

LATE FOREIGN NEWS

A Costly Library.

NO SOCIALISTS NEED APPLY.

Bacilli in Telephone.

A NOVEL FORM OF FRAUD.

The easy going ways of the Danes are productive of longevity. Among 2,000,000 inhabitants more than sixty have died so far this year who had passed the four score and ten. Quite half of them were nearer 100 than 90 years old.

Probably the finest and costliest college library building will be the one which has been built for the University of Leipzig. Three million marks were expended on it. The library of the University consists of 540,000 volumes.

A bomb weighing 184 pounds was dug up by a gang excavating for a cellar in Copenhagen. It was a reminiscence of the bombardment by the English fleet in 1807, that threw Denmark into the arms of Napoleon and ended in robbing her of Norway.

Many French scientists are devoting their time to the planning of a balloon capable of being guided. M. de Freytag has lately examined a most ingenious machine, which acquires great force with very little expenditure of energy. Many people look forward to seeing a guidable balloon in the near future.

M. Maurice de la Sizeranne, the blind philanthropist, lately left Paris for Kiel and Copenhagen to study the charitable institutions of those cities, and to be present at an international congress in aid of the blind. He has founded an institution in Paris, which does a great deal of good work in training the blind to earn a living for themselves.

A cabinet-maker in Cotbus, being too tired to walk home, resolved one night to sleep in his workshop. As there was no bed in the place, he lay down in a coffin, which he filled with sawdust in order to rest more comfortably. He soon fell asleep. The next morning he was found dead in the coffin. It is supposed that an apoplectic fit was the cause of his sudden demise.

An athletic Copenhagen butcher is the latest candidate for histrionic honors. His debut on the stage was made as a fiddler, playing a sentimental ditty with an 80-pound weight hung from each wrist. When called before the curtain by the enthusiastic audience he put on an extra ten pounds and played his piece again, as if nothing was amiss.

The Danish Government is not disposed to parley long with the socialists. An Englishman named Paternoster, who came over to take charge of the Sailor's International Union, a concern that is sufficiently radical to come under the Government ban, has been expelled. He was arrested as soon as he set foot in Copenhagen, and orders were issued by the police to send him back on the first English steamer.

A German engraver residing in Genoa, stole several plans of the coast defenses of that city. His theft somehow came to the ears of the authorities, and his workshop was examined with the result of finding the stolen plans. It is believed that the action of the authorities was taken early enough to prevent the exportation of any plans to Germany. The engraver is now awaiting trial.

A brutal crime is reported from Aix-la-Chapelle. When the conductor of a moving railway train asked a passenger who was standing on a platform for his ticket, the latter gave him a blow with his fist and then shoved him from the car. The poor fellow fell twenty feet, and was brought in a mangled condition to a hospital, where he died several hours later in great agony.

The postal authorities of Prussia have instituted an investigation in order to find out if infectious diseases can be transmitted by telephone. It is thought that bacilli from the mouth of the telephone, and from there are transferred to the mouth or the ears of persons using it. By frequent sprinkling with carbolic acid on the end of the telephone the danger can be averted, or, at least, diminished.

A great outcry is being raised in Finland against the recent introduction of the Russian language into the schools of that country. Heretofore the innovation had not extended to the publication of a newspaper in the foreign tongue, but now it is announced that the Government is about to grant a subsidy for the starting of a Russian newspaper in that province regardless of the outspoken indignation of Finnish patriots.

On account of the difficulties of importation by way of the Arctic Ocean, the Government has granted to merchants in Siberia the privilege of importing their goods from foreign countries, free of duty, through the rivers Obi, Yenisey and Petchara. At present, however, the Minister of Finance is considering the advisability of establishing custom houses at various points of entry, so that after the close of 1892 duties will doubtless be imposed upon imported goods.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwering is in a pitiable condition. So far as is known, he has not enjoyed one healthy day in his life. He is compelled nearly always to live in a southern climate. Last winter he resided in Cannes. When he moved for a short time this summer to Gelbersand, a watering place in his own country, diphtheria befell him, and he is now in such a bad condition that nourishment has to be given him by means of a tube inserted into the stomach.

In an Italian town an inspector received a letter from an unknown person ordering him to leave at a certain place a thousand ounces of gold under pain of having his house burned down. The inspector managed to get up a correspondence with the writer of the threatening letter and at the same time informed the police and the post-office authorities. A watch was set at the postoffice, and one night a letter was thrown into the postoffice addressed to the inspector. The officers who were on watch rushed out and captured the writer of the blackmailing letters. He made a full confession.

The *Vedomosti* of St. Petersburg is informed that the Ministry of the Interior will soon issue a regulation by which persons having been found guilty of theft, habitual

fighters, drunkards, men of prejudicial conduct, and such as have been disrespectful toward the Government officers or the clergy, also those who do not pay their taxes regularly, will be deprived of the right to attend the meetings of their respective communal assemblies. The Government officers will be ordered to discipline all such persons in the customary manner, (inflicting punishment with the rod).

The prevalence of hydrophobia has recently aroused considerable uneasiness in some parts of Austria, and at the request of the Austrian Supreme Sanitary Council, the Minister of the Interior of the country caused inquiry to be made regarding the disease, and obtained an interesting lot of statistics. During the last ten years it was ascertained that the number of dogs attacked by the disease was from 700 to 800 annually. The number of persons annually attacked by dogs thus infected was from 250 to 430 showing a total of 3,021 cases during the ten years. The deaths numbered 822. The disease is common except in some Alpine districts.

Daniel's Paris correspondent telegraphs:—"The Ninth Police Court last week condemned sixty-five persons, known as the 'False Accident Gang,' to punishments varying from a fine of 200f to three years' imprisonment. Their method of proceeding was briefly as follows:—A coachman would pretend to run over a man or woman; a policeman would testify to the accident having occurred, and the victim would be kept in bed for some time. The company employing the coachman would proceed to verify the affair, and the person sent by them would report the case as genuine, when the company would pay a part of the claim for damages. Everybody in the case—even the policeman—would belong to the gang.

The official report of the French Post Office business transacted in 1889 has only just been published, and according to this report the total number of inland letters, post-cards, newspapers, patterns, and other parcels dealt with was 1,508,896,368, as against 1,371,320,986 in 1888. There was an increase in every section, the number of letters being 588,863,059, as against 566,350,104; while the total of post-cards rose from 38,077,490 to 41,497,320. Newspapers increased from 354,094,712 to 499,822,181; and printed matter of other descriptions from 355,230,811 to 417,074,743. The total number of foreign letters and papers increased from 222,196,380 in 1888 to 234,587,166, and of these 119,860,646 were letters and 72,566,962 newspapers.

An aged Cossack named Michael Gavrylovitch Khlebnikoff, from the village of Yessentok, was met recently in the 'Yar' restaurant of Vladikaukas City. He has no daughters, but rejoices in a family of seven sons, thirty grandsons and seven great-grandsons, who are all living and in good health. They live in ideal harmony under the same roof, the numerous progeny obeying, without question, the commands of their aged relative, who governs the entire family like a patriarch. According to his statement Khlebnikoff has a wife still living at the age of 88. To all inquiries concerning his own age he invariably answers: "Oh, so many years have passed away that I cannot remember." But he declares that when Catharine the Great died (in 1796 he was 15 years old, so that he must now be 110 years of age. He still enjoys vigorous health, having never had one day's sickness during his long life.

Several of the Municipal Board of St. Petersburg have made it a practice to absent themselves from the meetings of their organization because, as the liberal papers intimate, the Government will manage the affairs of the city according to its own plans, whether they approve of the measure proposed to their Council or not. The Ministry of the Interior has, therefore, enacted the following regulations:—"A member of the Municipal Board failing to attend a meeting of that Board without assigning a weighty reason for his absence, shall be reprimanded by the Chairman. The second offence of this kind makes him liable to a fine not exceeding 75 rubles. Upon the third time he is absent without a satisfactory reason he shall pay a similar fine and be excluded from the Council for a time not exceeding the term of his election. Any person interfering with the order of municipal elections shall be liable to imprisonment for seven days or to a fine not exceeding 25 rubles."

King Ja Ja's Dream and its Fulfillment.

A tourist who has just returned from the Canary Islands had an interview with King Ja Ja a few days before his death. The exiled king was at that time staying at an hotel in Santae Nuz, and was in very low spirits, doubting whether he would ever see his native land again, though he had made all the necessary arrangements for his departure. The journey was delayed by the British Vice-Consul, who told him to wait till the arrival of Major M'Donald, the Commissioner of the Oil Rivers. The Colonial Office had exacted from him as a condition of his being allowed to return a promise to create no disturbances. He was suffering severely at the time from dysentery, and being convinced that he was the victim of a conspiracy against his life, he refused to take medicines, hiding himself on the roof or in the cellar of the hotel at the hours the doctor was expected. Three days before his death he was to have gone to a village on the hills for change of air; but he refused to leave, saying "I no go. I had the dream from my fadder. He say I wid him in tree day." The Psychological Society will be interested to know that this presentment proved true. The ex-king's dress was a suit of white flannels and a long dust coat. He had been deserted at St Vincent by his wives and servants. They had sent their luggage on board the steamer that was to carry them to Teneriffe, but stayed on shore themselves. When, after the steamer had started the boxes were opened they were found to contain only rubbish.

Curbing the Indian Press.

At Calcutta the Judge who tried the case has refused to accept the jury's verdict in the case of the proprietor, editor, manager, and printer of the *Bungobashi*, one of the principal vernacular newspapers of India, who were arrested and charged with attacking the Government. The Judge ordered a retrial of the case. The Government recently has been repeatedly and vigorously attacked by the native press, especially in connection with the Manipur trials and executions and age of consent law, and consequently has resorted to strong measures in order to curb the bitter utterances.

More than 200,000 people are confirmed in the English church every year.

NEARLY OVER.

A Boy's Narrow Escape from a Fearful Death on the Ramparts at Devonport.

Perhaps the impressions made upon a child are stronger and more lasting than are those made upon a grown man. I don't know. This however, I do know, that there is an event in the history of my childhood which rises beyond my mental vision to this day, though thirty years have passed since it occurred, and which haunts me like a horrible nightmare whenever it comes. Nightmare! Why, when sometimes the grim dyspepsia demon does attack me, he rejoices most to make me repeat in my restless sleep that terrible experience, that narrow escape of years gone by.

I was a little over 9 years of age at the time, and, though a somewhat delicate boy, just as fond of mischief and fun as any of the rest. My father was an officer in the British Royal Navy, a glorious old salt who had fought in the Crimea, had served under Napier in the Miguelite wars in Portugal, had been around the world with Holman, the blind traveler, and had come to anchor at last at Devonport, the big seaport and dockyard, after forty years of a seafaring life.

Perhaps everybody doesn't know that Devonport was (perhaps still is, for all I know) surrounded by a deep moat, flanked by high stone ramparts, and that outside of the moat lies a huge space of waste land called the Common. Here the soldiers of the garrison used to drill, here the big reviews were held, and I remember, on one occasion the Prince Consort himself—the Man of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, you know—coming to represent his wife and Queen.

Once every year on Devonport Common there was held a big fair, a regular old-fashioned country fair, with a Richardson show, booths at which were exhibited fat women and hairy women, live Indians, eight-legged cows, two-headed horses and all the attractions to be found in a dime museum of today. There were athletic sports, running with wheelbarrows, climbing the greasy pole and a hundred kindred boisterous amusements; besides, it was the day on which servants of every description, from cooks, house-maids, grooms and coachmen to farm laborers and scullery-maids, stood in rows and let themselves out for hire for the remainder of the year.

To us children these three days were red letter ones. We looked forward to them for months, and when they came we begged from our parents all the pocket money we could in order to go and see the wonderful sights of the big fair.

At this period I was at school, with an elder brother, at the Devonport and Stoke Grammar School, and there was a little group of five boys who were always chums, always ready for fun, mischief or devilment of any kind. The eldest, Snell, was only 14 years old. I was the youngest, about 9. These were my brother Nap, Bodley, Perkins, Snell and myself.

I should here tell you that upon no occasion, and under no circumstances whatever, was anybody permitted to walk upon the ramparts, which formed the fortifications of Devonport within the moat, without a written order from the Admiral or some officer in the army or navy resident in the town. On occasions like the fair such orders were given out freely—but only to the personal friends of the givers—because the ramparts formed a point of vantage from which everything that went on upon the Common could be seen with ease. On such occasions it was customary for the officers of the regiments and of the ships in Devonport to hold a sort of picnic, and when the weather was favorable, it is a moot question which was most picturesque—the groups of pretty, gaily dressed ladies and officers in uniform above the moat, or the crowd pushing and surging amid the booths and stands on the Common below.

We boys could not see—being all sons of naval or military officers—why we should not be up on the ramparts as well as our more fortunate mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts. We didn't get orders, but we determined to get there all the same.

And we got there. I wish now we had not got there. Many a time I've wished it. We watched our opportunity, and when we saw a goodly-sized party of ladies going through the gates we walked through too, and then took to our heels like lamplighters up on to the ramparts.

Of course the ladies repudiated all connection with us, and of course a couple of soldiers were sent up after us to bring us down.

But we were as slippery as eels in those days, and for a long time we dodged in and out among the many guests (by the way I remember seeing my own mother there) and escaped capture. I cannot say that we had an extra fine view of the fair, but we had lots of fun and, perhaps that was better.

The man was climbing the greasy pole—he had nearly reached the top—I was standing open-mouthed, wondering would he reach that leg of mutton. Suddenly it was Nap's voice, I heard "Look out! Run! Here's the sentry!" The next minute I felt a hand on my shoulder. I started to run to escape. I was sort of dazed, the attack was so sudden. I did not look where I was going; I ran direct for the moat. I remember hearing a scream and a shout: something caught me by the collar. I had one leg over the rampart and in another second I would have been at the bottom of the dry moat, a bruised, mangled, dead little boy.

All the horror of the situation rushed through my brain at the time, but even then that instinct of self-preservation which is so great in us all overbalanced the sense of horror. I snatched myself from the grasp of my savior—I saw only that it was a woman—and took to my heels. This time my companions had deemed it best to get right away and finish the day upon the common. But when we did get out of danger my nerves gave way and I fell in a faint upon the street. The horror, terror, agony of that moment—it could not have been many seconds—crowded themselves together in one fearful strain that was too much for me, and I was laid up with a brain fever from which it took me weeks to recover.

Do you think I exaggerate when I say that to this day that moment comes back to me in memory and in dreams, and forms a nightmare from which there is no escape? Moreover to-day the sentiments are all intensified and the consequent agony a thousand degrees more severe. I wish I had never climbed onto those ramparts.

The one part of the world in which no native pipes and no native smokers have been found is Australia.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

In Great Britain there is one elector to about six of the population; in Belgium only one to about forty-six.

One of the largest hospitals in the world, containing accommodation for from 1,000 to 1,500 patients, has been opened at Constantinople.

The Hawaiian race has been steadily dwindling in numbers during the present century, and the latest census gives it a population of but 40,000, or a decrease of one-half within half a century.

The enormous consumption of coal in the gas works of London is indicated by the fact that the Gaslight and Coke Company is seeking tenders from the coalowners for its supply for one year, and that supply is set down at about 1,750,000 tons.

A man is about to attempt to walk on stilts from Paris to Moscow.

A dealer in artificial limbs estimates that 300,000 Englishmen have lost one or both legs.

Tennyson was once asked to supply a dozen birthday poems of eight lines each for a thousand guineas. The poet refused.

Dr. Mary C. Lowell has accepted a professorship of physiology at Mount Holyoke Seminary. She was formerly a physician at the Maize Insane Hospital.

Doors and windows are taxed in France. In a peasant's hut the tax amounts to about three francs per annum; on houses in cities it sometimes amounts to seventeen francs for each family.

In days gone by it was the privilege of the sultan only to indulge in the luxury of taking coffee, there being such a small quantity grown. Times, however, have changed, and now coffee is used in every household throughout the world.

An expert electrician asserts that an electric train, making 125 miles an hour, would require 7,000 feet in which to come to a standstill.

It is a mistake to suppose that Polar research has cost enormously in human life; despite all the great disasters, ninety-seven out of every one hundred explorers have returned alive.

The cork worm has come to plague the champagne producer. The insect bores the cork, close to the neck of the bottle, and thus gains access to the wine, releasing the carbonic-acid gas, and spoiling the wine.

Experiment has proved that if a delicate piece of lace be placed between an iron plate and a disc of gunpowder, and the latter be detonated, the lace will be annihilated, but its impression will be clearly stamped on the iron.

The movements of an intoxicated man are variable, depending upon the beverage which he has imbibed. Scientific experiments recently made in London demonstrated that intoxication by beer or wine makes a man fall on his side; whisky topers fall on their faces; while those overcome by hard cider almost invariably fall backward.

Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) does not lose her energy with advancing years. She is still an enthusiastic horsewoman, and the squarely-built figure with the iron-grey hair may frequently be met enjoying a spirited canter in the park at Richmond with one of her daughters as companion.

It has been concluded that with a balloon 330 feet long, with a maximum diameter of 55 feet, a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour can be attained. At the same time it is thought that the problem of flight is more likely to be solved by means of an aeroplane than with a balloon.

Chained Libraries were at one time by no means rare, and as the books were only suitable for scholars it is evident that some of our learned forefathers were no better than their descendants in the matter of book borrowing. One of these chained libraries still exists over the vestry of Wimborne Minster, in Dorsetshire.

Among the best-known newspaper women in Paris are Madame de Rute, a granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and the editor of the *La Nouvelle Revue Internationale*; Judith Gautier, daughter of that versatile genius Theophile Gautier; Madame Alphons Daudet; and Emmeline Raymond, editor of the *Mode Illustrée*, who writes the fortnightly Paris letter to *Harper's Bazar*.

The most valuable egg in the world is that of the extinct great auk, a specimen of which was sold the other day for £3. Of all known eggs the biggest is that of the extinct giant ostrich of Madagascar, supposed to be the original of the mythical roc. Semi-fossil specimens of it were recently used by the natives of the country as vessels for holding or carrying water. One of them will hold more than two gallons, its bulk being equal to 148 hens' eggs or six ostrich eggs. At this rate a dozen auk's eggs would be worth £36.

Seed for the culture of rubber has been sown in Ceylon and the seedlings are reported to be flourishing among the jungle. It is suggested that a large tract of country could easily be covered with profitable trees by simply collecting and sowing broadcast every year in the belts or useless jungles adjoining the estates, a few bushels of the seed of the Ceara rubber tree which grows in the island.

Since the death of her husband, several years ago, Mrs. Francis Woodring has held the office of superintendent of a coal mine at Ashland, Pennsylvania. She employs one hundred and eighty men, and is liked by all of them. At an early hour in the morning she appears at the head of the shaft, and she remains there till the men have all gone to work. She keeps a close supervision over the propping of the mine and the air supply, and is actively benevolent to the wives and families of the miners. Not a single accident has occurred in the mine since she assumed charge of it.

A lady in Liverpool has a wonderful cat named Dick, well-known for its sagacity. She has been in the habit of taking crumbs from the table and shaking them on the ground outside, so that the birds can feast therefrom. The cat, meanwhile, would ambush itself, and at the opportune moment, pounce upon the bird and secure a reasonable meal. The good lady tried to break the cat of the habit, but her efforts were of no avail. She then resorted to other means but with no success. At last she discontinued the practice of throwing out the crumbs for the birds. The cat, seeing that its daily meal was not forthcoming, entered the house, purloined a piece of bread from the table, scattered it over the ground at the accustomed feeding place, and awaited results behind a tree. Soon the birds appeared and the cat secured one of the sparrows.

ENGLAND'S ASIAN RAILWAY.

An Important Link of the Great Line Completed.

With the completion of the Khojak Tunnel another link is forged of that line which, in the years to come, will probably be known as the Great Central Asian Railway, uniting the East and the West, and girdling half the world's circumference with rails. The undertaking, which has not its equal in India, was the outcome of one of three projects submitted to the Government of India, and was the one specially recommended by the engineer-in-chief. Under this project the line from Killa Abdulla is continued 60 miles from Quetta, into the Khojak Pass, piercing the Khwaja Amran Range, and finally establishing a temporary terminus on the Chaman plain. The Secretary of State cordially indorsed the Government of India's approval, with the result that the first sod of this great work was turned in December, 1887. It was estimated that the line, the tunnel and the concomitant works would cost about 131 lacs, but an additional seven miles having been sanctioned later on the Chaman side, 12 lacs more had to be added to the original estimate, bringing the total to 143 lacs. The tunnel, the great engineering work of the scheme, is about two and a half miles in length, and is pre-eminent as the longest in Asia.

Many and appalling were the difficulties which surrounded its formation. The tunnel itself is responsible for a considerable increase in the expenditure, bringing the sum total to 152 lacs, or nine lacs above the estimate. Fuel for working the boring machines, a very considerable item, was made all the more expensive by the action of the Northwestern Railway, which enhanced the rates of carriage after the works were begun, and into the coffers of which went most of the excess. Extra arching was another item, and this was due to the loose nature of the strata inside the mountain—contrary to what might have been anticipated from an examination of the surface. And again, when within 100 yards of completion when every one concerned was rejoicing to think that the two ends would meet, by a most unfortunate piece of luck a vertical stratum of clay clung with water was met, and out of it came pouring a torrent of water and mud at the rate of several hundred gallons a minute. Even now water still issues from this part of the tunnel, but not in very considerable quantities. This unforeseen circumstance retarded the tunnel work for six months. All along the work had been carried on most rapidly, and as much as 37 yards a week was done at a face. The cost is less per yard than that of any of the larger Alpine tunnels, such, for instance, as the Mont Cenis, St. Gothard, or the Arlberg, although these had the immense advantage of unlimited water-power for driving their machinery. In the Khojak the rockdrilling machinery used was Schramm's. The rope inclines over the mountain were features in the work. These were built to facilitate the transport of material from one side of the range to the other, and ran up the hillsides at a gradient of one in two and a half. They carried a total of three-quarters of a million tons of material.

As originally intended, the tunnel was to be completed by October, 1890, but the work was delayed for the reasons already mentioned, and also by the severity of the winter of 1890-'91. Within four months 40 inches of rain fell, most of it in the form of snow, recharging the mountain range with water. The winter cold was unprecedented, 24 degrees below freezing being registered during the night, while the maximum during the day was only 36 degrees. The result was excessive mortality among the coolies, and no fewer than a fourth of those employed—that is to say, 1,000 men out of 4,000—lost their lives during that one winter. A regiment of pioneers was quartered near the mouth of the tunnel, and rendered good service; their presence, moreover, was invaluable in keeping in check the lawless Pathans and members of other equally turbulent tribes, from which the labor was urgently recruited. From these facts a good idea may be formed of the immensity of the work that was so quietly and yet so expeditiously carried on away on that remote frontier.

Two Lions in Camp.

A correspondent of the *Times*, who recently journeyed from Manica to Mashonaland, thus describes the visit of two lions to the camping ground one night:—"About one o'clock two lions came right into the camp, and set up the most frightful noise it is possible to imagine. They did not growl, as they usually do, but roared fearfully, first one starting, and then the other joining in. I have often heard that a lion's roar is very terrible. It is, and if you want to thoroughly appreciate it you must be lying in the open with two of them at it less than 20 yards off in the middle of the night. The noise is hard to describe, but it is most like about 50 cows bellowing all at once, and with a tremendous vibration in it, which goes through and through you. Three times did these brutes make this row, each time lasting about a minute and a half, but it seemed more like ten. After they had stopped, there was a dead silence for several minutes: even the hyenas, &c., were quiet. Presently the fires all around began to blaze up, and then the oxen began to make a great noise. We knew what was coming then, and every one was up in a moment. For the next hour there was the most indescribable confusion. The oxen all broke loose from the waggons, and rushed about all over the camp, upsetting everything. No more sleep that night. At daybreak very few oxen were left about, and all the natives were sent out to find them. Eventually all were got back but four, and six sheep.

EMIN PASHA VICTORIOUS.

A Report That he has Re-Conquered His Old Province.

A communication in cipher has been received at Brussels from Stanley Falls, which indicates that Emin Pasha has been wonderfully successful in his operations in Africa. According to this despatch Emin Pasha was, at the time the message was sent, resting at Wadala, after having inflicted a most serious and thorough defeat upon the dervishes. As a result of this battle, Emin Pasha captured 6,000 tusks of ivory and a quantity of ammunition, arms, and stores of many descriptions. In addition, Emin Pasha has re-occupied all the old stations in the equatorial province, and seems to have completely cowed the dervishes. The number of men killed in the battle with the dervishes is not mentioned in the despatch received from Stanley Falls.