

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest. Chronically Briefly-Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Rosa Bonheur has been made an honorary associate of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome.

English suicides take naturally to hanging. A woman at Teignmouth has added variety to this method by hanging herself on her own front door knocker.

Singers at the Berlin Opera are not allowed to ride on bicycles to the theatre as Count Hochberg, intendant of the opera has forbidden the practice.

Venerable Brook Deedes, Archdeacon of Lucknow, at the recent Anglican conference led every one who saw him to ask: "Who is that Bishop with the long legs?"

Black, blue, and red ink used in German public schools has been found to contain microbes. When scientifically developed they prove fatal to most within four days.

Garibaldi's tomb in the island of Capri was visited by the Prince of Wales recently who deposited a wreath on and left the island before the inhabitants knew of his coming.

One old lady in England boasts of having looked on King George III's public show as well as the two of Queen Victoria. She is Mrs. Blunt, mother of the Bishop of Hull, now 95 years of age.

Though the Grenadier guards have been ordered to Gibraltar, they will leave their breakins and uniforms behind, helmets and a special uniform for foreign service having been ordered for them.

France may have a Cabinet crisis before long as the employees in the Ministry of the Interior are threatening to strike.

A midwife at Stolpe, near Berlin, celebrated the 6,000th occasion on which her services had been required by inventing a new method of delivery.

Some queer law is being made in England. Mr. Justice Kennedy has decided that a wife may sue her husband for libel.

The Marquis de Morny, who is to marry the daughter of the Emperor, is to be crowned as if he had a good match even though he is a Miss Grahame.

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THE HOME.

EMBROIDERED LINEN.

We believe every dainty housewife likes to have a supply of embroidered doilies, centerpieces, tray cloths, sideboard covers, and many other things made of linen.

One need not know how to sketch the designs, for perforated patterns are so inexpensive that any one can afford them, and many of the designs are beautiful.

Centerpieces, tray cloths, sideboard covers, and many other things made of linen, but are a genuine saving in the wear of the tablecloths, and the amount of washing required to keep them clean.

The most popular shapes for centerpieces are oblong square, and round, and the edges are usually hemstitched, scalloped, or fringed.

It is not as difficult to fringe the round doilies as it would seem. Get a large plate and mark a circle on the linen first.

Three or four inches inside this circle draw another, and run several rows of machine stitching around it as close together as possible.

The threads can then be drawn for the fringe. If the fringe thus made does not seem heavy enough, cut three or four threads of cotton into the edge of the doily at short intervals.

A beautiful centerpiece and set of six doilies seen recently were round, with fringed edges, and a wreath of lilies of the valley and leaves embroidered with white and green Asiatic filices.

Such work needs to be put in a frame or hoops to keep it smooth while working. In embroidering flowers solidly, make the stitches of different lengths, leaving a regular edge.

Leaves should always be worked from outside inward. Another handsome set of round doilies made of fine white linen, are bordered with a design of grape vines so arranged that the edges of the leaves form scallops and are done in button-hole stitch.

The remainder of the leaf, with delicate irregular veins, is done in outline.

Many of the square table pieces are finished with hemstitched hems from three inches in width, while others are bordered with a large shallow scallop, each one being composed of three or more smaller and shallower scallops.

One very pretty centerpiece is an oblong piece of linen, thirty inches long and eighteen inches wide, with a hem two inches wide hemstitched around it.

There is a bunch of mimosa and leaves in deep floss. In spite of the diminutive size of the mimosa this design is made to look very natural.

Use only pale, delicate tints, and if you have a lamp near you, you will be more apt to get just the right tone. Small conventional designs are often used in the corners of the square pieces.

Others have three or four-inch squares of conventional designs arranged prettily, and do not require much to make them. Another very pretty design is a border of grape vines with blossoms done with several shades of pink, shading to white.

The scalloped edges are buttonholed with white Boston ray silk. A basket of flowers embroidered in each corner of the doily makes a pretty finish.

A handsome scarf for sideboard is made of hanger's linen, just as wide as the top of the doily, and long enough to hang over the ends ten or twelve inches.

The hems were hemstitched with this latest religious riot of the Hindus against the British. His position makes him a formidable foe. He virtually commands all the passes in the northern boundary of British India.

Though the English have made every effort to keep strangers away from the Amerasia, the secret agents of Russia have been able to reach him, and in their own quiet way have urged them to rebel against the action of the Indian Government in searching all who are permitted to enter his territory.

The Hindus have also cried out against this search, claiming that it is a violation of their religion. But in India the British dare trust none.

It is a system of spies from one end of the country to the other. Russia, however, is casting anxious glances on India, and by her agents is urging the natives on to sedition.

The British officials in India have had to correct many of the Hindu religious observances, such as urning of widows, and child marriages, and the untouchability by the natives. The following will illustrate their fanaticism.

Some years ago the custom in Assam and Hissam was to have a great number of adherents. These observances those favoring Assam would cry out his name, at the same time, and their dresses, white others would do a like performance for Hissam.

This they would carry on until, being on their knees, the blood would flow from their nostrils, mouth and ears, and finally dying in agony. This brutal performance was watched and applauded by thousands of natives. The more the religious.

FANATICISM OF THE HINDU the greater he is held in respect by his countrymen. The British Government ordered that the Assam and Hissam operations be stopped. This edict nearly caused a religious war. The natives, as a result of these humane restrictions, placed upon them are only too anxious to throw off the British yoke and place themselves under the rule of Russia. But they dread the regulars, they have not forgotten the severity of 1857.

The question in England now is, Will the outbreak spread? If it does, the scenes and ravages, the carnage and brutality will be similar to those of the great Indian mutiny. England is now at a critical period in the Orient. A general uprising in India might mean the overthrow of British supremacy in the East.

A WILDCAT CONCERN. Mrs. Kynde—Poor man! and so you would throw on the dynamite. Artificial Oakley—Yes, leddy; dynamite factory I worked for went up.

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QUEEN VICTORIA'S HORSES. The Queen of England has large stables attached to all her palaces. They are not nearly so grand as some that have been built in this country, but it is a great pleasure to go through them for they are so beautifully kept, and the animals are such noble, intelligent creatures.

The rooms, for the divisions of the stables are really rooms, are bright, sunny oftentimes, and the floors and stalls are as sweet and clean, nay, dearer than many a kitchen. To add to the picture comfort, in nearly every apartment there is a big, sleek gray cat who sits and sleeps by the stalls as if she were keeping guard.

The queen has all kinds of horses—saddle-horses, many of them presents from other sovereigns, carriage-horses for state occasions and for private use, and much more besides. There are also horses for work about the palace grounds, and draught horses. These last are magnificent fellows, English thoroughbreds. The English draught horse is much larger than any in America. He is not only higher, but much more heavily built, with great tufts of hair falling over his heavy hoofs.

The most beautiful horses which the queen owns are what is known as cream color, but you can guess the color of better by being told that it is like that lovely brown which is on a dainty meringue. Their manes reach almost to their knees, and their tails sweep the ground. They are gentle creatures, and will let a stranger pat them, and it took several years to find those which nearly matched. They were sent from all parts of England.

The queen's carriage is not driven by a coachman. It has no box seat. The horses are guided by men who ride them, and who are called drivers, and who are called pretty pictures with their scarlet coats and jockey caps.

The queen is in the country frequently, and she is often seen at Balmoral, or on the Lake of Loch. She often goes about in a wicker chair drawn by a donkey; just such a look advantage of its defenseless condition, and massacred all its members except Captain Boisragon and Mr. Locke, both of whom were wounded, but succeeded in making their escape through the thick brush, which was supposed to be impenetrable by human beings.

Captain Boisragon was a serious and painful one, was in his right arm. To protect it, he was obliged to wrap his shirt about it, and he had no other protection for his body than a vest which Mr. Locke lent him. Locke was in his shirt, trousers, boots and hat, but all these were almost torn from him by the terrible throes of the bush.

But the bush alone might have been fought with assurance, if it had not been full of Benin natives intent upon catching and slaughtering the fugitives.

During the first night when Boisragon and Locke stopped to rest, they heard two of their enemies talking together close by. In fact, the Benin men passed within twenty feet of the fugitives, dropping sentries as they went.

The white men did not dare to stir, in order to advance through the jungle, they must make no little noise. They could do nothing but lie down where they were, the possible prey of serpents and red ants, and get what sleep they could.

But the night did not keep awake, Boisragon, exhausted beyond endurance, fell asleep. In the night he woke to find a hand on his boot, which then went feeling up his gaiter. He had no doubt that one of the native sentries was upon him. He seized the hand, meaning to strangle the man before he could cry out; and as he leaped on him he shouted:

"Locke, I've got this villain!" Then he was astonished to hear the man whom he had in his killing embrace gasp out: "I'm Locke!" and he let go. It was indeed Locke himself, who had changed his position, and was trying to find out where his companions were.

At once the two white men heard the tramp of their enemies close by. Boisragon's shout had apparently betrayed their whereabouts. Both men expected to be closed in upon and put to death. The tramping went on until after daylight, but the Englishmen were not discovered—why, they cannot understand.

For five or six days they fought their way through the jungle, and at last reached a friendly region, whence they escaped civilization.

A RARE ARTICLE. Some years ago it became the duty of a certain nobleman to visit upon the queen while she was in residence at Balmoral. A friend having asked his lordship to engage a skilled painter for him, the peer thought that the queen's own painter was the best man to consult upon the matter, and accordingly he sought for an interview with him. The painter, a grand sample of a Highlander and a fine player besides, asked what sort of a painter was wanted, and was told in reply, "Oh, just one like yourself." Whereupon the haughty painter remarked, "That's the best I could do for you, but very few such painters as me."

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