

While Turkey is said to be "bankrupt," the Sultan is believed to be the richest man in Europe.

So Mount St. Elias never was a volcano! Another cherished tradition of our school-days gone to smash.

Glasgow, Scotland, is a model city to which people are pointed for an illustration whenever municipal reforms are mentioned.

The men who struck it rich in Alaska come back with thrilling tales to tell. But the most thrilling stories are those of the poor fellows who will never come back.

Present appearances indicate, observes the Trenton (N. J.) American, that the pension expenditures this year will be larger than for several years past, but they probably will not reach the total of nearly \$160,000,000, which was attained in 1893.

If you want to keep down the dust sprinkle it with naphtha. A single application is good for three months. It is reported that the Pennsylvania road will use naphtha along its tracks next year in the expectation that the nuisance of flying dust can be abated. No matter how high the wind may be, a country road well sprayed with naphtha will maintain a reasonably compact surface.

The modern tendency to regard any unusual crime as a symptom of insanity has received a blow in Germany, where the perpetrator of one of the most revolting acts of recent years has been declared perfectly sane and sane by the medical experts. Johann Bittner, the man in question, was not only a libertine and a murderer, but a cannibal. His outbreak of primitive savagery will undoubtedly be made to cost him his life.

Not all the gold in the world is in the Klondike. Near Bucyrus, Ohio, it is believed, relates the New York World, that 100 pounds of pure gold has been buried ever since the seventeenth century, when two Frenchmen on their way to New Orleans from the Great Lakes concealed it near an old oak tree. Both men died, and as the Indians feared the spirits of the dead men, the gold was never searched for. Professor Morehead, of the Ohio State University, and two other men, will begin a search for the buried treasure.

The National Department of Labor has just issued a bulletin reporting on the public bath-house system now so firmly established in Europe. It shows that the movement to provide baths and wash-house facilities, which originated in England in 1842, has spread widely in Great Britain and on the continent and has not yet spent its force. In Germany the baths are mostly of the shower-bath type, which are the cheapest and most satisfactory kind for popular use; and such baths are recommended for this country.

An interesting section in the Congressional Library, at Washington, and an innovation for that institution, will be a section devoted entirely to books for the blind. This is an idea that Librarian Young has had for some time, and he has set the wheels in motion to bring about its early achievement in fact. There were many volumes in the raised-letter type in the old library, but, like many other good things, they were not available to those they were intended for. These volumes, together with others now being purchased, will soon be placed in a separate section in the new library, and every facility will be afforded to the blind who would read. A catalogue is now in course of preparation also in the raised-letter alphabet. This will contain the titles of nearly a thousand books.

In novels and plays the hero is often left for dead upon the battlefield, to turn up again at an opportune moment and "live happily forever afterward" with the dear ones who had long thought him dead. A romance of this sort in real life is that of W. E. Lord, of Pittsburg, Lord, while a mere boy, enlisted in the Union Army at Lake Mills, Wis., and followed the flag to the front in '63. That was the last heard of him. Months grew into years, and the anxious family at Lake Mills waited in vain for tidings of the cherished son and brother. None came, and he was believed to be among the thousands slain. The home at Lake Mills was broken up finally and the family came East. Lord settled in Pittsburg and became Superintendent of Public Works. He attended the G. A. R. encampment at Buffalo and learned accidentally of his family's residence in Albany. The joy of the old folk when the long-lost boy appeared to them can be better imagined than described.

PATIENCE WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrades or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender truth shall we have gained?
Alas! by simply dying!

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defects discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both you and I,
Ere Love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then, patience, e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor;
But wise it were for those and me
Ere Love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

winning courtesy and frankness were not to be resisted.

As Teddy told them, his extreme youthfulness as a guardian couldn't be helped any more than could the grown-up condition of his ward; yet, certainly, he could have helped going away from No. 100, thinking about Ethel Copleigh through all the hours of that night, and he could have helped taking her to the academy the next morning and for a drive in the afternoon, and he could have helped, if he had tried very hard, all the things that happened in the next three weeks. For it must be known that Teddy Tarrion saw more of Ethel Copleigh than was exactly good for either of their hearts. One fine day, early in May, out it came.

"Ethel," he said suddenly, "this kind of thing can't go on. It's absurd, and it really ought to stop."
"Oh, dear!" she said, in mock dismay, "am I such a nuisance? Because if I am, you really needn't take me about so much." Her brow was puckered alluringly.
"My sweetheart," he said, coming close to her, "can't you understand? I only want to give up the guardianship to a certain extent. I want you to marry me."
"But will they allow it?" Her arms were about his neck now closely.
"They—who?" he asked. "You forget—who is the only person who has the right to prevent it?"—Chicago News.

Made Humming Bird Her Pet.

Miss Laura Heath, daughter of Peter Heath, an undertaker, of Lamberville, N. J., has a unique pet. Several days ago while walking in the garden among her flowers she heard a strange buzzing noise and turning around saw a humming bird on a flower or close by. Holding out her hand to it, she was surprised to find that it allowed her to fondle it.

Putting it back on the flower she entered the house, and mixing up some water and sugar returned again to the bird. Dipping her finger in the sweetened water she offered it to the bird, which caught at it as it dropped. The bird has returned daily since then for its treat of water and sugar. Strange as it may seem, the bird has found out the bedroom occupied by Miss Heath and every morning before she has arisen from bed peeks against the window pane until she awakens.

The bird is then given, after which the food flies away. The bird brought two other humming birds with it yesterday, but when Miss Heath attempted to make friends with them and feed them as she did her pet bird the newcomers became frightened and disappeared.

Several Lamberville citizens have been to see this strange pet, and vouch for the foregoing.—New York Telegram.

An Untrodden Canadian Wilderness.

The vast country north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is, to the uncommercial explorer, the most interesting region on this continent, if not in the world. For nearly four centuries the ships of civilization have sailed by it, yet, except at the very water's edge, there has been no intrusion upon it. The rivers which pour forth from every opening in the hills bear witness that the back country is a network of lakes and water-courses. Ask the Commissioner of Crown Lands of the great Province of Quebec to-day what his department knows of that region, and he will tell you that it is the least known portion of North America; that only a few of the lakes have been surveyed; that two exploring parties have recently crossed the peninsula; that a handful of fishermen's houses fringe the gulf; that for the rest of it, the wandering Montagnais Indians are the only tourists who traverse half a million square miles of territory. Steamers go up the Saguenay. Lake St. John is reached by rail. But away to the northeast is a tremendous tract of country, from whence issue streams greater than the Hudson, the headwaters of which no white man has ever seen.—Frederick Ireland, in Scribner's.

Stops Runaway Horses.

A gentleman who makes his home at the Hotel Berkeley is the possessor of a fine St. Bernard dog which deserves a gold medal. The dog has developed a strong penchant for stopping runaway horses, and the last time the feat was accomplished just in time to save a party of ladies from serious injury and perhaps worse. His master was driving down Portland avenue last Saturday when he was startled by a cry of "Look out!" He turned, and was just in time to wheel his horse out of the way of a runaway which was tearing down the avenue. Just ahead there was a party of ladies who could not possibly escape what seemed certain death to some of them, when the dog, who had been following and who seemed by instinct to comprehend the impending tragedy, gave a leap and caught the lines of the runaway between his teeth, his great weight bringing the frightened animal to his haunches just as he was about to strike one of the ladies, who seemed too terrified to move.—Minneapolis Times.

Equipping German Artillery.

In the most secret manner the German artillery is being equipped with the latest pattern rapid-fire guns. The fact has just become known in Europe and in this country, and has thrown the European military world into great confusion. For five years the German government has been secretly manufacturing these guns, and nothing was known of it until a few days ago, when the first shipment was made from the Krupp works to Strasburg. Then the matter was discovered by emissaries of the French government. At least 4500 guns, which fire ten shots a minute, are to be turned out. The old guns are to be kept in case of emergency. The total cost of the new ordnance is \$70,000,000.



Throwing Rice and Slippers.

In the Ladies' Home Journal Edward W. Bok notes the abuse of the pretty custom of casting a small parcel of rice or a dainty slipper after a departing bride and groom—an unspoken Godspeed. "The dainty slipper," he also says, "has been transformed into the shoe of doubtful origin, and thrown with force and accuracy, causing no end of discomfort. And this is what two pretty customs have degenerated into. They have been vulgarized, and, therefore, the sooner they pass into disuse the better. The sentiment of the customs has been lost. Rice and shoes are no longer omens of good luck. The modern thrower of them has transformed them into missiles with which to annoy and mortify the bride and groom. The better class of people have already begun to substitute the shower of rose petals, and this new and far more beautiful idea is rapidly being followed. We might have preserved the old customs, but we have not. Henceforth, promiscuous rice-throwing and the casting of old shoes at weddings will be left to the bores of our modern society, into whose hands these acts have fallen, and who seem happiest when they can convert the graceful customs of olden times into practical jokes."

Great Vogue For Hopped Silks.

There will be a great vogue during the winter season of repped silks of every description and color, corded silk and wool, and all-wool materials. The new silks have ordinary, medium, and extra heavy reps, these appearing in black and a wide range of handsome dyes, both for day and evening dresses. These silks will be used for gowns entire, and also in combination with other stylish fabrics. Fancy cords with shot or aspersed grounds make more or less elegant and dressy gowns, with often a relief in brocade, moire, or velvet. There are also broche changeable satins shown among new goods at the importing houses, some of exceedingly beautiful quality and lustre that have very faintly shot grounds in two colors, with unusually small broche figures of the one or the other color of the gown thrown upon the surface; of the kind, a red and rose-colored ground, with a rich damask rose-bud design of minute size. These will make lovely toilet sets for all sorts of occasions, according to the degree of decoration employed. Other more showy silks for evening wear are in larger chine effects, that look very much like water-color paintings. Pompadour silks of exceedingly bold pattern and vivid coloring are designed exclusively for very full-dress occasions. These silks require to be toned down rather than the contrary by their garnitures or combinations.—New York Post.

Practical Women's Clubs.

Our German sisters here at home are much more practical than we are. Most of the clubs of American women are devoted to literature, music, church work, art or education, while most of the clubs of the German women in our own land are formed for benevolent purposes, for sick or accident insurance, for social games and for housewifery.

There is less need of clubs among German women than among Americans. In one respect it must be confessed these women are very talented. They do not separate the husband, the parents and children as we do.

Very few of the American clubs for men allow women to cross the threshold except upon "ladies' day" once or twice a year, while a majority of the German clubs not only permit their members to bring their wives, sisters and daughters, but encourage them in so doing.

The two greatest German clubs of New York are the Arion and Liederkranz, and in Brooklyn the Saengerbund and Germania; it is exceptional not to find the gentler sex in the beautiful halls and magnificent libraries and reading rooms, or the exquisitely furnished restaurants.

Our musical societies are too apt to invite only men or only women to their rehearsals, while the German associations invite families rather than individuals.

German women's clubs are therefore fewer than those of their American neighbors. Their benevolent and insurance leagues are extremely ingenious and enable a woman of very slender resources or the wife of a poor husband to have the same physician, medicine and attendance as her wealthy sister.

Their reading subscription clubs enable each member for a small sum to receive and read the leading weeklies and magazines in English and German, and at the end of the year to have a merry lottery in which they divide, according to chance, all the publications employed during the period.

The Housewifery Club of New York is intended to facilitate domestic work. The club itself keeps a list of servants whom they certify after having examined all the references and convinced themselves of the girl's ability, honesty and faithfulness.

The member has no trouble in securing a servant, being obliged only to write a postal card to the club secretary, which is promptly answered by the girl in person. To keep up the girl's interest and enthusiasm the club pays her a prize at the end of a certain time if her work has been sat-

WHEN LOVE GOES A-REAPING.

When Love goes a-reaping
The tares are in the wheat
But here and there a flower
He kisses and makes sweet.

Shine, dear, and shower
You with Love shall meet;
But bitter though the flower,
His lips shall leave it sweet!

Dark skies above, dear—
Red thorns of strife;
But one kiss of Love, dear,
Sweetens a life!
—F. L. STANTON.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

She—"Your friend Owen seems to have run into debt pretty deep." He—"Run into debt? He scorched!"

Mrs. Flatbush—"I wonder what's struck that dog next door? I haven't heard him bark to-day." Mr. Flatbush—"Perhaps it was a troley."

"How do you paint sunrise? You never saw one in your life." "That's no drawback. I paint sunsets and then turn them upside down."—Detroit Free Press.

She—"Now—listen here—the average woman has a vocabulary of only 8000 words!" He—"Yes; but remember—she uses them all every day."—Detroit Free Press.

"I met your sister on the boulevard this afternoon. She was riding your wheel." "Wrong! You met me, riding in my sister's bike suit."—Philadelphia North American.

Spriggs—"Hello, old man, I'm awfully glad to see you out again. I heard that the doctors gave you up." Bowles—"Yes, I guess I'd have died if they hadn't."—Cleveland Leader.

"Before a man is thirty he falls in love with every pretty girl he looks at." "Yes?" "And after he is thirty he falls in love with every pretty girl who looks at him."—Chicago Record.

Hobbs—"We had a great century run the other day of the Scorchers' Club. Half the members fell dead at the end of it." Nobbs—"Why didn't you make it a double century, and kill the rest?"—Hardware.

"John, you ought to buy a whole barrel of flour. It's getting higher every day." "I know it is, Martha, and I have been surprised that it doesn't have a more buoyant effect on your biscuits."—Chicago Tribune.

Barley Wyckoff—"So your uncle was eighty-eight years old when he died. Did he retain full possession of his faculties?" Pelham Parker—"I—er—really couldn't say. The will hasn't been read yet."—Tit-Bits.

Chicago Teacher—"In what year did Columbus land?" Class—(No answer). Teacher—"Come! Can't any of you tell?" Bright Boy—"I don't remember the 'xact year, mum, but it was before the fire."—New York Weekly.

One of the surgeons of a hospital asked an Irish help which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Patrick, as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments.—London Tit-Bits.

Mother—"How comes it that your shirt is on wrong-side-out and one stocking missing? Have you been swimming?" Son—"Well, mother, if you're going to be an investigating committee, I simply can't remember anything about it."—Lettie's Weekly.

First Partner—"Gracious! Our bookkeeper has taken—" Second Partner—"Taken what?" First Partner—"His life." Second Partner—"Oh, what a relief! I thought you were going to say he had taken some of our money."—Roxbury Gazette.

Positive—"We have parted for ever," said the young man sadly. "She is never going to even write to me again." "Are you sure of that?" asked his sympathetic friend. "Yes. She told me so in each of her last three letters."—Washington Star.

The pupils in a school were asked to give in writing the difference between a biped and a quadruped. One boy gave the following: "A biped has two legs and a quadruped has four legs; therefore, the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."—Tit-Bits.

Talking Shop—"We had an awful accident at our amateur theatricals," said the Sweet Young Thing. "Mr. Pepperton—he is a hotel clerk—was playing the hero, and when it was time for him to shout 'Back!' at the villain, he forgot himself and shouted 'Front!'"—Indianapolis Journal.

He was an inquisitive boy, much interested in business methods, and had just been reading about the New York Stock Exchange. "Father," he said, "in order to buy and sell stocks you actually got to be in Wall street?" "Not at all," replied his father; "you can live anywhere. In Washington, for instance."—Life.

Mrs. Weed—"Are you one of those men who regard old widows as dangerous?" Mr. Green (edging away)—"No, I don't think they're all dangerous. Some of them don't become widows until they have passed the danger point." Mrs. Weed—"I wonder if he meant that as a compliment?"—Cleveland Leader.

"You have all sorts of pie, I see by a sign in the window," said the facetious customer as he went into the bakery. "Yes, sir. What kind do you want?" "I will take a magpie, if you please." Another young woman snickered, but the girl turned to her, promptly and said: "Here, Bertha! You're wanted."—Harper's Bazar.

Legal Tender in Fiji.
In Fiji the coinage consists chiefly of whale's teeth, those of greater value being died red. The natives exchange twenty white teeth for one red one, as we change copper for silver.

Lightning For Rheumatism.
A New Jersey policeman who was struck by lightning the other day claims that it cured a chronic case of rheumatism.