

MISCELLANEOUS.

Has a man the right to keep his hat on in a theatre if he chooses to do so? So thinks a Brooklyn man who has brought suit against the manager of the Park theatre there for requiring him either to take off his hat or leave the building.

The record of business done by the American Post Office Department last year is something marvellous. There were 1,769,860,000 letters mailed, and 372,000,000 post cards, 1,063,200,000 newspapers and periodicals and third and fourth class matter to the tune of 372,900,000 pieces.

A Mr. Samuel Barton of New York has written and caused to be published a somewhat ingenious and mildly interesting book called "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada." "The Capture of Canada" is rather a misnomer since any originality the book possesses rests in the fact that it shows how the United States has been forced by Great Britain at the cannon's mouth to take over all the British possessions in this western hemisphere with the exception of Barbadoes, to pay the sum of \$1,500,000,000 for the privilege and to assume Canada's debt into the bargain.

Ominous underground rumblings which seem to forebode an earthquake of war, are still heard on the continent of Europe. To one who watches the current of events it appears as if the nations there were gradually, and irresistibly, in spite of their backward strivings, being sucked into a terrible maelstrom.

It is pleasant enough certainly, to have the assurance of a man like Lord Salisbury that everything is peaceful, and that on Britain's horizon at any rate there are no ominous war clouds to disturb the serenity of the beholder. It somewhat prejudicially affects one's confidence, however, to remember that this assurance from so high a quarter, was given at the Lord Mayor's dinner, and at Lord Mayor's dinners, of course, the prophecy of "smooth things" is generally matter of course, and needs to be taken cum grano.

The terrible fire in Rochester last week affords another proof of the fact, that many of the so-called "fire-escapes" are well-nigh useless for any practical purposes. They exist for show and that only. When the trial time comes they are sadly wanting. The escapes in that Rochester firetrap were placed in a position where a pretty steady head and firm nerves would have been required to reach them at any time, when it could have been done deliberately.

The Dominion Government does well to invite Australia and New Zealand delegates here for the discussion of intercolonial trade questions and direct cable communication. The project is worthy of unstinted praise, and we trust there will be loyalty enough in Canada to bestow this praise, irrespective of narrow party considerations.

If the Chinese don't retaliate upon both the United States and Canada by expelling all missionaries and traders and travellers who hail from this continent it will be very strange. It appears so utterly monstrous that after forcing the Chinese to admit foreigners to trade and travel these very Yankees and Britishers should turn round and say, while we send our missionaries and merchants to you, we forbid any of your countrymen to come near us.

England, it seems, is to be "startled," as the newspaper have it, by what they call a great ecclesiastical scandal. Strange now much of that sort of thing there is just now. Wars and rumors of wars in the world. Bickerings and dissensions in the church. Portents in the shape of convulsions in the realm of nature. What do such things signify? In the meantime this "scandal" which is likely to break out before this paragraph reaches the printer, is simply this: that the Archbishop of Canterbury has decided to cite the Bishop of Lincoln before him for following divisive courses, and thereby being a cause of stumbling and offence unto many.

Young women who serve in stores have as a general thing no happy lot. They have long hours, often harsh treatment, always on their feet, always expected to be civil under the deadliest provocation, always smiling though the heart be ready to break, and often tempted to the ways of sin by scant wages and from a desire to please the foreman who has so much in his power, or to curry favour with the employer who too frequently does not scruple to levy tribute on poor girls in a way which may be pleasant to him but is death and dishonour to his victims.

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Health and Shoes.

"It is very hard to find any woman who will confess that her shoes are too tight, too short, or too high-heeled. Her shoes are usually 'miles too big,' and hurt by their looseness! If women complain of lame backs or aching feet, they are always sure the shoes have no part in it; because women are really not aware how they have departed from nature in this regard. The perfect female foot is described by a physician as follows:—

"It should have great breadth and fullness of instep, a well-marked great toe, a long second toe, a small little-toe." Woman needs a strong and firm footing, particularly because of her function of motherhood, and yet this perfect foot is the exact opposite of the ideal lady's foot of to-day—narrowness, shortness and littleness are the qualities that go to make it up; and there are women, if we may believe what is said in the newspapers, who, to secure a narrow foot, are willing to have the little toe ruined.

"Strange as it is, the American women, while cramping the feet, deny it. The Chinese are more logical. They distort and cripple the feminine foot to a much greater degree, but then sing its praises. Its favorite name, the 'golden lily,' is well known.

"Many of the peculiar ailments under which women pass their days, in invalidism, unhappiness and miserable themselves, and making others unhappy, would vanish or be greatly mitigated, if they would but employ common sense to the selection of their shoes.

The shoes of men, as a rule, are not so badly constructed and worn as the shoes of women and children. A larger proportion of men wear custom-made shoes, in which some effort is made to fit the foot. Business men generally have eschewed heels, except the lowest 'lifts.'—[Ex.]

About Dogs.

"I have no doubt," says my friend, who knows a thing or two about dogs, "that many people are surprised that the White-chapel murderer has not long ago been tracked and captured by the aid of the bloodhounds of which so much has been written. The ordinary idea of a bloodhound is founded on confused notions remaining from slave stories of the South, and in imagination men see ravenous brutes with distended jaws pursuing a trail with relentless and unerring purpose, and finally tearing the unfortunate fugitive limb from limb at the end of the chase, which never fails to result in capture.

"Now, a bloodhound isn't this kind of a fellow at all. To start with, there is nothing ferocious about him except his name. Of course, there are individuals of fierce disposition, but that fact goes for nothing. I am speaking of the general characteristics of the breed. When a bloodhound overtakes his quarry—which is seldom when that quarry is human—he stands and gives tongue, but the rending performance is only a freak of the imagination.

"The modern blood hound runs mute, which, no doubt, is a result of the continual breeding for 'type.' You have seen the stage bloodhounds in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' These crop-eared fellows are Great Danes, and haven't the slightest resemblance to a bloodhound. The bloodhound is good-tempered and is a delicate dog to rear. "Now, as to his tracking abilities, there is just as much misapprehension. There are a dozen other breeds of dogs quite as good as, if not better than, the bloodhound at picking up and following a trail, and with any of them it is a matter of training. A dog must be taught to hunt. Well, then, suppose your bloodhound has a good nose naturally, and has been well trained. He sets off on a trail, and how fast do you suppose he goes? Five miles an hour at the outside, on a fresh scent. A man would soon get away from such a pursuer as that, if he knew he was followed. To pick out even his master's track and stick to it in a town is almost impossible. G. H. Fitzherbert, an English breeder of bloodhounds, says Selim was the best dog he ever saw hunt, and he could not track a man through a crowd if he was ten minutes behind the man.

"But, allowing the bloodhound to have all the astonishing powers which popular superstition credits him with, what possible use could he be in these White-chapel cases? A dog will follow only a particular scent. What is there to distinguish one trail from another so far as the dog is concerned? If his master or some person he knew had committed the murder the dog might pick out his trail and follow it for a short distance, but that is the best that could be expected. Differs somewhat from the common idea of the bloodhound, doesn't it?

"Now, I've been talking about scents and trails, but if you were to ask me what is scent in a dog I couldn't tell you. Nor could anybody else; but it is not the same as the sense of smell in man. It seems to be something more. Some dog stories may give you an idea of what it enables a dog to do, but that doesn't tell you what it is. Mr. F. H. F. Mercer, of Ottawa, the young fellow who rowed in the junior single sculls at the Canadian Association regatta here this summer, owns Champion Johnny, the best Clumber spaniel in America. He frequently goes to a place in the country to shoot grouse and Johnny goes along. When Mr. Mercer drives to the postoffice or elsewhere on business the dogs are shut up in the house. When Johnny can steal away he sets off on the road his master's buggy has taken, running with his nose to the ground. It makes not the least difference what road his master travels, the dog goes the right way every time he can make his escape, and Mr. Mercer wants to know what scent the dog follows. Is it the horse? The buggy wheels? What?

"The next case was in Kingston, N. Y. A man named Mellert was arrested for shooting and killing another man. The policeman who arrested him took him to the goal, two miles away, in a street car. The car was closed to let other passengers in and out. After leaving the Mellert walked 300 feet over the flag-stones of the sidewalk, followed by hundreds and perhaps thousands of people and was placed in the goal. Some hours after the arrest Mellert's beagle missed his master from home and set off to look him up. In any ordinary sense of the word there was no scent to follow, not even as much as the open buggy in Johnny's case but the beagle traced his master to the goal and going to the inner door lay down to await his coming out. The fact that the dog lay down to wait for him proved that the intelligent fellow was confident Mellert was inside. Now, how did that beagle trace his master? You bet, it's a conundrum.

"There is a theory that a dog follows his master's trail by the scent of his boots, but I can tell you of a test which goes to prove that this is not the whole truth. The master of a dog, a foxhound, and a friend started off on opposite sides of the road and after travelling a quarter of a mile they exchanged boots by throwing them across the road to each other. When the hound came to this point he hesitated only a short time, and then went right along on his master's trail, in spite of the fact that the master had the other man's boots on. The two trails came together and then separated again, but the hound followed his master's throughout, though he did not wear his own boots. What did the hound follow? More conundrums, but it all goes to show that we don't really know what scent is in the dog, though we know he can't do the impossible things expected of a bloodhound." OBSERVER.

A Tight Hat-band.

A New York gentleman who suffers somewhat from self-conceit not long since called upon an Albany gentleman. While holding a conversation in the library, the five-year-old son of the host appeared with the visitor's hat in his hand, industriously examining its interior. The New Yorker, noticing the lad, remarked: "My boy, what do you find in my hat?" Nothing," said the little fellow; "I was only looking. I heard papa say the other night that you were troubled with a very tight hat-band." Explanations were in order.

STATISTICS.

Ninety-two thousand paupers was the London census for September.

A California company with a capital of \$1,000,000 will establish a big iron plant near Milford, Utah, that will employ about 2,600 men.

England has already purchased 186,000 barrels of apples from this country. The increase over last year's export is 80,000 barrels so far.

One of the largest shoe contracts made is that of a firm in Bangor, Me., who have engaged to make 100,000 pairs of wigwam slippers within a year, for which they are to receive \$74,900.

There are 500,000 retail tobacco dealers in the United States and 500,000 workers interested in the manufacture of smoking and chewing tobacco.

Of the 70,000,000 feet of lumber included in the Connecticut River Lumber Company's last drive logs, which have recently passed over Bellows falls, 7,000,000 feet stopped there to become paper.

President Pullman stated, at the annual meeting of his Car Company, that the 4,598 persons employed at the company's shops at Pullman, Ill., earn an average of \$80.40 each per month—a much higher average per person than exists in any community where similar work is performed.

The Russian Empire with a population nearly double that of the United States, contains but four cities having more than 200,000 inhabitants, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw and Odessa. There were at the last census but thirty-six cities having a population of more than 50,000. All the cities of the Empire together contain barely more than one-eighth of the total population.

The total area of France is 130,610,139 acres. The total number of farms is 5,672,007, and the average size of farms is 21½ acres. The number of farms under 2½ acres is 2,167,667; the number containing 2½ to 12½ acres is 1,865,878; those containing 12½ to 25 acres number 769,152; those containing from 25 to 100 acres number 727,222; those over 100 acres are 142,008. The number under 25 acres constitute 85 per cent. of the whole number, though scarcely one-fourth of the total area. About one-third of the country is in farms of 25 to 100 acres, and more than half the area is in large farms of more than 100 acres.

Australia now takes the lead among the wool-producing countries of the world. A recent report to the State Department at Washington shows that on the first of April last Australia contained 96,462,038 sheep. This is a gain of nearly 20,000,000 since 1885. The number of sheep in the United States in 1887 was estimated at 44,759,966, and in the Argentine Republic in 1885 at 75,000,000. The Australians are making special efforts to push their wool into the markets of the world, but as the electors of the United States have just declared against free wool the American people will not derive much benefit from the surplus product of the Antipodes.

There is no doubt that for the past twenty-four years New York has tried to be impartial in the distribution of her electoral vote. Here is the record:—1864 Republican, 1868 Democratic, 1872 Republican, 1876 Republican, 1880 Democratic, 1884 Democratic, 1888 Republican. Under this impartial method the Democrats may hope for it in 1892. Indiana, also, is going into the same sort of country. In 1872 it was Republican, in 1876 Democratic, in 1880 Republican, in 1884 Democratic, and in 1888 Republican. This sort of thing, carried on, would make it Democratic in 1892.

The Democrats may find some comfort in this hope, but there is every possibility that a good many changes are likely to take place in the next four years that may reduce the importance of the electoral votes of New York and Indiana.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Dr. Alice Vickery, of England, alleges that France must be the happiest country in Europe. She says that while the surplus in women in Great Britain and Germany amounts to nearly 750,000 and 1,000,000 respectively, France in 1881 had a surplus of only 92,000 women, and marriages are more prevalent in proportion to the population in France than elsewhere. France has the lowest birth rate of all European countries, 23.8 to a thousand, against 31 for Great Britain and 38 for Germany. The average number of children in a French family is now 2.3, against 4.6 in England and Wales, 5.25 in Scotland, and 5.4 in Ireland. Germany has nearly five to a family. France has a greater proportion of grown-up persons than any other nation in Europe, the number of persons in each 10,000 between the ages of 15 and 60 being, in France, 5,373; in Holland, 4,984; in Sweden, 4,954; in Great Britain, 4,732; in the United States, 4,398. France has the highest average ages of the living, 31.06 years, against Holland, 27.76; Sweden, 27.66; Great Britain, 26.5; the United States, 23.1. In France, out of every hundred deaths, those persons over the age of 60 are 36; in Switzerland, 34; England, 30; Belgium, 26; Wurtemberg, 24; Prussia, 19; Austria, 17.—[Ex.]

"There 70,000,000 codfish caught annually off the Newfoundland coast," observed a fish culturist the other day to a New York *Mail* writer. "You might think that would deplete the yearly hatch. If so, you would be mistaken. It has been calculated that, as fish produce so many eggs, if vast numbers of the latter and of the fish themselves were not continually destroyed and taken, they would soon fill up every available space in the sea. For instance, from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 codfish are annually caught on the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when it is considered that each cod yields about 4,500,000 eggs every season, and that even 8,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod. Were the 60,000,000 cod taken on the coast of Newfoundland left to breed, the 30,000,000 females producing 5,000,000 eggs every year, it would give a yearly addition of 150,000,000,000,000 young codfish. Other fish, though not equaling the cod, are wonderfully prolific. A herring weighing six or seven ounces is provided with about 30,000 eggs. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and the young, it has been estimated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 150,000,000. Buffon calculated that if a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of 29 years, they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe on which we live.

The Market for Human Hair.

There is a human hair market at Morlaix in the department of the Lower Pyrenees. It is little known, except, perhaps, in Paris, where it has a high reputation. The market is held every other Friday. Hundreds of trafficking hair-dressers throng to the little place from far and near to buy up the hair of the young peasant girls. The dealers wander up and down the long, narrow street of the town, each with a huge pair of bright shears hanging from a black leather strap around his waist, while the young girls who wish to part with their hair stand about in the doorways, usually in couples. The transaction is carried on in the best room of the house. The hair is let down, the tresses combed out, and the dealer names the price. This varies from three to twenty francs. If a bargain is struck the dealer lays the money in the open palm of the seller, applies his shears, and in a minute the long tresses fall on the floor. The purchaser rolls up the tresses places them in paper, and thrusts them into his pocket. Of course a maiden can rarely see her fallen tresses disappear into the dealer's pocket without crying. But she consoles herself with the thought that it will grow again, and by looking at the money in her hand.

There is at present a scarcity of fancy human hair in the market. The rarest hair is pure white, and its value is constantly increasing; and it is unusually long—that is, from four to five feet—the dealer can get almost his own price, while if it is of ordinary length it is worth from 375¢ to 500¢ an ounce. The fact that pure white hair is the Court coiffure throughout Europe keeps the demand for it very high. It is much prized by American women whose hair is white, and who desire to enrich its folds, for white hair is held to give certain distinction to the wearer. There is no fancy market for grey hair. It is too common. Next to pure white hair the demand is for hair of the color of virgin gold. It is said that the Empress Eugenie paid 1,000¢ an ounce for a braid of golden hair that exactly matched her own.

Brave and Unselfish.

The late Mr. Forster, who, as Chief Secretary for Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, made himself very unpopular with Irishmen, was as brave and unselfish an Englishman as ever lived; and though he may have looked at public questions out of too English eyes, those who opposed him when living cannot withhold their admiration from his truly sterling qualities.

One day, at a party made up of friends, the question was started whether English political morality was genuine, and one of the party asked how far a public man was sincere in averring that his desire, while in Parliament, was to serve his country apart from any personal advantage he might attain to.

In response to this, it was suggested that it was possible for a man to become purely self-seeking, however high he might profess his aims to be.

Mr. Forster rose from his chair, and, grasping the one in front of him, said: "Well, all I can say is, that if I did not know that never, in all my political life, have I been actuated by any other desire or motive than that of being able to help my fellow-creatures and serve my country, I should have gone out of this business long ago."

A few weeks before Mr. Forster left Ireland an attempt was made to assassinate him. He knew of the plot, and yet, after he had resigned, on hearing of the Phoenix Park murders,—one of the victims of which was his own immediate successor, Lord Frederick Cavendish,—Mr. Forster went to the Prime Minister, and offered to return to Ireland, and take the place again until the government had found a permanent successor.

Women and Their Victims.

It was hoped some time ago that the fashion of wearing the dead bodies of birds as trimmings for bonnets and hats was going out. Such a hope, apparently, is doomed to disappointment. Perhaps the day may come when people who have a little regard for such helpless creatures as birds will give them up to their fate. It really seems to be of no use to try to protect them. The looter from the East End of London goes forth with his cages and his lime, and catches them. He, however, mostly retains the male. The other bird-murderer also goes forth on his cruel errand, and, by preference, catches and retains the female. He takes her in the nesting season, because the feathers are soft and beautiful then. What matters it to him that his victim is often the mother of a nestful of helpless young, and that they are left in the nest to die of starvation, to die while piteously crying out hour after hour for the mother that never comes? The mother birds are killed and the young left to die of starvation, because certain women insist that it shall be so. Yet how gentle, and sympathetic and tender, these very women can pretend to be when it suits their convenience. How correct and nice in their taste in everything that relates to good manners. How shocked they are by vulgarity; how horrified by coarseness. If they could see themselves exactly as some men see them; could have it once driven in upon their consciences, that, in the estimation of all rational and right-feeling men, they are incomparably inferior to many co-troglodytes, crossing-sweepers, and untalented African negroes, they might for one moment pause and reflect upon their worthlessness. Is it really, then, to come to this: that a nineteenth century woman is so utterly selfish, so hopelessly without brains or feeling, and so incapable of learning even the very elements of humanity, that she must and will have birds to adorn herself with at whatever cost? At bottom it really is want of intellect.

His Practical Application.

Tommy recently heard somebody use the expression "gone sucker," and subsequently questioned his father as to the meaning of the term. "Oh," said the father, "when anybody is hard up or awful sick folks sometimes say he is a 'gone sucker.' The boy took it all in and shortly afterwards made a practical application of his newly acquired knowledge in behalf of his sick brother. Just before going to bed one night he knelt to say his prayers, as usual and closed his petition thus: "And, O Lord, bless Jimmy and make him well, for he is awfully sick and if you don't I'm afraid he is a 'gone sucker.'"

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