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Egerton of Scotland Yard

At the time I had just sold my interest in a well-known shipping concern, and was making arrangements for a journey to South Africa, where I intended to start again in business. It was the loss of my wife that had decided me to take this step, for I could not endure life in surroundings which her dear presence had hitherto graced. I sold the house, a pretty detached villa at Barnes, and dispensed with the services of my man-servant and several maids.

One night, about a week previous to the day I had intended to sail, my house was broken into by a burglar. He must have done his work very quietly, for neither my housekeeper nor myself was disturbed; and I was relieved to find next morning that although there was a sum of $80,000 in the house, in my bedroom, in fact he had only lifted a paltry $250 which he had found in my coat-pocket.

Nothing else was taken, but there was evidence of a search made in drawers and cupboards. This large sum of money was in some drawers by my bedside.

These drawers had false bottoms, secreting a very shallow under-compartment in which were placed two shallow tin boxes, rectangular in shape, and painted black—$50,000 being in one and $30,000 in the other. About eight o'clock that morning a tall, sandy-complexioned man of gentlemanly appearance called to see me with an air of importance.

"Sir, I have been informed that your house has been burgled during the night," he began.

"That is quite true," said I, somewhat taken aback at his knowledge of what I had so far kept a still tongue upon.

"And the man was caught red-handed by the constable on point duty. The officer had a big struggle with the ruffian and was shot through the leg and rendered helpless in the attempt to arrest him. The thief got away, but left behind him this pocket-book, which contains nothing of any moment except your card."

He produced a pocket-book, which I assured him was my own and was minus $250 in notes.

"Ah! I fancied something of the sort," he said, musingly, fingering the pocket-book interestedly.

"Now, something must be done at once," he added, abruptly, and looked at me keenly. "I am Egerton of Scotland Yard. The constable has been conveyed to Woolton Hospital in a bad state and I have been sent here. What do you know of this business"

I told him how I found a pane of glass removed from the window of the drawing-room, indicating the mode of entrance; how I found things slightly disturbed in this room and that, but nothing missing except the pocket-book which had been in my coat in my own bedroom.

"Have you much money in the place?"

"About eighty thousand dollars in some drawers in my bedroom."

"Untouched? Just so! Did anyone besides yourself know the whereabouts of this money?"

"I fancy my man-servant did, whose services I have lately dispensed with."

"Ah! Could you show me the drawers? Are they disturbed? Is there anything which points to the man having previous knowledge of this money?"

I showed him the drawers, which contained clothing in the upper and much more capacious compartments, and, pulling out these, showed him the lower shallow compartments containing the two black tin boxes containing the notes.

"The clothing has been disturbed, you say," said he, "and an attempt made to force the oaken false bottom. These are the boxes I presume?" and he fingered the boxes rather lovingly, I thought. "Now give me a description of this man Williams. He has gone to Ripley, you say?" he said again, abruptly. It seemed a way of his to lapse into a thoughtful concentration of mind in order to break it suddenly with a jerk, as though realizing that "something must be done," to use his own words.

"I will go down there first," he added; "and in the meantime keep indoors, and I need not tell you to say nothing. I will send you word later, or come myself, if nothing is discovered. Yes, thank you, I will take a taste of brandy with you."

I placed the boxes back into their places and, carefully restoring the wearing apparel in the upper compartment, closed the drawers and went down stairs to partake of my morning meal. About an hour later there came a smart knock at the front door, and my housekeeper opened to admit a dark, powerful-looking man, with a constable in uniform by his side.

"I have called to ask the reason of the visit here of that sandy-complexioned gentleman who left this house about an hour ago," began the constable. "I don't know whether you are aware of the fact, but you have been harboring one of the biggest rogues in London."

"That is untrue," I answered. "He is one of your own detectives of Scotland Yard. Detective Egerton came to investigate the manner of a burglary that has been committed at this house in the night."

"Detective Fiddlesticks!" said the dark man, who was Detective-Inspector Hanson, I learned from the Constable; "what a lot of noodles we have in London, to be sure. He told you that he was one of our men and you quite believed him, I suppose? Dear me! Did you show him over the house and supply him with particulars?"

"Yes, but I will explain," said I; and I told them of the burglary and of the manner of Detective Egerton. At the end of my explanation Inspector Hanson, who had paced up and down the room during the telling of it as though hardly able to control his temper, turned to me and said:—

"Mr. Smithson, you must pardon my rudeness to you, but we have here to deal with the cutest, most slippery man I ever came across in my career. This is the fourth time he has foiled us in jobs of this description. I can readily understand, however, how you have been hoaxed. Now, I will tell you something that, perhaps, will unnerve you a little, so take a mouthful of that brandy before I begin."

He lit a cigar and paced the room again.

"This fellow," he began again, "is in league with the man who broke in here last night. Knowing that you possessed more money than the paltry two hundred and fifty dollars which they have already possessed themselves of, they devised this scheme to abstract the much larger sum.

"Now, mark my words. He has extracted the money from one or other of those boxes which you allowed him so innocently to handle in his precious light fingers."

"I very much doubt that," I said, though beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"We can soon find out," said he.

"Why, I only allowed the fellow to examine the unopened boxes in my presence," I protested, as we all three went upstairs to the bedroom. I again drew out the drawer and, sliding out the false bottom, disclosed the two boxes in their hiding place. I picked up one as Hanson casually lifted the other, and, taking a key from my pocket to unlock them, was proceeding to open the one in my hands when he exclaimed:—

"Here, you see, sir, just as I conjectured; this one is not locked at all. You notice the lid is merely held down with a catch. A little pressure applied so—and up goes the lid—and there you are—empty!"

"Good heavens!" I shouted; "fifty thousand dollars gone."

With trembling fingers I opened the other box, and was a little relieved to find that it still contained its precious bundle. I sank into a chair, the sweat running in streams from my brow, and he handed to me the empty gaping box. Examining it, I soon discovered that it was not the original box which contained the money, but one similar to it in every respect.

"He substituted that while you allowed him to examine them, that is plain," said the constable.

"But how came he to have such a box in his possession?" I queried.

"That proves that he had previous knowledge of the box, gained, I expect, from that fellow Williams, who is in the business. There have been two attempts to procure the money. The first one to make the attempt—the burglar as you call him—failed through ignorance of the construction of your drawers. Then came the second with a more impudent scheme and accomplished the theft. Williams knows about this matter, I feel confident, and like your bogus detective, I must try to track him. It is a sorry business and no time must be lost.

"Now, Pilling," he added, addressing himself to the constable, "you stay here with Mr. Smithson and I will post off to Ripley, where Williams's people live. It is possible the ginger-headed fraud will return to try his hand on the remainder of the money. Oh! he has face enough for that. I know him. If he does, for Heaven's sake don't let him slip us again. I will call and inform our people on the way."

Detective-Inspector Hanson then disappeared, leaving the constable to console me on my loss. He was an ordinary red-faced policeman, who sat and blinked as though he only half realized what a terrible loss I had sustained. I hadn't the patience to talk to him, and busied myself securing the remainder of my wealth in the bosom of my coat, feeling that I would trust it from my person no longer.

Half an hour after the detective had left the constable standing by the front window gave a short whistle to attract my attention, and, pointing outside, showed me my very sandy-complexioned visitor of the early morning. He had been coming up the drive under the lime-trees when, suddenly wheeling half round, as he caught sight of my companion in his tell-tale uniform, he started back at a trot. The constable rushed downstairs with me at his heels, but when we reached the door he motioned me to remain.

"I can catch him," he said; "you stay and secure what you have. I will raise the street. He is sure to be caught."

This sounded reasonable so I let him go alone, and watched him disappear down the street in hot pursuit of the thief. It was with a great sense of relief that I walked indoors and lit my pipe, feeling that my money was practically recovered. The constable would be sure to run his man down, on whom the bulk of the money doubtless would be found. Hanson had gone to inform the police all over the country and to run down that scamp Williams, so that there was nothing for me to do until I heard from one of them. If I stayed indoors they would find me more readily than if I ventured abroad; and, again, this would be the better plan for my own safety, for I felt that there must have been a regular network of villany woven around my house. I looked to my revolvers and placed one carefully loaded in my tail-pocket. The day wore on and I heard no more. Towards evening ominous doubts began to cloud my mind, and I determined to visit the nearest police station and ask questions. There was no satisfaction to be got there; they knew nothing of any burglary; they knew no Detective-Inspector Hanson; and there was no constable in that district answering to the description or name of Pilling. They wired to the authorities, who disclaimed all knowledge of the incident or the men. I gasped. The inspector went home with me, and I for the third time told the tale, which had grown with every time of telling. He seemed puzzled for some time as he weighed the matter over in his mind, asking me to repeat parts of the story.

"Well!" he said, at last, "I must go and see about this. I will be back before midnight."

The intervening period was one of mental agony for me; everything seemed so illusive and contradictory. About midnight the inspector and I were together again.

"Well!" he began, "I have to tell you that I am the first bona fide detective you have yet had on this job. You have been made the victim of a cruel swindle. You have been deceived by one and the same band of intriguers."

"Surely, man! you don't mean to say that the constable and Detective Hanson are imposters?" I exclaimed.

"I do. They are unknown to us."

"But if the red-headed fellow took the money—the fifty thousand I mean—what need was there for the other two turning up and acting as they did?"

"Well, if you want my opinion, I don't believe the man Egerton took the money at all. He merely did this bit of acting to discover whether you had money and where you kept it. He took the opportunity of examining your boxes, and then went, and securing one like it, sent Hanson on his errand. Oh, yes, the whole thing has been elaborately thought out. I don't see that Williams need have had anything to do with it; they might easily have learned from many people that you had sold your house and were making preparations for going abroad, and consequently had money about."

"Then Hanson himself must have substituted the spurious box for the one he had in his possession while I was fumbling with the other?" said I.

"Exactly, that is what I make of it."

"But why did Egerton return?"

"To give the constable an excuse for decamping after keeping you quiet while Hanson got away with the money. It gave a sort of reality to the business, you must admit, for you sat down calmly enough afterwards, and let them get twelve hours start of us. However, we will try to get even with them, clever as they are."

And they did, for they were all captured in due time, and I regained about half of my lost money. Needless to say, Williams had nothing whatever to do with the matter.—London Tit-Bits.

AT CHARLESTON, S.C.

South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition.

(Special by Martha Craig).

The Province of Ontario recently authorized Frank N. Speller, B.S.C., the Ontario representative on the Commissioners' Association of the Pan-American Exposition, to become a delegate of this association to visit Charleston on the invitation of the Charleston Exposition directorate. The party left by special car August 21st, and enjoyed the courtesies of the Southern Railway from Washington southward next day. At every point no effort was spared to show southern hospitality to their guests. At Columbia, where a three hour stop was made, the Mayor of the city and a committee of the Board of Trade took the visitors round the city, through the Olympia cotton factory and wholesale State dispensary, where all the liquor consumed in the State is put up.

Charleston, the object of this trip, is a city overflowing with hospitality and interesting associations. Here the old colonial styles of 150 years ago are preserved, notwithstanding the devastating effects of war, five floods and earthquake, and amidst these treasured relics of a prosperous past and the subsequent depression are to be seen unmistakable signs of the new industrial activity springing up in the south, indicating a rosy future for this fertile country in the near future.

The Fair grounds, situated on an old plantation fronting for half a mile on the Ashley river, are now a scene of activity and bustle such as is usually the case prior to the opening of a great Exposition. The grounds combined so many natural beauties, such as waterways, immense lines of oaks, old colonial mansions, etc., that it was the unanimous opinion of all landscape architects that they should be left in their natural state, simply adding the handsome group of buildings in ivory staff to complete the effect.

It is the object of this Exposition to bring the northern portion of America in contact with the West Indies, that mutual trade interests should be advanced. A vast amount of enterprise and $11,500,000 has already been expended towards this end and the demands for space have forced the authorities to still further extend their plans.

The south is taking a new start; they need many things that we can supply. Our corundum is rapidly taking the place of the failing supply from Georgia. Arsenic, the only manufacturers of which in America at this time are situated in Deloro, Ont., is required in many branches of the arts and they will undoubtedly require our nickel in the manufacture of nickel steel.

Undoubtedly a portion of the splendid collection of material in the Mines and Forestry Department of Ontario at the Pan-American, if removed to Charleston, would continue the good work of bringing our resources to the notice of the world at a proportionately low cost to the province, as the railroads are offering practically free transportation. Canadians will be glad to learn, on the authority of Edison's Electric Superintendent at the Pan-American that more specialists from Mr. Edison's laboratory are on their way to Sudbury, where Mr. Edison has rented a house and office and intends conducting experiments with Canadian nickel ores. Mr. Edison will have thirty of his experts engaged on this work in Sudbury and evidently intends to open up operations on a large scale.

Fifty-three per cent of the men of the British navy are under 25, only 2 per cent over 45.

About the ....House

A CULINARY NOVELTY.

Norway is a fish country par excellence. A slender strip of rugged, mountainous land bordered by a vast ocean, fish naturally play a prominent part in Scandinavian domestic and political economy, and it is to be expected that the Scandinavian cook will excel in fish dishes. One of the most popular Norwegian dishes is called fish pudding. Fresh haddock is the first choice for the dish, but, failing that, the most perfect cod obtainable. Boil the fish until the skin and bones can be easily removed. This must be done lightly with the fingers, taking care neither to cut nor to crack the fish. Put it into a wooden bowl and beat it with a pestle, beating always the one way.

The beating should continue until a light paste is obtained, say half an hour, then for a medium sized pudding add gradually two well beaten eggs and half a pint of cream beaten in, drop by drop, with the pestle. This means another half hour of beating. By this time the cook should have a fluffy paste, which must be put in a pudding mould and steamed for an hour. It should cut exactly like snow pudding when done and is usually eaten with drawn butter sauce or melted butter and parsley with a dash of paprika

Recipe No. 2 is much simpler and makes a delicious sandwich for a light lunch or a late supper with a drop of something to drink. Get a pot of anchovy paste, imported kind, which comes in tiny white pots the size of an egg. Into half a teacupful of mayonnaise dressing—made with tarragon vinegar work two teaspoonfuls of the paste and three hard boiled eggs chopped fine. Spread this mixture on thin slices of rye bread. Norwegian sandwiches are usually made with but one slice of bread. An ordinary French dressing may be substituted for the mayonnaise if preferred.

Recipe No. 3 is a very good thing to try with a chafing dish. Heat a smoked finnan haddie either in the oven or by steaming until skin and bones can be easily removed. Break the fish lightly into small bits. Into a spider or chafing dish put half a pint of cream or rich milk, and when it is very hot add a heaping tablespoonful of butter in which has been rubbed a tablespoonful of flour. Stir constantly until the sauce has thickened and then add the fish and let it cook for two or three minutes longer. Of course a dash of paprika should be added for seasoning. The flour may be omitted and the yolk of an egg used to thicken if a richer sauce is desired. The possibilities of smoked haddock are too little appreciated in this country. For a quick breakfast or for camp or picnic this dish is invaluable, as ten minutes in a double boiler is all the cooking required and a bit of butter all the seasoning.

PUDDINGS.

Rice Pudding.—Cook half cup of rice in one cup of boiling water until the water is absorbed. Then turn it into the double boiler with three cups of boiling milk, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, and a little salt. Cook till tender, then stir in a cupful of figs which have been cut in small pieces and cook a few minutes more. When cool stir in a pint of sweetened and flavored whipped cream and pour into a mold. Serve cold.

Lemon Pudding.—Two cups boiling water, one cup sugar, juice and grated rind of one lemon. Add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch which has been wet with a little cold water and boil till clear. Cover with a meringue made with whites of three eggs. For the sauce, make a custard of one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, pinch of salt and yolks of three eggs.

Lemon Tapioca.—Two tablespoonfuls tapioca soaked over night in half cup cold water. In the morning add half cup cold water and the yellow rind of a lemon. Boil till clear. Take out the rind, add the juice of the lemon, one teaspoonful lemon extract, half cup sugar, half cup of boiling water, a little salt, and boil up. Serve cold with sugar and cream

Graham Pudding.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, one cup molasses, one cup sweet milk, two eggs, three cup raisins, one cup currants, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Steam two hours.

Cornstarch Pudding.—Into the the double boiler put one pint of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt. When boiling add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and stir in; let it cook a few minutes, and pour into a mold. Set on ice. Sauce:—One pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls sugar, yolks of three eggs thinned by beating with one tablespoonful of milk. Cook until it thickens, stirring frequently. Flavor the white part with vanilla and the custard with lemon and pour custard around the pudding, all in a deep dish.

KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN.

Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. An exchange tells of a distinguished physician, who, having spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases, but when the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it a great relief in cases of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterwards, and drafts of air should be avoided for a little while.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.

While impending frosts threaten to blacken at a touch all the lavish beauty of the gay autumn borders, the question of indoor gardening presses most urgently. It is often a question of rescue. What must we give up? What shall we save?

The first consideration is suitability and a careful estimate of the actual opportunity. What facilities are there? What room for display, for contrast of effect, for light, for watering—how much time and interest at command for daily care? One fine palm in perfect condition will give greater pleasure than a dozen rows of dusty, dwindling, insignificant and unthrifty plants. Windows darkened whose light is needed for the human inmates, and stands that obstruct the constant necessary movement of the household defeat their own end. The too much and the too little are both to be scrupulously avoided. The place to be filled and the care required being settled, there is still large room for choice. Indoor gardening at its simplest is often just living with a few plants without any serious intention of forcing them in any way. The geraniums will probably never lose their good reputation as companions of this sort.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

He was a small boy and wore a meditative look as he rang the bell of a suburban residence. But he was brisk in his inquiries when the door was opened by the lady of the house.

Does Mr. Jenkins live here?

Yes.

The Mr. Jenkins that went out this morning on the motor-car?

The same. What did you——

Is he the Mr. Jenkins that was in that awful street accident?

I have not heard of his having been in any street accident.

He isn't back yet, is he, ma'am?

No, not yet. But what——

His full name is Mr. Jeremiah Jenkins, isn't it?

Yes, that's his name.

Then he's the same man. He won't be here for an hour or two, 'cause he's gone to a chemist for some sticking-plaster and to have one or two little cuts seen to.

Now, my boy, tell me what has happened. I can bear it now.

Well, ma'am; he's in the hospital with a broken leg, but he'll be out in about a month; and the doctor asked me to let you know, so's you could come and see him.

HOW TO GROW SHORT.

If you climb a mountain your height decreases by three-quarters of an inch, and it may even diminish, exceptionally, by a full inch. This is a fact known to all experienced mountain and Alpine climbers; on reaching the summit of the heights that form the pleasure ascents of holiday makers in the Alpine districts, the stature of the climber is found to have become less to the extent already mentioned. Doctors think that the attitude assumed of necessity in ascending is the cause of this diminution; some persons believe that the pressure of the atmosphere produces this shrinking. In favor of the medical theory there is the other unquestionable fact that the decrease of stature is greater in those who carry a heavy pack during the climb. When the Alpinist has descended to the ordinary level, his height begins to increase, but the normal length of the body is not attained until several hours after reaching the regular surface of the earth.

A FOOT OF NINE INCHES.

The celebrated artist, Albrecht Durer, gave it as being in strict accordance with the law of proportions that a woman's foot should be about one-seventh the length of her body, or, to be exact, as fourteen to one hundred. Our lady readers may find some amusement in measuring their pedal extremities and comparing the length with their total height as stated by Durer. Taking the average height of a woman to be sixty-three inches, her foot should measure nine inches from heel to toe. In connection with the size of the feminine foot, observation will show that domestic servants, and wives who do their own housework, have smaller feet than their sisters who are not called upon to perform similar duties. Among the upper classes, and also more generally among the girls of the rising generation, the feet are larger.

The Provost of a small burgh near Glasgow was continually falling into very funny blunders. At a meeting he rose to say a few words, and said them to some purpose when he asked a vote of thanks to be given to the chairman for his "officiousness in the chair." But, poor man, he made his best speech when he told the minister and people at a soiree in honor of the new kirk built on the road into Glasgow that it was a "grand reproach to the town."

It is not possible to say how many people are employed in making pins, but they must be a very considerable body, for about a quarter of a million gross of common, pins are used up every few days in Great Britain alone. But for the invention of a man named Slocum, who conceived a machine for making solid-headed pins at great rapidity and founded an enormous industry, the thousands of people now employed in this manner would probably be without occupation.

Mrs. Youngwife—How do you manage to have such delicious beef? Mrs Oldwife—I select a good honest butcher, and then stand by him. Mrs. Youngwife—You mean that you give him all your trade? Mrs. Oldwife—No; I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat.

ODD CURES FOR WRECKS.

PLANS ADOPTED TO KEEP SHIPS OFF THE ROCKS.

A Blaze of Turf on Dark Nights—Sable Island will be Planted With Grass.

Seven fishing boats were ground to pieces in a single night in the winter of 1897 on the granite reefs of Killara Harbour, on the west coast of Ireland. Every soul on board was lost, and all this waste of life and property was due to the fact that there was no lighthouse to mark the entrance to the narrow inlet.

A small appropriation has since been made, but not enough to build a regular light house, and keep a paid staff. The fishermen have ingeniously overcome the difficulty. An old martello tower stands on the headland, and on top of this a great brazier has been constructed. This is piled high with well-dried turf, and a man is detailed to keep up a good blaze on dark nights.

People who live inland hardly realize how much time and money are spent in making the world's coasts safe for the ever-increasing sea traffic. One of the worst danger spots for vessels is that long, crescent-shaped island in the Atlantic, known as Sable Island, and often called the Graveyard of the Atlantic. It lies right in the way of traffic between New York and England, and an average of 70 ships a year, come to grief on its sand-bars. There is a lighthouse, but that is not sufficient to guard nearly forty miles of sand. There were three originally, but the sea has undermined two. The worst of it is that the dull-brown sand of the island lies so low, and is so inconspicuous, as to be quite invisible until it is

TOO LATE TO CLEAR OFF.

The commissioners have now determined on the bold experiment of planting the whole island with grass, the green color of which will show out boldly, and prove a danger signal.

Yachtsmen who cruise among the ten-knot tides of the West Coast of Scotland would never find their way into Dunollan harbour but for the White Crosses of Dunollan. The actual entrance to the snug little cove is not fifty yards across, and so hidden by projections of the tall black cliffs that it is quite invisible above a quarter of a mile. Venturing as close as that where currents run so swiftly would be madness in anything but a steam-vessel, so the people of Dunollan have marked each side of the passage with enormous crosses, painted in white on the dark rock.

There are not many private lighthouses in the British Isles; but Mr. Claude Sackett, an enthusiastic yachtsman, is the proud possessor of an ingenious device for warning his own boat, and those of his friends, off the rocks near his house in County Wicklow. It is a buoy, of the kind known as a gas-buoy. On the top of it is a reservoir, holding sufficient gas for a month's consumption. On the summit is a clockwork apparatus controlling the lamp, which it lights automascally at a set hour in the evening, and puts out next morning. But the weirdest feature of this floating light-house is the lamp. Its rays gleam through the eyeholes of a

HUGE AND REALISTIC SKULL.

Its warning is well needed, for a reef of dangerous rocks runs almost half a mile out from Kelp Point.

The time may come when phonograph buoys will yell full directions to passing mariners. The nearest approach to such a thing which has appeared upon the English coast was the "moaning buoy," moored off the Goodwins a year or two ago.

This invention was responsible for scaring the crew of a Dutch fishing-vessel which was poaching in British waters nearly out of their lives. The buoy contains a tube, through which the waves rise and fall, compressing the air, and so working a deep-toned whistle.

The Dutch boat, caught in a fog, was forced to anchor in a calm. A little ground swell came on, and the buoy began its mournful sound. The superstitious foreigners who heard it immediately concluded that it was produced by the ghost of some unfortunate who had lost his life on these deadly sands, and that it was a warning to themselves that their turn was coming soon. In their frantic hurry to depart, they actually got into their dinghy, and towed their vessel until the mournful sound died away in the distance.

DECREASE IN BIRTH RATE.

A French statistician says that, in spite of the increase of population in various countries, the rate of increase is steadily diminishing. Austria is really little better than France in this respect, while Germany, which shows the largest increase of European nations, has a declining birth-rate. The United States, with its increase of 14,000,000 in the last decade, has the largest growth of birth-rate, but would surely show signs of retrogression but for the steady volume of immigration.

THE WORLD'S LANGUAGES.

The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Balbi enumerated 860 which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and 5,000 which may be regarded as dialects. Another modern writer on this subject reckons up 3,064 languages and dialects existing, and which have existed.

Not many years have elapsed since Henry Grant hit upon the idea of producing what is now known as galvanized iron; but something between two and three hundred thousand workmen are now employed in making the production for all parts of the world, and the trade is valued at $25,000,000 a year to Great Britain alone.