

The number of Mormons in the United States has more than doubled in a decade. In 1890 there were 144,000; in 1900 there were more than 300,000.

Consul Haynes writes from Rouen that the American shoe for men is far superior in appearance and comfort to the French article, which is hard and boxy.

The Virginia legislature has appropriated \$100,000 to modernize the capitol, but it is provided that there shall be no change in the general architectural plan. The construction of the capitol was begun in 1755, after a model sent from France by Thomas Jefferson. Altogether the capitol has cost \$150,000 so far.

In 1883 the volcano Asama of Japan exploded. It was one of the most frightful eruptions of modern times. It sent down 8000 feet a torrent of mud and fire from five to ten miles broad, that overwhelmed forty-two villages. Historians have never been able to determine how many lives were actually lost by this explosion. The total ran into the thousands.

Recent experiments show that the dolphin, when pursued, can go through the water at the rate of thirty-two miles an hour. This is great speed, but for a short distance the salmon can do better, since it has frequently been known to swim at the rate of forty miles an hour. Among the smaller fish it is doubtful if there is one more swift than the Spanish mackerel.

Paris has an Anti-Consumption Dispensary, whose establishments are situated in the most thickly populated districts of that city. Patients are received, cared for, and given advice as to the precautions to be taken to stop the progress of the dread disease. In addition the society has several sanatoria outside Paris where consumptives are treated by the "open-air cure."

The camera promises to become as indispensable in business affairs as the typewriter. It is now being used in the reproduction of documents, statistical tables and other papers whose duplication by hand would be laborious and expensive. In a very brief period the camera reproduces these things with absolute correctness and with much labor saved. This is one of the directions in which photography has great value.

It is only within the last six or eight years that the Massachusetts railroads have suffered seriously from trolley competition. Up to 1894 their revenue was larger from their passenger business than from their freight. All this has changed, states the Boston Commercial Bulletin, figures showing an excess in revenue from freight in 1901 of over \$6,000,000, while in 1894 the excess in revenue from passengers was \$3,440,526. An encouragement to the steam roads, however, is to be found in figures showing that the electric street railway lines have steadily been carrying fewer passengers per mile since 1895, while the former have recovered some of their previous losses during the same time. It is now generally admitted that while the street railways of Massachusetts made quite considerable inroads into the business of the steam lines when electricity first became an important factor, which has only been during the past eight or nine years, it would seem that the latter have proceeded to make some recovery of lost patronage and that the street railway has become less rather than more threatening.

In a recent report to his government embodying his conclusions relative to American business methods, the British consul at Chicago laid much stress upon the comparatively early age at which a man in the United States is relegated to the ranks of the superannuated. Inquiry and observation led the consul to believe that when a man reaches the age of forty-five he has great difficulty in finding employment in Chicago, and, indeed, in any American city. This he considers a grave defect in an otherwise admirable business system. He says: "There are many men in good positions over that age who will, in all probability, retain them for some years to come and then retire; but a new-comer of that age has little chance of employment, as he cannot expect to learn new ways. A man who is out of work at that age is regarded with suspicion, especially when trade is good, because if he had proved that he was worthy of his position—which should be a good one after many years of service—he would not have been forced out; or if he had been, some other firm who had come into contact with him in business would try to secure his services."

AN ADVENTURE IN THE UPPER SEA.

By JACK LONDON, Author of "The Son of the Wolf," Etc.

I am a retired captain of the upper sea. That is to say, when I was a younger man (which is not so long) I was an aeronaut and navigated that aerial ocean which is all around about and above us. Naturally it is a hazardous profession, and naturally I have had many thrilling experiences, the most thrilling, or at least the most nerve racking, being the one I am about to relate.

It happened before I went in for hydrogen gas balloons, all of varnished silk, doubled and lined, and all that, and fit for voyages of days instead of mere hours. The "Little Nassau" (named after the "Great Nassau" of many years back, was the balloon I was making ascents in at the time. It was a fair-sized hot air affair, of single thickness, good for an hour's flight or so and capable of attaining an altitude of a mile or more. It answered my purpose, for my act at the time was making half-mile parachute jumps at recreation parks and country fairs. I was in Oakland, a California town, filling a summer's engagement with a street railway company. The company owned a large park outside the city, and of course it was to its interest to provide attractions which would send the townspeople over its line when they went out to get a whiff of country air. My contract called for two ascensions weekly, and my act was an especially talking feature, for it was on my days that the largest crowds were drawn.

Before you can understand what happened, I must first explain a bit about the nature of the hot air balloon which is used for parachute jumping. If you have ever witnessed such a jump, you will remember that directly the parachute was cut loose the balloon turned upside down, emptied itself of its smoke and heated air, flattened out and fell straight down, beating the parachute to the ground. Thus there is no chasing a big deserted bag for miles and miles across the country, and much time, as well as trouble, is thereby saved. This maneuver is accomplished by attaching a weight, at the end of a long rope, to the top of the balloon. The aeronaut, with his parachute and trapeze, hangs to the bottom of the balloon, and weighing more, keeps it right side down. But when he lets go, the weight attached to the top immediately drags the top down, and the bottom, which is the open mouth, goes up, the heated air pouring out. The weight used for this purpose on the "Little Nassau" was a bag of sand.

But to return. On the particular day I have in mind there was an unusually large crowd in attendance, and the police had their hands full keeping the people back. There was much pushing and shoving, and the ropes were bulging with the pressure of men, women and children. As I came down from the dressing room I noticed two girls outside the ropes, of about 14 and 16, and inside the rope a youngster of 8 or 9. They were holding him by the hands, and he was struggling, excitedly and half in laughter, to get away from them. I thought nothing of it at the time—just a bit of childish play, no more; and it was only in the light of after events that the scene was impressed vividly upon me.

"Keep them cleared out, George!" I called to my assistant. "We don't want any accidents."

"Ay," he answered, "that I will, Charley."

George Cuppy had helped me in no end of ascents, and because of his coolness, judgment and absolute reliability, I had come to trust my life in his hands with the utmost confidence. His business it was to overlook the inflating of the balloon and to see that everything about the parachute was in perfect working order. The "Little Nassau" was already filled and straining at the guys. The parachute lay flat along the ground just beyond it the trapeze. I tossed aside my overcoat, took my position, and gave the signal to let go. As you know, the first rush upward from the earth is very sudden, and this time the balloon, when it first caught the wind, heeled violently over and was longer than usual in righting. I looked down at the old familiar sight of the world rushing away from me. And there were the thousands of people, every face silently upturned. And the silence startled me, for, as crowds were this was the time for them to catch their first breath and send up a roar of applause. But there was no hand clapping, whistling, cheering—only silence. And instead, clear as a bell and distinct, without the slightest shake or quaver, came George's voice through the megaphone:

"Ride her down, Charley! Ride the balloon down!"

What had happened? I waved my hand to show that I had heard, and began to think. Had something gone wrong with the parachute? Why should I ride the balloon down instead of making the jump, which thousands were waiting to see? What was the matter? And as I puzzled, I received another start. The earth was a thousand feet beneath, and yet I heard a child crying softly, and seemingly very close at hand. And though the "Little Nassau" was shooting skyward like a rocket, the crying did not grow fainter and fainter and die away. I confess I was almost on the edge of a funk, when, unconsciously following up the noise with my eyes I looked above me and saw a boy astride the

sandbag which was to bring the "Little Nassau" to earth. And it was the same little boy I had seen struggling with the two girls—his sisters, as I afterward learned.

There he was, astride the sandbag and holding on to the rope for dear life. A puff of wind heeled the balloon slightly and he swung out into space for 10 or a dozen feet, and back again, fetching up against the tight canvas with a thud which even shook me, 30 feet or more beneath. I thought to see him dashed loose, but he clung on and whimpered. They told me afterward, how, at the moment they were casting off the balloon, the little fellow had torn away from his sisters, ducked under the rope, and deliberately jumped astride the sandbag. It has always been a wonder to me that he was not jerked off in the first rush.

Well, I felt sick all over as I looked at him there, and I understood why the balloon had taken longer to right itself, and why George had called off me to ride her down. Should I cut loose with the parachute bag would at once turn upside down, empty itself, and begin its swift descent. The only hope lay in my riding her down and in the boy holding on. There was no possible way for me to reach him. No man could climb the slim, closed parachute; and even if a man could, and make the mouth of the balloon, what could he do? Straight out, and 15 feet away, trailed the boy on his ticklish perch, and those 15 feet were empty space.

I thought far more quickly than it takes to tell all this, and realized on the instant that the boy's attention must be called away from his terrible danger. Exercising all the self-control I possessed, and striving to make myself seem very calm, I said cheerily:

"Hello, up there, who are you?"

He looked down at me, choking back his tears and brightening up, but just the the balloon ran into a cross-current, turned half around and lay over. This set him swinging back and forth, and he fetched the canvas another bump. Then he began to cry again.

"Isn't it great?" I asked heartily, as though it was the most enjoyable thing in the world; and, without waiting for him to answer, "What's your name?"

"Tommy Dermott," he answered.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Tommy Dermott," I went on. "But I'd like to know who said you could ride up with me?"

He laughed and said he just thought he'd ride up for the fun of it. And so we went on, I sick with fear for him, and cudgeling my brains to keep up the conversation. I knew that it was all I could do, and that his life depended upon my ability to keep his mind off his danger. I pointed out to him the great panorama spreading away to the horizon and 4000 feet beneath us. There lay San Francisco bay like a great placid lake, the haze of smoke over the city, the Golden Gate, the ocean fog-rim beyond, and Mt. Tamalpais over him, clear-cut and sharp against the sky. Directly below us I could see a buggy, apparently crawling, but I know from experience that the men in it were lashing the horses on our trail.

But he grew tired of looking around, and I could see he was beginning to get frightened.

"How would you like to go in for the business?" I asked.

He cheered up at once, and asked, "Do you get good pay?"

But the "Little Nassau" beginning to heel, had started on its long descent, and ran into counter currents which bobbed it roughly about. This swung the boy around pretty lively, smashing him into the bag quite severely. His lip began to tremble at this, and he was crying again. I tried to joke and laugh, but it was no use. His pluck was oozing out, and at any moment I was prepared to see him go sliding past me.

I was in despair. Then, suddenly, I remembered how one fright could destroy another fright, and I frowned up at him and shouted sternly:

"You just hold on to that rope! If you don't I'll thrash you within an inch of your life when I get you down on the ground! Understand?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir," he whimpered, and I saw that the thing had worked. I was nearer to him than the earth, and he was more afraid of me than of falling.

"Why, you've got a snap up there on that soft bag," I rattled on.

"Yes," I assured him, "this bar down here is hard and narrow, and it hurts to sit on it."

Then a thought struck him, and he forgot all about his aching fingers.

"When are you going to jump?" he asked. "That's what I came up to see. I was sorry to disappoint him, but I wasn't going to make any jump."

But he objected to that. "It said so in the papers," he said.

"I don't care," I answered. "I'm feeling sort of lazy today, and I'm just going to ride down the balloon. It's my balloon, and I guess I can do as I please about it. And, anyway, we're almost down now."

And we were, too, and sinking fast. And right there and then that youngster began to argue with me as to whether it was right for me to disappoint the people, and to urge their claims upon me. And it was with a happy heart that I held up my end of it, justifying myself in a thousand different ways, till we shot over a

grove of eucalyptus trees and dipped to meet the earth.

"Hold on tight!" I shouted, swinging down from the trapeze by my hands in order to make a landing on my feet.

It skimmed past a barn, missed a mesh of clothesline, frightened the barnyard chickens into a panic, and rose up again clear over a haystack—all this almost quicker than it takes to tell. Then we came down in an orchard, and when my feet touched the ground I fetched up the balloon by a couple of turns of the trapeze around an apple tree.

I have had my balloon catch fire in mid air. I have hung on the cornice of a 10-story house, I have dropped like a bullet for 600 feet when a parachute was slow in opening; but never have I felt so weak and faint and sick as when I staggered toward the unscratched boy and gripped him by the arm.

"Tommy Dermott," I said when I had got my nerves back somewhat. "Tommy Dermott, I'm going to lay you across my knee and give you the greatest thrashing a boy ever got in the world's history."

"No you don't," he answered, squirming around. "You said you wouldn't if I held on tight."

"That's all right," I said, "but I'm going to, just the same. The fellows who go up in balloons are bad, unprincipled men, and I'm going to give you a lesson right now to make you stay away from them, and from balloons, too."

And then I gave it to him, and if it wasn't the greatest thrashing in the world, it was the greatest he ever got.

But it took all the grit out of me, left me nerve broken, that experience. I canceled the engagement with the street railway company, and later on went in for gas. Gas is much the safer, anyway.—New York Independent.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In Siberia a winter rainbow sometimes lasts almost all day. It is caused by fine particles of snow suspended in the air.

Unique properties are possessed by the River Tinto, in Spain. It petrifies the sand of its bed, and if a stone falls in the stream and alights upon another, in a few minutes they unite and become one stone. Fish cannot live in its waters.

In the city of Heidelberg, Germany, there is a building called the Church of the Holy Ghost, which is unique in its way, being the only church in the world in which the Protestant and Catholic services are held at the same time, a partition wall through the centre separating the two congregations.

The members of the United Methodist Free Church, Overton, near Wrexham, England, have hit upon a unique idea of raising the wind. It was decided to have an egg service, and members of the congregation were invited to bring eggs. Over 1000 which were placed in and around the pulpit, were brought and readily sold.

In the centre of a field at Waverhill, Suffolk, England, is a large flat stone covering the grave of a mare which died in 1852, inscribed as follows: "Polka. She never made a false step. Ecclesiastes 3, 19th verse." A reference to chapter and verse shows the following: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other." This is probably the only instance of a text from the Scriptures appearing on a memorial stone to an animal.

The monks of the Hospital of St. Jean de Dieu, Ghent, in their spare moments have decorated the walls of the hospital with exquisite pictures formed entirely of stamps. In these pictures are forests and streams, palaces and cottages; birds of gorgeous plumage perch on branches, gaily-colored butterflies flit about, snakes and lizards glide, and animals of all kinds figure in the landscapes. The monks have already used no fewer than 10,000,000 stamps in this unique form of art.

"Tonsorialists," Attention!

Some inventive genius has found a new use for cool air, and the patrons of a down-town barber shop are enjoying the fruits of his discovery. The invention is nothing less than the supplying of cool air to those who are in the barber's chair, and during the heated summer months barbers' chairs will probably become well-patronized resorts. The air is compressed into a little tank by a small pump that is run by a hydrant stream. From the tank a pipe runs along the shelf on which is kept the supply of tonsorial necessities. In front of each chair a tap is made, and from this runs a flexible tube to which is attached a small nozzle that is controlled by a pressure of the fingers and closes automatically when the pressure is released. When you are warm go to the barber shop and you can keep yourself cool while being shaved. Incidentally bottles, with receptacles to fit the end of the nozzle, in which is kept the bay rum, witch hazel, and other tonics, are used, the air taking the place of the old bulb arrangement to spray the tonic. In the barber shop mentioned the air is pumped from the ice house, and is mighty refreshing.—Pittsburg Times.

The Truth of It.

Knicker-Jones is a charitable fellow. He has endowed beds in three hospitals.

Bocker—That's not philanthropy; it's foresight. He's just bought an automobile.—New York Sun.

A DRAMATIC MURDERER.

ASSASSINATION OF A RUSSIAN OFFICIAL THAT WAS AUDACIOUS.

The Nihilist Student, Stepond Valevanovitch Balmasheff, Killed M. Siplaguine, Minister of the Interior, in a Manner Which Was Prodigiously Cool.

Owing to the secrecy always observed here, with regard to state trials and during the investigations of the political police, the particulars relative to the assassination of M. Siplaguine, minister of the interior, have leaked out only this week, writes the St. Petersburg (Russia) correspondent of the New York Mail and Express. They recall to memory the manner of proceeding of the nihilists who killed Czar Alexander II in 1881, several chiefs of the Russian police and several other high officials.

The murder of Siplaguine shows a prodigious audacity and coolness on the part of the assassin. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon an elegant carriage, drawn by two blooded mares, arrived in front of the staircase of the council of state. In a carefully studied attitude the young student revolutionist, Stepano Valevanovitch Balmasheff, was reclining aimlessly in the carriage. The usher on service at the gate hurried to the droska and respectfully opened the door of the vehicle. Without making a move, and with a haughty tone, as if hardly deigning to open his mouth, as it becomes a brilliant lieutenant, Balmasheff said to the usher:

"Say, my man, is the minister of the interior here? I come with a message from his Majesty, Serge Alexandrovitch." (Even grand dukes are referred to as "Majesties" in Russia.) At these words the usher's face became still more humble.

"I need to see the minister immediately," Balmasheff went on. This was said with the tone of a man used to command, so much so that the usher had no longer any doubt. He answered: "No; his Excellency has not yet arrived."

"Well, if it is so, I shall find him at home yet," said the young man.

The carriage wheeled around and went toward the Morskaya street. But it had hardly gone more than a few yards when it returned and stopped again in front of the Palace Mariynsky, the "envoy extraordinary" declaring that, after all, he preferred to wait there for the minister. The gate was opened immediately, with a great noise, by the usher. Balmasheff stepped from the carriage with a quick and perfectly military manner, keeping his large portfolio under his arm. The usher murmured in the ears of the lackeys: "That is a message from his Majesty!"

Balmasheff took off his military overcoat, glanced in the mirror, freed his right hand from its glove, opened the portfolio and looked at the envelopes, while putting in a convenient place the revolver which was in the portfolio.

One or two minutes passed. Balmasheff became uneasy, fearing that Siplaguine, instead of coming by the door where he was waiting, should come this time, like the other ministers, by the main entrance of the Palace Mariynsky. Then the whole plot would have miscarried. But the minister's carriage arrived. The usher rushed forward and said: "There is a message for your Excellency from his Majesty."

Siplaguine entered the anteroom vestibule. To meet him the "heavenly missionary," as the nihilists call him, advanced, and presented to the minister a big package, enveloped in heavy paper and difficult to open. Balmasheff then carefully placed himself in a position favorable to his attack, and also calculated to avoid any unfortunate interferences on the part of the servants.

"What is the matter?" the minister inquired, with astonishment, trying to open the envelop.

"That's the matter," quietly answered Balmasheff, while taking from within his portfolio a Browning revolver of an expensive make, which never misses fire. The weapon is of a flat-topped form, easy to carry in a side hip pocket. At the moment he fired, from below upward, so that the bullet, after having gone through the body, should not touch other people present, but should lodge itself in the ceiling.

The revolver was charged with smokeless powder, and there was a sharp report, and the minister fell at the feet of Balmasheff, who remained quiet and tried to tranquilize the frightened servants.

"Don't be afraid, by brethren; you shall not be hurt," he said. "Remember that only the enemies of the people are thus treated."

Balmasheff made no move to escape; his coolness and calm were extraordinary, according to the reports of ocular witnesses of the tragedy, and can be found only in men capable of thinking and feeling.

Balmasheff's examination after the arrest, nonplussed the authorities. "I am Stepano Balmasheff. I have killed Siplaguine; you know it; I have nothing more to tell you. All your questions are mere curiosity, which I do not want to satisfy. I do not recognize to you the right to try me, since you are an interested party. This is why I refuse to furnish any explanation."

As to the motives of his deed Balmasheff declared:

"Ask all Russian citizens why, up to today, they have not themselves killed Siplaguine. It is clear why, as I could do it, I have killed him."

Balmasheff, who has been executed, was 21 years old, the son of a man well known and esteemed throughout the Volga districts, and who was just ending sentence of deportation to Viatka.

When Balmasheff was a student at Kieff, in 1899, he was arrested. He finished his military service and entered again the Kieff university, where he was under police surveillance, since he was loved by and very influential among the students, who were so often deported, imprisoned and even flogged by order of Siplaguine, the minister of interior.

VOLCANOES OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Interesting Information in Report of G. F. Becker of Geological Survey.

Of interest in connection with the recent volcanic eruptions in the West Indies is the report of George F. Becker on the geology of the Philippine islands, which has just appeared in Part II of the 25th annual report of the United States geological survey, and which contains a review of everything bearing upon the geology of these islands. The report deals in general with the geologic and economic features of the islands, from extant reports on the subject, and from studies in the field, so far as they could be carried on during the disturbed period of 1898-99.

In many respects the Philippine islands closely resemble the West Indies, especially in being the scene of violent past and present volcanic energy. While it was possible to visit few of these mountains, owing to the hostility of the natives, much valuable information from local and other sources was collected. Forty-nine of the eruptive mountains were located among the islands, and their altitudes and the dates of their eruptions obtained. Conspicuous among them is Mt. Apo, the highest mountain in the Philippines, which rises 10,761 feet above the level of the sea. At Camiguin de Mindanao, one of the most interesting volcanoes of the group, a cone nearly 2000 feet in height has risen since 1871 over what was formerly a lake, the basin of which was presumably an ancient crater. Mayon, or the volcano of Albay, is said to be the most symmetrically beautiful cone in the world; and the famous Taal volcano, situated on a small volcanic island in the lake of Bonob, is readily accessible from Manila.

The accounts of the eruptions of these and other volcanoes of the group bear a striking resemblance to those of the recent outburst of Mt. Pelee in Martinique. Of an eruption which occurred in the year 1641, near Jolo, the report quotes: "The darkness and atmospheric disturbance were so great that the people of Jolo could not perceive whence came the stuff which fell from heaven upon them." And in one of the numerous eruptions at Taal, loud detonations like discharges of artillery were heard, incandescent stones were thrown out, and a great fire ran like a river across the island. The fire then shifted into Lake Bonob, throwing up water and ashes in immense masses. "The water grew hot and black, fish were thrown on the beaches as if they had been cooked, and the air was so full of sulphurous smells and the odor of dead fishes that the inhabitants sickened." At one of the eruptions of Albay, that in 1814, 1200 lives are said to have been lost.

In drawing comparisons between the volcanoes of the Philippines and those of the Dutch East Indies, Mr. Becker notes that "Papanayang, in West Java, had a great eruption in 1772, destroying 40 villages. Galung Gung in 1822 destroyed 114 villages, and it is some measure of the violence of the Krakatoa explosion of 1883 that over 36,000 people perished."

As the Woman Judged.

It was to be the humblest of wedding trips—evidently just a ride on the trolley from the tenement that had been the old home to the tenement that would be the new one. When the parting between mother and daughter seemed imminent a mercifully inclined truck blocked the car and gave them a few minutes more together. The daughter had made concessions to the land of her adoption and wore a hat, but the mother clung to the kerchief of her native Italy. The truck showed signs of resuming the journey. The motorman clanged the bell continually, and the mother, recognizing that the time had come, walked to the side of the car with the bride, kissed her passionately and addressed a few words to the bridegroom. "She is saying that if he is not good to her daughter she will stab him," said the passenger who understood Italian. "Oh, them dago women are terrible," said the woman covered with paste jewelry. "They have no feelings at all."—New York Sun.

Obeys the Policeman.

"Sure, an' this is a nerve-splittin' job," said the big blue-coated patrolman who pilots people across Broadway at Dey street. "But it would be rare aisy if people'd only do as they are told. Whin Oi halt th' cars an' trucks an' beckon to the people to cross, half o' thim stand lookin' this way an' that, till Oi have to let teams go on, an' thim they make a rush under th' heads o' th' horses or right in front o' th' cars, an' it's a miracle a lot o' thim don't get run down."

"O'Ve never had an accident at my crossing, an' no thanks to th' people themselves, for it's busy they kape me a haulin' thim from under th' cars an' trucks."

"Now, if they'd just do as they're told, there'd be no danger. Whin a cop stops th' traffic it's as safe to cross as if there were no electric cars or trucks, an' whin th' people are told to come on they ought to come, an' no foolin' about, if they value their limbs. Th' way to cross Broadway safely is to obey th' policeman."—New York Tribune.