable-tail cape, which he spread over the shoulders of a young girl who had her back to me. As she bent to have it placed about her shoulders, I heard the sweet voice again.

"Thanks; yes, that's right!"

"In a moment it all came back to me, and I felt myself repeating the words: 'If you take the third on the right. It was the word 'right' that made the connecting link. I looked again. The girl had gold hair, and it was done in precisely the same fashion as the coiffure of the lady I had met in the November fog. There was nothing much in that, but the similarity of the voice, the sable-tail cape and the hair seemed to me something more than a coincidence. But how, I wondered, could the companion of the Boho French roughs come to be present at a F. O. reception? If I had thought for a year I could have arrived at no conclusion, and I know it. At least, however, I pushed towards the door by which she must pass out, and presently I met her face to face. There was no mistaking her. She was the same woman, or her double; but the more I looked at her the more I doubted my own senses. She had a face like an angel, with sweet blue eyes and natural dark eyelashes, and could not be more than twenty-two, for the bloom of youth was over her marble skin, and even the ricketing of the season had not taken the roses out of her young cheeks. The strange contrast of the two senses fascinated me, and I am afraid I stared horribly."

"Did you find out to whom she belonged?"

"No; there was a continual shouting of 'Lady Sandoz's carriage,' 'Lady Thisant's carriage,' 'Mr. Nobody's carriage,' and when she slipped out it was quite impossible to say with whom she went."

"Evidently, however, the matter did not rest there."

"No, or there would have been no story."

"Then what did you do?"

The Postmaster-General changed his position and hesitated before continuing.

"The whole business haunted me, and the more I thought about it the more it grew upon me. I determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. Accordingly, every day I made it my business to walk down Little Martin street on my way to the office and up again on my way from the office, for a strong presentiment convinced me

that sooner or later I must run against her. By degrees I got to know the men I had met her with by sight, and a very pretty set they seemed to be. The man to whom I had first spoken, and whom I had heard warn her in such a familiar way, was the regular type of a good-looking scoundrel, so familiar on the Baul Miché, the back streets of the Batignolles and the other low quarters of Paris. At last I met her, that is to say I saw her enter the dingy, lonely house before which I had first encountered her and her strange companions. The man was no longer any doubt in my mind. She was the same woman I had met at the F. O. I passed the house once and made sure she was not in the basement or the ground floor. Then, under the pretense of seeking lodgings, I went all over the shabby house opposite, but could see nothing from the windows. To allay suspicion, however, I rented a room for a week, paying a small deposit. The next day I brought a box, and every afternoon for a whole week I watched for the golden head and slender, graceful form. On the Tuesday and Friday she came. Her arrival was always marked by the visit of the man who came after her and left first. From this I concluded that it was she who rented the room, and that they only came to see her on whatever their business was. The meetings lasted about an hour, and it became clear to me, after the first week that they did not occupy a front room.

"I suppose, as a matter of fact, you were spoony on her?"

"To be frank with you, I was terribly in love!"

"Well, go on with your story."

"My next move was to try and get rooms at the back of the house she visited. This, after much trouble, I succeeded in doing, and the neighborhood being built close together, I was able to see all that took place through the windows opposite, there being no more than about eight feet between the backs of the wretched buildings. On the following Tuesday I was all excitement for her coming. At last she came, and soon her strange companion arrived. I could see them at the second floor window every now and then, but not being on the same level, I could not see what took place between them. By the following Friday I had altered all that by an arrangement with my landlady, and when they had assembled, I could see them sitting around a table vigorously discussing something. What their business was I could not make out, but when the argument grew loudest I saw the good-looking scoundrel rise and threaten to beat my angel across the face with his ugly fist. My blood rushed to my face, and if his companions had not seized him in time I believe I should have rushed out to smash his wicked face. I was now more than ever convinced that I was right in supposing that this lovely young girl was in the power of these monsters, and that she was an unwilling abettor to some villainy I was certain when I saw her, after they left, burst into tears. My heart bled for her, but I could do nothing, except now to watch over her. At their next meeting much the same actions took place, the only exception being that when they had left she sat down by the window and rather laboriously wrote something with a typewriter. Much the same formula was gone through on several occasions, and was always followed by her spending about an hour at the typewriter, which she managed slowly and with little skill. I thought of many impracticable ways for discovering her secret, but at last I hit upon a plan which ultimately succeeded. I bought a typewriter myself, and started to master every detail of its working. You see I conceived the idea that, as she worked slowly, and as I could see precisely how her fingers moved, I should be able, by repeating every action which she made, to reproduce an exact copy of her manuscript."

"Very fine in theory, but, I suppose in practice it would not work?"

"I had many disastrous adventures with it at first, but in the end I overcame all difficulties."

"And discovered there was nothing to find out but some vulgar intrigue, I suppose."

"On the contrary, I found she was the agent of a small circle of very advanced French Anarchists."

"Ha, ha! And this was your angel—Anrael!"

"Have patience. How she got into the power of these miscreants I never could find out, but that she was a good woman I can prove."

The Home Secretary smiled incredulously and said: "I have no doubt you can to your own satisfaction because you were in love with her, but personally, after some experience, I have no sympathy with these Angels of Blood, as they call themselves."

"Wait a moment! I found that after sending out the orders of the Circle, as she was compelled to do, she sent an anonymous intimation of their designs with regard to explosions and outrages to the police."

"Ah! the same old story—shielded herself by selling her associates. My infatuated friend, they all do the same. If the safety of this or any other country depended on the sagacity of its police instead of 'iron information received,' Europe would not last a week."

"Possibly, quite true, but in her case she did not alone inform the authorities, but she warned her associates that their plans were known to the police, and it is she we have to thank for the cessation of explosions in public buildings."

"Yes, I admit that was rather fine."

"In this way. Being in possession of the full names, addresses and plans

of these scoundrels, and being in the Postoffice, I took upon myself to suppress the letter of warning sent to the Circle and allowed those written to the police to be delivered in the ordinary way."

"And the result?"

"The French felons were arrested red-handed and sent to penal servitude by a too lenient Judge."

"An excellent story, I admit; but how do you connect it with the Harley street explosion?"

The Postmaster-General reached across the table to a row of reference books.

"In this way. Here is the Red Book. Let us turn to Harley street, No. 217. As I thought. See, 217, FitzMaurice, Sir William, M. D., F. R. C. P., F. R. C. S."

"Yes, I know Billy FitzMaurice; but how does he come into it?"

"It was opposite his house that the explosion occurred."

"Well?"

"Now turn to the 'Peerage.' Here we are—FitzMaurice, Sir William, M. D., F. R. C. P., F. R. C. S., Cr. 1885. Third son of Adam FitzMaurice, Esq., of Margate, I. of Thanet, by Mary Elizabeth, d. of Stephen Marshall, Esq., of Bath; b. 1839, m. 1889 Mary, d. of Sir James Mitchell."

"Why do you stop?"

"Because the Angel of Blood, as you call her, was Miss Mary Mitchell."

"Great heavens! you don't mean to say so?"

The Postmaster-General shut the 'Peerage' with a bang and nodded his head, saying at the same time: "I do, and I also mean that the good-looking French scoundrel, Jean Damont, in whose power she was, is the man whom you secretly liberated three months ago."

"And you think—"

"I think he drove the cab."

"But he could not get a license."

"No number was found on the cab and the cabman is missing."

Two days afterward Jean Damont was arrested for not reporting himself to the police, his ticket-of-leave was cancelled, and he has gone back to serve the remainder of his fifteen years in Portland.—London Pick-Me-Up.

Conquest of the Northwest.

In 1776, when independence was declared, the United States included only the thirteen original States on the seaboard. With the exception of a few hunters, there were no white men west of the Allegheny Mountains, and there was not even an American hunter in the great country out of which we have since made the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin. All this region north of the Ohio River then formed a part of the Province of Quebec. It was a wilderness of forest and prairie, teeming with game, and inhabited by many warlike tribes of Indians.

Here and there through it were dotted quaint little towns of French Creoles, the most important being Detroit, Vincennes on the Wabash, and Kaskaskia and Cahokia on the Illinois. These French villages were ruled by British officers commanding small bodies of regular soldiers or Tory rangers and Creole partisans. The towns were completely in the power of the British Government; none of the American States had actual possession of a foot of property in the Northwestern Territory.

The Northwest was acquired at the time of the Revolution only by armed conquest, and if it had not been so acquired, it would have remained a part of the British Dominion of Canada.

The man to whom this conquest was due was a famous backwoods leader, a mighty hunter, a noted Indian fighter—George Rogers Clark. He was a very strong man, with light hair and blue eyes, of a good Virginia family, who, early in his youth embarked on the adventurous career of a backwoods surveyor, exactly as Washington and so many other young Virginians of spirit did at that period. He traveled out to Kentucky soon after it was opened up by Boone, and lived there for a year, either at the stations, or camping by himself in the woods, surveying, hunting and making war against the Indians like any other settler; but all the while his mind was bent on vaster schemes than were dreamed of by the men around him. He had his spies out in the Northwestern Territory, and became convinced that with a small force of resolute backwoodsmen he could conquer it for the United States. When he went back to Virginia Governor Patrick Henry entered heartily into Clark's schemes and gave him authority to set out a force for his purpose.—St. Nicholas.

Belgium's Living Death.

Mme Joniaux, the Belgian poisoner, has entered upon her term of imprisonment of such a hideous form that death must soon follow. They put her in a cell into which daylight cannot penetrate. She will never see a human being, never hear a human voice again. They will push her food in through a slit in the wall of her cell. She will go mad at the end of a few months if death does not come first. Even the most stupid and degraded have succumbed to this horror of living burial within two years.—Ladies' Every Saturday.

An Extraordinary Swindle.

One of the most extraordinary swindles on record has been unearthed in Russia. A rascal has been selling the peasants cheap tickets to the planet Jupiter, where he assured them of free land and a living without work. In packing up to leave the peasants throw away their value in images of the saint, as the swindler assured them that the saints all lived in Jupiter, and there would be live faces to face.—New Orleans Picayune.

FALL OF KHARTOUM.

TEN YEARS SINCE CHINESE GORDON WAS KILLED.

A Brave and Romantic Figure in which Heroism and Religion Held an Equal Share—Monument to Gordon in Trafalgar Square, London.

His Life in China.

In these prosaic days we are wont to think that bravery, heroism and devotion to an ideal are no longer to be met with. Such indeed is often the case, but still our modern life has produced some characters fully as chivalric as any warrior of the middle ages and has furnished incidents more dramatic than those of any other century. So recently as ten years ago was brought to an end the life of Gen. Gordon, than whom no man more brave, more courageous and more admirable has ever been seen. Ten years ago the city of



PALACE AT KHARTOUM.

Khartoum fell, and in the ensuing massacre was put out that noble and beautiful life.

Charles George Gordon was born in England in 1830 of well-to-do parents. His father was a soldier and one of a family of soldiers; his mother is said to have been a woman of humorous and cheerful disposition, which traits she certainly transmitted to her son. Gordon followed in his father's steps and received a military training. Not much is known of his school days and we are told that he never displayed more than the average talent. His first military service was in the Crimean war, in which he served with great courage and received rather a severe wound at Sebastopol.

He was next dispatched to China on an expedition sent out by England and he remained there some years. It was at this time that Gordon began to come prominently forward in his profession. China was then engaged in trying to put down the Tai Ping rebellion which threatened the national life. He threw himself heart and soul into the Chinese cause and was in 1863 appointed by the Emperor commander-in-chief of the army. For two years he was engaged in vigorous warfare and at the end of that time found his efforts crowned with success and the rebellion suppressed. The delighted Emperor conferred on him high military rank and invested him with the yellow jacket and the peacock's feather—the mightiest in honors in the imperial gift. It was from these circumstances that he was nick-named "Chinese" Gordon, a title which he became known by much more than by his own name.

The next important event in Gordon's life was an expedition to Central Africa under the Egyptian Government. Gordon's life in Africa was most interesting. His bravery and courage made such an impression on the natives that they regarded him rather as some god than as a man; his constant effort to put down the slave trade excited their keenest admiration and the deep religious motives of the man, which were the mainsprings of his whole life, impressed the Africans even more than his military genius. Gordon was made pasha by the Khedive and a few years later England made him governor general of the Sudan. During his term of service he continued his warfare against the slave trade, he effected many reforms in the way of lightening extortionate taxes and dismissing unjust officials and, finally, he put down several formidable rebellions. His reputation among the natives for justice and courage increased and when,

Court plaster should never be applied to a bruised wound. Do not slice apples for pies; quarter, core and cut each quarter in two pieces. The white of an egg stirred up with a little sugar and water is good for a child with an irritable stomach. If you store away flat irons for a season rub them over first with a little sweet oil to keep them from rusting. The best thing to loosen up salt or sugar which has become hard packed in a barrel is a carpenter's "scratch awl."

A Little powdered borax in baby's bath water prevents the skin from chafing, and it is less liable to "break out with the heat."

If skirts have shrunk till too short lengthen by bias folds, overlapping, or one bias band stitched or edged with soutache or mohair braid.

The Latest Fad in Stockings.

Musical stockings are among the latest freaks of fashion. They are not audibly musical, however, merely visibly so. Their musical open-work bands, running perpendicularly up the ankles, are patterned in the notes and bars of the musical clef. Of course, different tones are used for different occasions. Upon full dress hosiery grand opera airs are appropriately inscribed. Lighter compositions appear upon those dedicated to functions less important, and for everyday stockings quite everyday ditties are used. Stockings to be displayed upon Sunday alone are an interesting phase of the fashion. These are, of course, embellished with hymn tunes and other sacred music.

Home Hints.

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MONUMENT TO GORDON IN LONDON.

In 1880, he finally resigned his post and returned to England he left behind him lamentations, grief and tears. After Gordon's departure affairs in the Sudan got into an alarming condition. The gaining control of the Suez Canal by English capitalists had given England a hold in Egypt and had usually led to a sort of protectorate. Such a state of affairs was all well enough in a state of peace, but now that disturbances were arising England's position became one of great re-

sponsibility. This disturbing factor was Mahomet Ahmed, the Mahdi, whom we know as the False Prophet. This man went throughout the Sudan proclaiming himself as the chosen of God, the promised deliverer of Islam, who was to free Mohammedans from the rule of unbelievers whether Egyptians or English. The Arabs flocked in swarms to this man, swore allegiance to him and joined the army which he was raising against his enemies. By 1883 the Mahdi's forces had gained formidable proportions. One by one the strongholds of the Khedive fell into their hands, as did many held by the English. At last Gen. Hicks was sent against the Mahdi with a strong regiment. The followers of the False Prophet surprised them and a horrible massacre followed which scarcely any Englishman survived. Gen. Baker, who was marching to Hicks' assistance, was next attacked, three-quarters of his men were slain and he himself narrowly escaped to a gunboat, whence he made his way to England.

When this news reached England it caused the greatest possible consternation. The Government saw its bravest troops slain, its best commanders cut down and knew that unless something were done to hinder the Mahdi's victorious advance the country must lose all hold in the Sudan. There was just one man to whom the Government could turn; this was Gordon; on his shoulders must rest the whole responsibility of maintaining England's glory. Gordon accepted the mission, and in January, 1884, went to Egypt and leisurely proceeded to Khartoum, the chief city in the Sudan. He was received with loud acclamations, the people crowding about and proclaiming him as their savior and deliverer. He proceeded to take command of the city and to bring something like order out of the confused affairs of the people.

The Mahdi, meanwhile continued his onward course and made for Khartoum. Before he knew it Gordon found himself shut up in the city which the Mahdi now besieged. Encouraged by Gordon the city made a noble resistance, but soon the people were reduced to a most desperate condition. Famine broke out; sickness followed in its train and Gordon saw himself in desperate straits. He sent appeals, pitiful in their distress, to the home Government praying for relief; but statesmen and ministers delayed and disputed, and it was not till the last of the year that help was sent him. Gen. James Stewart and a force came near Khartoum early in 1885, but only to meet the enemy in desperate conflict, in which Stewart was killed and 12 per cent. of his men slain or rendered incapable of fighting.

Khartoum had fallen the day before their advent, as reports months afterward showed. Gordon had attempted to dislodge the Mahdi and failed. Then came the news of the approach of the reserves and the Mahdi determined to storm the city before their arrival. A colleague of Gordon's, Ferig Pasha, wanted him to give up the place; Gordon became very angry and a violent discussion ensued. Meanwhile the distress in the city increased and Gordon was at his wit's end what to do. The suffering, the doubt and the difficulties of that strong soul can be better imagined than described; the hope of rescue, the heart-sick feeling of despair were all his.

Sir Charles Wilson and Lord Charles Beresford next attempted Gordon's rescue. They approached by water and reached Khartoum on the 25th. Gordon's flag was no longer to be seen, and so they turned back without finding out definitely what the condition of the city was.

But it could not last. A few days later and the Mahdi overpowered the small force of defenders and entered the city. A terrible massacre was at once inaugurated and thousands perished. In the general slaughter Gordon was killed, though how is not known to this day. The accounts are most conflicting and all that is certain is his death. Even that was doubted for many months, and it was long thought he might possibly have survived. Perhaps this strange and mysterious end is of a piece with the mystical character of the man which almost raises him out of the ranks of ordinary mortals to some higher plane, making him to resemble Galahad or Bayard or Arthur.

Home Hints.

Court plaster should never be applied to a bruised wound. Do not slice apples for pies; quarter, core and cut each quarter in two pieces. The white of an egg stirred up with a little sugar and water is good for a child with an irritable stomach. If you store away flat irons for a season rub them over first with a little sweet oil to keep them from rusting. The best thing to loosen up salt or sugar which has become hard packed in a barrel is a carpenter's "scratch awl."

A Little powdered borax in baby's bath water prevents the skin from chafing, and it is less liable to "break out with the heat."

If skirts have shrunk till too short lengthen by bias folds, overlapping, or one bias band stitched or edged with soutache or mohair braid.

The Latest Fad in Stockings.

Musical stockings are among the latest freaks of fashion. They are not audibly musical, however, merely visibly so. Their musical open-work bands, running perpendicularly up the ankles, are patterned in the notes and bars of the musical clef. Of course, different tones are used for different occasions. Upon full dress hosiery grand opera airs are appropriately inscribed. Lighter compositions appear upon those dedicated to functions less important, and for everyday stockings quite everyday ditties are used. Stockings to be displayed upon Sunday alone are an interesting phase of the fashion. These are, of course, embellished with hymn tunes and other sacred music.

MONUMENT TO GORDON IN LONDON.

In 1880, he finally resigned his post and returned to England he left behind him lamentations, grief and tears. After Gordon's departure affairs in the Sudan got into an alarming condition. The gaining control of the Suez Canal by English capitalists had given England a hold in Egypt and had usually led to a sort of protectorate. Such a state of affairs was all well enough in a state of peace, but now that disturbances were arising England's position became one of great re-