

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.

The Germans are vestibuling their passenger trains.

Lack of money is the chief cause of suicide in France.

There are 35 landowners in France to one in England.

Some of the dentists in Vienna stop teeth with glass.

Russia has five female astronomers who have submitted papers to the Academy of Science.

One of the finest villas in full view of the sea at Havre has been purchased by President Faure.

Manchester, England, has voted through its Town Council, a million dollars for a technical school.

Capt. Patrick de McMahon, the son of the marshal, is one of the volunteers for the Madagascar expedition.

It is proposed to erect a monument to Tecumseh at London, as a tribute to "one of the noblest allies of Britain."

When the Queen was at Nice, she interested the people greatly by sometimes driving her handsome donkey with her own hands.

The entente between England and Russia has led to elaborate preparations for an interchange of naval demonstrations in the fall.

Queen Victoria wants the picture of her grandson, the German Emperor, and has commissioned Mr. A. A. Cope to go to Berlin to paint it.

There is a spring in Pecos River, in San Miguel county, New Mexico, which throws out a stream fifteen feet wide and three feet deep.

In the British Isles during the present century seven instances have been recorded, in which the bride has married the best man by mistake.

Prof. Schaerle has seen a suspicious, looking object hovering around Neptune which, he thinks from his measurement, may prove a second satellite.

Kier Hardie, the labour reformer, believes that the days of trade unions are past and that an industrial commonwealth will shortly be evolved.

By an Italian law, any circus which does not perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is liable to a fine of \$500 for each offence.

The area of the British colonies is 8,000,000 square miles, that of the French 3,000,000, of the Dutch 600,000, of the Portuguese 2,000,000, of the Spanish 170,000, of the German 99,000 and of the Danish 74,000.

The House of Lords at present is made up of five princes of the blood royal, twenty-six archbishops and bishops, 482 peers of England, Great Britain and the United Kingdom, sixteen representative Scottish and twenty-eight representative Irish peers, in all 557 members.

Rev. Mr. Fairbanks, an American missionary in India, attributes a large part of his success to the use of a bicycle. Not only is he enabled to cover a most extensive territory with it, but the natural curiosity of the natives brings large crowds to see "a horse that needs neither grass nor grain."

Andreas Hafzas, the last veteran of the Greek war of liberty of 1821, died in Athens lately at the age of 161. One of his streets in Athens is named after him, and his funeral was a public one. He had often expressed the wish to live till 1901, in order to be able to say he had seen three centuries.

There died in Milan, Italy, the other day a woman with a remarkable history. She was Signora Caterina Passandotti, who took part in the revolutions in 1831, 1848, 1852, and 1864. Her house in Friaul in 1864 was the resting place of all revolutionists. She had great influence over Mazzini, and was called "The Spartan" by Garibaldi.

A curious custom obtains in some portions of Spain in regard to betrothals. A young man who looks with favour upon a handsome senorita and wishes to gain her hand, calls on the parents for three successive days at the same hour of the day. At the last call he leaves his walking stick, and if he is to win the desired bride the cane is handed to him when he calls again.

Mazepa's palace at Vaturno in the government of Kieff, once the official residence of the Hetman of the Ukraine Cossacks, and famous throughout Russia for its beauty and its picturesque park, has fallen into decay. The estate is now out down to thirty acres, and the neglect of the Jew into whose hands it came some years ago has made a ruin of the palace and a wilderness of the gardens.

An old lady of 112 named Rostowska presented herself recently at the prefecture at Lille to draw her pension. She served as a constant woman in Napoleon's campaign in Russia, was under fire in twelve other campaigns, was three times wounded, and wears the silver cross for valour in the field. She acted as surgeon in a Polish regiment in 1831. She brought up fifteen children, her last surviving son dying some years ago at 80.

Every year the bravest deed done in saving life in the British dominions is marked by the award of the Stanhope gold medal by the Royal Humane Society. It was given this year to William Mugford, of Boreway, who was caught in a sewer where he was at work with three companions when the sewer was flooded by a sudden thunderstorm, and saved two of the men by holding them up by main strength for seven hours until relief came.

Mr. Gladstone has been telling about his present manner of life. He gets up at 6 o'clock in the morning, having had about seven hours of sound sleep. He takes his bath, shaves, goes into the garden, or (in rainy weather) sits down to breakfast, and at 7 sits down to church (every day), and on his return settles down to work on his correspondence. After luncheon he takes a walk or drive, if the weather permits.

He sits down to dinner at 8, and 10.30 finds him in his bedroom.

Of the 11,621,531 square miles that Africa comprises, England now holds 2,194,880, according to the latest figures compiled by Mr. Ravenstein of the Geographical Society. France has 3,326,700 square miles, including Algeria, Tunisia, and a large part of the Sahara; Germany 884,810, the greater part acquired since 1884; Portugal, which at one time had almost a monopoly of Africa, now owns only 826,730 square miles; Spain holds 153,834, chiefly on the Sahara coast, and Italy 548,880. The Congo Free State contains 905,090 square miles, and the Boer Republic 177,750. Europe, that is, has already seized upon more than three-fourths of the continent.

THREE FATALISTS.

"If I Am Going to be Shot, I Shall be Shot." Soldiers are often heard to say, "If I am going to be shot, I shall be shot." Mr. R. G. Wilberforce, who was an ensign of the Fifty-second during the Indian Mutiny, says he never met but three men who carried into practice the adage. One of these men was a friend, who, on Wilberforce's arrival in front of Delhi, proposed a ride to show him the pickets, assuring him that the journey was safe. As they rode along Wilberforce suddenly heard the ping of a bullet, quickly followed by a second and a third.

"Hullo, what does this mean?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it is only the rifle-pits; we are just on their line of fire," answered the friend.

Instantly, Wilberforce whipped up his steed and galloped into a safe place. Turning round, he saw that his friend had dismounted, and was picking up the whip that Wilberforce had dropped. Having done that, he slowly remounted and walked his horse into the place where Wilberforce was awaiting him.

On another occasion a live shell came inside a siege battery, and began burying itself in the ground. Everybody went down except this fatalist.

"Lie down, you fool!" they called out. Removing the cigar from his mouth, he said, "I am not going to put myself out for —" The sentence was interrupted, by the explosion of the shell. A fragment cut off a piece of the standing man's trousers. He pointed to the torn portion as an illustration of the truth of the adage.

The other man who lived up to this fatalist doctrine was seen by Wilberforce standing still to light a cigar in the middle of a street down which a heavy fire was pouring. Wilberforce, who was under shelter, called to him to come under cover. He looked up and said:

"How often have I told you that if I am to be shot I shall be shot, whether I am where I am or under cover?" Then, taking out another match, he finished the lighting process which his friend had interrupted. The third instance occurred at the Delhi bank on the day of the assault. Seated on the steps of the bank between two men was Wilberforce's most intimate friend. The houses opposite were thickly lined with Sepoy rebels, who kept up a harassing fire, to which the three men were directly exposed.

Wilberforce called to them to join him under the shelter of a wall. The friend answered, "If I am to be shot, I shall be, no matter where I am." Scarcely had he spoken when his companions were killed. He himself was not touched, though seven bullets struck one companion, and two the other. He called attention to the fact as a proof of the truth of his theory.

Accommodating.



"Say, mister, won't you help a poor feller out?"



"Why, certainly."

A Lead Pencil Tomb.

One of the curiosities of the Haver (Germany) Cemetery is a tombstone made in the shape of a gigantic lead pencil. It is of "half rounds" of red Italian granite, fitted around a core of graphite over eight inches in diameter. The monument lies lengthwise of the grave, resting on pedestals at the head and foot. It was erected in honor of Von Gaberecht, the pencil maker, and is said to have cost 8,000 marks.

MRS. GALLUP'S WOES.

During the evening, as Mr. Gallup sat reading his weekly paper and softly digging at the chiblain spots in his heels, Mrs. Gallup sewed and rocked and hummed the air of several gospel songs. Now and then she broke off to speak to Mr. Gallup about dried apples or soft-soap or getting the nose of the tea-kettle mended, but she hadn't an ache or pain or complaint. As the clock struck 9 Mr. Gallup laid his paper aside, gave one last dig at his left heel through his sock, and then drove the cat out doors, wound up the clock and was ready for bed. While he was doing this Mrs. Gallup looked at the bread which had been set to rise and filled the tea-kettle in preparation for breakfast. When they finally went to bed there was not a shadow on their peace of mind. For two hours Mr. Gallup had slept and snored, and pushed his feet out of bed and pulled them in again, when he dreamed that a thunderbolt struck him as he was on his way to the barn to milk the cow. He was getting up out of the cucumber vines when he awoke sufficiently to make out that Mrs. Gallup was sitting up in bed and shaking him by the shoulder. As he uttered a long-drawn grunt, she exclaimed:

"Samuel Gallup, git out o' bed and run fur Mrs. Jackson and tell her I'm a dyin' woman!"

"W-wha-what!" he stammered as he felt around in the darkness.

"I'm a dyin' woman, Samuel—a dyin' woman, and if you want to say anythin' to me afore I sail away you must git up'n light the lamp!"

Mr. Gallup didn't get up. On the contrary, he fell back on his pillow and began to snore like a tramp on a haymow.

"Yes, Samuel, I've got to go!" said Mrs. Gallup as she wondered whether she had better wipe her eyes on the bed quilt or the sheet, and finally selected the sheet as offering superior advantages. "I was lyin' here, sleepin' as sweetly as a child, when all of once sunthin' woke me up. I thought it was robbers, or the house might be afire, but while I sat shakin' and shiverin' I heard a sound like somebody droppin' a dish-cloth on the floor, and then Mr. Irwin's horse neighed three times runnin'. Yes, he neighed three times, and he's a white horse at that! Samuel, I'm a dead woman!"

Mr. Gallup might have been surprised at the statement had he been awake, but as he was sound asleep and dreaming of being chased around a meadow by a vicious bull her words were lost in the darkness and the snuffle.

"You may say I was mistaken," said Mrs. Gallup, with a rush of tears, "but I know better. I know as many as five wimmin who woke up at night and heard their sounds and was dead afore daylight. It's a summons, Samuel—a summons from 'other world that my duty here is o'er and I'm called to my reward. I'd a little rather expire in the daytime, with mother and the naysurs soakin' my feet and speakin' farewell words, but I'm not goin' to complain about it. I was a Fuller when I married you, and the Fullers never complain. Some of 'em hev bin kicked to death by hosses—some squashed to death under sawlogs—some died in their spotless beds but none ever complained. Samuel, hain't you got no word for your dyin' wife?"

Mr. Gallup might have had under other circumstances, but as things were he continued to dodge that bull in his sleep and snore as if his escape depended on his nose. Realizing the situation of affairs, Mrs. Gallup dropped back on the pillow, wept for a couple of minutes, and then said:

"Never mind, Samuel—I kin perish alone and in the darkness as well as any other way. This is a purty small room fur me to spread my wings in when I get ready to flutter away, but I'll make it do, somehow. Mother and the naysurs will be askin' to-morrow, and you kin tell 'em that I died resigned. There hain't a more resigned person in the hull town than I be at this mornin'. If the Lord wants me to go to heaven and play on a harp and sing and fly about I'm perfectly willin', though somebody'll hev to give me lessons on the harp and my singin' will scare folks till they git used to it. Samuel, I've 'spose they're over-pertickler about sich things up there? They'll take it into account, won't they, that I never even saw a golden harp, and that I can't sing because you couldn't afford to let me get false teeth?"

She had no idea Mr. Gallup would answer her, but it eased her mind to ask the question, and she felt a good deal better as she fopped the pillow over and continued: "You kin hev all the bed to yourself when I'm gone, Samuel, and then you'll enjoy kickin' around and kickin' your feet out of bed and lyin' on your back. You won't miss me fur long. Fur about two days you'll feel as if the hog had got out of the pen and run off, and then your spirits will begin to return and you'll sort o' miss me at meal-time, but not for long. It won't be a month afore you'll be runnin' out nights and cuttin' up, and then will follow a second wife. Will you go on a bridle-tower—but if you want to take the cars and go a hundred miles with your second wife, I shan't complain. Shall you dye your hair and eyebrows and pass yourself off for a man of 40, or only git some new clothes and kick up your heels?"

"That would have been a golden opportunity fur Mr. Gallup to say somethin' in reply, but in his dreams the bull had him up a tree and it was all he could do to hang on, without sayin' anything.

"When Mrs. Wilbur died," said Mrs. Gallup, after wiping away a half-grown tear which came straggling along after the rest, "she told Mr. Wilbur she'd haunt him if he ever married again. I was right there and heard her. He promised he wouldn't but in eight months he married the widdler Jenners. Folks say they haven't slept a night through sense the very first. Mrs. Wilbur's spirit won't let 'em. I hev said that I'd serve you the same way, but I guess I won't. No, Samuel, I won't haunt ye. You kin go right ahead and take a second wife, and if anybody rattles the pans in the buttery at

midnight it won't be me. I shall be flyin' around in that land without a sorer, and it would be mean to come spookin' around and raise a fuss. Shall you cry at the funeral, Samuel? If I was you, I would. I wouldn't take on too much, but jest squeeze out a few tears and let 'em run down so as folks kin see 'em. That'll be 'nuff to let 'em know ye miss me, an' not 'nuff for 'em to say you'll be married ag'in in three months. Your Sunday coat has a rip under the arm and I was goin' to fix it to-morrow. You'll hev to wear it jest as 'tis. When anyone is called to go they can't stop fur rips. If you wash your feet on the day of the funeral, don't forget to rub some camphor on your heels afore putting on your socks. Lemme see? Is there anythin' else? Yes, about the cellar. There's two bad squashes, a lot of turnips and most a barrel of 'taters you'll hev to bring up and feed the hog, and that jar of soap-grease you kin give to Mr. Gregory with my dyin' farewell. She allus admired my soap-grease and I allus said I'd leave her some when I died. That's all, Samuel. I can't think of nuthin' more to say and so I'll die and hev it off my mind."

She turned over and slept, and Mr. Gallup slept, and though there came other sounds as of falling dish-cloths, and the white horse neighed again, and the dishpan fell off the kitchen shelf, the sleepers slept on and all was well.

ONE GOT WORK, THE OTHER A WIFE.

Two Tales of Remarkable Honesty in Paris and the Rewards that Were Conferred.

According to a Paris paper Louis Lasarre, a workman without work, was walking along the Pont Neuf when he saw a soiled, dirt-begrimed envelope lying in the gutter. He picked it up and almost fainted when he broke the seal, for the envelope contained bank notes to the value of 1,250 francs. Lasarre had eaten nothing since the night before, when he had spent his last centime for a bowl of soup. He had slept in one of the night refuges which Parisian charity provides for those unfortunates too poor to buy the meanest of lodgings.

Before he had time to thoroughly realize, perhaps, that in his hand lay a small fortune, enough to support him comfortably for a year—he started on a run for the nearest police official, to whom he surrendered the money.

Such honesty is as rare in Paris as it would be in London, and the astonished official overwhelmed Lasarre with praises, and ended by asking for his address, so that he might send to him the reward which the owner of the notes would doubtless give when he should reclaim them.

"Alas, Monsieur," Lasarre answered sadly, "I have no address to give you. I have no money and no home. This evening I am going to try to gain admission at the Hospitale de la Nuit."

"Very well," replied the yet more astonished official, "if the owner comes to claim his money, I will send for you there. Hold! You look starved. Here's a franc. Get yourself something to eat." He held out the coin, and as Lasarre seemed to hesitate about accepting it, said, "I'll lend you this, and you can repay me when you get your reward."

Late that evening the owner of the bank notes went to the lodging house in search of the finder, to whom he gave 250 francs as a reward. Not only this, for generosity as well as honesty is rare in such cases. He happened to be a large furniture manufacturer, and as Lasarre's trade was cabinet making, he gave him lucrative and steady employment next day.

Another Parisian tale of treasure trove has a different ending. The real names of the characters in the little drama, which is one of the most noticeable peculiarities of the Paris press, are concealed in the newspaper account under the masks of Monsieur Georges N. and Mile. Angele X.

As Georges N. was passing along the Rue Montmartre about dusk one evening he saw a purse lying on the sidewalk, which he found contained 500 francs in gold. Georges N., though not rich, had a clerkship at a thousand francs a year, and was therefore in easy circumstances, from a Parisian point of view. When one picks up a purse, "finding is keepings," is the rule generally adhered to, so Georges N. deserves much credit for taking it to a Commissaire's.

There a young and pretty girl was tearfully relating how she had lost her purse containing 500 francs in gold—all her savings. Georges N. asked her to describe her purse and, as the description fitted the one he had found, he immediately restored it to her with a flowery, complimentary speech.

Smiles chased the tears from her face, and the young couple straightway became oblivious to the presence of the Commissaire, she, in lauding Georges' honesty to the skies, and he in modestly depreciating his virtues. They left arm in arm, and a few days later the banns for the marriage of this young couple were announced.

Wonders of Animal Training.



Elijah didn't depend upon a committee to build up the broken down altar.

HEALTH.

The Second Summer.

The second summer of a child's life is often referred to by the mother as being the most critical period of childhood. Just which summer this may be is not always clear, since in case of the child's birthday falling in July or August, it may be a question whether the summer of birth is, or is not, to be included in the calculation.

As a matter of fact, physicians do not recognize any such restricted period of special danger; but they are agreed that the period succeeding the time of weaning whenever that may occur, is of profound importance, and demands critical oversight. When this period falls in the summer, special care must be directed to the preparation and administration of the substituted food, which is, of course, usually some preparation of milk.

Unfortunately, no rule for the feeding of infants will apply in all cases, and the problem of successfully nourishing the child will often tax most severely the ingenuity of the physician himself.

Children lose their bodily heat very rapidly, and, as a consequence, they take cold readily. Hence some part of the body often suffers from "catarrh." In winter this is more often the bronchial tubes, while in summer, the intestinal tract is easily affected. In either case, the attack may be ushered in by convulsions, or "fits," which indicate the extremely nervous organization of childhood.

The dangers of teething, in themselves considered, are often exaggerated. It is true, however, that the nervous irritability produced by the cutting of teeth may predispose the child to various disorders, just as nervous worry predisposes adults to certain diseases.

Each season of life has its own special dangers. The most common cause of summer illness in young children is doubtless the indigestion of food which has been allowed to come in contact with some impure substance, or to stand till it is partially decomposed. But caution in this direction is to be exercised at all times of the year.

No unusual anxiety, then, should cloud the mind of the mother regarding special dangers to be encountered during the baby's second summer. Proper clothing, which should include at least one covering of woolen material, proper food at regular intervals, plenty of fresh air and means of exercise, and avoidance of extremes of all kinds—these are the essentials of a healthy childhood.

Medicines Most Frequently Abused.

Aperients perhaps head the list. Some of the patent medicines of this class consist simply of aloes, soap, and ginger. If very small they probably contain that dangerous drug, podophyllin—a word which metres with villain. People who sit much and live on too dainty food are subject to constipation. These pills give temporary relief, and so they get into a habit of taking them; to the lasting injury of the digestive canal, liver, and perhaps even kidneys. Heaven help them then! Next come narcotics. People who live a too busy life keep the brain in a state of congestion, all the capillaries lose their resiliency and then insomnia ensues. At first it is but partial. If they took time by the forelock and went in for rest and renovation all would be well. They take narcotics instead. This, of course, makes matters worse and worse. Insomnia is frequently the beginning of insanity, and helps to fill the grave of many a suicide. Tonics are terribly abused. They should never be taken without consulting a doctor, else they may lead to all kinds of mischief. Alteratives, sometimes called "blood purifiers," are great favorites with many ignorant people. The ignorance fills the pockets of the worst class of quacks, and their own constitutions are ruined. Cough drops are always useless, and often dangerous. Liniments and ointments are used in the most reckless and foolish fashion. There are many of what are supposed by ignorant people to be "cure all" remedies of this class. It is impossible for any liniment or embrocation to be much more than simply useful. But if at our schools a little physiology were taught and the pupils learned even a smattering of the causation of disease, they would know all their lives that the first thing to be done in fighting any ailment is to find out what the cause is, and remedy or remove that.

Self-Doctoring and the Evils Thereof.

The belief in the efficacy of drugs alone in curing ailments of every description really amounts to superstition. And not only is this so among the ignorant, but among all classes, from princes down to peasants. If such were not the case, the wretched quacks, would fall and fall "Down to the vile dust from which they sprang, unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." But it is not against quackery this paragraph is aimed, but against the injurious custom of self-doctoring. People get hold by the tail-end of some drug or another that did them good at one time, when prescribed by some regular doctor. They think it is going to do good every time, without any reticence to the cause of the ailment, and they not only take it themselves but give it to others wholesale and higgledy-piggledy. "Can you tell me what is a good thing for dyspepsia?" said a friend of mine to me the other day. He seemed surprised to be told that the cure depended on the cause or causes, that these must be removed, and that medicine might form no part of the cure. People of this sort soon forget that medicine is a science, and a deep and intricate one too, and that there are hardly two cases even of the same ailment that can be treated on the same line. So self-doctoring slays its ten thousands every year, and will continue to do so until people are wiser, and until a bill is passed that shall crush the quack doctor murderers that have become quite as much an institution in this country as in America.