

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

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

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

A twelve-year-old child named Spillberg has been burned to death in Frynpan alley, London.

Milk is dearer than whiskey in Rhodesia, owing to the rinderpest. The price is now \$3.75 a quart.

An epidemic of measles is spreading over England, the disease growing more malignant as it spreads.

A twenty-one pound baby, lately born to a farmer's wife at La Hulpe, near Brussels, holds the Belgian record for weight.

The Earl of Devon, at 86 years of age still preaches and attends to all his duties as prebendary canon of Exeter Cathedral.

Rome's catacomb of St. Calixtus is now lighted by electricity, and the system will soon be extended to all the catacombs.

Father Kavanagh, who was parish priest of Knock when the miraculous cures made that village famous eight years ago, has just died at the age of 84 years.

France's Treasury Department benefited greatly by the Charity Bazaar disaster, as the duties paid on the inheritances it caused amounted to 2,200,000 francs.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has promised to write a secular cantata for the Leeds musical festival next October. The subject he has selected is said to be "The Vicar of Wakefield."

All sword bayonets of the British troops in Ireland are being sharpened as fast as possible by order of the War Department. Such an order is said to be unprecedented.

Londoners are upset by the transfer of the stamp and telegraph offices of the General Post Office at St. Martin's le Grand, used for twenty-five years past to a new building across the street.

A British Admiral has come to grief on horseback. Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle, who is in command at Devonport, while riding recently was severely wounded in the leg by being run into by a passing carriage.

Women in France have just secured a slight addition to their legal rights. They may henceforth be valid witnesses to registration of births, marriages and deaths, and to the signatures in legal documents.

Aristocrats in la lanterne would be no meaningless cry if a revolution were to break out in Paris, as the city still keeps up 266 oil lamps, suspended by ropes to gallow-like posts, such as were found convenient in 1793.

A European has been sentenced at Bulawayo to six years' imprisonment with hard labor for defrauding the natives of their cattle. He pretended to be a Government inspector, and seized the cattle for supposed violations of law.

Two glasses of a temperance drink served to a London doctor by a teetotal family contained so much alcohol that the doctor was unable to walk straight across the room. He is now lecturing against ginger ale and root beer as intoxicants.

Capt. James Brown, commander of the windward lately presented to Lieut. Peary by Mr. Harmsworth, has spent thirty-nine years and made thirty voyages in Arctic waters. His father and grandfather were engaged in Arctic work before him.

Human heads formed a collection recently sold at public auction in London. There were twelve of them, from Ecuador, New Guinea, New Zealand, and other places. A "tattooed Maori head with a curious smell" brought seventeen guineas.

Major-General Bengough of the British army, who died recently, became famous in India for a divisional order commanding the medical staff to pare the corns and cut the toenails of the men in order to improve the marching efficiency of the division.

Southampton is now ready for attack by sea, the five gunboats that carry the defence boom having been placed in their stations. The boom consists of a network of wire lawers running from ship to ship and connected with heavy balks of spiked timber and to submarine mines.

Twenty bicyclists having been killed during the past year on a bridge at a sharp turn at the bottom of a hill on the road between Mentone and Nice, a meeting has been put up at the dangerous point by the Touring Club of France to catch reckless coasters who are hurled over the parapet.

English wreckers, who were trying to save the cargo of the steamer Aden, which went ashore on the island of Socotra last June, after being driven off forcibly by the natives, discovered that the Socotrans' right to wreckage cast upon their coasts had been recognized by Great Britain by treaty.

Prussia's paternal Government has ordered two private schools in a little town near Potsdam to be closed because they interfere with a rival establishment. One may be kept open for a year longer provided the proprietor engages to take in only twenty pupils and to teach them no foreign languages.

A great improvement has been made in Parisian duels. The seconds in an affair of honor between a dramatic

author and one of his critics made a mistake in the place of meeting, thereby sending their principals to opposite ends of Paris. This made a subsequent meeting at close quarters unnecessary.

Grand opera in Paris, according to official accounts, has been given at an expenditure over receipts of 4,500,000 francs in five years, an average loss that is, of \$180,000 a year. The subvention of 800,000 francs a year reduces the annual deficit to \$20,000, but there is a further yearly deficit of \$30,000 on the opera concerts.

Stealing telephone service is a new form of misdemeanor in London, classed by the Croydon Police Magistrate as petty larceny, and punished by him with a fine of five shillings. An ingenious young man had made a false key admitting him to the public telephones of the National Company, which he used without paying.

Princess Thyra, of Cumberland, sister of the Princess of Wales and the Empress Dowager of Russia, who has been recently in a private asylum, has so far recovered her mind and health, owing to the improvement of her eldest son's condition, that she will be present when her daughter comes out at the Austrian court in January.

It took seventy shots at close range including a number from the 9.2-inch calibre gun, before the British cruiser Edgar could sink a derelict tank steamer in the Red Sea. Naval men are trying to figure out how many shots would have been needed if the Edgar had been dealing with a hostile cruiser of her own class.

France's Chamber of Deputies is examining seriously a curious project for diminishing child murder by making the punishment fit the crime. M. Lauriers proposes that mothers convicted of infanticide shall be sentenced to transportation, and compelled to bear one, two or three children, according to the degree of the crime.

Dum-dum bullets work both ways on the Indian frontiers, as the Afridi tribesmen are blunting the bullet tips too. The two pipers of the Gordon Highlanders who distinguished themselves at Larga, lost one his leg, the other his foot, owing to the terrible splintering of the bone, caused by the "modified" Lee-Metford missiles.

Cricket has not abolished the color line in South Africa. Though the blacks play the game well they cannot play in teams with white men, and when the All England eleven goes to Cape Town on its return from Australia, Prince Ranjitsingh will not be allowed to play. The objection to half breeds is even stronger than that against the pure blacks.

Another British institution the domestic servant's right to a fortnight's notice of dismissal, has been overthrown by a higher law than that of the Queen's Bench which rendered the decision. The judges in giving their opinion, stated that being in doubt as to the existence of the custom they had taken the opinion of "their domestic advisers" on the point.

A Missal, a Book of Hours, and a Psalter, which had been in the possession of Viscount Arbutnot's family for 400 years, were recently sold at auction in London for \$6000. The Missal is the only one extant according to the Scottish use. The manuscripts were written and decorated by his vicar for Sir Robert Arbutnot between 1482 and 1491.

While a circus was parading on Tottenham road in the outskirts of London a baker gave one of the elephants a couple of loaves of stale bread. A few nights after the elephant broke from its fastenings in the town where the circus then was, got away from its keepers and made its way back to the baker's shop, where it broke in the plate glass windows and ate up the bread exposed for sale. It then allowed itself to be led quietly back to its stable.

THE COST OF AUTOGRAPHS.

Difference in Price of "Poets' and of Royal Potentates' Signatures.

In looking at autographs of celebrities of the past it is interesting to note that the signature of Queen Elizabeth is now worth £15; while that of Queen Anne will only realize 30s. As a striking contrast to this, it is also a noteworthy fact that poets' signatures in the past have always been considered more valuable than those of Royal potentates.

In the year 1858 a signature of Shakespeare was purchased by the authorities of the British Museum for 300 guineas. In June, 1891, a letter of Her Majesty Queen Victoria realized the sum of £7, while a letter written by the poet Shelley changed hands for £11 15s, and was regarded as a great bargain at such a low figure. A letter of Martin Luther's, with signature attached, was recently disposed of for the respectable amount of £25. A letter written and signed by the Duchess of Teck may be secured for the nominal sum of 8s., whilst the signature alone of the fated Marie Antoinette is valued at £4.

In contrast to this, a letter written by Louis XVI. of France, the husband of the unfortunate Marie is offered for the sum of 10s. Thirty shillings is the price now demanded for the characteristic signature of the ambitious Napoleon Bonaparte.

A single page written by the late Prince Consort is valued at two guineas, but half that amount will purchase a long letter by the present Prince of Wales. The autograph of the Princess of Wales has recently been sold for the low sum of 7s 6d, while, strange to say, an original autograph telegram in the same handwriting is valued at five guineas.

HOUSEHOLD.

MINCE PIES.

Positively no stomach can digest mince pie without injury and no intelligent woman in these enlightened days serves it to her family.

The above item and others of similar import are ever appearing in the newspapers, yet thoughtless man is ever making covetous reference to the reprehensible article, and the good housewife who cherishes early associations finds herself weakly sympathetic. Nobody claims that mince pies are hygienic, but neither are baked pork and beans—a standard dish among the most "enlightened"—nor many other dishes which we eat with more or less relish.

Certainly nobody claims that mince pies are not good, nor will any reasonable person deny that the holiday season is the time for mild indulgences, if we are ever to indulge ourselves at all. For those, then, who would sin somewhat against health's laws the following recipe is submitted as being the best of its kind—tested without serious results to well-being.

Three pounds of prime beef from the tenderest part of the round, six pounds of apples, greenings, one and one-half pounds of suet, the juice and grated peel of two oranges and two lemons, two pounds of brown sugar, one pint of molasses, three pints of boiled cider, one quart of good California brandy, three grated nutmegs, one tablespoonful of m.a.e. and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls each of ginger and allspice, one tablespoonful of cloves, six tablespoonfuls of cinnamon one-half pound of sliced citron, two pounds of seedless raisins, two pounds of currants and one glassful of grape jelly.

Steam the meat or let it simmer gently until tender, let it cool, and chop it rather fine—the size of the average pea; chop the apples to the size of white beans. Prepare the fruit carefully, mixing all the dry ingredients thoroughly; then add the cider, molasses, lemon and orange juices, and lastly the brandy. Mix again thoroughly, pack in a large stoneware jar, cover and stand in a cool, dry place. Mince meat should stand about three weeks before using, to ripen and blend the flavors.

In making pies, see to it that your pastry is of the best. An hour's baking is none too long for perfect results.

WHAT A MOTHER CAN DO.

"What is home without a mother?" Not much like a home without a mother is it? You can tell almost the moment you step into a stranger's home, whether there is a mother there or not. Her presence is marked in the performance of duty, and her counsel sought in every difficulty. How marked her absence! How vacant the place she once occupied!

I wonder how many mothers realize that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." People are saying that the world is growing worse; that the majority of people are going to the bad; that life is not worth living, etc. Perhaps it does look that way to some people, but

"This world is not so bad a world. As some would like to make it. And whether good or whether bad Depends on how we take it."

The world consists of the people who are in it, and where would the people be if it had not been for their mothers. So if the world is saved it will be through the goodness of God and the enduring influence of good mothers. The question naturally arises, "Why is the world so wicked and the young people running wild to such an alarming extent? Our grandparents point with pride to their childhood days, and inform us that things were not so then; that the terrible sins which are now common were unheard of then, except in rare instances and they ask a reason for it."

Everything goes by fashions. "You may as well be out of the world as out of fashion," and that is true of the young people. In these days it was fashionable for boys and girls to bow to their elders, to politely address their parents; in short to carry their manners with them. Now, the fashion has changed; the boy addresses his father as "pa," and his mother is known as his maternal ancestor; the old gentlemen are treated to a dose of slang and often profanity, on every possible occasion. You say this is too harsh! Things have been smoothed over and let pass long enough, let us face the true situation with eyes wide open.

It must be confessed that the manners and actions of the average boy and girl are discouraging. What sort of a future can you promise for the young man who spends every dollar he gets hold of foolishly? What sort of a future can you predict for the young woman who was once as pure as the lily, who utterly disregards her mother's commands and entreaties and spends her time in the streets in company with young men and women, whose characters will not bear investigation? Probably there is not one but whose mind turns quickly to some bright boy or girl whose downward course has reached a state of rapid progress. What is going to be done about it? "The boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow." Are we going to sit down and do nothing but take it for granted that things must remain so because things are so? Who is going to save the boys and girls if father, mother and the home don't? Nobody.

The woman who takes her shopping bag, ten cents in her purse, and leaves

her home and children to gad the streets by the hour, is a greater hypocrite than the Pharisee who went into the temple to pray to be seen of men. The man who spends his time in drunken idleness and sets before his children an unholy example, is lowering himself below the brutes. Are the average homes places where the family altar is set up, the Bible read daily and a blessing asked before each meal? The place where the most lasting, most enduring good is done, is in the home.

You ask when one ought to begin to teach the mind of the little ones. Some one wisely answered: "One hundred years before they are born." Be all that is pure and right, and your children will love you and be like you. The wee tottler hears the oath and the little mind remembers and baby lips lisp it. Remember that little minds grasp as quickly the good things that are taught them, but we do not so readily notice the good as the evil in them. Mothers, there is a wonderful work to be done, the little minds must be brought into the sunshine of God's great love, and begin to develop while they are tiny buds, that they may grow into pure and beautiful women. Then will some great political problems be solved, for there will follow a purity in politics which is the only salvation for a country.—Dora Dean.

BUILDING A HOME.

In his book on building a home Francis C. Moore says: "The advice of a sensible, practical woman who is a thorough housekeeper should also be regarded as indispensable. Therefore if a man's wife answers this description of helpmeet her husband will make a serious mistake if he fails to consult her at every step and secure her revision of his plans especially in the important matter of closets, arrangement of kitchen, butler's pantry, etc. Her experienced eye will discover defects which would never occur to him. It should be remembered that she occupies the house during the greater portion of the daylight hours, and it would be strange if she should not know proportionately more about what is needed for comfort and convenience than the head of the house. Her practical knowledge will be invaluable to him; she will see things that both he and the architect overlook; the need of a door here, a window there, a closet in this place, the fault of a door hung on the wrong side in another; such objectionable features as steps between the butler's pantry, dining-room and kitchen, the floors of which should always be on the same level, to prevent the stumbling of servants with dishes, etc. Women would make admirable architects, especially for dwelling houses, if they were able to climb ladders and properly supervise buildings in process of construction. Now that athletic education is being so carefully looked after at the women's colleges, this deficiency may perhaps disappear."

MAKE BEDTIME PLEASANT.

Busy mothers are prone to hurry the children into bed. We would that all would reserve a certain amount of time for the children's bed hour, making it pleasant, so pleasant that they will ever look back upon it with the sweetest of memories. Listen to their little sorrows, answer their questions as best you can. In return you will keep the child's confidence as he grows older and other influences, often bad ones, are brought to bear upon his life.

ABOUT WEDDING RINGS.

English women didn't always wear a plain gold circlet for a wedding ring. At one time the custom was for the ring to cost as much as the bridegroom could afford to pay. Rings of bone and hard wood have been used; an ivory wedding ring was recently found on the finger of an Egyptian mummy—it is in the shape of two clasped hands. An iron ring, with the design of a hand closing over a heart was discovered on the skeleton finger of a Roman lady dug up in Pompeii.

In France, wedding rings used to be made of three or more links of quaint design; and in Germany, at the same time, they were engraved with queer astrological characters. Roman Catholic peoples, particularly Italians, had a fashion of embedding in the ring a fragment of some relic, such as a morsel of the true cross. The Greek church uses two rings, one of gold and one of silver. In Spain, wedding rings made of the hoofs of asses are supposed to be possessed of peculiar virtue and insure their wearers against epilepsy. Fashion has determined not only the style of the wedding ring, but the finger on which it shall be worn and so capriciously has custom altered that every single finger, including the thumb, has been used in turn. Often in portraits of the time of Elizabeth rings may have been seen on the thumbs of married ladies.

In many parts of Great Britain it is still supposed that a marriage with out a ring is not binding, and when the gold hoop has been lost or forgotten, such substitutes as the church key, a curtain ring, even a ring cut from the finger of the bride's glove have been used.

NOT NECESSARILY.

Waller—So Biker rents that forty-dollar-a-month house of yours, does he? He pays too much rent.

Landlord, sighing—You don't know him.

AN INSULTED MAN.

Hammersley—What's come between you and Plunderson?
Osgood—Oh, it was this way. He said to me: "What's the use talking? Every man has his price, and you know it. Then I asked him what his was, and he wanted to fight."

LONDON'S DENSE FOG.

ALMOST THICK ENOUGH TO CUT WITH A KNIFE.

Accidents Which Occur in the Gloom—Tools and the Solitary Slighter—Cattle Suffocated.

Fog is not, of course, peculiar to London, though the fog of London has attributes quite peculiar to itself. Channel fogs are well known to all traveling on the Continent, and between Usant and Plymouth steamers are frequently obliged to slow down at certain seasons of the year on account of it. According to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in the "Rhyme of the Three Sealers," the killing grounds are reached "Half steam ahead by guess and lead, for the sun is mostly veiled. Through fog to fog, by luck and log, sail ye as Bering sailed."

In our sunniest shires, says the London Daily Telegraph, there are often days when a thick, damp, grey shroud hangs over everything. Only last week the Royal Buckingham were unable to go out on account of it. But London fog comes down to us through the smoke of ten thousand chimneys, and has a power in collecting and bringing down every impurity in the air analogous to that of the insinglass used in the fining of wine. It is not difficult to understand that respirable air, with its proper proportions of oxygen and nitrogen, such as all lung-breathing animals require in a state of purity and abundance, cannot absorb quantities of carbon in the form of soot and sulphurous and sulphuric acid without becoming heavy, yellow, opaque and oppressive. Moreover, London air is being constantly breathed over and over again by its millions of human beings and animals, and it is a medical truth that it would only be necessary to keep people long enough together in a close room for them to poison one another. The tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta is instance enough to name. Now a foggy atmosphere is invariably a stagnant one, and thus it may soon become fatally contaminated with germs of all sorts and miasmatic vapors.

ITS ACCIDENT RECORD.

As far as hospital admissions for accidents are concerned, a typical yellow fog is only second to a hard frost and slippery street. But any long spell of fog, such as that of the close of 1891, sends the death rate from diseases of the respiratory organs up with a bound. It is also highly conducive to the spread of influenza, of which there is a certain amount about at the present time. To any whose lungs wind-pipe and mucous membrane generally are at all susceptible, a fog, with its horrible burden of soot and impurities, is intensely irritating and often causes trying cough. The eyes, too, suffer painfully from the same cause, and there seems unfortunately very little practical remedy to offer so long as coal must be burnt. The general uses of smokeless anthracite would greatly mitigate our inconveniences and dangers, but that, perhaps, is more than we dare expect in this generation. Some benefit, too, may be hoped for as oil becomes more widely employed for cooking or driving machinery, and so far as contaminating the air is concerned the substitution of the electric light for gas is an immense gain.

London has, of course, had its "great fogs," even as it has had its "great fires." There was the memorable Cattle Show in the sixties, when a number of the poor fat beasts were simply suffocated, and there is also that historic occasion on which Mr. Toole succeeded in reaching his theatre and found that only one solitary sight-seer had done the same, the two at once sympathetically fraternizing in misfortune. One of the most curious effects of a fog is the way in which it will cause people to mistake even the most familiar roads and routes. Sometimes it is wholly unaccountable how the error has been made, as one may have imagined himself going perfectly straight through a square to find that he had crossed it and got to

EXACTLY THE OTHER SIDE.

Without an exceedingly good "bump of locality," and the faculty of remembering even in the gloom and darkness a number of small but frequent landmarks, the way is almost certain to be lost, even though traversed daily, and the rare possessor of this useful attribute is sometimes astonished on a foggy night to observe the utterly stranded and belated appearance of whole groups of people in the localities with which, under ordinary circumstances they would be quite at home. Probably those unfortunate persons who fall into the river or the docks on foggy weather know the tracks they might safely follow, but are diverted from them by the strange gloom, in which everything assumes mysterious indefiniteness and unlikeness to its usual appearance.

To be put down suddenly by a cabman unable to drive further, is, perhaps, one of the most completely baffling experiences of a fog. A doctor who thus found himself in a square in which several patients lived and where he visited almost daily, described himself as being as completely lost as if set down in a totally unknown region. But it is to be feared that a certain amount of fog is inevitable, though more public spirit and consideration for one another in the matter of burning less smoky fuel, might remove some of its worst features, for, given the not rare combination of cloud, calm, and a cold stratum of air, and there are the factors of a fog.