CURRENT TOPICS.

"Bone china," the very finest sort, which comes in Minton, Wedgewood, Crown Derby, Royal Worcester, in fact, all the best makes, gets its name from the fact that phosphate of lime from calcined bones goes into its composition, and helps not a little to produce its creamy, translucent and velvety glaze.

So few are the Greek paintings which have survived that interest will be felt in a recent discovery at Eleusis of wall paintings, among which Jupiter enthroned can be made out, having a sceptre in the left hand and a Victory in the right. They are supposed to belong to the period of Roman domination.

The case of a Christian bishop abandoning his creed to embrace Islamism is rare. Such an apostate is Monsignor Karekin, Armenian-Gregorian bishop of the united diocese of Yurgah, Artakia and Marasch, in Asia Minor. He has assumed the name of Achmet Mukhtar, and his mother, who followed his example, is known as Fatmah Munire.

When a defendant in Honduras is dissatisfied with the finding of a court he sometimes does not waste money on an appeal to a higher tribunal. Thus in Leimistan, Honduras, not long ago, Don Salvador Paredes, being worsted to the extent of $100 in an assumpsit case brought by Don Desidirio Paz immediately shot the judge dead.

A bust of the late Norman MacLeod, executed by Mr. Hutchison, R. S. A., is about to be placed in the corridor at Balmoral, besides that of the late Principal Tulloch. Both of these illustrious Scotchmen were favorites of the Queen. It was of Dr. MacLeod she wrote in "Our Life in the Highlands" when referring to her first visit to Balmoral after the death of Prince Albert: "He spoke of the Prince so nicely and prayed for us so kindly that I felt a lump in my throat."

According to *L'Industrie Parisienne*, a laundryman in the vicinity of Paris has discovered a very ingenious method of cleaning linen without soap. He uses no soap or lye, nor chlorine, but replaces these substances by boiled potatoes, with which he rubs the linen. This curious process, it appears, is much superior to those hitherto employed, and the worst-soiled cotton, linen or silk, cleaned by this method, are made whiter than they could be by the use of an alkali.

Mr. F. Baden Benson, the President of the British Pharmaceutical Conference, adopts and recommends the following plan for the "happy dispatch" of poultry. A large wide mouthed stoppered bottle is kept charged with an ounce of chloroform. When a chicken has received sentence of death, it is held firmly under the left arm and its head slipped into the mouth of the bottle. A few deep inspirations fellow, and the bird without a struggle becomes unconscious. Then, holding it by the legs, its neck is dislocated by a quick stretch. The plan is so simple that it might be generally adopted.

According to the following statistics France must be peculiarly blessed with a healthy climate. The number of persons in each 10,000 between ages 15 and 60 are: France, 5,373; Holland, 4,984; Sweden, 4,954; Great Britain, 4,712; United States, 4,398. The highest average ages of the living are: France 31.06; Holland, 27.76; Sweden, 27.66; Great Britain, 26.05; United States, 23.02. Out of every hundred deaths, those of persons over 60 are: 36 in France; Switzerland, 34; England, 30; Belgium, 26; Prussia, 19; Austria, 17. France has the lowest birth rate, which is 23.8 to a thousand; Great Britain, 31; Germany, 38.

Dr. Edward W. Bemis, a well known statistical authority, has written an article on the railways of the United States, in which he points out that the 150,000 miles of railway in the United States embrace one-tenth of the national wealth, or more than that of all our manufacturers, and that the yearly gross earnings of over $900,000,000 are more than three times the entire appropriations of the national Government, while the employees exceed three-quarters of a million of men, or more than any standing army in Europe.

According to a correspondent in the San Francisco *Chronicle* the best blanket in the world is woven by the Navajo Indians. "These blankets are unique and curious, as well as durable, and hence their great price. The Navajoes raise their own sheep, and the wool is carded, spun and dyed by themselves. The very finest blankets are made, however, of threads raveled out of fine woollen cloth, called boletta, which they get from Old Mexico at $6 a pound. A first class blanket of this material would take a year's labor, and is worth as much as $150. An inferior grade may be had as low as $20. Germantown yarn is used for the commoner sorts, and a very fine article it makes. The cheapest kind may be had as low as $3, or even $1.50, though it takes three or four days to weave one. The chief, but by no means the only, merit of this blanket is its durability. Some are known to have been in constant use in Mexican houses for seventy years."

The ground on which Philadelphia is built is claimed to be one of the richest gold fields in the world. The only difficulty is that the field cannot be worked. Nearly the whole city is underlaid with clay to the depth of about ten feet—an area say ten miles square. A cubic foot of clay, weighing 120 pounds, taken from a depth of 14 feet when the cellar of the 12th street market was excavated, was practically demonstrated to contain seven-tenths of a grain of gold, or one pound in 1,224,000. The experiment was repeated with about the same results with clay taken from a brick-yard in the suburbs. Supposing the whole mass of clay to be 4,180,000,000 pounds (and it is really much greater), the amount of gold would reach in value the enormous sum of $126,000,000. The gravel is much richer in gold than the clay, but there is not so much of it. Undoubtedly $200,000,000 worth of gold lies within fifteen feet of the surface, and still it cannot be used.

A SPOON-FED HORSE.

Queer Injury to a Valuable Animal—Fed Like a Baby.

A pure white Arabian mare that is being fed with a spoon is one of the curiosities that excites the interest and sympathies of the horsemen of Montgomery County. The animal belongs to John M. Wilson, of Norristown, and it is suffering from a most singular fracture of the jaw-bone. The injury is known as a fracture of the inferior maxilla of the lower jaw-bone posterior to the incisor teeth. Both bones of the animal's jaw are broken completely off, and the lower portion of the jaw is now being held in place by a mask of pliable copper, lined with cotton. The case is exciting widespread interest among veterinary surgeons. The accident to the animal occurred last Sunday night. While tied with a halter in its stall at Mr. Wilson's stables it broke loose, and, while mingling with the other horses, was kicked squarely on the front of the jaw. Dr. H. O. Dengler, a veterinary surgeon residing in Norristown, was summoned, and he found that the jaw was twisted to one side, and the animal appeared to be suffering but little pain. After an examination of the fracture he reset the broken bones temporarily, and applied a truss to the mare's head, and then bandaged it tightly.

On Monday Dr. Dengler telegraphed to C. J. Blank, of Easton, and J. Reinhart Z. Keelor, of Harleysville, Montgomery County, two veterinary surgeons, with whom he had a consultation. They made an exhaustive search of the archives of animal fractures, but could not find a similar case to the one they had under discussion, where both bones of the jaw had been broken at the same time. Dr. Dengler then permanently set the broken jaw, an entire day being spent in the operation. The copper mask is kept tightly pressed to the animal's head, and its mouth is kept in a bucket of water to reduce the swelling in the jaw. The mare is kept in slings, which are securely attached to the roof of the stable, so as to guard against her lying down to go to sleep. The canvas slings will be kept about her body for about four weeks, by which time Dr. Dengler anticipates a marked improvement in the fracture. During that time it will be impossible for the animal to take ordinary nourishment, and she will be kept on a diet of milk, eggs, oatmeal, butter and gruel. This diet will be administered with a spoon, as the mouth is open but little more than an inch. The animal is in a comfortable position, and it is believed that by careful nursing and skilful surgical treatment she will recover.—*Philadelphia Record.*

JOSEPH MAHONE'S DREAM.

Part of it Came True, and the Remainder is Awaited with Interest.

A bold robbery and a remarkable case of premonition connected therewith occurred yesterday. Joseph N. Mahone, a travelling man, representing one of the largest wholesale grocery houses of New Orleans, was the victim, being robbed of a fine gold watch and chain, $760 in cash, three cheques aggregating a considerable sum and valuable papers. Mahone was overtaken when within three miles of Evergreen late yesterday evening by a dark-skinned man with a small grip in his hand, who claimed to be returning from Andalusia, and said he had to walk back to Evergreen to take the cars home to Mobile, as his horse was taken sick and died at Gant's Mill, on the route. Mahone let him ride into town, and they put up at the same hotel, the stranger registering as James Pomeroy, Mobile. Upon retiring the stranger called for an adjoining room. When Mahone awoke in the morning he found an empty bottle labelled chloroform by his pillow. Mahone relates the following story connected with the robbery: He says he is a man of high nervous temperament, and from childhood has been affected at intervals by a strange, semi-conscious, trance-like affection, during which he has visions of different occurrences which in their vivid and realistic appearances almost persuade him of the truth of the scenes. He was so affected on Wednesday. While in a trance he saw plainly outlined before him a room with a man lying upon the bed, whom he recognized as himself. It was a darkened room, and it appeared to be night. By the faint glimmer of light through the window he saw a muffled figure stealthily enter his room and abstract a watch, money and other valuables from the clothes hanging on a chair. The thief left the room. He saw him go off, seemingly down a railroad. Then it seem as though a cloud passed over the scene for a moment and in rapid panoramic succession he saw the party arrested stab the officer, overcome by superior numbers, confined in prison, tried for murder, convicted, sentenced to death and hung. This dream or vision made no particular impression at the time upon the mind of Mr. Mahone, but was deemed merely a vagary of the brain; but since the robbery he recalls the fact that the man who robbed him corresponds exactly with the one he saw in the dream. The room in the hotel and the other facts are exactly as they appeared. A part of the vision has come true, and it remains a matter of profound psychological interest to see if the remainder comes to pass.—*Evergreen (Ala.) despatch to Chicago Globe.*

Agreed with Him.

Beggar (preliminarily)—"I've seen better days—"

Busy man—"So have I. Looks as if it had set in for an all-day drizzle. Confoundedly unpleasant. Got to take 'em as they come, though. Tra, la, la."

An investigation into the cause of a sudden fall in the Elkhorn river at Pierce, Nebraska, revealed the fact that a musk-rat had bored a hole in the dam.

The steamship Pomeranian is still kept in the St. Lawrence by the ice.

When a landlord lets a house it is with the implied guarantee that it is not open to the weather, and that the plumbing and sewerage are not defective. At least that is the ruling of a Massachusetts court which has given judgment for $5,000 against a landlord who let a house in which the plumbing was so defective that the tenant's family were thereby made sick with diphtheria.

The English military authorities are getting out a new drill book, which will show some changes in drills. The book will be placed in use in Canada next season.

GIVING TO THE POOR.

Degrading Effects of Public Charity—London's Modes of Relief.

Those who are interested to examine the economic results of giving to the poor in England, Scotland and Ireland will find plenty of books on the subject. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" contains a good article under the heading "poor law." See also other encyclopedias.

The Scotch are proverbially thrifty and economical, and yet they have been degraded by the poor law of 1845. In some parts of Scotland there is ten times the poverty there is in Ireland! That law gives more relief than England's, and the money is regarded as a nice gift. Those who had savings in banks transferred them to others. Careful investigation, and even the labor test, did not quell the applications in any such manner as did the Irish workhouse. Matters came to such a pass that the fishermen of Wick could not get their nets mended, their former assistants saying that they could get a living easier from the parish.

In Ireland there is very little out door relief, the proportion of Scotland being almost reversed—five in door to one out door pauper. In spite of Ireland's unjust land system and high rents the whole number of her paupers does not amount to one half those of London alone. The Irish will submit to every privation rather than let friends go to the workhouse, which is the legal mode of relief, and is not a charity.

In London many people get relief who could do without it, and consider it no disgrace. Industry, economy, temperance and self restraint would enable most of them to take care of themselves if they would. Hence the workhouse is a necessary restraint, being uncomfortable or even disgraceful. They therefore shun it. If they may eat without work in some other way, they will; if not, many of them will work. Why are these people in such condition? It is a duty we owe to society to ascertain what are their thoughts, what the motives that have led them to such lives. If the result is that the vices and injustices and prodigality of the rich have in part induced such results, let it be exposed boldly and fearlessly. If injustice in the wage system and in land tenure is the cause in part, let this also be proclaimed.—*Charles W. Smiley in Popular Science Monthly.*

He Kept His Shirt.

The Mississippian said: "Down in my town some few years ago there lived a man who owned a small two story frame house. In the lower portion of that humble structure he 'kep' store,' and in an upper room he slept. One night the house was discovered to be on fire, and it was feared for a while that the owner would perish in the flames. The fears were not realized, however, for the man awoke to the situation before the flooring on which he reposed was destroyed. There was no time for etiquette, nor for making any elaborate toilet. He just dropped out of the window, clad only in a shirt that was more remarkable for its brevity than its cleanliness. The devouring flames made short work of the house, and the luckless owner marched excitedly among the crowd, exclaiming in agonizing tones, as he fingered the shirt:

"'This is all I have in the world. I am utterly ruined—this is all I have in the world.'

"He repeated this so frequently that it became wearisome to more than one of those sensitive people who reside in Tupelo, and finally one of them yelled out:

"'If that's all you have, for heaven's sake tear it off, throw it in the fire, and start even with the world.'"—*New York Tribune.*

Meeting Queen Victoria Unawares.

The Queen drives daily, but never till 5 in the afternoon, and then, for the most part, in her own or her neighbor's forests, and not on the highroad. And the etiquette of Deeside is peculiar. Whoever may by chance meet the Queen on these excursions will do well to behave as if he had not met her, nor seen her, nor let her see him. He will get behind a rock or tree, or otherwise as best he may make himself invisible, and act as if he had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear. Such is Her Majesty's wish; perfectly understood of those who live in her vicinity and studiously obeyed. You may be going to dine at the castle that evening; reason the more why you should sink into the earth sooner than put Her Majesty under compulsion to recognize your existence when her soul longs for solitude. If, on the other hand, the passer by be neither tourist nor of such position as may entitle him to be known, but a gillie, or a groom, or laborer, the chances are that upon a signal from the carriage the postilions will pull up their four smoking ponies, and the Queen will ask a kindly question or two of the man about himself and his family.—*Scotch Letter to the Boston Herald.*

A a Old Man's Wisdom.

Enamored Youth (trying to sound his girl's father)—"About how much income should a young man have to be married on, Mr. De Rich?"

Mr. De Rich (meditatively)—"Well I married on $900 a year and was both comfortable and happy."

Enamored Youth (delighted)—"Indeed?"

Mr. De Rich—"Yes. You see I married a penniless girl who knew how to economize, but if I had married a petted and spoiled child of fortune like Miss Binks, or Miss Fiaks or—or my daughter for instance, I should have needed about $9,000.

Timely Caution.

Jeweller—Yes, sir; I will engrave anything you wish on this ring without extra charge. Young man—Well, inscribe on it "From George to Alice." Jeweller—Hem! The lady is your sister, maybe? Young man The fact is, this is an engagement ring. Jeweller—Ah! My young friend, I have had considerable experience in engagement rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply "From George." Then it will do for anybody.

"Mr. Barrley, I would like to speak to you a moment on a subject——" "Some other time. Don't you see I am busy?" "I see, but I must speak now. I want your consent to the marriage of your daughter to me." "Go away at once; I cannot be interrupted except on business of importance."

GUARDS AT MILLIONAIRES' GRAVES

An Occupation That Gives Many Detectives Constant Employment.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said a well-dressed, active-looking young business man the other day. "Now, it may sound strange to you, but the robbery of Stewart's body has been of great benefit to me and a great many other people whom I could name.

"In what way?" inquired the friend to whom the remark was addressed.

"Well, it opened up an entirely new line of business and created a demand for my goods in a quarter that I had never thought of before. You know I manufacture electrical watch clocks designed for use in factories and other large buildings where watchmen are employed. Well, ever since the Stewart grave robbery there has been a demand for those watch clocks in every part of the country for use in cemeteries. The grave of nearly every rich or public man is protected in some such way, and I could tell you of graves that are watched night and day by private watchmen.

"There's Vanderbilt's grave, for instance, down in the big mausoleum on Staten Island. I sold them two of my electrical clocks, one of which is placed inside the tomb and the other outside of it. Every fifteen minutes each clock is visited by a Pinkerton detective, two of whom are constantly on guard. One of these detectives patrols outside the tomb while the other is locked in and sits behind the iron bars with a loaded repeating rifle on his knees ready for instant use. It would be next to impossible for any robber to get away with the remains of William H. Vanderbilt so long as the tomb is protected as it is now. The Pinkerton men are hired by the year, and there is quite a little colony of them established down there on Staten Island, very near the mausoleum. I think they keep eight or ten there all the time, so that those on duty at the grave are relieved at frequent intervals, and are, therefore, not liable to fall asleep at their posts. It costs more to look after the old man now that he's dead than is spent by most men when they're alive."—*New York Correspondence of Savannah News.*

A MOUSE AT MASS.

How the Tiniest of Quadrupeds Came Near Stampeding a Congregation.

At the 10.30 high mass at St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday morning, while the wealthier and more pretentious members of the congregation were intent on their "Aves" and "Hail Marys," and had their minds as nearly heavenward as it is possible to get those of the ordinary mortals, a mouse, as innocent of fat as the contribution box was of pennies, crept out from under the altar and reconnoitred the neighborhood of the chancel with no satisfactory stomach results. He was a traditional church mouse, and a sidelong glance at him was sufficient to satisfy the well developed priest near him that that mouse could give Lazarus points the hungriest day that that individual ever saw. Down from the sacred precincts of the altar to where the skirmishers for salvation were genuflecting and attending to the prescriptions of the Church wandered the mouse, and the stillness of things encouraged him. When he reached the first row of pews and ambled towards one of them he got the first idea of his importance. One of the most sedate and ultra fashionable dames of the two cities saw him, and in a moment—a holy moment—she forgot the whole string of saints and good people and, gathering her skirts about her knees, mounted the stone whereon she had a moment before knelt. A "mon dieu" under her breath replaced the words of prayer and she suspended respiration until she saw the mouse head towards another pew where knelt the beautiful wife of a prominent physician, who held a cross to her lips. She dropped the cross and gracefully but suddenly elevated her skirts rather higher than even Pittsburg crossings require just now. Her example became contagious. Old women, young women, duennas, giddy flirters, debutantes, girls big and little, in short for a moment there was well nigh a panic and nothing but the mouse and his precipitate retreat saved a big feminine race from that Cathedral.—*Pittsburg Times.*

The Bill Was Passed.

An ex member of the Virginia State Senate told me the other day of an incident in his legislative career which I do not remember ever having seen in print before. A. L. Pridemore, not many years ago a member of the House of Representatives from the Ninth Virginia district, was, before he came to Washington, a member of the Virginia Senate. One day he introduced a Bill for the relief of the sureties of H. G. Wax, who was collector of taxes in Scott county. He made a brief explanation of the Bill, and when he sat down Edgar Allen, familiarly known as "Yankee Allen," who represented the Farmville district, rose and said:

I wish to ax
If Mr Wax
Has been too lax
In collecting the tax;
If such are the facts
I am willing to relax
And refund the tax
Which the law enacts
We should exact
Of his sureties.

It is needless to add, my informant says, that the Bill passed by a unanimous vote.—*New York Tribune.*

No Cure For Him.

Old Lady—You seem to have a cold, sir.

Stranger—Yes, madame.

Old Lady—Well, I tell you what you do. Jes' go home and put your feet in a tub o' hot water an'——

Stranger (gruffly)—That's fine advice to give to a man with a cork leg; now, ain't it?

Louise Balfe maintains that marriage with handsome men is a failure. She has tried it twice, and has just cleared herself by law from both. "And I will not give up my freedom again," she declares, positively, "until I am wooed by a man who conceals his good qualities of mind and heart behind a very ugly surface. Male beauties are so egotistical, particularly if they are actors." Miss Balfe is an actress. Her ex husbands are good looking fellows, and each won Miss Balfe while playing the lover to her on the stage.

INDIANS NOT DYING OUT.

The Chief of the Senecas Before the Anthropologists.

New York Times. The Rev. W. Sanborn, of Lockport, who combines with his parochial duties the functions of chief of the Senecas, at the Canandaigua Reservation, gave an interesting talk at Cooper Union yesterday afternoon, before the New York Academy of Anthropology, concerning the manners, traditions and growth of the Indians. The aborigines are not dying out, said he, but have been increasing throughout the country at the rate of 600 yearly, and they now number 300,000. Their first contact with civilization was blighting, like a sudden change from hot to cold, but by little and little they are learning to appreciate the comfort it brings. Mr Sanborn spoke more particularly of the Six Nations or the Iroquois Confederation. They not only dress in the manner of American citizens, but have many of their home comforts. Mr. Sanborn attired himself in the garb of a chief, worn only on state occasions, and the ladies had an opportunity to inspect the really handsome bead work on the buckskin jerkin, sash, greaves and moccasins. An Indian couple sang with him several hymns that had been reduced to writing. There are no labials in the language, but it abounds in grunts, gutterals, the nasals, for some of which special characters had to be invented. On the table lay a big thigh-bone and tibia, a powerful jaw bone and a large and singularly [illegible] skull. They were the relics of an Indian chief found by Mr. Sanborn in a burial mound, twelve miles from Canandaigua. Evidently the chief was a man of brain as well as of muscle. Several stories were told, indicating that the Indian is by no means as stolid as represented, but is bright, keen and even witty. Mr. Sanborn believes in Fenimore Cooper's romantic Indians, and, to show the reason of his faith, read a pretty tale from the Iroquois fables of the tribe. He praised their hospitality and liberality. The women still cling somewhat to their traditional dress, but they are contented, for they enjoy the same political and social rights as the men. Courting is no longer done by proxy, and the women still have the right to pop the question when tired of waiting for a lover.

COON, BEAR AND DEER STORIES

Some Great Sport in the County of Simcoe.

John Reynolds, the veteran sportsman of Tecumseth, has been unbosoming himself to the Beeton *World*. Here are a few specimen bricks. Speaking of partridges, he said that they were not so thick as they used to be. Well, no. They were awful thick thirty five years ago round here. I remember one fall I had my gun with me, a muzzle loader—there were no breech loaders in those days—and I heard a partridge drumming near the creek. I saw it and was just drawing a bead on it when I heard something behind it. A big doe came in sight and I laid her out on the run. There were two bucks with her, and one stayed with the doe long enough for me to do for him. The other fellow made off, but I knew he'd come back, so I laid waiting. Presently he comes along spawing very carefully and looking on every side of him as a scared deer. I let him come just so far and down he went. They were so big we couldn't get 'em out without cutting a waggon road through the bush to 'em.

"Pretty good shooting?" Yes fair, but I've shot 50 deers with 50 shots one fall, and six bears with six shots. I have a good gun and there isn't a man stands in Canada to-day that can do as good shooting. I can tell you when I've shot anything just where I've hit before you see it. Deer used to be awful thick around here and I could go out at any time in the fall and have one in an hour. We had all we could eat and kept the neighbors in venison too. The biggest bear I ever shot was a big black buck. It was raining and I had my overcoat on when I came across him lying asleep in the bush. He had the finest horns, and I've often been sorry I didn't keep them. I won't tell you what he weighed, you'd think I was lying. Bears used to be thick too, and I've killed hundreds of them. I remember one big fellow that had played hog around. He'd think nothing of carrying off a pig of 300 lbs. I shot him in the oat field one night, and if I was to mention what all we took from him and what he weighed you'd call me what an old hunter named Rogers did when I told him. But Matt Bell hauled him home for me on a jumper and he told Rogers he could swear to its weight. One of his paws cut off close weighed five pounds so you can think what size he was."

A Young Man's Woe.

"This world is a delusion and a snare, said a young traveling man to a companion.

"What's the matter now?"

"I have been fooled again. You can't judge anything by appearances, can you?"

"No, but what has set you in this melancholy train of thought?"

"Why, last Sunday I called on Miss Banksley and stayed for dinner."

"Didn't you have a pleasant time?"

"Extremely pleasant, but what impressed me most was the way Miss Banksley ate. She didn't touch a thing except a chicken wing, a biscuit and a Charlotte Russe."

"Quite spirituelle."

"I should say so. You can imagine the bold hardihood with which I asked her out to lunch at the theatre last night. But, oh, what a change——"

"Don't say another word, old fellow, you have my deepest sympathies. Here's five dollars, you can pay me when you get ready."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Talking to the Baby.

It is a wonder that brain fever and idiocy are not more common among infants when one remembers that 99 out of 100 babies are greeted with this speech, on which there is no copyright, soon after their arrival in the world:

"Well, well, well, it was a dear, s'eet b'essing, darling baby, so it dess was! Does it want to ky? Well, it s'all ky dess all it wants to, b'ess its own booful itty heartums of it! What! would it pucker up its itty mouf to ky—ky some more? there, there—they booze it, so they dess do, and they s'ant booze it, no they s'ant—b'ess the little sweetness of it! Now s'all it have on its own pitty d'ess? Yes, it s'all—its own booful dressmus! Oh, wou'd it ky some more? Well, well, ky weel bard if oo want so! There, there, there!"—*Time.*