

LATE FOREIGN NEWS

Railway Men's Hours in France.

TRAGEDY IN A RESTAURANT.

Atrocious Murder of an Englishman.

PRODUCTION OF BARLEY IN THE WORLD.

Count Herbert Bismarck says that the English are doing splendid work for civilization in Egypt.

Stanley says that portions of Africa will always be worthless on account of ravages by grasshoppers. In one instance he saw a column of young grasshoppers, ten miles broad by thirty long, marching down a valley.

A circular of the French Minister of Public Works was published on Monday, ordering, as a measure of safety, that engine drivers and stokers on the railways should not be employed for more than 12 hours out of the 24.

Advices received from Hong Kong state that Canton is suffering from an epidemic of cholera and influenza, which is daily carrying off its victims in hundreds. Coffins could not be provided quickly enough. The visitation is attributed to the long continued drought.

A full-grown wild boy, aged about sixteen years, has been captured at Enoch's Point, in Australia. His body is said to be covered with hair, four inches long, the hair of his head being four feet long, and his nails five inches long. He was captured without very much difficulty, and the latest advices represent him as trying to speak.

A tragedy occurred on Saturday at one of the leading restaurants in St. Petersburg. According to a Dalziel's telegram a German from Reval, being struck by an unknown man, drew a revolver and fired at his assailant. He missed the man he aimed at, but killed his friend, a Polish nobleman who has only lately been married.

It is said that between the island of Madagascar and the coast of India there are 16,000 islands, only 600 of which are inhabited. On any of these islands a man can live and support his family in princely luxury, without working more than twenty-five days in the year. In fact, on some of these islands he need not work at all, as nature provides the food and no clothes are required.

A consular report from Vienna just received states that a sum amounting to nearly £1,730,000 is obtained by the Government as gross revenue from the lottery transactions which they permit to take place. Of this sum about £1,000,000 is returned to the public in prizes, leaving the net profit to the State at about £700,000. Against the admittedly degrading effects of this species of gambling upon the middle and lower classes of the people this is a small set off, although it is a large sum in money.

Of the various royal and princely heirs in Europe who are unmarried, the eldest, with one exception—the son of the Grand Duke of Luxembourg—is Prince Victor Bonaparte thirty years of age. Next comes the Archduke Charles Louis of Austria, who is nearly twenty-eight, and then the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, now twenty-seven. The Czarevitch is twenty three years old. Most of the present monarchs of Europe were married while younger than these bachelors, and the fact is leading to much comment.

Letters received on Tuesday by the directors of the London Missionary Society from their missionaries in Central Africa announced the baptism of their first convert in those regions, a lad named Kolulu, at Kinyamkolo, at the south end of Lake Tanganyika, on Sunday, January 11. The ceremony took place in the schoolroom of the mission, and the building was crowded to overflowing. Kolulu, who was originally a slave of Kasanga, in Ughua, is said to be a lad of decided opinions, and has much influence in the village where he was baptised.

Among many preparations that the Spanish Government and learned societies are making for the celebration of the fourth centenary of Columbus next year is the restoration of the Convent of La Rabida, and the church at Palos. It is desired to put both monuments as nearly as possible in the same condition as they were when Columbus started on his first voyage of discovery. Many members of literary societies in Germany, Russia, Belgium, and France have signified their intention to be present at the American Congress in La Rabida during the autumn of 1892.

It is stated that at the present moment there are in the market large quantities of yellow Cape stones which have been changed to a brilliant white by a well-known chemical process. The same fraud created a sensation some years ago, and it has now been revived with considerable success. It is believed that diamonds valued at £1,000,000 or £2,000,000 have been thrown on the market, the principal offenders being Belgian dealers. Upwards of 50 Paris diamond merchants have, it is said, been duped, and have, without knowing it, sold to their customers stones at prices 25 or 30 per cent. above their value.

Mr. Arthur Reeves, Sheen State Pundaloy, Ceylon, was murdered on the 31st as he was sitting at dinner alone; his assistants, Messrs Lucas and Watson, having left only a short while ago for England. The *appu*, whose name is Martin Silva, came in with a cup of tea, and when behind Mr. Reeves he snatched up a dinner knife and cut his master's throat, after which he fled to the cool lines. Another servant entering soon after the deed was committed raised a hue, and cry, and Silva was arrested, and is now in the lock-up. Death was almost instantaneous. Silva has admitted his guilt. Deceased was to have left for England in a month to be married.

The total production of the barley in the world is estimated at 825,000,000 bushels. Of this amount Europe produces from 630,000,000 to 650,000,000; valued at \$800,000,000. The following will show the average production for each country of the world: Algeria, 60,500,000 bushels; Austria-Hungary, 88,500,000; Belgium, 3,665,700; Bulgaria, 15,125,000; Canada, 19,250,000; Denmark, 20,650,000; Egypt, 27,500,000; British Isles, 90,750,000; France, 49,500,000; Germany, 93,500,000; Holland, 4,400,000; Norway and Sweden, 22,000,000; Roumania, 19,250,000; Russia, 129,250,000; Spain, 77,000,000; Turkey, 13,750,000, and the United States 57,750,000 bushels.

The quantity of silk now lying unsold at Yokohama is put at thirty thousand bales; and what to do with this vast quantity is a question that is exercising the attention of business men and financiers generally. Several influential native newspapers advise that the stock be sold this year and not held over in hope of higher prices another season, which are by no means probable, and they condemn the Bank of Japan for advancing money at low interest to silk merchants in order to enable them to "hold" for a rise. Should things remain in their present state, it is apprehended that a panic will overtake the Japanese commercial world at the end of the year.

While everyone was talking about Dr. Koch's lymph for the cure of consumption, an individual, calling himself Dr. Jeannotout, a Frenchman, conceived the idea of making a fortune by curing consumptive patients by making them inhale the vapour from a mixture of creosote tar, eucalyptus globulus, essence of thyme, essence of cinnamon, and essence of bitter almonds. He inspired confidence in a number of consumptive patients. He appeared dressed in the uniform of a major of the French Army with his breast covered with all sorts of decorations, amongst which shone the Cross of the Legion of Honour. An inquiry, however, instituted by the police, led to the discovery that Jeannotout was not a major in the army, and had never been admitted into the Legion of Honour. He was subsequently arrested and is now at the depot of the Prefecture of Police, Paris.

Costumes of Indian Ladies.

The Marchioness of Dufferin gives the following description in her recently published book, "Our Viceregal Life in India: Selections from My Journal, 1884-88," of the costume of a native lady who paid her a visit:—"Her appearance deserves minute description. My first view of her was that of a mass of light gauze above, and a pair of legs clothed in loose white trousers below. Having conducted this avalanche of gauze to a sofa, I had time to study details. The thin pink and yellow striped material was not a petticoat, and I am quite at a loss to imagine how it was put on, or how many hundred yards were in it. It looked just as if a great piece had been unrolled and unrolled in a heap on the floor, and then picked up and half wound round and half carried by the wearer. When she sat down it was in a great fluff, and when she got up she took it in her arms, and it overflowed everything except the trousers. The body was made tight, and she wore pink mittens on her hands. Another wonderful part of her was her head. Her hair is jet black, and it was combed up from the back, and two very thick plaits were arranged across the front, one on top of the other."

With this may be compared the details of a former visit from a Nepalese lady—"Friday 3rd.—I have had such a visitor today. She is the wife of the Prime Minister of Nepal, and a more picturesque or gorgeous figure you never saw. I remember describing some Nepalese ladies to you before, but this one was much more splendid and more cheerful. The house had to be freed from the presence of all men, and though the Viceroy was allowed to see her, he was told not to shake hands, but only to bow to her. Nelly went down to meet her at the door, and to bring her up. Walking is a work of difficulty in Nepalese garments, and she needed help on the stairs. Her face was very pretty and painted, but artistically done. The eyes had a good deal of black around them, and were lovely ones. Her teeth were good, and she had a lively and pleasing expression. Her head-dress was most indescribable. It consisted of a diadem worn just on the forehead so as to frame the face. It was an arrangement of flowers and leaves in magnificent diamonds, with large bunches of grapes in emeralds, pendant just behind the ears, where the wreath ended. I never saw anything at all like it, and there were emerald flies settling on the flowers, where repeated the colour very cleverly. The body of her dress was of pretty light pink gauze, and her skirts of the same were so voluminous that she had an armful to carry when she moved, and it was impossible to say how they were made, or whether they were made at all. She had pink velvet shoes, and on her hands English dog-skin riding gloves, over which she wore diamond rings and diamond bracelets, such as, I am sure, you have never seen—gigantic ones. If you can imagine the very quaint figure, submerged, so to say, in her clouds of pink gauze, taking up most of the sofa on which I sat drowsily beside her, in my everyday morning gown, you will see that I was a very small-looking personage indeed. When she drives she is buttoned into her carriage with leather blinds, and she might just as well be in Nepal as in Calcutta, for all she sees of the outer world. So I suggested showing her the view from my verandah. She was very pleased, and said she had never seen anything so beautiful. I am to pay a return visit, which will be interesting."

A Remarkable Adventurer.

A remarkable adventurer, named Delphine Geyler, whose notoriety is of long date, and who practises her arts with varying success in Paris, London, and other European capitals, has been condemned at Pau to six months' imprisonment, the sentence being afterwards increased to two years by order of the Paris Court. This new Becky Sharp was born of respectable parents at Nantes in 1829, and received a good education in a convent at Algiers. After two years or so of wedded life in an African colony she became impatient of domestic ties, and went off to Paris with a clever young fellow, who afterwards rose to be a noted statesman. About the year 1863 Geyler was wandering about France as a courtesan. She lived in great style, but came to grief at Lyons, where she had her first experience of the dock, the prisoner having been condemned to one year's imprisonment for obtaining goods under false pretences. On her liberation, she passed through various cities, from time to time acting as governess, music teacher, or *dame de compagnie*, in which last capacity she is said to have been employed for a while in London. A few years ago she came to Paris, where she obtained a considerable sum of money from the vicar of a metropolitan parish, whose church she promised to get her husband to restore. The said husband was represented to the estimable ecclesiastic as a wealthy English lord. Delphine Geyler was arrested lately at Lourdes where she was engaged in perpetrating frauds on several pious and opulent pilgrims to that celebrated shrine.

A GIANT ALBUM

It Is Two Feet Square and Was Made for an Indian Prince.

A veritable leviathan of photograph albums has just been manufactured by an English firm for a wealthy Indian Prince. The volume is not only got up in a most luxurious fashion, being bound in a smooth, dark-blue Russia leather and lined with pure white watered silk; it is huge in its dimensions, measuring some two feet square and six inches in thickness, and also unique in its purpose, being filled with fifty panel portraits of the reigning monarchs of the world, their consorts and the next heirs to the various thrones.

At the top of each page the name of the country is blazoned in red and gold, and at the foot the name of the subjects—if one may term monarchs and their heirs-apparent subjects even in a photographic sense. The whole thing is a quite remarkable production in its way, and as handsome as it is uncommon.

The same firm has also just collected a cabinet of current coinage of the world for the same potentate, the examples including the largest gold and silver coin respectively of each country.

The Prince for whom these unique productions have been made is the same personage who presented the Duke of Clarence and Avondale with a gold cigarette case, mounted with the tusks of the first wild boar killed by the Duke during his recent Indian tour.

The Dreadful Habit His Wife Had.

"Samantha," grumbled Mr. Chugwater, fumbling in one of the bureau drawers, "I'd like to know where in the name of common sense you keep my socks."

"What pair do you want, Josiah?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater.

"Any pair, if they are only mates. Here's an odd gray sock and an odd black one, and down here in the corner is an odd pair of last Summer's socks, with holes in the toes. I don't see why my things can't be kept in order, the same as other men's."

"If you had only told me—"

"Told you! Have I got to run to you, Mrs. Chugwater, for every little thing I want? Is that your idea about how to carry on the household business? If you'd just take trouble enough to pile things in here so I can find 'em when I want 'em 't would save me lots of bother."

"Josiah, if you will let me—"

"Now, there's no use of your getting excited about this thing. If you know where I can get a pair of half-way decent socks just say so and I'll hunt 'em up! and if you don't know and will have the kindness to put the fact in plain English I'll go out and buy a pair. That's all."

If you hadn't tumbled those things all out of shape, Josiah—"

"Tumbled them out of shape, have I? What's a bureau drawer for, anyway? Is it to hid things in, madam? If I don't find what I want on 'top haven't I got to look down under, I'd like to know? Any woman that will pack and jam a bureau drawer full of things and arrange them so you've got to dig and claw all through the whole business to get what you're after, and then don't get it, hasn't got the right idea about arranging a man's haberdashery. If you know where my socks are, Mrs. Chugwater, why don't you say so, instead of standing around like a stoughton bottle and doing nothing?"

"I could have found them for you in a minute and saved you all this trouble if you had given me a chance," said Mrs. Chugwater, as she straightened out the tangle in the drawer and brought to view from one of the bottom corners five pairs of clean socks.

"When you want anything of this kind hereafter, Josiah, if you'll just let me know—"

"The trouble with you, Samantha," growled Mr. Chugwater, as he jerked a pair from the top of the pile and went off to one corner to put them on, "is that you talk too much."

Largest Arsenal In The World.

The largest arsenal in the world is that of Woolwich. It was formed about 1720, on the site of a rabbit-warren. It has within its enclosure 280 acres of land, of which some 160 acres are covered with buildings. When in full operation it employs 18,000 persons. The amount of ammunition stored is immense, and cannon can be counted out by the hundred. The storehouse has always on hand 20,000 cavalry saddles, with a corresponding amount of shoes, nails, and harness; and all military equipments, whether for land or naval service. The machinery used is some of the best in the country, a great deal of which was made in Manchester. One machine for the manufacture of fixed ammunition has the capacity for turning out 250,000 cartridge moulds daily. The several shops and buildings are connected with railways for moving material, and aggregate a great many miles.

In France, the chief arsenals are at Cherbourg, Brest, and Toulon; in Germany, at Spandau, Cologne, and Danzig; in Russia, at St. Petersburg; in Austria, at Vienna.

A Criminal's Money.

A somewhat remarkable story was told by a bank president at the buffalo club the other day, says the *Express* of that city. It was to the effect that about \$20,000 was on deposit in a bank in Buffalo to the credit of a notorious cut-throat and train-robber.

"We have money in our bank," said the speaker, "belonging to a man who has probably committed fifteen or twenty murders in as many years."

This startling statement caused some surprise, but the name of the depositor was not mentioned. It was stated that no draft had been received on his account for a long time, but the depositor is believed to be pursuing his vocation of murderer and desperado in the wild and woolly west. The deposits, it was said, were always made closely following some train-robbery, and it was morally certain that the depositor was concerned in the thefts.

"On one occasion," said the banker, "this man was at a southern town, standing on the levee, and about to take a boat down the river in order to escape arrest for a crime. An old acquaintance spoke to him, but, being told he was mistaken, and persisting that he was right, the poor fellow was deliberately stabbed to the heart. That was during war excitement, when such murders were of frequent occurrence. Hence this particular one attracted very little attention and no attempt was made to arrest the murderer. He has figured in numerous crimes of a similar nature."

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

The King of Greece has made \$8,000,000 in speculation on the London change.

Princess Beatrice may be said to be decidedly stout, as she weighs 210 pounds.

Queen Marguerita, of Italy, is a devoted student of the Hebrew language and literature.

Mark Twain will go abroad next month to be absent from home several years. His family will accompany him.

Count von Moltke was a semi-invalid until he had reached his 40's, and yet managed to survive for more than half a century.

Ex-Empress Eugenie, while in Paris a few weeks ago, attracted attention by her pallor and feebleness. She is not expected to live much longer.

Lord Tennyson has a large dairy on the Isle of Wight and sells milk. Perhaps that is how he fell into the habit of watering his poetry.

Mme. Bernhardt left San Francisco Friday for Australia. Her receipts in that city reached \$40,045, the largest business she ever played to in one week.

Lord Randolph Churchill's promised book on his visit to Mashonaland is to appear first in a series of twenty letters in the London Graphic, for which he has been paid \$10,000.

Capt. Thomas of the steamship Pennsylvania, has been presented by the British Government with a splendid silver cup for his rescue of the survivors of the wrecked steamship Falconer last November. First Officer Crockett was given a gold medal and four of the crew silver medals.

Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, has been located as sealer in the kitchen of the Sultan of Turkey. His peculiar business is to seal all the dishes for the Sultan's table as soon as they are prepared, and, thus secure against poison, they are carried into the royal dining-room and the seals broken only in the Sultan's presence.

The King and Queen of Denmark gave their granddaughter, the Princess Louise, when she was confirmed, white enamel furniture with pale blue Persian rugs and hangings for her boudoir. Her mother, the crown princess, gave her a gold-mounted Bible; her father, a watch set with diamonds; the Emperor and Empress of Russia, ermine and emeralds, and the Princess of Wales a diamond-studded fan and a ruby-mounted boquet holder.

A Great Invention.

Science has long been accustomed to regard friction as the one invincible and universal force which effectually obstructs and limits all devices for saving power in the running of machinery. Friction it is, we were taught in our school days, which makes the dream of perpetual motion a folly. But modern science and ingenuity have constantly overcome one difficulty after another in the process of applying the forces of nature to practical uses, until at last, if the statements in a recent number of the *Washington Post* may be relied on, friction itself has been abolished and the way opened up to another development in the use of labour-saving machinery which bids fair to throw all its predecessors, with two or three great exceptions, into the shade. The invention consists in the use of hardened steel ball bearings for all wheels, pulleys, or revolving shafts.

"The pulleys," says the *Post*, "which have been in operation at the power house of the Washington and Georgetown Railroad Company for several weeks have demonstrated to the satisfaction of a great number of scientific and practical men, many of them attendants upon the late Patent Congress, and others of high and authoritative standing in the Government Departments, that the abolishment of friction, which has long been the dream of a multitude of original thinkers, is finally an accomplished fact. Two of the pulleys mentioned have been in use for three weeks, carrying the railway cable, requiring no attention, generating no heat, and performing their work admirably in all respects. Two other pulleys have been running for about ten days and twelve hours a day, merely for exhibition, one of which is driven with a thread of No. 200 spool cotton to a speed of 1,200 revolutions per minute, without oil or any other lubricant and absolutely without heating; the plane surfaces that are exposed to the bearings and the bearings themselves being at no time raised above the normal temperature of cold steel. It is thus conclusively shown that where no heat is developed there is no friction, and if no friction there is no wear."

We suppose the terms "no heat" and "no friction" are intended to be understood as at least slightly hyperbolic. The absolute destruction of friction is inconceivable, so long as the contact is kept up, whether at one point or a hundred. But it can well be believed that hardened ball bearings, presenting to a plane surface but one point of contact, may be, as claimed, practically indestructible by attrition. Certainly if the invention virtually annihilates friction, prevents heating and does away with the necessity for lubricating oils, there can be no limit to its applicability. The *Post* says that it has been already successfully introduced in the running gear of ordinary vehicles, to the great saving of horse-power and entire relief from the annoyance and unsightliness of the grease that is now the common disfigurement of carriage axles. But if available for carriages why not for railway engines and coaches, and a thousand other uses, with great saving of power and expense? We shall expect to hear more about this wonderful invention. It is in its favour, rather than otherwise, that the principle is so simple that a child may understand it, for that has been characteristic of most of the great inventions.

No Place Like Home.

A man with a motley and vari-colored visage was meandering along the street the other day, remarking from time to time, in a voice like a foghorn with cramps, that "there's no place like home."

A policeman went up to him and wanted him to stop it.

"Can't a man vent his feeling?"

"Not so loud as that."

"Do I have to keep still about the solemn truth? Must I suppress the facts?"

"What facts?"

"That my wife told me I was drunk, threw two chairs, one plate and a fork at me, pulled out my last lock of hair and threw me out of my own home. Must I suppress this? No. Truth will prevail."

And he went on singing "There's no place like home."

THE BIGGEST BIRD.

The Condor, the Winged Monster of the Andes' Cold Peaks.

Up among the cold, white peaks of the Andes, higher than human foot has had the daring to tread, is sometimes seen a dark speck slowly circling in the clear air. The speck gradually descends, and we see that it is the largest bird of the air—the condor. Its flight is swifter than the eagle's. Nothing but the distance could have made the condor of the Andes seem small and slow of wing. Swiftly descending, strong, cruel, hungry, he fastened his horrid eye upon some luckless lamb or kid. Rarely is it able to escape or hide from its enemy; successful resistance is impossible. The condor cannot carry off its prey in its talons like the eagle, for it has not the eagle's power of grasp, and the sharpness of its claws is in time worn off on the hard rocks which are its home; so, standing upon the struggling animal with one foot, the condor kills the poor animal with his powerful beak and his other foot.

Like many other greedy creatures, the condor, after his dinner, becomes incapable of flight, and it is only then that he can be approached with safety; but even now the hunter must be cautious and strong. If the condor does not reach an untimely end by violence, it is, according to all accounts, very long-lived. The Indians of the Andes believe that he lives for a hundred years.

The condors' homes seem just suited for birds so ugly and fierce. They build no nest, but the females select some hollow in the barren rock that shall be large enough to shelter her from the strong winds while she is hatching her eggs. Here, in the midst of a dreadful desolation, the ugly little condors begin their cries for food, and after they are six weeks old begin attempting to use their wings. The parents manifest the only good trait they possess in the care for their young, feeding and training them to fly, so that in a few months they are able to hunt for themselves after the grim fashion of their elders.

His Usual Practice.

"And now, dearest," said the young man, as he slipped a ring on her slender finger, "please name the day. That is the only thing needed to make me the happiest man alive—except," he added, absent-mindedly, "that I shall require a deposit of \$25 to insure me against mistakes or embezzlement."

He was the manager of a publishing and collection agency.

The Practical Use of Taffy.

Mr. Younglove—"Are you awake, Alice?"

Mrs. Younglove—"Yes dear."

Mr. Younglove—"Ah, I am sorry; you have disturbed my reverie. As you lay there asleep I was drinking in the calm purity of your angelic features and thinking how happy should be the man who can awaken in the bright sunshine of the morning and find such a fair and radiant young creature by his side. And—I—I—"

Mrs. Younglove—"Go on, George, you talk so beautifully."

Mr. Younglove—"I would like to, but I feel so sleepy that I'll take another nap. You won't mind getting up and lighting the fire, will you, darling?"

He Understood His Business.

At five o'clock yesterday afternoon a wag stopped a citizen and asked him for a dime to get a bite to eat.

"Look here, man," sharply replied the other, "on Wednesday you hit me for a dime; on Thursday I gave you another, and now you have the cheek to demand a third."

"Is that so?"

"Of course it's so, and I think it's piling it on most too thick."

"Then you are the man I struck Wednesday over on the corner?"

"I am."

"But now I've tackled you for the third time?"

"You have."

"Well, old man, I beg your pardon. That's too much gall, even for me, and my excuse is that you have improved so much in your looks that I didn't recognize you."

He was handed a quarter.

Satisfied With the Explanation.

A mill overseer in Hamilton discharged a boy, the other day. The next morning a determined looking woman appeared in the mill office and wanted to see the overseer, and he came out to see her. Opening the door in came the ugliest bulldog that the overseer ever saw and the dog sidled up to the woman.

"Did you discharge the boy?" asked the woman.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Be you goin' to take him back?" asked she.

The overseer looked at the woman and the dog and the latter began to lick his chops.

"Ma'am," said he, "is that your dog?"

"Yes, sir," said the woman, "he is, and, sir, be you a goin' to take my boy back?"

The dog growled and the overseer said, "Yes, ma'am. Your boy can come back in the morning," and then the dog winked his left eye wickedly (so the overseer avers) and the woman and the dog went out together.

She Wanted Time to Think the Matter Over.

The wife of a celebrated divine has such a fancy for Angora cats that she has a room devoted to them, leading out of which a gallery is built, so that the animals can have exercise and fresh air without wandering away.

In addition to the cat craze, a monkey was added to the household menagerie and all went pleasantly until one day as the doctor stepped into his bath the monkey jumped in with him. Then there was wrath in the man's eyes when, after a brief struggle, he left the bathtub holding the monkey by the neck, both dripping with water, and marched into the presence of his good lady, saying:

"Madame, this monkey business has gone too far; you must decide between me and the monkey!"

She looked placidly up from a cat she was petting, saying:

"Yes, dear; but please give me twenty-four hours to decide."

The monkey is still a member of the household.

There is a blizzardsque freshness about life in the Dakotas. At a "trades" carnival held at Mitchell the other day, a young woman's gown was decorated with \$8,000 in gold and bills.