ENGLAND'S VAST EMPIRE.

Striking Facts and Figures Most Strikingly Presented.

Under the auspices of the Institute of Bankers, Mr. J. Scott Keltie, librarian, of the Royal Geographical Society of London, recently delivered, at the London Institute, Finsbury circus, the third course of four lectures on "Commercial Geography."

The lecturer stated that, including every scrap of land over which we had any claim—the mother country, India, and her feudatory States, the colonies, protectorates and spheres of influence—the area of the empire was probably not less than 10,000,000 square miles—very nearly one-fifth of the whole land area of the globe. It was nearly three times the size of Europe; 1,500,000 square miles larger than the whole of the Russian empire in Europe and Asia; ten times the size of the German empire at home and abroad; eight million square miles more than the whole of the French dominions, even including Madagascar; and just about a million less than the area of Africa.

On this immense area their lived and worked something like 350,000,000 people, embracing almost every type of humanity under the sun. Thus, of the total population of the globe, about one-fourth or one-fifth were our fellow-citizens. An agricultural country could never support a very dense population, and in so small a country as ours, could never have much surplus capital for great enterprises, or surplus inhabitants for purposes of colonization. Our coal and our iron had, to a great extent, been the making of us, and had enabled us to avail ourselves of our geographical advantages. The total value of our trade had grown enormously within the last thirty years. In 1860 imports and exports together amounted to £365,000,000 sterling; in 1889 their value was £740,000,000. Our imports thirty years ago were valued at £210,000,000 sterling, now they were £427,000,000; our exports thirty years ago were £154,000,000 sterling, now they were £313,000,000.

About 40 per cent. of our imports consisted of food products, and about 35 per cent. of raw materials of various kinds, to be used, directly, or indirectly, for manufacturing purposes, partly for our own consumption, but largely also for being exported in a manufactured state. Over 60 per cent. of the raw material consisted mainly of raw cotton and raw wool, which were manufactured into textile materials, to be exported to all parts of the world. Nearly one half of our exports of home produce consisted of fabrics of raw materials in various stages of manufacture. Cotton manufactures and yarn alone amounted to somewhat less than one-third of the total exports, while metals in various stages of manufacture (including machinery) amounted to somewhat less than one-fourth. Our great raw export, coal, formed only about one-seventeenth part of our exports of home produce.

The relative importance of the mother country, so far as size and population were concerned, compared with the rest of the Empire, might be seen from the fact that of the 10,000,000 square miles only 121,000 belonged to the United Kingdom. The population of the mother country was today close on 38,000,000, or just about one-eighth part of the whole of Her Majesty's subjects. The whole trade of the Empire might be valued, imports and exports, at about 1,200,000,000 pounds sterling, of which about 68 per cent. was the share of the mother country, leaving just 32 per cent. to the vast remainder of the Empire. Mr. Keltie then dwelt in detail on the commercial, strategical and geographical features of the empire beyond the seas. On the whole, he said, we were fortunate in our colonial empire—much more fortunate than France or Germany, Portugal or Spain, who, except France, had very little beyond the tropics.

Whatever habitable parts of the earth were available for European settlement had fallen to the lot of English-speaking peoples, and among them we must reckon the United States, which we could not treat as a foreign country, and which did an annual trade of $300,000,000, of which 990,000,000 was with the old mother country, who in this matter stood far ahead of all others. In commerce, as in some other things, blood counted for something. Whether our colonies remained attached to us, or whether the larger ones—which now managed their own affairs—might, like the United States, set up for themselves, the future alone could tell. Whatever form it might take, however, he thought that, in the interest of commerce as much as for sentimental reasons, we ought to stick together. The spread of our race on the face of the earth, the enterprise of our explorers and adventurers, had helped to give us predominence in the commercial, as it had done in the political world.

The proportions of our colonial empire, too, were well adapted to our wants. He had stated that the total trade of the empire might be estimated at about 1,200,000,000 pounds sterling annually. That was just one-half of the trade of all foreign countries put together. Of the 1,200,000,000 pounds sterling we must credit 460,000,000 pounds sterling to that portion of the empire beyond our shores. Of these 460,000,000 pounds sterling about 170,000,000 pounds belonged to the 7,000,000 odd square miles of what we called colonies of settlement, with their population of 10,000,000, mostly whites. The remaining 290,000,000 pounds sterling must be credited to the tropical and sub-tropical possessions, which covered only about 2,700,000 square miles, but with a population of some 300,000,000, among whom was only a sprinkling of whites. Of the 290,000,000 pounds sterling of trade allotted to tropical possessions, about 180,000,000 pounds sterling belonged to our great Indian empire. About five-sixths of India's imports of merchandise came from us, while of India's own produce about three-eighths came to the United Kingdom.

In one form or another the English language was the medium of communication for something like 400,000,000 people—nearly one-third of the population of the earth, and some who tried to forecast the future thought it might yet become the universal language. When we remembered that more than one-fourth of the whole trade of the United Kingdom was with the rest of the empire, it was surely our interest to do all we consistently could to promote that commerce, and to encourage the development of our colonies and the judicious extension of the British sphere. As yet our colonies could not do without us. One means among others of enabling us to keep our place with so many powerful rivals in the field was to acquire a full knowledge of the geographical conditions which bore on the interests of commerce.

Brutes in a Purring Match.

A Liverpool cable says: A horrible fight occurred at Wigan, Lancashire, yesterday. Two noted wrestlers, Moran, of Wigan, and Haigh, of Standish, were the principals. They were naked, with the exception of short trousers and clogs, but in the first round the trousers were torn to shreds and the clogs were then used as weapons. The bodies of the men presented a sickening spectacle at the close of the fight. They were seamed, scarred and gashed in all directions. Haigh was declared the victor. Moran was carried home unconscious.

The Cost of Tying Shoestrings.

One of the managers of a big Eastern knitting mill has made a calculation that the shoestrings of a working girl will come untied on the average three times per diem, and that a girl will lose about 50 seconds every time she stops to retie them. Most of the employees have two feet, so this entails a loss of 100 seconds every day for each girl. There are about 400 girls employed in this factory, and therefore the gentleman finds that 40,000,000 seconds are wasted in the course of a year, which time, at the average rate of wages, is worth $943 17½. Orders have accordingly been issued that girls must wear only buttoned shoes or Congress gaiters under penalty of discharge.

Yesterday Japan opened her third National Industrial Exposition. That such an exhibition, composed entirely of home products and manufactures, is possible in Japan shows the rapid development of that people and their adaptability to the forms of Western civilization.

The only daughter of Victor Hugo is now an old woman, confined in a lunatic asylum.

Henry George is having a cordial welcome in Australia. He has been entertained at a grand banquet at Sidney, and his lectures on the land question have been attended by crowded audiences.

The Duke of Bedford has built a private crematorium at Woking.

A jeweled pompon in a woman's hair gives her a queenly appearance. They are worn only with full dress.

THE DOOM-SEALERS.

Fleeing From San Francisco and the Wrath to Come.

A San Francisco despatch says: There was a big meeting of negro doom-sealers at the railway station at Oakland yesterday afternoon, and unbelievers in the dire prophecies that have been uttered as to the coming destruction of the town by a tidal wave were warned in doggerel to flee from the wrath to come;

Flee away to de mountain top,
'Cause somethin' hyar am goin' to drop,
So flee away, an' don't you stop,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Dose dat stay behind am los',
Like buds in spring am nip by fros',
And on de flood waves dey'll be toss',
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

These verses were shouted vociferously by the doom-sealers. They did not seem particularly worried at the impending calamity, but sang and beat time with their gripsacks and umbrellas in true revival style. They left for St. Helena on the 4 40 train. This train carried away to safety many white believers also. Their faith affected them differently to what it did the colored people. They were mainly foreigners, and their pale faces told how much they were impressed by the awfulness of the things that are to happen on April 14. There were traces of tears on the faces of the women among them.

According to the original prophecy none of these persons should have been left at Oakland. It was foretold that after April 7 no trains could leave, and escape would be impossible. They appeared to consider the holding off of the event as a mark of Divine favor, and were humbly thankful that they were given additional time to escape. Probably 30 people took the train for the Sierras to-day, and many others fled to the hills back of Berkeley.

The example set by the more fervent Woodworthites has stirred up a big rush for the mountains. Yesterday and the day before the departures took more the form of an organized exodus than ever before. Those who left earlier quietly went aboard the trains separately, one, or possibly two families to a party. A great many went in this way, and it was yesterday estimated that fully 300 people had left their homes. Not a single person who was prominent at the meetings where the prophecy was first announced was to be found in Oakland today. All have fled to the mountains. A correspondent interviewed several departing cranks and elicited the same answer in every case:

"We are leaving because God has plainly revealed the approaching catastrophe and we dare not neglect His warning."

The weather to-day is unusually warm, and this, taken in connection with the lunar rainbow a few nights ago, is regarded as ominous of the approaching upheaval.

DOMINO WHIST.

Latest Game With Cards Which is Superseding "Hearts."

Do you ever play dom'no whist? It is the latest game of cards extant, and is rapidly superseding poker, hearts and other games involving a minimum of science with a maximum of luck in the home circle and quite decorous social gatherings.

Four people play the game, and one who is familiar with the technical names of cards informs the Memphis *Evening Democrat* that the person who sits at the left of the dealer—whatever that is—begins by playing what is called the seven-spot of some suit—spades, hearts, clubs or diamonds.

If the player cannot show up a seven-spot he is elected to put a check in the pot, though our informant says a nickel, a dime or a two bit piece is just as good as a check and costs more.

Then the next person takes up the game and plays a seven-spot—if he can—and after a seven-spot is placed on the table the other cards in sequence are placed, eight-spots on the right and six-spots on the left of the seven-spot.

Every time a person cannot play a card on one of the four piles in the centre of the table down goes a check to the bottom of the pot. When some one plays his last card the game is at an end, and he takes a check for each card held by the other three players when the game ceased.

He Had to Walk.

A Boston father whose son last autumn took it into his foolish head to run away from home, taught the boy a lesson which is not likely to be soon forgotten. The lad had read a lot of sensational trash, and although he had a good home he was led away by what he read, and started off to "enjoy life."

His funds and his courage gave out together before he got further than New York, where he was robbed in one place, ill-treated in another, and fell ill in a third; so that by the time he had been absent from home for about ten days he sent a pathetic postal card to his family, begging for the money to come home with. His father had already followed him to New York, put detectives on his track, and knew what was happening to him; but was leaving him to his own devices in order that the lad might see to what his course would lead. Leaving a friend to see that the boy was watched and kept from actual harm, the father returned home, and when the son's appeal came he simply wrote back: "Don't you think you had better walk?" The poor prodigal was probably well-nigh heartbroken at such a response, which, indeed, it cost the father a good deal of resolution to make, but he set out to walk from New York to Boston.

A man was employed by the father's orders to come along with him. The son supposed that he was merely a tramp with whom he had fallen in and who chose to be kind to him. The runaway reached home safely, but a more changed boy it would not be easy to find. His father has never alluded to his adventure, and there is now a respect and confidence between them which is really charming to see.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Reverend Forger Confesses.

A Dayton, O., despatch says: Letters have been received from Rev. Edward Mason, a resident of this city and pastor of the Progressive Brethren Church at Mansfield, confessing he is a forger, and that he is on his way to Wales to reclaim an inheritance, or, failing in that, to kill himself. He leaves a wife destitute, having squandered a small inheritance of hers. He left home April 3rd, saying he was going to St. Louis to preach a funeral sermon, but instead he went to New York, whence he wrote to his wife and others making the above statements. He forged notes and borrowed money from a number of banks. The amount is not known, and it is a mystery what was done with the proceeds. Rev. Mr. Mason had a high standing in religious circles, and is an author of some repute. It is said he was addicted to the use of opiates.

A Girl Poisoner Confesses.

A Chicago despatch says: Emma Stark, the servant girl who is under arrest charged with putting poison in the food she cooked for a family named Newlands, which resulted in the death of Mr. and Mrs. Newlands and the dangerous illness of their two children, has made a full confession. She admitted to-day that she put "rough on rats" into some canned corn she was cooking for the Newlands' supper, wishing only to test its strength. The girl said she had been betrayed and wished to put an end to her existence, but had no intention of killing the Newlands. She ate some of the corn herself, but it only made her slightly sick, and supposing its effect would be no more serious on the others she served it for supper.

Dwelling Together in Unity.

A Chicago despatch of yesterday says: The conference of the German Evangelical Church delegates being held here to-day in the Sheffield avenue church was inaugurated with a row and the police were called out. Soon after the meeting assembled, the crowd in front of the doors became so dense that the street cars were stopped. Deacon Bergman and the Bishop Dabe faction, who were inside in possession of the church, locked the doors and prevented the entrance of Bishop Esher and his followers. The greatest commotion followed. The followers of Bishop Esher finally withdrew, and started up a conference of their own in a neighboring church.

Capacity of the Lungs.

Every adult man has 1,400 square feet of lung surface; or, rather, the mucous membrane lining the air cells would, if spread out on a smooth plain surface, cover an extent equal to the above figures. A man breathes eighteen times a minute, and uses 3,000 cubic feet, or about 375 bagsheads, of air per hour.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The New York *World* figures out the profits of the Louisiana lottery at $10,000,000 annually.

TERRIFIC ELECTRIC STORMS.

Great Loss of Life and Property in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

SCENES OF DEVASTATION.

A Pittsburg despatch of last night says: Western Pennsylvania was visited by a severe rain, wind and electric storm this morning. Great damage was done and at least two lives were lost. In this city a number of houses were struck by lightning and several persons stunned, but not seriously injured. The rain fell in torrents for several hours, flooding cellars and causing small streams to overflow. At West Elizabeth two children of George Beattie, a boy and girl aged 7, were drowned on their way to school while crossing a lock log over Lobb's Run. The girl lost her footing and fell in the water, and her twin brother, in trying to rescue her, lost his life also. At Indiana, Pa., lightning struck the flouring mill of Wegley & Wilson, and it was burned to the ground. The loss was $1,500. In Westmoreland county great damage is reported. For two hours the rain fell in torrents, and nearly all the streams overflowed their banks, washing away bridges, fences and everything in their way.

FLOOD DAMAGE.

At Penn Station a number of families were compelled to vacate their houses and seek shelter on high ground. Up the Manor Valley the greatest damage was done, as most of the bridges along the streams were carried away. The Manor Valley Railroad at Claridge, its northern terminus, was badly damaged, 500 yards being washed away and traffic entirely suspended. In Greensburg the High School building was struck by lightning and slightly damaged. In sections of the county the roadbeds are nearly washed away, rendering travel dangerous and very difficult. At Tyrone, the Juniata is away over its banks, houses and lots are inundated and people have been compelled to move to higher ground. In Cambria County the rainstorm was particularly severe. The Conemaugh River and Stoney Creek are again high, and the lower portions of Johnstown are under water. Several bridges have been washed away, and operations have been suspended at the mills along these streams.

Ohio's Visitation.

An Akron, O., despatch says: Two clouds came together Tuesday evening about two miles northwest of Sharon, Medina county. Two minutes later they began to revolve in tornado fashion and bear down upon the village. The tornado's progress was marked by roaring and grinding sounds. In ten minutes it had levelled everything in its track, over six miles of farm land for a width of 30 rods, demolished dozens of buildings, killed one man, fatally injured a man and a woman, and seriously injured several others. Forests in which were trees two feet in diameter were cut down as if they had been cornstocks. The first building caught up was the barn of James Hartman. It was torn into kindling. Then in turn were taken the house and barn of Uriah Woerster, the house and barn of Isaac Brown and Frank Lacroix, the barns of Richard Brown and C. Crane, located just north of Sharon. The tornado then moved down a mile or so of timber land and fences and jumped into its work anew at the farm of Christian Wall, east of Centre. The large bank barn was torn into little pieces, which were strewn along over a mile. The large two-story house of Reasonable Wall was blown off its foundation and tipped over on its side, and a horse barn near by was demolished. The bank barn of Mat. Bromley, just across the road, was then given a whirl.

ORCHARDS SWEPT AWAY.

Mr. Bromley was caught up and deposited several rods away badly crushed under the timbers. He cannot recover. His son landed at the hay mow. The house of Frank Bromley, a quarter of a mile further on, was blown several rods from its foundation and taking fire burned with all its contents. The family escaped by taking refuge in the cellar. An orchard of fifty apple trees, back of the house, was mowed clean. Just a quarter of a mile southeast of Bromley's house was that of Hugh Franks. Here destruction was most complete, not a stick of timber that a man could not easily carry was left. About 150 feet from the house Mr. Franks' dead body was found with the brains oozing from a hole in the head made by a flat iron. An ear was torn and legs and arms were broken. In a clover field, twenty rods from the house, lay Mrs. Franks unconscious, with her collar bone and several ribs broken and serious internal injuries. She cannot live. The family dog lay dead beside her. There were no children in the house. About $300 in paper money and silver that was in the house was strewn over the fields for half a mile.

SEEKING SAFETY IN CELLARS

At the end of its six mile sweep through Sharon, the tornado evidently rose high in the air, and, jumping over the southern part of this city, dropped on Springfield township, southeast of Akron. The house of Scott Sweitzer was whirled from its foundation and scattered over a ten-acre field. Sweitzer, who had laughed at his wife's fear for going to the cellar with her baby, was pitched down the cellarway headforemost, and the family ensconced under the debris escaped injury. A pen full of pigs was buried to the death. A two carriages in the barn only a few spokes could be found. As Fred. Harwicks was unhitching his horse the tornado came on and he was blown away with the horse and waggon, and received serious injuries. Daniel Brown owned five acres of timber, on which not a tree was left standing. Geo. Wise's ten-acre forest was also mowed down. The houses of Robert Callahan, John Robertson, Elias Kunts and Eli Funk were riddled and barns blown away. The storm trailed along into Stark county, leaving the debris scattered over a stretch of fifteen miles. The loss amounts to tens of thousands.

VIRGINIA FEELS IT.

A Roanoke, Va., despatch says: The greatest tornado for many years passed over this city this evening. The cast-house at the Crozier iron furnace was blown down, and three laborers were killed and one was mortally wounded.

Almost Nine Miles Deep.

The greatest known depth of the sea is in the South Atlantic ocean, midway between the island of Tristran d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The bottom was there reached at a depth of 40,236 feet, or 8⅔ miles, exceeding by more than 17,000 feet the height of Mount Everest, the loftiest mountain in the world. In the North Atlantic ocean, south of Newfoundland, soundings have been made to a depth of 4,580 fathoms, or 27,480 feet, while depths equaling 34,000 feet, or 6½ miles, are reported south of the Bermuda Islands. The average depth of the Pacific ocean between Japan and California is a little over 2,000 fathoms; between Chili and New Zealand, 1,500 fathoms. The average depth of all the oceans is from 2,000 to 2,500 fathoms.

English Capital for Boston.

After a series of rumors, private advices from London to-day confirm the report of the sale of Boston's four largest breweries to a British syndicate. The present owners continue to stubbornly refuse to give particulars, but it is learned that after much discussion the following companies accepted that two-thirds of the stipulated price be paid in cash and the remaining third in stock of the new consolidated corporation, thus permitting the present owners to retain an interest. The same decided on are: Bossie Brewery, $900,000; Boylston, $800,000; Suffolk, $350,000; and Stanley, $300,000; total, $2,350,000. Possession is to be taken on July 1st.

Cheap Children.

Children must be cheap in Italy. The authorities were recently notified that the parents of five little boys had sold their offspring for a bottle of olive oil and 10 francs apiece. The purchaser took them to Hamburg, whence he intended to ship them abroad to peddle plaster images. The police were informed, however, and the children were returned to their unnatural parents.

—The man who takes things as they come never has any "go" to him.

"Oyster culture" by the Marquis of Lorne, with illustrations by Princess Louise, is, perhaps the most noticeable contents of *Good Words*. The visit described to the oyster nurseries of Arcachon is very interesting, and the information that 200,000 people get their living in France in connection with this and similar nurseries, obtaining also fair wages, is a strong recommendation to the Marquis' plea for the encouraging of the industry on British shores.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

Her Fancy Lightly Turns to Roman Millinery.

And if She Be Fashionable, She Decks Herself With Trinkets and Tinkling Things in Savage Style.

A New York despatch says: The summer girl is going to look like a maid of ancient Athens when in a gown of sheer white wool, girdled at the waist and clasped on the shoulder, she twists her hair in a loose, classic knot thrust through with an antique gold hairpin and adjusts esthetically in place a little tiara of *Grecque* made of three filets of gold ribbon, jeweled and embroidered, with a puff of white tulle to fill the crown and in front a butterfly arch as Cupid might have chased, with wings of gold and gauze, fluttering down from the bands to her white hair.

The summer girl will look very demure and coquettish behind her loose flowing veil. In the morning you will meet her in a wide flat hat of black straw, simple as a school girl's, with a bunch of black tips at the back, a band of gold tinsel about the crown and a fall of black gauze half a yard deep from the outer brim, which completely envelops in its nun-like but transparent meshes the whole upper part of her figure. You turn for another glimpse of the shy, veiled maiden, and in the afternoon you meet her again. This time she is wearing a flapping hat like a sixteenth century courtier's, except that it is made of lace straw, with heavy feathers standing erect on top like fluttering plumes, and with a full veil of Chantilly lace like the Empire bag of last season, except that it is loose at the bottom, finished in a pattern of Vandyke points, and lost at the throat in the puffy bow of black gauze, which gives the last *chic* touch to her walking costume.

The summer girl is going to look like foolish, pretty little Dora Copperfield, ready for a walk with "Dody," where she frames her arch dimpled face in one of the simple "village" bonnets of Tuscan straw, with a dainty wreath of rosebuds beneath the brim, and with the chin snugly tied up with ribbon bows.

The high-crowned hat looks back longingly from the door of oblivion. The summer girl argues with herself whether she shall invite it to re-enter the world. It appeals to her fancy with its rosettes of blue and gold velvet ribbon trimming an English shape in black straw and its black wings fronting forward.

There are some extremely pretty novelties in bridesmaids' hats, for which a use will be found soon after Easter. One is a wide-brimmed, flat hat of gold-colored lace straw, with a thick ruff of purplish pink ribbon, box-pleated about the outer brim. Black velvet flower petals show themselves here and there. Another is a Legborn flat, turned up behind. Narrow blue velvet ribbon is laid in a circle of long loops about the brim, and the garnitures are blue bachelors' buttons.

Tan tulle and gauze hats grow more airily fantastic with each passing hour. They are not closely shirred as in past seasons, but are fairy-like gossamer puffs which only the weight of the flower wreaths trimming them keeps from sailing away. One of the prettiest seen this spring was worn by a demure young woman at the last meeting of the Collegiate Alumnæ. Its frame was loosely woven of tiny, pale green wheat without foliage and tangled with gold-colored gauze, which hung to the waist line in streamers caught together by one immense pink rose.

The summer girl seems to have a fancy for things Roman. Little crownless toques, with soft twists of silk in Roman stripes about the brims, are shown by all the fashionable milliners. A young girl who saw an Italian opera favorite on her opening night wore as successful a one as has appeared. It looked like a scarf of red and gold wound about the head, with a metallic blue butterfly fastening it in front and another behind.

For early spring the most characteristic bonnets are those which are nothing more than wide fillets of coarse straw not joined behind or simply tied across with narrow ribbons. A very pretty one is of dark blue straw edged with blue and black velvet, and with a small blackbird on either side. Gray and white make an equally effective combination.

RIOTOUS ANTI-CARLISTS.

Military and Mob Contest for Possession of Madrid.

A Madrid cable of last night says: The arrival of the Carlist leader, Marquis Cerralbo, at Valencia to-day was made the occasion of an anti-Carlist demonstration.

Thousands of anti-Carlists met at the station and followed the Marquis to his hotel. They smashed many windows of the hotel and tried to set fire to the building, when a detachment of troops charged and dispersed the mob. Many persons were wounded. Later a mob of 2,000 persons invaded the Carlist Club and set fire to the furniture. When the firemen came the mob tried to obstruct them. The mob then smashed and burned a carriage in the coursyard. Another mob tried to burn a church, but were prevented by the troops. The troops have failed, however, to disperse the constantly gathering crowd. The latter have built two barricades in the streets. The military authorities have taken possession of the city and the whole garrison is under arms.

Midnight—The rioting continues. The troops have made several charges. Many persons have been injured, and it is reported some have been killed, though orders were given to avoid bloodshed as long as possible.

HE LOVED TRAVEL,

And Stole Gilt-Edged Securities to Gratify His Taste.

A Worcester, Mass., despatch says: Frederick Kimball, the young and trusted teller of the People's Savings Bank, has fled, after stealing from the vaults gilt-edged securities of the bank amounting to $48,000, but on the market worth $50,000. He comes of a most prominent family in the State, has an interesting family and a social position of the best. He has, however, an insatiate passion for travel, and that is his main object in leaving. He has not been seen since Friday, but left a note showing he had gone to Canada, saying he would never return, and advising his wife to go back to her family. She is heart-broken. As he may dispose of his plunder in Canada, the following is the list of the securities he disappeared with:

Boston & Lowell Railroad, 4½'s, $5,000; Boston & Maine Railroad, 7's, $9,000; Boston, Clinton & Fitchburg, 5's, $3,000; Eastern Railroad, 6's, $5 000; Vermont & Massachusetts, 5's, $4,000; Old Colony, 7's, $2,000; Maine Central, 7's, $500; Kansas City & Fort Scott (collateral), $5,000; Kansas City consols (collateral), $10,000; total, $43,500. All the bonds are readily negotiable.

A Wonderful Organ.

A grand organ is being built at Crema for the sanctuary of Valley di Pompei. It is called a polyphonic organ and is to be ready to be put in its place on the 8th of May next, when the presence of many of the organists of the principal cathedrals of Europe is expected. The chief characteristic of this organ is the perfect imitation which it can produce of almost the whole orchestra, especially of the strings and wood wind. It has three keyboards, each with sixty-one notes, thirty-four pedals, and 2,000 pipes, divided into forty registers. Some of its most remarkable effects are produced by the vox humana stop, and by another called unda maris, or "seawave." A petroleum engine will be used to blow the bellows of this immense organ. It is made after a Belgian model and will in the evening develop sufficient electricity to supply light to twenty-six lusters.—*London Daily News.*

Enormous Western Dams.

It is to be hoped that the dams which they are building for irrigation purposes in the arid region are being constructed so as to prevent any such disaster as occurred at Johnstown. Some of the dams are immense. The following are the dimensions of four recently completed: 1. The Walnut Grove dam, near Prescott, A.T., 110 feet high, 750 acres, capacity 4,000,000,000 gallons. 2. Merced dam, in Central California, 1 mile long, 60 feet high, 650 acres, capacity 5,500,000,000 gallons. 3. Sweetwater river dam, near San Diego, Cal., 90 feet high, 725 acres, capacity 6,000,000,000 gallons. 4. The Bear Valley dam, San Bernardino county, Cal., 60 feet high, 2 250 acres, capacity 10,000,000,000.—*New York Telegram.*

A fan made of human hair is displayed at a London store. Even what appears to be beautiful lace fringing the stalls is real hair.

WOMEN'S COLONIES.

The German Government's Socialistic Experiment and How it Works.

In the "Newbery House Magazine" Miss Helen Zimmern gives an account of those workmen's colonies on the German plan to which Lord Meath recently referred in terms of commendation. Miss Zimmern's is not the first account in English of those promising institutions, says the London *Daily News*, but it will be a novelty to many readers. The workmen's colonies have prospered greatly; the first was founded no further back than 1862, yet twenty-two of them are already in a flourishing condition, while their number increases daily. They are established on the assumption that with most men the strongest desire is to possess a house and on a system well known in this country by which the men become first tenants and then owners of their houses. The system is only adapted to districts where men are in permanent employment. Each house stands in its own grounds of not less than an acre, and it is built with two independent entrances, a plan that allows the owner to sub-let a part of his dwelling without inconvenience. The capital is provided in great part by a building savings bank, which pays current rates of interest to depositors, and lends at current rates to those engaged in building operations. Colonies of this kind are now to be found in all parts of the empire, and they present a pleasant, country-like aspect in the neighborhood of the manufacturing towns. The first of them was named after the Emperor William, who manifested the greatest interest in the scheme. The idea has been adapted, of course, with important modifications—to the relief of the floating population of the large towns. Here the colony is a large workhouse, or, rather, house of work, established by private enterprise, where the needy may have their choice of six or seven simple modes of earning board and lodging by their labor. Miss Zimmern thinks we might try each of these experiments in England with a hope of good results. The worst obstacle here might be found in the workmen's complaints of the competition of what they would persist in regarding as charity-fed labor.

ORCHESTRAS OF WOMEN.

A New and Popular Departure in Instrumental Music.

A peculiar feature of amusement life in New York is the growth of the women orchestras. Women now furnish all the instrumental music in the immense Atlantic Garden on the Bowery, in the Folie and Gander's Gardens and in more than one dozen smaller places on the east side. Experience has taught the managers of such establishments that the women play as well as the average man instrumentalist, that they are reliable as to hours, that they never get drunk and that they never go on a strike, and with all these excellent qualities they cost much less money than the male performers. They receive from $10 to $30 a week for seven nights and three day performances, for which a man, according to the commands of the Musical Union, would be obliged to demand and receive either $5 or $6 for each of the ten performances. Other cities have inaugurated this change to a slighter degree, and this new condition of things is growing so rapidly that already the demand for women musicians is far in excess of the supply. The girls come mainly from Vienna, Berlin, Leipsic and Buda-Pesth. I am told by the head of a German amusement agency, which does a brokerage business in this class of public entertainers, that they have now on hand fourteen unfulfilled contracts for orchestras of this kind, and that the necessary number of women players have started, or are about starting, from the other side of the ocean. It is a somewhat unexpected peculiarity that these blooming foreigners do not lose their heads and fall victims to the wiles of that unmitigated and pestiferous nuisance the American "Johnnie." For instance, Fran Roller and Fraulien Ricci have been installed as queens in the Atlantic Garden for a long time, where their music has fractured many hearts. They are remarkably beautiful women. Nightly scores of adorers worship at their feet, but they go on wielding their bows just as though a man had never existed, and no one yet has been able to boast that he has brought an encouraging smile to their faces.

Which goes to show that they have better heads on their shoulders than their American sisters.—*Philadelphia Inquirer's New York Letter.*

The Size of London.

You have probably all heard or read of those huge cities of the ancient world, Babylon and Rome, and have been very much impressed with descriptions of their size, says a correspondent. Well, although we have no means of telling exactly how many people lived in them, it is safe to say that the inhabitants of London to-day are twice as numerous as were those of both these great places put together. Those who know Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, or any other British large cities, will be surprised to hear that in London there are more than as many houses as there are people in any of them. London contains as many folk as the whole of Ireland, and many more than are to be found in Scotland. If all who can call themselves "Londoners" were to walk by you at the rate of 100 a minute, never stopping day or night, it would be five weeks before they had passed. Supposing that you wished to walk through all the streets and lanes and alleys of the great metropolis, and were able to arrange your trip so cleverly that you never traversed the same one twice, you would have to walk ten miles a day for nine years before your journey was at an end. In London there are more Roman Catholics than are to be found in Rome, more Jews than the whole of Palestine contains, more Scotsmen than live in Aberdeen, more Irishmen than call Belfast their home, and more Welshmen than Cardiff holds.

He Was Only Out of Work.

Fred. Roberts, 21 years old, was arrested in New York city Wednesday with a placard on his back. Roberts told the justice that he was out of work and had an invalid wife depending upon him. "What am I to do, judge? I cannot starve, nor can I let my wife starve to death," he said. "I will not steal. I have not committed any offence. I am tired of asking for work and being refused it. I thought this sign would create some excitement and make my poverty known to some who might be disposed to take pity on me." He was discharged. Following, is the placard Roberts adorned his back with: "I am not Bret Harte, Berry Wall or George Francis Train, simply a married man, a street railroad employee out of work, who has used every means to find employment. I do not wish to say anything against the circulation of the New York press. I am an earnest hard worker, willing to do anything. Please do not stare at me, as I am modest. Yours very truly."

The Bang.

The bang, one of the most maligned of feminine fads as well as the most self-assertive, may almost be said to have come to stay. It is now in the 19th year of its continuous reign. In the face of ridicule and criticism it has held its own since 1871, when, in some inexplicable manner, it made its appearance upon certain fashionable brows. In a short time all classes had adopted the white fringe, as it was then styled by the newspapers. The general adaptability to almost any type of face accounts for its popularity, and although decried and caricatured, it has never lost its hold.—*Evening Telegram.*

Patti's Board Bill.

Adelina Pattipays her bills for lodging and board out of her own pocket. It costs her nearly $200 a day to live at the Hoffman House. In one month in Chicago she paid $1,000 for board and lodging. It will cost her more to live in New York this trip. It will take $500 a week to pay for a suite of rooms alone. There are ten rooms altogether on the second floor of the Oriental annex of the Hoffman. There are two bedrooms, two dressing rooms, a parlor and sitting room, a kitchen, dining room and rooms for the diva's maids in the suite.

The Ruling Passion.

Weeping spouse—I shall erect a monument to you dearest when you are gone. I shall have "Loving Husband" engraved at the bottom of the column.

Dying Advertiser—Good heavens, Pauline, that will never do! Top of column, eighth page, next reading matter—or—I refuse to die!—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

Acid stains can be removed from clothing by strong ammonia, and chloroform will restore the color.

A LIVING TOMB.

Sing Sing Cells for Murderers Condemned to Electrical Death.

Lawyer Heinzleman, of New York, recently visited his client, James J. Slocum, who is confined at Sing Sing under sentence of death by electricity, and he thus relates what he saw:

"I visited by client, Slocum, yesterday," said Lawyer Heinzleman, "in the execution chamber at Sing Sing. I have had a large professional experience in places of penal confinement, but nothing that I have ever seen approaches in its awe-inspiring attributes this terrible prison. It is a one story granite building about forty feet square, disconnected with all other parts of the building, except by the deadly wire that furnishes it with the dynamo shed. The granite walls are five feet thick, I am told, and they certainly appear to be. There are three iron doors, one within one another, at the end of the death chamber, facing the the river. The keeper's seat is within the third door. At the further end of the chamber, facing the keeper's seat are four cells. The walls between the cells are of granite, and two feet thick. The inmates of the cells are always under the keeper's eye. Owing to the thickness of the walls and of the three doors not a sound of the world outside is audible. It is a veritable living tomb. When a lawyer, or priest, or minister sees one of the condemned men, a heavy green baize curtain is dropped over the doors of the other cells, so that their inmates cannot see the face of the visitor or hear his voice. The same thing is done when any one of the condemned men is taken out of his cell for exercise. The condemned men, therefore, see no other face and hear no other voice than that of their keeper, except, as I have said, when their counsel or spiritual adviser is permitted to see them. It is a terrible ordeal, and it seems almost incredible to me that they can retain their reason until the hour of execution arrives."

The Knouting of Popoff.

"Tie him to that bench and fetch a nagaika!"

"Nicholas turned deadly pale. The nagaika is a knout, a strip of leather with two knots, the end of which is forked like the tongue of a serpent. After 100 blows the flesh is generally gone from the bones, and no man is able to bear 500 blows.

"Nicholas was tied to the bench, and they only waited for the man who had been sent for the knout, which was kept at the inspector's house.

"'Obey me!' said Palkin to Popoff; 'you have a moment's time yet to consider. Don't be obstinate! Tell me your secret!'

"'You may murder me, wretched hangman,' replied Popoff, 'but you shall never know my secret. I'd rather bite off my tongue, you wretched spy and traitor! I shall yet live to see you overthrown!'

"Palkin laughed cruelly and sat down facing the bench. The nagaika was brought in.

"'Well! Now begin and strike slowly, so he may have time to reflect and give me the answer I want!'

"The knout whirred through the air and fell upon the bare back of the wretched victim. Instantly a dark blue mark appeared and Popoff uttered a heartrending cry. He bit into the wood of the bench and did not complain further.

"After the twentieth stroke the blood poured forth in streams and large fragments of flesh were torn off. The pain was too fearful; Nicholas let go the bench, in which his teeth had made deep indentations, and began to cry madly. Palkin was calmly smoking his cigar.

"'At last!' he exclaimed. 'Have you opened your mouth at last? Perhaps you will now be kind enough to answer?'

"With a gesture of the hand he ordered the gendarme to stop. The fellow coolly wiped the leather strip with his fingers; pieces of flesh came off, which he coolly threw aside. Popoff's throat rattled like that of a dying man.

"'Where is the paper I want?' asked the colonel.

"Nicholas turned his face to the cruel man, and in his bloody, tearful eyes invincible resolution still spoke nothing. 'You shall get nothing from me, cursed hangman!' he hissed.

"'Well, let us see!'

"And down came the nagaika again."—*From Prince Lumbomirski's New Novel.*

The Cost of a Man-of-War, 1789-1889.

A hundred years ago the expense of building a ship-of-the-line of 100 guns in the Royal dockyards was £67,600. This included the cost of coppering and copper bolting, and of masts, yards, rigging, sails, anchors, cables, and all other boatswain's and carpenter's stores. This was the original expense of Royal George, a 100-gun ship, launched in 1788 at Chatham. She was of 2,286 tons, and was about 190 feet long and 52 feet broad. The modern equivalent to the old wooden line of battle ship of the first rate is the first class ironclad battle ship, and the Trafalgar may be taken as a fair specimen of the latest and most recent vessels of this type. Her original cost, exclusive of armament, was no less than £862,794. She is of 11,940 tons displacement, and is 345 feet long and 73 feet broad. Thus, while the first-class battle ship of a hundred years ago cost only about £29 11s. 4d. per ton, the first-class battle ship of to-day costs over £72 6s. per ton. In the progress of the century we have quintupled the size, and increased by about twelve times the expense, of our men-of-war of the first-class. The cost of smaller line-of-battle ships in 1786 was: For a 98-gun ship, £57,120; for an 80 gun ship, £53,120, for a 74-gun ship, £43,820. The smallest sea-going iron-clad of the present era, the Cyclopse, cost, as a first charge, over £171,500. The frigates of 1789 were the equivalents of our present second-class cruisers. A 44-gun frigate then cost £31,000; a 38-gun frigate, £20,830; a 36-gun frigate, £19,070; a 32-gun frigate, £15,080; and a 28-gun frigate, £12,420. The original cost