

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

The Krupp works at Essen, Germany, recently turned out a gun that can propel a ball fifteen miles.

Father Cre, a French priest stationed at Jerusalem, recently found a talent of the time of King David in his dooryard.

Grasshoppers did an immense amount of damage in Ohio to oats and other growing crops. Whole fields of oats were destroyed.

During one week this month 313 car loads containing 3,816 tons of green fruit were shipped East from California. So far this season 6,000,000 more pounds of fruit have been shipped than last year.

Burt Revier and Charles Lemont, of Dundee, Minn., were both in love with the same girl and they agreed to settle the matter of rivalry by a fight in the presence of the young woman. She was watching the battle from a buggy, when the horse took fright and ran, throwing her out and causing fatal injuries.

An ingenious Frenchman has invented a contrivance for removing the hair by machinery. It is told that it operates with as great precision as Dr. Guillotine's, and does not remove so much of the man with the hair.

Photography has determined the cause of the recent glacial avalanche in the Alps. It was hydraulic pressure beneath and behind the glacier, produced by masses of ice falling into connecting water above and at a considerable distance.

In view of the impending cholera plague Dr. Daremberg says to the Parisians, "Boil your ice!" Freezing does not kill the germ of contagion, and there is only one practicable way of preparing ice so that it may be taken safely into the system.

By the new Education Act in South Australia, women are made eligible as members of the boards of advice. These have somewhat the same functions as British school boards, but with less authority.

The authorities in Russia have ordered that a person who dies from cholera shall not be buried for twenty-four hours in order to prove groundless the popular belief that many are buried alive.

A Vienna glass manufacturer claims to have produced a substitute for glass which contains all the transparent, odorless and acid-resisting properties of glass, while it has the greater advantage of being pliable and to a great degree unbreakable.

The city of Paris makes much of its shade trees. The transplanting of large trees is done there with perhaps greater success than anywhere else. It is now proposed to make an official inspection of all the trees in the city, with the view of removing those that are not healthy and substituting trees that are.

A decree has just been announced in Serbia that all peasants who are in arrears with their taxes will be permitted to pay them in the form of hay and straw, to be delivered to the Army.

A new species of bear was shot by Captain Bower during his late travels in Tibet. The animal was chocolate colored, with a white collar, and is quite unknown to naturalists.

An electric railway is being built at Kobe, Japan, to give reader access to the mountain resorts and direct communication with the Wakasa Gulf on the west coast, sixty-five miles distant. A branch line will be added to Urima, the chief summer resort in that part of the country.

A photographer in the Tyrol made a negative of ten tourists against a back ground of pine woods. When he developed the plate a faithful presentment of a large bear in the act of making for the denser timber appeared in the edge of the forest. Neither the man with the camera nor any of those in the group had known that the brute was near.

Dr. Grana, a country physician in Spain, has, it is stated, discovered a cure for diphtheria, which he claims never fails. The queen regent of Spain is greatly interested in the discovery and received Dr. Grana at court a few weeks ago. The physician has been invited to explain his remedy to the Madrid Academy of Medicine.

During his recent tour in the south of France, President Carnot, personally pinned the decoration of the order of agricultural merit upon the breast of a fat farmer, who betrayed signs of unusual emotion. It was afterward discovered that M. Carnot had stuck the pin about a half inch deep into the poor farmer's breast.

The Pope is to have a yacht presented to him by subscription on the part of wealthy Roman Catholics in England, Spain, and Italy. Pope Pio Nono, the predecessor of his present holiness, had a yacht given to him by the Empress Eugenie, but it was sold by direction of Leo XIII. as "unsuitable" being an armed, barque-rigged, screw corvette.

A Capt. Blondell at Oxford, Ala., offered \$25 to any one who would get into a boat and allow it to be blown up with dynamite, so that Blondell might show his life-saving methods. A young man named Neely accepted the offer, and was blown about forty feet into the air unhurt, but on his return to the water's surface he alighted on the fragments of the wreck and received a fractured leg and other injuries.

Aprons of the clownish deportment in the House of Commons of Keir Hardie, the representative of a workmen's constituency, the English papers relate the experience of the first labor member of the French Chamber of Deputies. No attention was paid in the Chamber to his breaches of conventionalities; but in the evening, when he started out to see some of the sights and tried to enter a dive called the Montagnes Russes, he was stopped at the door on the ground that he was not suitably dressed.

M. Tetard, a countryman, in Paris for a few days recently, stood in the Rue de Richelieu in a pouring rain protected only by his umbrella. He inquired of M. Bezuchel the way to the Chateau d'Eau. That gentleman, who had no umbrella, thereupon volunteered to guide the countryman part way to his destination, but instead of taking him in the right direction he led him a mile in a directly opposite course, sharing his umbrella, and then held him to retrace his steps and keep right on until he reached the Chateau d'Eau. Then M. Tetard slapped the Parisian's face. He was arrested for assault, but was acquitted, and the wily Parisian had to pay the costs.

A Romance of Real Life.

Lord Sherbrooke, whose death occurred recently, made a good deal of money during his nine years at the Australian Bar, but there is only one forensic speech of his at the Antipodes that is worthy of comparison with his oratorical triumphs in England. The occasion (says a writer in the *Sunday Sun*), was a sensational trial indeed—the appalling finale of a lurid life. One of the oldest and most respected of English families—whose head sits in the House of Lords, and whose name is by no means unfamiliar in the Commons—had the misfortune, in the early years of the century, to be cursed with a son who developed extraordinary criminal instincts in his very boyhood. He went to sea, and had risen to the position of a commander in the Royal Navy when he committed a robbery, was tried at the Old Bailey, and transported to Australia under a sentence of fourteen years. On landing in Sydney "Smith," as we shall call him, was promptly liberated on ticket-of-leave, and then he gave full play to his criminal instincts, committing nearly every crime in the calendar short of murder. At length the colonial authorities resolved to send him to that lonely speck in the Pacific—Norfolk Island—which was then reserved for the worst and most incorrigible prisoners. He was accordingly placed on board a Government brig in company with some forty other irreclaimable criminals. One night the brig was caught in a terrific storm and "Smith" notwithstanding that he was heavily ironed, contrived to get on deck, seize a quantity of arsenic, and throw the poison into the ship's cooking utensils. Next day every soul on board, save "Smith" and nine other desperadoes whom he had taken into his confidence, was seized with violent pains and became absolutely helpless. Thereupon "Smith" and his confederates took possession of the brig and ruthlessly threw overboard alike the dying and the dead, not even sparing their fellow-convicts, who in their irons were brought up one by one and cast into the sea. "Smith" then assumed the command of the brig and sailed away for America. What a situation for Mr. R. L. Stevenson! Unfortunately for himself, "Smith" touched at New Zealand port, where the brig was recognized and recaptured. Brought back to Sydney, "Smith" turned informer, alleging that his part in the piratical seizure was played under compulsion. So he saved his neck, while his nine confederates were hanged. On the urgent solicitation of very influential people, "Smith" was given one more chance, and permitted to remain in Sydney as a laborer in the Government dockyard. But one morning a poor widow was found lying in her house barbarously murdered with a tomahawk. One finger had been severed and taken away, the murderer in his haste being unable to pull the gold ring off. The ring was soon pawned for a small sum, and from the pawnbroker's description "Smith" was promptly identified and arrested as the murderer. Robert Lowe was retained for his defence, and the facts of the prisoner's guilt being conclusive he relied solely on the plea of "instinctive criminality," supporting it in a speech of marvellous power and psychological insight. But it was all of no avail. "Smith" was convicted and executed.

An acrolite of immense size fell the other day into the Caspian sea near the coast of the peninsula of Apshehon, on which Baku, the Russian oil city, is located. It is lying in water of a depth of nearly thirty feet and stands seven feet above the water. As it must have sunk into the soft ground to the depth of some feet, the stone cannot measure less than forty feet in length. It made a terrible noise when coming down, and kept the water boiling to a great distance for a long time.

Quite a craze has come over the French gardeners. They have suddenly begun to bend all their energies to the creation of new flowers and the acclimatization of such as have never before been cultivated in France. Among the latter is a flower from Central America (as yet unnamed in France) which changes its color three times a day. It is white in the morning, gets pink at noon and turns a lovely blue when the sun is setting.

THE AMEER APPEALS TO INDIA

He Asks Help to Prevent Russian Aggression in the Pamirs.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has addressed a formal request to the Government of India asking the Government to assist him in preventing Russian aggression in the Pamir region, part of which is claimed to be Afghan territory. Col. Yanoff, the Russian commander, continues to occupy the advanced position to which he recently advanced. What is said to principally alarm the Ameer is the fact, previously called attention to by Prof. Vambéry that at Penjdeh, in the neighborhood of the Djemshidis, a tribe of tributary vassals of the Ameer of Afghanistan, the Russians have established a military post whence they actively spread reports of the blessings accruing to those placing themselves under the rule of the Czar.

Prof. Vambéry characterized the rising of the Hazaras against the Ameer as serious, and added that, as the troops of the latter have already received a severe check, the result of the insurrection is difficult to forecast. He ascribed the cause of the rebellion to Russian machinations, and even mentioned the probability of the insurgents having been secretly furnished with Russian weapons. He predicted that, should the situation assume a really dangerous aspect, no other course would remain open to Abdurrahman Khan than to seek assistance from the English, and it would then remain to be seen in what light Russia would regard England's interference.

The British authorities are highly gratified with this action on the part of Abdurrahman as removing all doubt of the attitude of the Ameer as between England and Russia.

A collection of butterflies long owned by Baron von Fielder, of Vienna, was recently sold to Lord Rothschild, of London, for £5,000.

The Falkland Islands produce no trees, but they do produce wood in a very remarkable shape. You will see, scattered here and there, singular blocks of what look like weather-beaten, mossy, grey stones, of various size. But if you attempt to roll over one of these rounded boulders, you will find yourself unable to accomplish it. In fact, the stone is tied down to the ground—tied down by the roots, or in other words, it is not a stone, but a block of living wood.

Do Not Hide the Bible.

"Oh, don't do that, please!" said Mabel Coy to her chum Rose King, as they were arranging their room at the Oak Knoll Seminary at the beginning of the school year.

"Don't do what, pray?" asked Rose, opening her large black eyes very wide.

"Excuse me, please. I must seem very abrupt, but I thought you were about to put your Bible at the bottom of that pile of books."

"And what if I do? It is my own Bible."

"I did not think of that; it was simply that I have been brought up to never put anything on the top of a Bible."

"You look too sensible to indulge in such superstitions."

"It is not superstition; it is reverence."

"The Bible is only a book."

"The Bible is God's only book. It should never be hidden or put on a high shelf or wedged into a case. It should be in plain view, unobstructed, ready to be opened by any person at any time."

"I never heard of any such thing. Where did you get such ideas?"

"It is one of our most cherished family traditions. Papa is a minister and an editor. His study table may be piled high with papers, but the Bible will be free, on its own particular corner. The habit was taught him in his childhood. He says that early love and reverence for God's book made him anxious to read it, and resulted in making a minister of him."

"And I fancy it has helped to make a preacher or a lecturer out of you," said Rose, laughing.

"Am I lecturing you? I beg your pardon. I was only attempting to excuse my seeming rudeness and to defend my position. Please allow me to say further that this thoughtfulness about the Bible has awakened a reverence and a love for it that have stimulated me to read it, and I love God and His Son our Saviour better on account of knowing Him better than I should had I not a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures."

Mabel spoke with such serious sweetness that Rose could not forget her words. Then, too, the sight of Mabel's Bible on a dainty little tripod stand in a corner was a constant reminder.

Hanging on one side of the stand was a small portfolio-shaped basket containing a Sabbath-school quarterly and a Christian Endeavor topic card. "So that I may know just where to find them," said Mabel. "So much valuable time may be wasted in hunting for things."

Rose's Bible was on her study table with her other books, and was not open in requital for she usually read a story or wrote letters during the time Mabel spent daily over her Bible.

Presently, one evening there came to Rose by express a tiny old-fashioned claw-footed candle-stand, and as she finished reading the note that accompanied it, she exclaimed:

"O, Mabel, I shall have to tell you how I happened to receive this pretty gift. I do not in the least deserve it. You see I wrote home all about your reverence for the Bible"—Mabel noticed with pleasure that she did not say superstition—"and grandma writes in reply that the idea is such a beautiful one she is sure it cannot help being a benefit to any person who will follow it out in practice, and so she sends me this little old stand that came from England, and has been in our family for generations and she hopes it will help to remind me how much the Bible meant to our Puritan ancestors, and that I shall not lose sight of the fact that this government, founded on scriptural precepts, can only be sustained by a Bible-reading and Bible-loving people." Now, isn't that quite a preaching for one's sweet little old grandma? and wasn't it lovely in her to rob her room of its greatest treasure for poor little unworthy me?"

"Indeed it was," replied Mabel, assisting to remove the wrappings from the little stand. "What a beauty it is! Now, in appreciation, you must make yourself her greatest treasure. You can do it by making yourself a Bible-reader and a Bible-lover."

"But I don't know how to do that."

"Read the Bible with me a half-hour regularly every day. Try to read it prayerfully and understandingly."

"But, Mabel dear, I am not a praying girl."

"You ought to be. It is entirely your own fault that you are not, and it is a fault very easily overcome."

Just then the evening mail was brought to the door, and several letters fell to Rose's share.

After looking them over she said: "I think, Mabel, my conscience will not be quite clear until I have confessed that in every letter I have written this term I have indulged in some merriment about you and your Bible, and it has been the means of my finding out that my friends consider me a frivolous young person indeed. They all say how beautiful your spirit of reverence is, and that Bibles are so common in this day and generation that people fall into a habit of treating them with disrespect. They are all rejoicing that I have a roommate who is a Christian, and trust that my bad habit of turning all serious subjects into ridicule will not prevent you from influencing me for good. Now, is not that a fine record for a young woman of my age and advantages?"

"Is it true?" asked Mabel, softly.

"Oh, yes, you know it is, although you have made very few attempts to approach me on serious subjects. But, Mabel dear, she went on with some hesitation, "I was very much affected by hearing your prayer for me last night. You thought me sleeping and your voice was very low; but my hearing is acute, and I understood every word. Now I want to know if you believe that God was listening to your prayer."

The young girl looked astonished at the query, but she replied quickly:—

"He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that seek after Him."

"Is that in the Bible?"

"Certainly. It is in that beautiful eleventh chapter of Hebrews. It is all about faith, you know."

"I do not know anything in particular about the Bible I never cared to know before. Do you think, Mabel, that God would listen to me were I to pray to Him, asking to be one of His followers?"

Mabel turned to her little stand, opened her Bible, turned to the passage she wanted and read aloud:—

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed, For

whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

"Can everything be answered out of the Bible, Mabel?"

"I do not think there can be any doubt about it."

"Well, from this time on I am resolved to be not ashamed, but to make the Bible the guide of my life, and not only to pray, but live also as it would have me. How strange it is that your exclamation begging me not to cover up my Bible should have led me to this decision?"

"Nothing in the providence of God is strange," replied Mabel.

TERRIBLE TALE OF SUFFERING.

Living on Human Flesh for Nine Days.

Despatches received at Queenstown from Manzanilla, Mexico, state that two men, one a Russian Finn named Johansen, the other a native of the Gilbert Islands, who have arrived at that place, declare they are the sole survivors of close on four hundred persons who were lost in the Pacific by the capsizing of a brig named the Tahitte, while on a voyage from the Gilbert Islands to Benito, Mexico, and they were cast ashore on the coast of Mexico, two hundred miles above Manzanilla, after having spent sixteen days of terrible suffering in a small boat, being kept alive for nine days by eating the flesh of another passenger who had died of hunger and exposure after the fourth day. The brig according to the narrative of the two men, was conveying about four hundred Gilbert Islanders, consisting of men, women, and children, who were engaged by a New York lawyer named Leavitt to labour on the coffee plantations on the west coast of Mexico, and when the vessel got to within 200 miles of the Mexican coast she was struck by a cyclone and capsized. The boat in which Johansen claimed to have made his escape was on the top of the deckhouse, and floated off when the brig capsized. Four other men and a woman, all Gilbert Islanders, climbed in with him. They had neither food nor water and only two oars. When daylight came the brig was out of sight. On the fourth day the woman died, and the men were forced to eat portions of her body to keep them alive. For the first few days after leaving the brig it blew a gale, and the men had all they could do to prevent the boat from being swamped. Several heavy showers fell but did them little good, as what fell in the boat or was caught in their clothing was mixed with the salt spray that constantly flew over them. Then the sun came out, and beat down on the unfortunate castaways with tropical force, and they suffered terrible tortures from thirst. One of the islanders drank salt water, went mad on the tenth day, and finally plunged into the sea. Four days later another islander died, and the two survivors threw him overboard. That night it rained hard, and the suffering men caught enough water to quench their thirst, and the next day what was left of the body of the woman was thrown overboard. On the morning of October 26th—sixteen days after leaving the ill-fated brig—the boat was cast ashore, and more dead than alive, the two men crawled out of her and lay down on the beach. They were subsequently carried to the huts of some fishermen near by. Their limbs being all swollen in a terrible manner, it was the end of June before they were able to walk.

The Aute Senses of the Blind the Result of Cultivation.

People in general have a comfortable impression that, while blindness is a great misfortune, those afflicted with it have the rest of their senses so acute from birth that the loss is almost made up to them. This is a mistake, for not more than five per cent. are born blind, and even that percentage is probably too large, as there are several diseases of the eye which may destroy the sight within the first month. It is true, however, that the other senses develop highly with practice. When all is dark around us it is usually also quiet, and our perceptions are slackened; but if anyone will tie a thick bandage over his eyes during the day, when life and movement are going on about him, he will soon be conscious of listening with painful intoneness, and the other senses, when called upon, will quicken in their turn. Many children with sound eyes shut them when studying intently, and the fact that a blind boy, for instance, is quicker at arithmetic than one who can see, does not, in most cases, mean that he is more gifted, but that he has less to distract his attention. The first time that an outsider sees a large class of blind children together he will perhaps be struck by certain peculiarities of expression. It is not only that the sightless eyes or closed lids give the face a blank look, like a house with the shades drawn down, but there may be a drooping of the jaw, or a wrinkling of the brow, which does not mean any lack of intelligence, but only that a human being is forever deprived of the friendly mirror and monition of other eyes. Good teachers are always on the alert to correct these involuntary facial tricks. The studies and exercises are carefully adapted to the needs of the pupils. Gymnastics have an important place, because physical health and equable muscular development are especially necessary to the blind, whose affliction, when not caused by accident, is often due to inherited disease or constitutional weakness.—[Mrs. Frederick R. Jones, in Scribner.

Murders by Australian Natives.

The perils of camping out in the interior of Western Australia are strikingly shown in despatches just received from Perth, which report the murders of two whites and the narrow escape of a third man. The victims of the outrage were two brothers named Robert and Thomas Henry, and a comrade named Allen. The men were encamped near the Richenda when they were attacked by a perfect horde of natives. A desperate fight ensued. Thomas Henry was killed by a spear, and Allen received such wounds that he died in fearful agony in about three hours. It is assumed that the spears were poisoned, as poor Allen suffered dreadfully before his death. Robert Henry was also badly wounded, but he nevertheless managed to get a horse and ride off to another camp for assistance. The survivor subsequently was taken to town and placed in the Derby Hospital, where he remained, at latest accounts, in a serious state. Some troopers, with assistants, were to start off in pursuit of the natives the day after the despatch left, but it was said the country was so rough that it was doubtful if the murderers would be brought to justice.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Grass Spirit.

Jessie had run away—actually run away, because mamma wished her to take some jelly to a poor sick girl at the cottage down the road; but the sun was hot, and she felt lazy and thought perhaps if she ran away mamma would get some one else to do it.

She had come to the water's edge, and lay on the bank in the cool, sweet grass, listening to the rushes as they swayed to and fro in the breeze, and watching the tall cat-tails nod their heads.

All at once there was a commotion amongst the rushes, something was coming up out of the water. Was it a toad? Jessie raised herself up and looked hard, for if there was one thing in the world she hated it was toads.

But this was not a toad it was the strangest thing she had ever seen. She knew fish sometimes jumped up out of the water, but this was not a fish. First a little green head was poked up, with a tuft of fine grass sticking straight upon the top of it, instead of hair. It looked like a boy's face, and presently with a spring, a funny little figure came out of the water and stood upon the bank.

There was grass hanging from its neck to its knees, and its long legs were bare and green like its hands and head. The hands she noticed first, because they were so shrivelled up and small.

The little creature sat there for awhile shaking the water off the blades of grass which formed its dress, much as a dog would shake itself after it had jumped out of the water. Then it turned around and saw Jessie.

"Holloa!" he said, in a weak little voice, "and who are you?"

Jessie was too much frightened to answer, so, without waiting, the funny little creature went on.

"I suppose," he said, "that if I don't tell you who I am first, you won't tell me who you are. Don't look so scared, I never hurt any one. I am a Grass Spirit."

"I never saw you before," said Jessie, in such a hoarse, frightened voice, she hardly knew it for her own.

"Maybe not," replied the creature, "but I have often seen you. Whenever you throw yourself down on the cool, green grass, and think how nice it is to feel so happy and comfortable, I am there close, though you don't see me. Then I am often in other places, too. When the babies run about on the grass and like to feel it beneath their bare little toes, I am there beside them, and when the good people in the cities bring sick children into the country for a picnic under the trees, I hide behind one of the trunks and listen to them laugh, and help them enjoy themselves, though they do not know it. Then when the cows or goats are nibbling at the long grass in the fields, I am making it taste good."

"You must be very kind," said Jessie, getting over her fright a little now.

The Grass Spirit smiled. "You wouldn't have thought so once," he said, "but I have had a lesson. I used to be a little boy, but I was not always kind, for I kept refusing to do anything that would make any one else feel happy, till one day I fell asleep beside a bank, something like this, only there were no trees on it, just tall grass here and there, and I slipped off into the water in my sleep and something happened, I don't know what; but I was changed into a Grass Spirit," and rose out of the water all green, with long grass hanging from my shoulders, and my hands all shrivelled up worse than you see them, because they are getting bigger now all the time.

"I could not bear to look at them at first, and I was so angry I would tear handfuls of the grass off my shoulders. You see it was because I never used my hands to do anything kind, that they became shrivelled up."

"When I got out of the water I found, after awhile, that my heart was changed too, and had become so soft that I kept flying about trying to make some one else happy. One day I met another 'Grass Spirit,' and he told me that if I kept on as I was, being kind to people for the same number of years that I had not been kind to them, that I would get changed back again into a boy. But look! The sun is setting, and I generally travel at night, so I must be off."

And while Jessie watched in astonishment, the Grass Spirit soared away and was soon out of sight.

She was wondering what would happen next, when she felt herself gradually slipping, slipping down the bank. In her terror she clung to the grass. She was close to the water now, and in another minute would be changed into a Grass Spirit. Was it possible she had been dreaming, and that this was her mother's hand holding hers?

She was safe enough with her head on her mother's lap, and her hand in hers.

"Why, Jessie," said the well-known voice, "what is the matter, my dear, you are shivering as if you had been frightened in your sleep!"

"Oh, mamma, it was a dream then," said Jessie, looking about her in a bewildered way. "I am so glad, and I will never run away again when you want me to take something to a sick person."

CURRENT EVENTS.

A tree-climbing kangaroo, new to science, has been found in Northern Queensland.

Automatic bootblacks in Nuremberg, Germany, are run on the nickel-in-the-slot plan.

Buttons are being made from potatoes, hardened by acids and subjected to great pressure.

A hotel made of paper boards has been erected in Hamburg, Germany, and is said to be fireproof.

A Dutch journal has celebrated its 236th anniversary. A fac simile of the first number was given to each subscriber.

An insurance company for young women in Denmark will pay a stipulated weekly allowance to those who remain unmarried at the age of forty.

Massachusetts will erect a statue to John Eliot. It will represent the missionary as holding an open Bible in one hand, while the other is extended toward heaven.

A heavy projectile from one of the new ten-inch army rifles, struck a schooner four miles away and sunk her so soon that the captain and crew escaped with difficulty.

Hon. Charles E. Smith, U. S. Minister to Russia, thinks that the great mass of the Russian people are satisfied with the present form of government and believe that it is the best for them.