ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Anything may be bought in London. The Exchange and Mart has this cheerful advertisement: "Bargain—Lady leaving England permanently must sell family grave, hold five, marble slab."

Kaiser Wilhelm's Jubilee Cup, to be raced for by British yachts next summer on the occasion of his grandmother's reign of sixty years, is three feet high. The course will be from Dover to Heligoland.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the Grand Old Man, has given up the principalship of Newnham College, Oxford, which she has held for fifteen years, in order to remain with her fathear and order to remain with her father and mother.

Le Havre has just rejected an offer of 100,000 francs for a convalescent home made by a merchant of the town, on condition that the Town Council should provide the 8,000 francs needed for plans and preliminary expenses.

Paris is afflicted with a plague of rats, which have been driven from the river side and the sewers by the recent freshets. They have settled in the Halles Centrales and the Palais Royal, but in some outlying districts they scour the streets in bodies.

The death of a young woman by malpractice and the suicide of her lover, an officer, to escape his disgrace, have led Jules Lemaitre, Academician, playwright and critic, opposed to Zola and his school, to make a defence of such operations.

The Comte de Medrano set a spring gun so that it would discharge on opening the door of his pheasantry, near Mons. He forgot all about it in showing his place to some friends recently, and on turning the handle of the door received the full charge in his breast, dying on the spot.

Sporting instincts and the education question are queerly blended in the offer made in a public meeting by an English member of Parliament to bet that an undenominational school which he proposed to establish in his district, in case his Bishop set up a Church of England school, would be more successful than the sectarian foundation.

A public laboratory for scientific investigation, named the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory, has been opened at the Royal Institution in London. It is established by a gift of half a million dollars made by Mr. Mond, the aluminum manufacturer. Of this money $190,000 has been spent on a building and equipment, leaving $310,000 as an endowment fund. Instruction will be free.

Surgeon Gray tells how his horse saved his life during the recent fighting in Yashonaland, in the Natal Advertiser. The doctor was severely wounded and fell from his saddle in a charge, his horse going on with the rest of the squadron. In a short time he returned, however, and stood over his unconscious master, till the latter came to his senses, managed to pull himself up to the animal's back, and then ride to a place of safety.

Monte Rosa is to have a meteorological station on its top, the money for its maintenance being furnished by Italians. Among the contributors are the Queen, who has given 4,000 francs; the Duke of the Abruzzi, who gives 5,000 francs; the Italian Alpine Club, and the University of Turin. The shelter hut on the Gnifetti peak, 14,000 feet above the sea, will be used. The observatory will be the fourth in altitude in the world. The Harvard station near Arequipa and those on Mont Blanc and on Pike's Peak alone being higher.

From the middle ages to the present day the highest price paid for silk goods that M. Georges d'Avenel, in the Revue des Deux Mondes, has been able to find, was $83 a metre given by Louis XIV. for the cloth of gold material for a dressing gown. Last year, however, the Empress of Germany ordered at Lyons some white silk, with flowers, birds and foliage in relief, at $120 a yard, five-sixths of the price being the actual value of the raw silk. She intended to make a dress of it, but it was so beautiful that she used it for a curtain.

Earl de Grey has kept a record of the "game" he has killed in twenty-eight years; it amounts to 316,699 head, his average for the last twenty years being about 10,000, while in 1893 his record was 19,135. He has put to death 200,000 pheasants and partridges, 47,000 grouse, 6,000 other game birds, 566 deer and 9,000 miscellaneous animals, including pigs, capercailzie, sambur, a dozen buffaloes and tigers, and two rhinoceroses. On one day last month 3,000 birds were shot on one of the Marquis of Ripon's preserves, the largest bag being Earl de Grey's.

A tidal wave during the recent severe storms completely covered the little island of Sein, near Penmarch Point in Brittany, carrying off the stock and flooding the houses of the 300 inhabitants. The salt and sand left by the sea will render the arable land on the island barren for three years to come. There was no loss of life, however. Similar catastrophies have occurred before, in 1756, at the beginning of Louis Philippe's reign, and in 1865. In the same storm the sea broke through the dunes near Penmarch, covering large tracts of land behind them, which are below the sea level.

Bogdogoggen, the Buddhist high priest, rules Urga, on the River Selva in Mongolia, a community recently visited on his journey to Karakorum by Herr Hans Leder, who has told his experiences to the British Geographical Society. Urga is a great monastic university, rather than a town. Of its 15,000 inhabitants, 12,000 are monks, or Lamas, the rest being Mongols, Russians, and Chinese. The university has four faculties, the theological, which is the most important; the medical, where the 440 maladies to which man is subject are taught, with their cures; the astrological, and the expounders of the sacred writings. Bogdogoggen is 26 years of age, and is looked upon as a perfect god-man.

A HYBERNATING MAN.

Had a Yearly Trance--The Case Puzzled Able Physicians—Had No Memory.

John Telfer, died at Moschelle, Annapolis, N.S., last week, aged 70 years. The case of this man has been one that excited the interest and baffled the skill of physicians for years. In the fall he would enter into a sort of trance from which he would not properly awaken until May or June. He was the son of a pensioner who committed suicide, but before his father committed the deed he showed symptoms of melancholia. He would sit by the hour over his father's bench (cobbler's), laughing and talking to himself, and working himself into a frenzy, fighting imaginary foes, and going into immoderate fits of laughter.

About the end of August Jack would go to bed after eating his evening meal as usual, without exhibiting anything out of the common in his manner or otherwise, or giving any reason for supposition that he was out of sorts in anyway On the following morning he would not get up, nor would he show any more vitality than any sleeping man. His sleep was very quiet, without any stertor; indeed, it was as calm as that of a child. Twice in every twenty-four hours he would be taken up, a person supporting him on each side.

ABOUT ELEVEN O'CLOCK

every night he seemed to show rather more life than at any other time, and advantage was taken of this to pour a little thin oatmeal gruel, beef tea, or soup down his throat, he opening his lips to allow them to do so, and slowly swallowing it. He only took a very little each time, and, if urged to take more, simply kept his mouth shut. About once in every thirty days, not exactly at regular intervals, during the evening generally, he would get up, but soon return to bed.

Dr. Robertson, of Annapolis, one of the most skilful physicians of the province, says:—My first visit to Jack was about twenty years ago, when I first came to live and practise in this vicinity, and it came about in this way. Of course there was a talk about the new doctor and what he could do. So I was called to see the queer case. I got all the particulars from the friends and neighbors, and what means had been tried by other doctors, and then I promised to try what I could do. On the following day I went again, accompanied by my brother, and also a physician. We took with us a good galvanic battery. One of the handles was placed in each hand and bound closely to the fingers with wet bandages. We then put on the full power of the instrument. Poor old Jack was out of bed in aninstant, and I shall never forget his look of

ASTONISHMENT AND HORROR

as he yelled out, "Damnation, what's that?" I can also well remember my own feelings of satisfaction and complacency when the natives congratulated me on my success in this my first case. I walked off as if saying to myself, "I knew I could do it." Well, Jack remained awake about three days, and then I got a message that my patient was off again. I went up and tried the battery a second time, with only the effect, however, of making him open his eyes and grunt "Eh," in a querulous manner, and, after looking about him for a half hour or so, he lapsed into his former condition. Next day I again tried the battery, but without the slightest effect, so I gave it up as a hard case.

During the summer months he did exactly the work he was told to do, but he had to be told over again every day, although the work was the same day in and day out. The only thing he did without being told was to get his meals. He would talk quite rationally on any subject when spoken to, and recollects distinctly most of the incidents of his childhood. He would hold animated confab with the cows, dogs, trees, wheelbarrow, or any other object which happened to be in his way, and might be noticed sometimes lecturing a tree for some time, breaking out occasionally into uproarious fits of laughter. He took his winter sleep for the last 15 years.

THE SKIPPER WAS A RAT.

The London Field tells this story: "A rat was caught alive on board a British naval vessel in a trap, and the beast was thrown from the trap into the water without being killed. A large gull that was following in the wake of the ship to pick up scraps of food thrown overboard by the steward stopped several times endeavoring to pick the rat up. Once the bird got too close to the rat's jaws and the beast grabbed it by the neck. After a short fight, the rat succeeded in killing the bird. When the gull was dead the rat scrambled upon the bird's body, and, hoisting one wing as a sail, and using the other as a rudder, succeeded in steering for the shore. Whether the rat reached shore or not is a question, since the ship soon got out of sight of the skipper and its craft."

FIT FOR A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

Anxious Mother—I am greatly surprised, my son, to find that while you were away you became engaged. I hope you have not acted hastily. Has the young lady you have selected the proper qualifications for a poor man's wife?

Adult Son—Yes, indeed, mother. She's got $50,000 in her own right.

WILL OF QUEEN VICTORIA

HOW HER IMMENSE WEALTH WILL BE DISPOSED OF.

Her Fortune Said to Amount to Fully £20,000,000—Contents of the Document Devising Royal Property Well Known in Court Circles.

The news recently circulated that the Queen is making a new will recalls the fact that, since the last one was compiled, twenty-five years ago, her Majesty's wealth has more than trebled, and this coupled with the numerous births and deaths that have occurred in the Royal family, has rendered another testamentary document absolutely necessary. But the contents of the new will will never be made public, for Royalty possesses over ordinary mortals the advantage of being exempt from all taxes and probate dues, while their wills are regarded as State secrets. State secrets are, however, always badly kept, and hence, while no official publication of Royal wills is ever made, their tenor is usually a matter of common knowledge, especially in court circles.

The Queen enjoys the distinction of being one of the few English sovereigns to have anything to leave. Most of her predecessors upon the throne bequeathed to their successors nothing but debts, which Parliament was called upon to pay. While her Majesty permitted the nation thus to settle the liabilities of her uncles, King George IV. and King William IV., she made a point immediately after her accession to pay off in full the debts contracted by her father, the Duke of Kent. This, and the portioning of her daughters and some of her grand-daughters, may be said to have constituted the only very heavy expenses that the Queen has been called upon to meet since she ascended the throne in 1837.

HER MAJESTY'S SAVINGS.

From that time forth until the present day she has been in receipt of a civil list amounting to close upon £600,000 a year. Of this the major portion is assigned to definite heads of Royal expenditure, but £60,000 per annum is devoted to what is called the Queen's privy purse, and constitutes her pocket money, of which no account is ever asked. Besides this, she has at her disposal the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which have amounted on an average to £60,000 a year more. From this it will be seen that after having all the expenses of almost every conceivable character defrayed out of the Civil List, she has a sum of at least £120,000 each year to dispose of as she chooses,and which she is known to have set aside. This, in itself, represents a minimum of £7,200,000, and, when it is remembered that the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster are all the time increasing, the yield last year being no less than £90,000 as compared with £60,000 ten years ago, and that, moreover, the Queen's savings have been most judiciously invested, for the most part in land which has increased almost tenfold in value during the last half century, it is no exaggeration to estimate the present fortune of her Majesty from these sources alone as in the neighborhood of £20,000,000.

In addition to this it must be borne in mind that all the savings out of those particular branches of the Civil List that are assigned in the various departments of the Royal household are handed over to the Queen. These savings are estimated on expert authority to have amounted, since the death of the Prince Consort deprived the Court of St. James' of so much of its old-time splendour, to some £50,000 per annum.

PRINCE CONSORT'S REQUEST.

The Prince Consort is known to have left a will bequeathing his entire fortune to the Queen, although it was never oficially divulged. During the twenty-three years that had intervened between his marriage and his death he had received from the English treasury an annuity of £30,000, besides which he had a private fortune of his own, which yielded him about £4,000 a year more. As the Queen's husband he had practically no expenses of any kind to meet, and it is known that he was able to set aside and invest at least £20,000 a year throughout his married life. This amounts to £460,000. The major portion of this was most judiciously invested in land at South Kensington, which was at that time little else than waste ground, but which to-day is probably worth more per square foot than it was forty years ago per acre. The fortune bequeathed by the Prince Consort is estimated to have attained at the present day the minimum value of £5,000,000.

Finally, it must be taken into consideration that several bequests have been made to the Queen by various rich people.

A BARGAIN FOR THE NATION.

With regard to the civil list, an immense amount of misconception appears to prevail. Many are under the impression that the amount paid by the National Treasury each year to the fund for the maintenance of Royalty under the head of "Civil List" constitutes a salary for the sovereign. As a matter of fact, the allowances are nothing more or less than annuities paid to the Crown in return for the latter's surrender to the nation of lands, royalties and rights of one kind and another, which represent to-day to the treasury in annual revenue at least ten times the civil list and allowances placed at the disposal of the Queen. It is therefore not the Crown, but the nation, which has benefited by the successive bargains made by the predecessors of the Queen—bargains which they were compelled to make by temporary difficulties arising from the mismanagement of their property.

THE FAVOURITE PRINCESS.

Had it not been for the surrender to the nation of all these so-called Crown lands, of these mining rights, etc., her Majesty could to-day dispense not only with her own Civil List, but also with the allowances for her children and grandchildren and the English Crown would be as wealthy as the sovereigns of Austria and Russia, whose fortunes are practically incalculable.

Exactly what the disposition of Queen Victoria's immense property under new will will be it is difficult to say. It may be safely taken for granted, however, that one of her children who will be chiefly benefited, thereby will be her favorite, Princess Henry of Battenberg. To her Osborne will probably be left, as she is already Governor of the Isle of Wight. Prince Henry of Battenberg possessed no fortune at the time of his marriage, and his death last spring left his children absolutely dependent upon whatever their grandmother, the Queen might be willing to do for them. Others who may be expected to receive a special share of the Queen's beneficence are the two children of the late Duke of Albany, who will be entirely dependent on whatever her Majesty may bequeath to them,and her Majesty's second daughter, Princess Helena, the wife of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales as future King of England will have a right to the same Civil List as the Queen, and inasmuch as the nation has undertaken as part and parcel of its bargain with the Crown to provide suitable allowances for the children of the Sovereign both the Duke of York and other children of the Prince cannot be considered as deserving objects of the Queen's bounty, though there is little doubt they together with the Prince of Wales will figure conspicuously in her Majesty's will. Indeed, with such a vast fortune to dispose of, it is difficult to see how the Queen can forget or overlook any of her offspring, numerous though they be.

THE GOLD BEETLE.

The most remarkable gold beetles in the world are found in Central America. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished with a luster as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the seeming of metal. Oddly enough, another species from the same region has the appearance of being wrought in solid silver, freshly burnished. These gold and silver beetles have a market value. They are worth from £5 to £10 each.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Doings of Some of the World's Prominent People.

Lord Leighton's house in London has been offered by his sisters to the British nation on condition that it be preserved as it is.

For the twelfth time in succession the Prince of Wales has been nominated for the office of grand master of English Mark Masons.

Frederick Hill, who died the other day at his home, near London, was the last surviving brother of Sir Rowland Hill, the postal reformer.

Mrs. Brookfield, Thackeray's friend, who a few years ago published some interesting letters written by him to her, died recently at the age of 77.

Cardinal Gibbons is a believer in the "Kneipp cure," and frequently proved his faith last summer by taking early morning walks barefooted.

The widow of Calliar Bey (formerly Mrs. P. T. Barnum) expects to return to her former home in Bridgeport, Ct., and take up her residence there again.

Mrs. Duncan Pell, who has been prominent for some years in New York society, is said to have positively determined to adopt the stage for a profession.

Louise Michel declines to come to this country unless Pietro Gori, the Italian anarchist, accompanies her. Pietro has a dread of water and will not come.

Archibald F. Hebbard, who died at his home in Westminster, Conn., recently, at the age of 75 years, had never ridden in steam cars or any kind of a boat.

George Frederick Watts, R. A., is building a church near Guilford, England, in which he will paint frescoes himself, while his wife will design the terra cotta decorations.

Canon Fleming, of St. Michael's church, London, has had a large telephone transmitter placed in his pulpit, so that his sermons may be heard in a number of hospitals and other institutions.

Emperor William is probably the only European monarch who carries a revolver. Firmly convinced that he is going to die by the bullet of an anarchist, he is determined to fight for his life, if necessary.

Prof. Charles Lane Poor, of Johns Hopkins University, has just finished the construction of an equatorial telescope which he will take with him to the north next summer in order to photograph the stars.

Dr. F. Saccardo, professor of natural science at the school of viticulture at Avellino, Italy, who recently died, was recognized as an authority on the diseases of the vine and on the science of dichenology.

Sir Henry Keppel, 86 years of age, is now the senior admiral in the British navy list, but Sir Alexander Milne, who is 90 and who entered the navy eighty years ago, is the oldest admiral and the one who has served longest.

A CURIOUS CEREMONIAL.

It is not generally known that there is a strange and striking ceremonial by which the Vatican authorities assure themselves that the Pope is dead. The Cardinal Chamberlain approaches the bed of the dead Pontiff, and bears in his hand a little silver hammer. He prostrates himself before the bed and calls the dead man three times, not by his name as Pope, but by the name that was given him at his baptism. Then he touches him lightly on the forehead three times with the hammer. The silence which follows this appeal by voice and by touch is final proof, that he who makes no answer to it is beyond its reach. After this formality the Cardinal pronounces to the waiting priests that the Pope has ceased to live.

A LIVING FIRE-ESCAPE

JANITOR FLORENZ SAVES A HOUSEFUL OF PEOPLE.

Exciting Scenes at a New York Tenement House Fire—Rescue and Transfer of Women and Children.

Sixty-five families were driven out in the cold night, ill-clad and shivering by a fire that gutted the two tenements of 239 and 241 West Fifteenth street, in the small hours of Monday morning, says a New York despatch. Forty-three families were made homeless. Their flats were destroyed. Some of them barely escaped with their lives. There were thrilling rescues on every hand. One man made of his body a human ladder, down which a houseful of tenants slid in safety, and held his post till the last had come. The firemen labored with frozen hydrants against every odds and in peril of their lives. Two were badly hurt. In the general distress the neighbors threw open their doors and homes with warmth, and welcomed all who had none. For two blocks around the kitchen fires were started and children hustled from their warm beds to make room for the shivering ones from the street. One policeman's home across the street from the burning building alone harbored eight evicted inmates. How or where the fire broke out is a matter of discussion yet in the street. Wherever it was it came with such sudden sweep that it nearly

PARALYZED WITH FRIGHT

those whom it roused from sleep. Policemen Howard and Gaynor heard a wild, piteous cry while they stood on the corner on Seventh avenue. What it meant they did not know nor stopped to inquire, but ran together in the direction whence it came. They found out soon enough. The fire escapes of the two five-story tenements were crowded with a white-robed throng making for the street with shrieks and lamentations. On the last balcony it was stayed. The ladder was gone, the sky was reddening over the house and the smoke poured from open windows, but as yet no fire. The policemen saw it all at a glance. Gaynor turned about and made for the nearest fire alarm box. Howard dashed into the house and up three steps at a time to the top to give what help he could. Already rescue was at hand for those on the fire escape. The janitor of the tenement at 239, Charles F. Lorenz, roused his wife, and seeing his children safely hustled to the street, took in the peril of those on the balcony with a glance. He is an old fireman and an athlete to boot. No ladder was needed. The janitor, running up the step of the house, jumped for the lower rail of the balcony, and hung suspended from it, a swinging human ladder. He called to the frightened tenants to climb on his shoulders and slide down. "Come on," he said, "I will hold, hurry." They took the offered chance and slid. Down they went over the living bridge one after the other, men, women and children, a full score, until the last was safe. Then Janitor Lorenz let go to spit on his hands for a fresh grip if any were needed. None was. Patrick Madden, who lived next door in 237, seeing the fix of the tenants had brought a lamplighter's ladder, which he knew stood in the yard, and helped the rest down. On the janitor's waistcoat

NOT A BUTTON REMAINED.

They had slid off "every one." Up in the house Policeman Howard found the Crossley family on the top floor in terror and distress. Mrs. Crossley and her son were on the fire escape. The wife's sister, Annie Nessel, was missing. She had run to the roof and Mr. Crossley after her. The policeman let them go, knowing that they would find their way down safely, and guided Mrs. Crossley down, carrying her child. The fire was roaring through the air shaft and eating its way into the house by this time. The tenants were streaming down the fire ladders. Those who landed in the yard were boosted over a ten-foot fence into the next yard and rushed over to Sixteenth street. The women screamed as they went over; some fell heavily, but snow broke their fall and none were hurt. Children were thrown from the fire escape to the men at the fence. In less than a minute it seemed as if a regularly organized system of rescue and transfer had been devised. In five minutes they were all safe. Not only the tenants of the two burning houses but those in 243 as well had gone over the fence. They were as frightened as those whose homes were really burning. A few of the women wanted to jump, but were told not to do so. Some were paralyzed with fright, but were taken down in season by the advance guard of the firemen coming on the first call. The firemen worked in great peril from the red hot cornices that fell all about them, from the molten lead of plumbing and fixtures that ran from above and from the wreck falling in every direction. Foreman Robinson was backing over to the burning house when a red-hot drain pipe fell upright from its fastenings in an upper story, and striking him on the foot cut off four of his toes. Toppling over it fell upon and burned his comrade, John Deuel, on the arms. They were both dragged out, Robinson to be sent to the hospital. His career as a fireman is ended. The losses of the forty-three families who were burned out foot up to $150,000. They had no insurance, and lost their all.

ALIENS IN FRANCE.

France is still much troubled over the strangers within its gates. It is now found that Paris is not a city of Parisians, if even of Frenchmen. Only 36 per cent. of the inhabitants were born within its walls, and 75 in every 1,000 were born outside of France—a total of 181,000 aliens. Of these latter no fewer than 26,823 are Germans, while in Berlin there are only 397 Frenchmen. While Paris has 75 foreigners to the 1,000 London has only 22, St. Petersburg 24, Vienna 22 and Berlin 11.