

Canada, having secured the little international mug for yachts, may try for the big one—the Defender's cup.

This country exported \$24,000,000 more of breadstuffs during the year ending June 30 than during the same period of last year.

If the votaries of the wheel continue to increase in number, Puck thinks it will simplify matters if the stray pedestrian will ring a bell as he approaches the crossing.

Though Italy leads the rest of Europe in suicide, as well as in homicide, Russia is ahead of her in the proportion of professional men, especially doctors, who commit suicide.

The story of the fortunes of T. H. Rogers, one of the new Sheriffs of London, reads as if the scene were laid in America. He began to make shirts years ago in a small room in London, where he cut the garments out himself, and now he employs 1800 persons in that business.

An old lady, such as would have delighted the heart of the Emperor Napoleon, has just been discovered at Bodmin, Cornwall, England. She is the mother of seven boys, all of whom are serving in the British army. She has recently been in receipt of a portrait from the Queen and a check for \$50 as an appreciation of her service to the country.

Max O'Rell has no use for the Anglo-Saxon new woman. He declares her to be, "the most ridiculous production of modern times, and destined to be the most ghastly failure of the century." He says she wants to retain all the privileges of her sex and secure all those of men besides. "She will fail to become a man," Max kindly assures us, "but she may cease to be a woman."

A circular of the Section of Foreign Markets, Department of Agriculture, compares our imports and exports for the past three years. The figures show that we exported of agricultural products \$75,000,000 less in 1895 than in 1894 and \$246,000,000 less than in 1892. That shows why we are short of money. The deficit in receipts is mainly due to the shrinkage of prices, the quantities exported remaining about the same. As against this we imported goods in 1895 to the value of \$87,000,000 more than in 1894.

The heavy and somewhat ancient ordnance in use in Norway and Sweden are to be replaced very shortly by armaments of more modern manufacture. For this purpose a sum of \$1,000,000 will probably be expended on field and machine guns, and the order will, it is expected, be placed with an English firm. In any case, this order may be regarded as a merely preliminary installment of extensive purchases, as a decided tendency has manifested itself throughout the Scandinavian peninsula in favor of modern methods throughout. There is to be a thorough overhauling in both Norway and Sweden, and a long list of contracts may be looked for by British manufacturers. It is worth mentioning that all the old rifles which were recently collected for disposal have just been sold at an average price of less than seventy-five cents.

Harper's Weekly says: It is some months since newspaper readers all over the country began to read of the remarkable effectuality of the elevated railroad pillar opposite No. 5 Fulton street, in Brooklyn, in killing and maiming inoffensive citizens. This pillar, it seems, forms one of the supports of the Fulton street terminal of the Kings County Elevated road. It stands between the tracks of the Fifth avenue trolley line, at a point where the crowds from the ferry board the surface cars. The pillar is so near the track as to brush off with certainty and despatch any person standing on the foot-board of a passing car. Since the last of January twenty-two people have been crushed between this pillar and moving cars. Two of them have been killed, and a large proportion of those hurt have been badly injured. The pillar has been so much talked about, and its destructiveness is so notorious, that it had come to be known as Death's Pillar. Strange to say, nothing had been done about it until the 11th of July. It smashed a man's head that day, and the Fifth avenue trolley line concluded it would be necessary to take extra precaution. So now every car stops when it gets to that pillar. That trolley cars should be allowed to run amuck against an iron pillar in a civilized American city for six months, with such a resulting tale of death and injury, is an amazing and incomprehensible thing.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the air,
The winds are sweet and the flowers fair;
Joy is abroad in the world to-day,
If your door is wide open he may come this way.

Open the door,
Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong pure thoughts, which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.

Open the door,
Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.

Open the door.
—Philadelphia Times.

DEVELOPMENT.

BY LUKE SHARP.

S Stanmore turned the corner and saw the other man approach, he thought there was something familiar in the set of his figure, in spite of the general dilapidation of his appearance. As they neared each other, Stanmore involuntarily paused and the other looked nervously at him, suddenly exclaiming as his eye lighted up: "Good heavens, Mr. Stanmore, is this actually you?"

"Yes," replied Stanmore. "It is some time since we met, Mellor, and until you spoke, I wasn't quite certain."

"I know, I know," interrupted the other, glancing at his worn, almost tattered garments. "Most of my old friends have some difficulty in recognizing me, but you were never one of that kind, Stanmore. When a man is down in his luck, there are few who remember him."

"I am sorry to hear that you are down in your luck. Didn't that patent turn out all you expected?"

A wan smile illuminated Mellor's face for a moment. "When patent, Stanmore?" he asked.

"Some railway appliance, wasn't it? You expected to make a great fortune out of it, don't you remember?"

"Ah, that one. Is it then so long since we met? I wouldn't have believed it. How time does fly! Yes, that was a great invention," he added with a sigh. "But I never could get anyone to look into it. It would have made several fortunes, if I could only have gotten it fairly tried, but bribes were required and, as usual, I had no money, nor could I get the ear of any man of influence. I have never yet had a fair chance, Stanmore, and am beginning to fear I never shall."

"Has the patent run out, then?"

"Oh, it never got so far as patenting. A patent does not require much money, but it was always more than I could ever scrape together at one time. I have invented many things since then, but I am a man who has never had a chance, and I am beginning to lose heart now."

"I wish I were rich," said Stanmore, "I would then give you a chance on at least one invention."

"You are rich enough," cried the other eagerly, "to do me one favor. You are evidently on your way to lunch. Ask me to have something to eat."

"You don't mean to say, Mellor, that you—Come along with me to the club."

"I am not dressed for the club, Stanmore. Take me somewhere else."

After lunch the two men talked together. Stanmore, as the prosperous man of the two, naturally took it upon himself to offer advice, as well as coffee.

"Haven't you had enough of this sort of life, Mellor? Why not give it up, and get some regular employment that will at least keep you from starvation, and give up this ineffectual dreaming of fortunes? Remember, not one invention in a thousand succeeds, even when the inventor gets someone to back him."

"Shall I sell myself as a packhorse?" cried Mellor, who, being fed, had regained his normal enthusiasm, "when I know that I have the capabilities of making a thousand men rich? There are honest laborers in plenty, but you must not forget, Stanmore, although you have paid for my lunch, that I am one man in a million. No amount of disaster will ever drive that knowledge from my brain. I know it, I tell you, and I shall yet meet the man whom I will convince; but even if I die in the gutter, I shall die as confident in myself as I am at this moment."

"You always were confident enough, but what has it all amounted to?"

"Nothing, I grant you—so far. But the time will come. You spoke a while since of my railway invention. That would have taken much money to develop, and it is now superseded, but it was great in its time. I have now an invention that, if once put on the market, would soon be used in every household. It is as perishable as soap and as indispensable as soap. That is the kind of thing out of which immense fortunes are made. Now, how much do you imagine stands between me and success? A beggarly \$24. If I had \$29 in my hand to-day I would use the first five of it to get me a decent suit of clothes, a new hat and a pair of boots; the rest would make me a millionaire."

"You would certainly be sure of your outfit, but I should doubt the rest."

"Did you ever gamble, Stanmore?"

"I never did. Then you must have a little money in your possession. Gamble on me to the extent of \$24. It

is surely as good to bet on a man as on a horse."

"But I don't bet on horses."

"True. I have been using the wrong argument. I intended to use that phrase with some one who put a little on a horse now and then. But never mind. Will you give me my chance? If I fail, I will seek what you call honest work and will pay you back by instalments."

"I'll do it, Mellor, for old time's sake and because I know you will never settle down to regular work until you have had your chance, as you call it. But you must promise me that after the money is gone you will not say that all you needed was that much more. You promise to take to your engineering trade and stick to it."

"I promise you."

"Very well. I will write you a check for the amount."

"You must do more than that, Stanmore. You must give it to me in money. No sane man would cash a check for me. I look too much like a tramp. Now I shall write you out a note of hand for \$240,000. The note will be worth that amount inside of a year or it will be worth nothing."

"I shall accept no note from you, Mellor. If it makes you easier in your mind write me an acknowledgment of the \$24, but that is a formality which will prove unnecessary. If you succeed you will pay me; if you don't, you won't."

"I see you still don't believe in me, although you are giving me the money. Well, that is all the more to your credit, Stanmore."

Mellor wrote on a sheet of paper the waiter brought him a note for the amount and handed the document to his friend who put it in his waistcoat pocket. They went out together to the bank and Stanmore handed him the money.

It was three months after that the two men met again and once more Stanmore had some difficulty in recognizing Mellor, but this time not on account of his seedy appearance. It was Stanmore who did the accusing, as the other was hurrying by. Mellor greeted him with great cordiality.

"Well, old man," he cried, "are you getting anxious about that money? I really believe you are going to get the \$240,000 I gave you the note for. Big usury, Stanmore."

"You forget that I refused anything but the acknowledgment of the \$24. I am glad to see that you are evidently getting on."

"It's all in the air yet, Stanmore. You understand how this sort of thing goes. Just as you get them to a point, they dissolve and there you are. This is an uncertain world, my boy."

"That's what I told you. But the money I gave you must be gone long ago."

"It is, and hundreds more with it, but I would not take two hundred thousand in my hand at this moment for my chances. I've got a little syndicate together and—well, it's too long a story to tell just now, but everything's going my way, thanks to you."

"I'm very glad indeed to hear it. I confess that I looked on my loan as so much money thrown away."

"I know you did, if you never really believed in me, Stanmore, and yet no man knew me better. Well, I am not yet exactly in a position to repay you at the moment, but—"

"I had no intention of dunning you, Mellor. I am not in need of the money."

"Quite so. I hope you didn't think I had forgotten it. Well, I must be off—the syndicate meets at three and I am chairman."

Stanmore stood and looked after his friend as he hurried through the crowd. There was certainly an air of prosperity about him. "It would be rather odd if he pulled it off after all," Stanmore said to himself as the other disappeared.

Months passed, and now and then Stanmore saw in the papers huge advertisements of companies promoted to work various patents of Mellor's, but whether or not the public subscribed the enormous sums asked he had no means of knowing. More than a year had gone by before he saw anything more of Mellor, then, as he was passing along Lombard street, he noticed his friend standing with one foot on the step of a privateansom, giving hurried orders to a man on the pavement, who received them obediently. In theansom was seated an elderly gentleman of distinguished appearance. Something in Mellor's manner suggested the millionaire. Stanmore touched him on the shoulder just as he was about to step into theansom. Mellor looked hastily round, a shade of annoyance on his face. He wrinkled his brow, as if he recognized the man who accosted him, but could not recollect his name.

"You seem to be prospering, Mellor."

"Ah, Stanmore. How are you? How are you? I see so many people, you know, that sometimes I get a little mixed. Anything I can do for you? You catch me at rather a busy moment. My friend, Lord Raymon, is waiting for me; we have a board meeting on. Look me up, some time, won't you? You will excuse me now, I know?"

"Certainly. I had nothing particular to say to you, except to offer my congratulations, I suppose. The world seems to be using you well."

"Oh, the world's all right, if you know how to take it. By the way, there was some little matter between us, \$240,000, wasn't it? You got that all right, I suppose."

"If you are talking of money, it was merely a matter of \$24. No, I never received it to my knowledge. But there is no hurry, you know."

"Now that is very amusing. That shows how we are served by those we pay to serve us. One can't attend to everything one's self, and so things go wrong. I told my secretary months ago to see to that. I will make a note

of it. Do look me up when you have time. Good bye."

Theansom drove away and again Stanmore stood and looked, unheeding the hurrying crowd. He turned at last with a sigh.

Again the secretary probably forgot, for as the months passed the money did not come.

A friend of Stanmore's said to him one day in the club: "You know Mellor, don't you? He is a member of this club."

"I knew him once."

"I thought you knew him intimately. You told me a year or two ago that you lent him the money that gave him his start."

"I don't remember saying that, but if I did it was quite true."

"Then won't you give me a letter of introduction to him. I've got a little scheme on hand and I want him to lend his name to it. Anything with Mellor's name attached goes nowadays."

"I would rather not give a letter of introduction to him."

"Have you quarreled with him?"

"Oh, no."

"It would be a tremendous obligation to me."

"I doubt if it would do you any good."

"I'll take the risk of that, if you will be kind enough to oblige a fellow."

"Very well."

A week later the friend said to Stanmore: "I'm afraid I took Mellor on the wrong tack. I had great difficulty in getting to see him, and when at last audience was granted me and I was ushered into the presence of the great man, I ventured to remind him of his obligations to you."

"Oh, but you shouldn't have done that."

"I know I shouldn't. He said he never met you in his life, and swore like a trooper. He said that every second man in the city claimed to have given him his start in life, and he was tired of being pestered with them. He was a self-made man, he added, and no one had ever helped him, or he would have been a millionaire years ago."

"He said all that, did he?"

"Yes, and much more."

"I shall have to call upon him and stir up his recollection a bit. Where is he to be found?"

"You will find him to-night drinking champagne with some of his friends in the upper smoking room. In fact, I have just left him."

"You don't mean to tell me that he made these statements in the presence of the men upstairs? You never presented my letter to him there?"

"I had to, or not at all. He refused to see me in his own office."

"Oh, well, this serves me right for giving the letter of introduction. It isn't usual to do business in a club, you know."

"I am very sorry, Stanmore, but it was a case of needs must."

"We will say no more about it, but the worm ultimately turns, and I am myself going to break through all the rules that ought to govern civilized society. Come up stairs with me and you will see me collect a three-year-old debt."

Mellor was somewhat flushed with wine when Stanmore approached the table at which he sat, surrounded by his admiring friends.

"Mellor, for three years you have owed me \$24. I want it, and I want it now."

"Who are you?" roared Mellor. "I never owed you a penny, and if I did, apply at my counting house for it. If you are a member of this club I shall have you expelled for your impudence in—"

"You may take what action you please after; but now I want the \$24. I'll throw off the interest. As you deny the debt, here is the note written by your own hand. Perhaps some of your friends may recognize the signature. I understand it is a very valuable autograph now; but it was not when that was written."

Mellor, purple with rage, threw a handful of gold and notes on the table, crying: "Take what you want, you bounder, then I shall have you driven from this club. It is not the first time I have been blackmailed."

"Oh, no, Mr. Mellor. You will count out the notes to the exact amount of \$24 and hand them to me, after which I will give you your receipt. I call on you to pay here, because you have made statements in presence of this company which are untrue. Therefore, I want them contradicted before the company disperses. If you pay the money at once and make an apology that is acceptable to me, I will say nothing more. If not I shall publish the whole particulars, with a fac-simile of your note, and I will give the reason why you refused my invitation to lunch at the club the day that note was written, and although the reason is not so discreditable to you at all—as some of your actions since then, still, perhaps, you would prefer it not to be made public."

Mellor glared at him for a moment, murmured an apology and handed his former friend four \$10 notes.—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Kiss Lap Dogs.

The danger of permitting lap dogs to kiss and caress those who fondle them has been again brought to the attention of dog lovers by the sudden death of a young girl in Moscow. A pretty little girl traveling in the same railway carriage with the victim was made mad during the journey, the thoughtless girl kissing and playing with the dog until its mistress reached her destination. The next day a pimple appeared on the young lady's face, and in twenty hours, after frightful suffering, she died, the physicians claiming from a malignant disease contracted from the lap dog's kisses. This is worse and quicker than dynamite or nihilism.—Boston Herald.

QUEEN OF THE CANNIBALS.

AN AMERICAN WIFE FOR KING JOHN OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Miss Ella Collin, a Beautiful Girl of New York, Will Go to the South Seas for a Crown.

A BEAUTIFUL American girl is to be the Queen of the Cannibal Islands. She is Miss Ella Collin, and her father, P. Collin, is a tailor in New York. Miss Collin is not an heiress, and the only dowry she brings to her royal husband is her matchless beauty of face and figure. Miss Ella will make a very acceptable Queen for the Cannibals down in the New Hebrides. That is not to say because she is as pretty as they are ugly. She is only eighteen years old and has the face of a Juno. Her eyes are large and lustrous, and her hair, of which there is great profusion, is of that warm hue that Titian loved to paint.

The King of the Cannibal Islands is himself not a bad looking man. He was a pretty staunch American before he expatriated himself to rule over the gorgeous domain in the great South Seas, which he now calls his own. In his Southern home he was known as plain John Hobbs. Now he has a title as long as his arm. He has dark eyes, and his expression is generally frank and pleasant. King Hobbs is not a pirate king, nor did he take possession of his islands by right of conquest. He was born in South Carolina thirty-four years ago. His father is a well-to-do practicing physician at Atlanta, Ga., and his grandfather was a United States Senator. When Hobbs was a youth he conceived a violent desire to travel, and for many years he was a wanderer on the face of the earth. At last he settled in Sydney, New South Wales, and first met the natives of the New Hebrides in 1890, when the Australian Government sent him to Hika, one of the South Sea group, to enforce the law with reference to the return of Ilikan laborers. While on his way thither the ship which bore him was wrecked and young Hobbs confided himself to the mercy of the waves, clad only in a cork jacket.

After drifting about for two days, suffering unexpressed torture from hunger, thirst and fatigue, he was picked up by two Ilikan fishermen and taken to an island. When the king heard of his presence Hobbs was ordered before him. The American reached the island at a critical time. The natives were just about to go to war with a neighboring island, and the king accepted Hobbs as a divine messenger. He at once adopted him, and explained to him the plans of the campaign. By a clever bit of strategy Hobbs succeeded in defeating the army of one opposition and the king made him war chief. When, nine months later, the king died the nation met and chose John Hobbs to be the successor to the throne. He is called King John by foreigners, and by the natives "Omalea."

King John's people do not ask him to spend very hard. One-half the year he travels wherever his desires lead him. Last year he visited New York, where he met Miss Collin quite by accident. He fell madly in love with her. They were engaged, and he gave his word to return within six months and make her his queen. It is all this promise that he returned. He says that his subjects will look upon his wife as a goddess, and that the royal family will live like the young people in a fairy story. Mr. and Mrs. Collin, Ella's parents, are charmed with the prospects. They have been invited to visit the king and queen as soon as the royal pair are "settled" in the capital of Hika. King John has a long fat purse, and he will see that his father and mother-in-law will want for no comforts on the occasion of their visit.

The New Hebrides, over part of which King John Hobbs has absolute sway, are a pretty group of South Sea islands, lying between the New Caledonias and the Fijis. They are volcanic in origin. About twenty years ago one of them, thirty-five miles long and six miles wide, suddenly disappeared—was swallowed up by the ocean—and no trace of it has since been seen. The climate is, of course, tropical, and too humid to be healthful. From May to October the trades blow steadily. Heavy rainstorms, and even cyclones, visit the islands during the prevalence of the western gales. Owing to the abundant moisture, the vegetation is dense, and the mountains are mostly clad with forests. The flora of these islands comprises a large number of forms not found elsewhere. There is a species of myrtle that grows to a height of forty feet, and gives out a very pungent odor. There is a variety of cedar that attains so great a height that its timber may be used for the masts of ships. Here are cocoanut trees, sugar, breadfruit, banana trees and such fruit trees as are found in tropical countries. The yam constitutes the staple of food for the natives. The indigenous animals in the New Hebrides are rats and bats. The pig has already been imported, and seems to like the climate.

Every island offers some contrast with its neighbor in point of population. Even in one island the tribal differences are more or less important. The natives of these islands are taller and stronger than those of the others to the north. But by no means can they be said to be handsome, and it is no wonder that King John came to the United States for a bride. The forehead of the native is low and retreating, the face broad, the cheek bones prominent, the nose flat and the lips thick. In some of the islands the heads of the children are deformed by means of boards, which have the effect of lengthening the skull from the back

WISE WORDS.

The man who is slow but sure is rarely sure of anything but of being slow.

Innocence is strong, but there is no particular harm in backing it up with a strong lawyer.

The most interesting article a newspaper can print is one about the troubles of our friends.

No man can hear himself snore, so he is perhaps to be forgiven, but there is no excuse for the chatterer.

Long courtships are all right, but a man doesn't really get acquainted with his wife until after marriage.

It's a somewhat significant fact that it should be deemed necessary to tell us not to yawn in polite society.

Everybody learns a little every day and some people seem to strive to make the amount as small as possible.

Hope is the influence that prejudices our views for the purpose of encouraging us.—Truth.

Birds as Seed Carriers.

Two centuries ago the Dutch destroyed every nutmeg tree in the Moluccas, in order to enjoy a monopoly of the business, having planted the trees in their own possessions.

In spite of their most earnest efforts, however, the islands were being constantly restocked. For a long time the thing was a mystery, but at length it was solved.

The doves of that quarter of the world are of large size, and readily swallow the seed of the nutmeg, with the fruit of which they traverse wide stretches of sea and land in a few hours, and deposit the seeds of the nutmeg, not only unimpaired, but better fitted for germination by the heat and moisture of the bird's system.

By a similar process thousands of acres of land have been covered with trees of different kinds, the birds acting as nature's agents in the dissemination of plants.

But in quite another manner do they transport seeds from place to place. Darwin found in six grains of earth adhering to the feet of a plover three different kinds of seeds, and in mud sticking to the feet of ducks and geese shot in England he found the seeds of plants peculiar to the Victoria Nymanza, in Central Africa, thus proving not only the extent of migration, but also the possibility of plants appearing in strange localities through the agency of these birds.

In the mud sticking to the feet of a Texas steer the seeds of five different kinds of weeds and grasses common in Texas were found by a microscopist after the arrival of the animal in New York.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Power From the Waves.

The experiment with the Gerlach wave motor, which was described in the Record about two months ago, has been successful. M. A. Rothchild, President of the company conducting the experiments, known as the Gerlach Wave Motor Company, states that the motor is in running order and is developing as high as 180 horse power. The company, however, is not satisfied with the location of the apparatus, which is in a bay at Capitola, near San Francisco, rather than on the ocean beach, and until a better location can be secured nothing will be done toward utilizing the power. This motor, as its name indicates, is designed to utilize the energy of the ocean's waves. It consists of huge paddles suspended in the water so as to swing with the incoming and outgoing of the waves. The motion thus imparted to the paddles is converted into rotary motion by suitable contrivances. The paddles are arranged to be elevated or lowered, so as to always secure the most suitable depth of immersion at all tides.

Timekeeping by Flowers.

Gardeners should know that it is quite possible to so arrange flowers in a garden that all the purposes of a clock will be answered. In the time of Pliny forty-six flowers were known to open and shut at certain hours of the day, and this number has since been largely increased.

For instance, a bed of common dandelions would show when it was 5.30 o'clock in the morning and 8.30 o'clock at night respectively, for these flowers open and shut at the times named, frequently to the minute. The common hawkweed opens at 3 o'clock in the morning, and may be depended upon to close within a few minutes of 2 in the afternoon. The yellow goat's beard shuts at 12 o'clock noon, absolutely to the minute, sidereal time. The sow thistle opens at 5 a. m. and closes at 11.12 a. m. The white lily opens at 7 a. m. and closes at 5 p. m.—Pearson's Weekly.

To Find the Day of the Week.

The following formula shows how to find the day of the week of any date. Take the last two figures of the year, add a quarter of this, disregarding the fraction; add the date of the month and to this add the figure of the following list, one figure standing for each month: 3—5—6—2—4—0—2—5—1—3—6—1. Divide the sum by seven and the remainder will give the number of the day in the week. And when there is no remainder the day will be Saturday.

A Growing Advertisement.

Near Ardross, Scotland, there is a wonderful advertisement, made of wonder beds. The beds are each a gigantic letter, forty feet in length, the whole forming the words of "Glasgow News." The total length of the line is 123 feet; area covered by the letters 14,815 feet. The advertisement is situated on the side of a hill, and, being of bright-colored flowers, can be read from a distance of four and a half miles.

There Was Plenty of It.

A hypochondriac, who was ailing with Father Healy at Bray, in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia, was one day taking a walk along the beach with his host. "I have derived relief from drinking a tumbler of salt water fresh from the tide," said the invalid, solemnly; "do you think I might take a second?" "Well," said Father Healy, with equal seriousness, "don't think a second would be missed."