CURRENT TOPICS.

THE colored man is now having an inning. Frederick Douglass has been appointed U. S. Minister to Hayti. He gets $5,000 a year as advance agent of the great republic.

THE new harbor works at Buenos Ayres will confer great advantages on that rising port. It will no longer be necessary for ocean steamers to anchor twelve miles from shore. Excessive lighterage amounting sometimes to more than the entire freight charges from Europe or the United States will be also avoided for the same reason.

THE year 1889 is the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the penny post in England. It was in 1839 that a committee of the House of Commons reported favorably upon Sir Rowland Hill's scheme for the establishment of cheap postage. The Bill received a majority of 100 votes and became a law on August 17th, 1839.

THE ice cream freezer and the ice water pitcher are doing their deadly work these days. The other day a Toronto man lost his life by tarrying too long at the ice water pitcher, and to-day's despatches announce that some sixty people were more or less poisoned by dallying too much with the freezer. The lager beer keg must be off on a holiday, for we have not heard of it laying out any of its customers.

THE ship canal connecting Manchester, Eng., with the sea will be completed within four years. The canal is to be thirty-five miles long and from 170 to 260 feet above and 130 feet wide at the bottom. The minimum depth will be 25 feet. The contract for digging the canal has been taken by a company of engineers for £5,750,000. Such a waterway will be of incalculable benefit to the whole of England.

THE English naval authorities propose to construct two war vessels, which shall surpass anything of the kind yet built by that country. They will be named respectively the Hood and the Hawk. The first will be of 14,600 tons measurement, and will have engines of 20,000 horse-power. The second will also be of 20,000 horse-power, but the tonnage will be little more than half that of the first mentioned, or 7,500 tons.

ENGLAND owns over half of the entire ocean tonnage of the world. The exact figures are 51.4 per cent. The increase of the steam tonnage of the world in 1888 was 633,948 tons, and half of this increase was built by British owners. In the same year the United States added to her tonnage only twenty-seven new steamers and 10,274 tons. Evan Japan has gone beyond this figure in the same period, by the addition of fifty steamers and 36,084 tons.

THE Johnstown disaster has aroused public apprehension in England, lest similar accidents may occur there. There are many large storage reservoirs in various parts of Great Britain, and Parliamentary inquiry is to be made into their condition. There is an immense reservoir in Wales, from which Liverpool is supplied with water. It is four times the size of the Conemaugh lake, and is formed by a wall of solid masonry ninety feet thick. This wall, though comparatively new, is said to have shown signs of weakening, and an immediate inquiry is demanded into its condition.

M. TOPINARD has been making a statistical inquiry into the colors of the eyes and hair in France, and from his 180,000 observations he deduces many interesting results, one of the most curious being that where the race is formed from a mixture of blondes and brunettes the hereditary blood-coloring comes out in the eyes and the brunette element reappears in the hair. To this tendency, probably, is to be attributed the rarity of a combination of light hair with dark eyes. Several observers have asserted that the American people, who are pre-eminently a mixed race, are becoming a dark-haired and blue-eyed nation, and if this be true such a development must be owing to the working of the law formulated by M. Topinard.

THE same trouble with pavement is met in European cities as in American, and experiments have been made with all sorts of materials. The use of wood has met with much greater success there than on this side of the Atlantic. The reason is said to be that a solid foundation of concrete is used upon which the blocks rest. Owing to its hardness and resinous quality American yellow pine, it is said, has become the favorite wood for this purpose in Berlin and Hamburg, and an official report says that Frederick's Bridge, Berlin, which was paved in the spring of 1879 with the wood in question, is still in good condition, while the approaches, paved with granite blocks, have twice since required repaving.

A CABLE despatch announces the death in the Caucasus of Prince Nicholas Dadiani of Mingrelia, at one time a candidate for the Bulgarian throne. Prince Nicholas was about 52 years old, and had been divorced from his wife, who was the daughter of General Count Adleberg, aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, and a former maid of honor to the Empress. He held the rank of colonel in the Russian army, and was described as a man of the world. He was married in 1860, and ten children were the fruit of the union. In the early part of 1887 Russia pressed Prince Nicholas forward as her candidate for the throne of Bulgaria. For a time all Europe talked about him. Little was known about him or his family, however, but that little was eagerly devoured. The Bulgarians were not pleased with his nomination. They were violently opposed to any one proposed by Russia and bitterly fought against her candidacy. After much delay the Sobranje declared it would not have him, and as a ruler had to be appointed at once Prince Ferdinand was given the throne.

A CABLE despatch announces the death of Sir Salar Jung, K.C.S.I., formerly Dewan or Prime Minister of Hyderabad. He wa the descendant of a line of statesmen who have directed the affairs of the Nizam of Hyderabad since the beginning of the 18th century. Engaged in official work from his youth, he succeeded his uncle, Surdj-ul-Mulk, as Dewan in 1853. The State was a prey to anarchy, the capital was terrorized by Arab mercenaries, and the British Government had recently deprived the Nizam of the Province of Berar. It was evident, indeed, that Lord Dalhousie contemplated the annexation of the remainder of that ruler's dominions. To avert the supreme disaster and to gain back Berar was the great task set before him by Salar Jung, and despite the meddling and muddling of the Nizam, Afzul-ul-Doulah, he had completely succeeded in the first part of his task by the time of the mutiny. During the mutiny his energies were wisely devoted to keeping back the fanatical element of the population of Hyderabad, and by holding the Deccan tranquil during this great crisis he removed the last pretext the Calcutta authorities could possibly entertain for annexing the country. The death of the Nizam, in 1869, gave Salar Jung a free hand, the new sovereign being a mere child, and the State being administered by a regency composed of the chief of the nobility, Amir-i-Kabir and Salar Jung. What abuses remained were promptly swept away, and Hyderabad became a model State. In 1876 Sir Salar undertook a voluntary mission to England in the hope of procuring the restoration of Berar. In that he was disappointed, but he must have found some consolation in the genuine admiration entertained for him by Englishmen. He was knighted and created a K. C. S. I.

FOR HOT WEATHER.

Four Recipes for Making Good and Inexpensive Drinks.

Ginger water, which is simply water sweetened with molasses, with two tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar added to each cup of molasses, and the whole spiced with ginger, is a very palatable drink, and one which may be safely used by farm laborers, unless indulged in too freely when overheated.

Cocoa tea is healthful and inexpensive. It is made from the shells or nibs, which cost three cents per pound. Wet two ounces with a little cold water, and pour over them a quart of boiling water; cook one and a half hours; strain and add a quart of milk heated to boiling. It should be slightly sweetened.

Oatmeal water is the cheapest and one of the most healthful hot weather drinks. It is simply oatmeal stirred into cold water and allowed to settle before drinking. This is sold in New York at a penny a glass, giving the vendor about 99 per cent. of profit. It makes a pleasanter drink if a very thin gruel is made, using one tablespoonful of oatmeal to a quart of water. Boil for an hour, strain and let it get very cold. Still another improvement is to add the juice of one lemon and two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each quart.

Ginger Beer.—A ginger beer costing about fifteen cents a gallon is a good standby. There are many different recipes for this, but the following is one of the simplest. Pour four quarts of boiling water over three-fourths of a pound of white sugar; add the minced yellow peel of one lemon and an ounce of ground ginger. Let this stand covered until lukewarm, then add the juice of the lemon and a gill of good yeast. Mix thoroughly, cover and stand in a warm place over night. Next day strain, bottle and cork; tying down the corks securely. Lay the bottles on their sides in a cool place.

Sadder Than Death.

Last Friday afternoon a district telegraph messenger who was speeding along the street with a telegram valued at 15 cents a minute, was run over and seriously injured by a blind man named Standfast. Standfast is a cripple, having a wooden leg. He had taken his leg off to rest it, while he sat by the wayside and begged, and some mischief-loving boys had taken the leg and hid it. Standfast missing it, was groping along the sidewalk feeling for it, and inadvertently moved right in the messenger boy's wake. Several persons, seeing that he would run the boy down, shouted to the latter that the blind man was after him, and the boy, realizing his peril, made a desperate sprint for his life, and for a few feet gained on his pursuer, but before he was far enough ahead to turn out with safety the cripple was upon him and ran clear over him before he could be stopped. The boy's injuries were very serious, as he fell upon his wrist, spraining it so that it will probably be two weeks before he can hang on the steps of an omnibus going in the wrong direction. It was reported late that night, owing to his inability to utilize his favorite official time killer, the boy had delivered one message nearly on time, but the rumor was indignantly denied at headquarters, the superintendent offering to prove by the books that such a thing had never occurred since the invention of human speed. At a late hour this morning it was feared that the boy was recovering his inertia, which had been severely disturbed.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

Notes From Scotland.

It is said that Mr. Arrol, the leading contractor for the Forth bridge, will be knighted on the completion of the enterprise.

The Duke of Argyll has resolved to feu the Roseneath estate, and through his agents is offering sites on that part of the estate extending eastwards towards Kilcreggan, and embracing the Gallowhill heights.

Mr. Ian Macpherson-Grant, eldest son of Sir George Macpherson-Grant, was married in St. Mark's Church, London, on June 26th, to Miss Mary Dennistoun, youngest daughter of Mr. Alexander Dennistoun, of Golfbill, Lanarkshire.

Mr. Gladstone intends addressing his constituents in Midlothian in October at Edinburgh, Dalkeith and Mid-Calder respectively. He will be the guest of Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny, and will probably thereafter go to Aberdeen on a visit to Lord Aberdeen at Haddo House.

Breeding English Pheasants.

Rutherford Stuyvesant, the wealthy land wner of Abamuchy, some time ago set 4,000 English pheasant eggs under hens and now has hundreds of little birds running about his place and the number is increasing daily. He will set them free on his large reserve some time during the summer or fall. He employs regular gamekeepers.

—A young man in Pennsylvania could not afford to take his bride on a wedding tour; so he purchased $5 worth of rides on a merry-go-round, and they travelled until tired out.

In 1774 a Yorkshire village school bore the sign: "Wrighten and Readden and Trew Spellen and allso Marchantts Ackounts with Double Entery. Post Skript Girlls and Bouys Boarded and good Yozitch for Chillderen."

MAKING ANAGRAMS.

A Pleasant Diversion for a Quiet Evening Hour at Home.

Making anagrams is a pleasant diversion for a quiet evening hour, says the New York *World*. Let our boys and girls get out their paper and pencils and prove this. In the first place, though, let us find out what an anagram is. An anagram is the dissolving of a person's name or some familiar phrase, historical or otherwise, into its letters, as elements, from which, without addition, subtraction or change, a new sentence or connection of words is made so as to form complete sense. The more applicable the sentence so formed is to the subject annagrammatized so much greater is the merit of the anagram.

A good subject for our young people to try first is their own or the name of some friend, and if there is a good sprinkling of vowels in the name selected some surprising results may be reached. The pith of the anagram is, of course, that it shall in some way relate to the person whose name is used. Cornelius Vanderbilt's name has been aptly transformed into "On curb death in silver," but some one has done even better than that by discovering that it also may be made to read: "Vanderbilt rules coin." From Lord Beaconsfield's name is gleaned "I faced nobles," and "I moyl in law" is a good transposition of William Noy, who was Attorney-General to Charles I.

The flatterers of James I. of England proved his right to the British monarchy as the descendant of the mythical King Arthur, from his name, "Charles James Stuart," which becomes "Claims Arthur's Seat." An author, in dedicating a book to the same monarch, finds that in "James Stuart" he has "a just master."

Comparatively few people are aware that the name of Voltaire, the witty Frenchman, is Francois Marie Aronet, and that the assumed name (Voltaire) is simply an anagram of Aronet, l. j. (le jeune), u being synonymous with v, and j with i. See if our young people cannot make some equally happy hits as the above.

Anagram-making is no recent institution, but has long been a fashionable amusement of the witty and learned. At the court of Louis XVI it was the leading pastime, and the King, it is said, employed a learned man especially for the purpose of composing these fancies of wit for the amusement of himself and court. It was a great triumph of the mediæval anagrammatist to find in Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?) its own answer, "Est vir qui adest" (It is the man who is here). This certainly is most singular. Our modern anagrammatists have also done some good work, among the best of which is the following:

The Declaration of Independence—Open hate dare lend it confidence.

Washington Crossing the Delaware—A hard, howling, tossing water scene.

The Last Days of Pompeii—Past homes of Italy pied.

Where Old Shoes Go.

It may have been noticed that nowadays very few old shoes and scraps of leather are observable lying in our streets or dust-heaps. This is in a great measure due to the collections of old scraps of leather, which are taken to mills, wherethey are cut up almost into fine dust. To this is added about 40 per cent. of Indian rubber, and the whole is then subjected to a pressure of 6,000 or 10,000 pounds per square foot. The substance is then colored, and is sold at prices some 50 per cent. below that of natural leather. It is manifestly a very poor substitute, and it is wholly wanting in fibre; in fact, if it were not for the insane craze for cheap articles, which buyers vainly hope to substitute for those which, though the original cost is greater, are yet in the end cheaper, we should never hear of this compound, which might almost as well be made of saw-dust as leather-dust. In consequence of the manufacture and sale of large quantities of inferior leather many old established tanners are now stamping their's with a trade mark, which is some guarantee to the buyer, as he may be sure no man will put his name or trade mark on an inferior article. It is hoped by this means to enable those who desire to buy the best quality of leather to be able to secure what they want, namely, a reliable article at a moderate cost.—*Shoe and Leather Review.*

A Scottish Spurgeon.

A preacher who is being more talked about, perhaps, than any other man in England is the Rev. John MacNeill, who has just accepted a call from Scotland to Regent's Square Chapel, London. A correspondent, who heard him recently, writes: "I had thought from anything I had seen published of MacNeill's sermons that he was only a Scotch edition of Spurgeon or Moody, but though there is something that reminds one of Moody in things he says his individualism is very pronounced. His homely Scotch accent and reverence in prayer drew me at once; and then his plain, earnest, unpretentious talk in preaching, with here and there a telling illustration, with some light touches both of humor and pathos, all combined to make you forget the man under the power of his utterances. So far as I could see he seemed a plain, broad shouldered, sturdy Scot, with an honest, good humored face."

Visitors to the Whipping Post.

"There is not in the State of Delaware to-day a single penitentiary. If a man beats his wife or sets fire to a neighbor's barn, or breaks into a house, he isn't shut up with a lot of other criminals, with full time and opportunity to learn all their tricks of deviltry that he did not know before. As a preventive of crime the whipping post has a much greater terror than a term in the penitentiary, and I have never known of a man that came back for second dose. He simply leaves the State. Maybe he comes to New York; I don't know. At any rate he seeks another home, and you may rest assured that if he stays in Delaware he lives a very quiet life. To be sure it is a relic of barbarism, but it is our way."—*Governor Biggs in the New York Star.*

Cooler Than a Flannel Shirt.

The flannel shirt is coming in for its full share of adoration during the hot spell, when starched linen wilts so easily. There is only one thing that is cooler than this article, and that is a calm and contented mind. There's nothing more heating than fret and worry.—*Boston Herald.*

CRAWLING UNDER.

An Old-time Sport and Its Modern Disheartening Dangers.

The red lemonade isn't anything like as red as it used to be, and the facilities for crawling under the canvas are absolutely wanting. This is not fair. It is a discrimination against the boy who has not collected enough scrap-iron to produce the price of a ticket. In the good old one-ring days as soon as the bills were up every boy, whose father could see nothing ennobling in the circus, plunged madly into the junk business until the necessary 13 pounds of wrought iron at 2 cents per pound or 50 pounds of cast iron at one half cent per pound were collected. But sometimes there was great stringency in the scrap-iron market. This frequently happened when circuses came a few weeks apart, and after the first one folks learned to carry in their garden tools and kettles nights. In such events competition ran high to secure a situation as water-carrier to a Prohibition elephant. In default of securing this there was no recourse but to crawl under the canvas. I believe canvasmen preferred this way. They were accustomed to permit a boy to get his head under the bolt-ropes and then help him on his way rejoicing with a kick which boosted him into a flight only equaled by the man who jumps from one trapeze to another at that critical moment when the bass-horn snorts. Now all this is changed. The most impecunious boy you ever saw can not get within 100 feet of the promised land without being yelled at by a vulgar second-mate kind of person who has the bad taste to kick outward instead of inward. Such is progress. Such are the brutal tactics indulged in by the exponents of the tent-show renaissance to popularize the ticket-waggon. That which is missed by the present generation more than anything else is the above mentioned temperance elephant whose motto is "Water, cold, cold water for me." Now, with a whole "drove of performing pachyderms" there is no longer a chance to carry water for six hours to pay for two-hours' bliss. The drove simply connects its hose to the water plugs, while the householders of the neighboring wards send complaints to the water office and abuse the Commissioner of Public Works. The boy of to-day misses the toothless old "Monarch of the Forest," which is the professional alias of the misanthropic, weary lion, and also fails to know intimately the man who stood in front of the cage and told how many little boys he had eaten at the last stand. The combination of liar and lion furnished more good thrill than the dozen cages of sleek "Monarchs" in the big show of to-day.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

GAMBLING ON BOARD SHIP.

Poker the Most Popular Game Among the Crowds Crossing the Ocean.

The Paris Exposition has been a godsend to the steamship gamblers, who have plied their trade with vigor during the past few months. They have followed their profession regularly, and with profit, until complaints at the steamship offices about transatlantic gamblers have been as thick as flies.

"More people have been carried across the ocean this year by the different lines of steamers than ever before," said an agent the other day. "Our steamers have been crowded, and from all accounts those from other lines have been in the same condition. The great crowd has been attracted by the Exposition, and many of them being young men with plenty of money, have been fleeced by the gamblers.

Gambling is not allowed on board of the steamers, but how can you help it when it is done in private state-rooms, where no one sees it? It is in their state-rooms that the professional high sea sharpers fleece the young men whose fortunes are greater than their knowledge of cards.

"Poker is the most popular game on shipboard, although on one of the recent voyages a gambler tried to start a game of faro in his stateroom, but was stopped by the ship authorities. There is hardly a ship that leaves the city but carries one or more professional gamblers on board, although none of the agents of the big lines would sell tickets to them if they knew it beforehand. Men love gambling too well to be deprived of it and they will have professional card players so long as they are willing to put up small or large stakes. It is hard work to amuse oneself on the steamships during a long voyage, and it is only natural that many should take to their favorite game of cards. They gamble in a friendly way; make acquaintances until they find that they are fleeced out of large amounts by some professional. Then, rather than let it be known, they fail to report it to the proper authorities. I know of two or three club men from New York and Philadelphia who were fleeced out of several thousand dollars this summer in coming from Queenstown to New York. But they would willingly give several thousand dollars more rather than have their losses made public. They don't want their names connected with cards or the gambling table, and so the matter is hushed up.—*New York Letter to Philadelphia Times.*

Cure for Indigestion.

For indigestion, the external application of something warm to the stomach, a piece of flannel, or anything to keep the stomach warm and promote a supply of blood, is sometimes of great benefit. In taking hot water internally, it is best to sip it by spoonfuls, waiting a moment after each for an eructation of the gas disengaged by the hot water from the fermenting contents of the stomach.

Warner's Safe Cure cures both malaria and kidney disease by taking out of the blood the poisonous malarial germs, and by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition.

—Lawyer—My conscience troubled me a little last night about that fee I charged Jones yesterday. Friend (astonished)—Your conscience? Lawyer—Certainly. I was afraid that I had been unjust to myself.

—Emeline—Alfred, I am very fond of you, but I doubt if I love you enough to be your wife. Alfred—Emeline, give me, oh, give me the benefit of the doubt! Emeline—I will, Alfred. Henceforth all is over between us.

Fault is one of those little things that do not need to be seen in order to be found. A blind man can find fault.

FACTS ABOUT INSOMNIA.

Those Who Always Practice Punctuality and Those Who Do Not.

Are you afflicted with insomnia? Perhaps you have too much time for sleep. Perhaps you depend too much on sleep for rest and recuperation. For sleep is not the sole rest of used-up nerves. Sociability, congeniality and the enjoyment of good company rest the body quite as much as sleep. The dreary monotony of life in many a household, involving this tumbling into bed with the mechanical regularity of a machine at 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening, does not always rest weary bodies. "Early to bed and early to rise" does not always make a man healthy, wealthy or wise. Numbers of organizations are only capable of five or six hours sleep at a time, and their early lying down to rest is often succeeded by an early waking up and a consequent restless tossing for hours preceding daybreak. The practicers of punctuality are often surprised after breaking their own cast-iron rules, and passing two or three later hours of mirth and jollity past their usual bed time, to find themselves even more refreshed in the morning than usual. The relaxation of sociability had rested them more than sleep would or an attempt to sleep. But these are conditions not so easily reached in the average family. In fashionable life we have a formal, exhausting, mechanical evening of more or less dissipation. On the other hand the evenings of many families are monotonous humdrum. They involve the assemblage of the same people, the same surroundings, the same paterfamilias yawning over his paper, and the same querulous mamma overladen with family cares. Fresh people, with fresh thought, fresh atmosphere, anything to stir up and agitate the pool of domestic stagnation, are sadly needed and sadly scarce. There needs to be also a constant succession of such fresh people to bring about these results. The world is full of men and women, and in a better regulated life it would be their business after the day's work was done to entertain each other, and give each other fresh life. As it is now, hundreds, if not thousands, of our households are little better than cells for the incarceration of each family. Thousands are thus worn out prematurely from utter lack of domestic recreation. There might be written over the graves of hundreds of thousands: "Bored to death by the stagnation of domestic life."—*The Christian at Work.*

"She's Much Older Than Her Husband."

We heard a young girl make the above remark the other day about a lady with whom we are slightly acquainted. It was not true, yet the lady in question actually does look five years older than her husband, although she is really several years his junior. She is prematurely aged, and functional derangement is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would cure her, and should be recommended to her, and to all others who are in the same condition. If the reader of this chances to be a similar sufferer, let her get the "Prescription." It will bring back her lost beauty, and, better still, it will remove all those distressing symptoms which have made life a burden to her so long. Money refunded if it don't give satisfaction. See guarantee printed on the bottle wrapper.

A Popular Error Corrected.

There is a widespread popular impression that a very large proportion of deaths from disease take place in the early morning hours—between 4 and 6 o'clock. That this is an error is well known to most medical men. From time to time careful observations have been made in hospitals which have resulted in showing that the act of death takes place with fairly equal frequency during the whole 24 hours of the day.

$500 Not Called For.

It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their disease by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

An Understanding at Last.

Old Mr. Widower had been sitting silently alone with Miss Autumn for fifteen minutes. Finally he spoke: "Miss Autumn, you are pretty—" "Oh, Mr. Widower!" "You are pret—" "How can you, Mr. Widower?" "I started to say you were pretty—" "Oh, you horrid man, stop!" "Condemn it all, woman," shouted Mr. Widower, rising and breaking for the door. "I wanted to say that you were pretty near as old as I am. Now, demme, I think you're twice as old."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

P stands for Pierce, the wonderful doctor,
Providing safe remedies, of which he is concoctor
Pleasant to taste and easy to take,
Purgative Pellets now "bear off the cake."

Raspberry vinegar is a luxury that may be indulged in by families living in the country who have an abundance of fruit. Put four quarts of berries in a stone jar, with one quart of the best cider vinegar, and mash to a paste with a wooden pestle. Set in the sun twelve hours and then place all night in a cool place. Strain off the juice the next day and pour it over four quarts of fresh berries. The second day strain, and to each quart of the juice allow one pint of water and five pounds of granulated sugar. Heat over a slow fire until the sugar is dissolved. Bring to a boil slowly, skimming off the scum. As soon as it reaches the boiling point, strain and bottle while warm, sealing the corks with wax. This syrup, or cordial, although too expensive for ordinary use, is a delightful drink for summer-evening gatherings. Put two tablespoonfuls in a glass of ice-water and embellish with any fruit in season.

DUNL 30 89.

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BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND