THE END OF THE WORLD.

In the Year 4000 Man Will Disappear from the Earth.

A French statistician who has been studying the military and other records with a view of determining the height of men at different periods has reached some wonderful results, says the Philadelphia *Times*. A Frenchman is naturally an artist, even in figures. A German or any Canadian might content himself with a dry arithmetical compilation, but this artist carries his statistics into the realm of history and of poetry and even of prophecy. He has not only solved some perplexing problems in regard to the past of the human race, but also is enabled to calculate its future and to determine the exact period when man will disappear from the earth.

The recorded facts extend over nearly three centuries. It is found that in 1610 the average height of men in Europe was 1.75 meters, or say 5 feet 9 inches. In 1790 it was 5 feet 6 inches. In 1820 it was 5 feet 5 inches and a fraction. At the present time it is 5 feet 3¾ inches. It is easy to deduce from these figures a rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature, and then to apply this, working backward and forward, to the past and to the future.

By this calculation, it is determined that the stature of the first man attained the surprising average of 16 feet 9 inches. Truly there were giants on the earth in those days. The race had already deteriorated in the days of Og, and Goliath was quite a degenerate offspring of the giants. Coming down to the later times we find that at the beginning of our era the average height of man was 9 feet, and in the time of Charlemagne it was 8 feet 8 inches, a fact quite sufficient to account for the heroic deeds of the paladins.

But the most astonishing result of this scientific study comes from the application of the same inexorable law of diminution to the future. The calculation shows that by the year 4000 A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to 15 inches. At that epoch there will be only lilliputians on the earth. And the conclusion of the learned statistician is irresistible, that "the end of the world will certainly arrive, for the inhabitants will have become so small that they will finally disappear," —"finish by disappearing," as the French idiom expresses it —"from the terrestrial globe."

RUSSIAN HEBREWS.

Disabilities of the Jewish Race in the Czar's Empire.

A curious and important appeal case has just been decided by the court of cessation of the senate, which affords a striking example of the complicated disabilities of the Jews in Russia, says the London *Times*. A law student of Jewish race executed a deed of transfer by which he made over his property in Kieff, consisting of house and land, to his wife in her own right, but the notary public refused to legalize it on the ground that the wife, who was also of the Jewish faith, had no right to acquire landed property in Kieff, whatever might be the right of her husband.

The matter went to court, and it was decided that, although a Jew possessing a diploma of either of the three learned degrees had a right to reside in all parts of the empire, and in virtue of such right might acquire property in the district of his residence, yet this right to acquire property was the result of an exception to the law granted in favor of the Jewish doctor or master of law or arts, as the case might be, individually, and was not communicable to his wife or children.

This decision was upheld and confirmed on appeal to the senate in St. Petersburg. Possibly we shall soon hear of the wives and families of Russian Jews not having the right to reside with their husbands and fathers in districts where the standard of their education gives them the privilege to live.

A Question of Relationship.

"Here!" exclaimed an irate young man, entering a headquarters for book agents, "take back the prospectus thou gavest and fork over my $2.50."

"Why the excitement?" inquired the proprietor; "you are unduly agitated. What is wrong?"

"Your instructions don't work. I can't ingratiate myself with ladies of the home circle according to your rules."

"Explain yourself," persisted the head center of the literary emporium.

"It's this way. I did just as you said to do at the first house I came to—rang the bell and stood with hat off awaiting an answer. A lady came to the door and I said:

"'Is Mrs. Q. in?'

"'I am Mrs. Q.,' she replied.

"'Excuse me, madam,' I said, 'but I took you for her mother.'"

"What did she do then?"

"Slammed the door in my face."

"Of course she did. That is not what I told you to say at all."

"What was it?"

"I told you to smile, and when a lady came to the door inquire, 'Is Mrs. Q. in?' If she said 'I am Mrs. Q.,' you were to reply in your sweetest accents: 'Excuse me, madam, I desire to see your mother.'"

He Knew It.

A woman who spoke of Goethe's "Faust" was highly indignant, when the man with whom she was talking spoke immediately afterward of Goethe. It was very impolite, she thought, to correct a lady in that fashion. She would have enjoyed a conversation with a gentleman of whom one of our exchanges narrates an anecdote:

"He was a guest at a New York hotel, and called upon the clerk for a sheet of paper, saying that he wished to write a letter. Half an hour later he again approached the counter. He had finished the letter. Would the clerk please read it, and see if it was all correct?

The clerk glanced at it and said:

"'I see you spell jug "g-u-g." That isn't right.'

"'I know it,' was the reply; 'but you see I'm writing to the old man, and he always spells it that way. If I put the other "g" to it, he would think I was putting on style over him, and forgetting I was his son. He's sorter tender-hearted, and I don't want to hurt his feelings.'

"And so the letter went off with only one 'g' at the end of 'gug.'"

THE BALLOON OF THE FUTURE.

How the Air Will be Navigated in the Twentieth Century.

Who can tell what marvels science may not accomplish before ten decades have come and gone? By that time—before the next centenary of the first balloon ascent in England is celebrated—ballooning will probably have entirely superseded the Under-ground Railway in London, to the incalculable benefit of the lungs of the next generation. Surely in the golden days to come, London smoke, perchance London fog, will be matters of history. The metropolis of the future will rejoice in a clear atmosphere in which to make their aerial voyages, and the dwellers therein will no longer dread the advent of the month of November. The Londoner of the future will go down to his business in the city, not in a stuffy compartment of an underground railway train, or on the top of a jolting and cumbersome omnibus, but will be wafted rapidly and noiselessly to his destination on the wings of the wind. The brief transit will be accomplished at an altitude which will enable the traveller to see outspread beneath him a wonderful *coup d'œil*, the whole vast area of the largest, richest city in the world, and yet he will rejoice in as strong a feeling of security as that of the modern traveller who ensconces himself in the corner seat of a railway carriage with the intention of running down to Brighton or Folkeston. By that time the early difficulties of aerial voyaging will, no doubt, be as completely things of the past as the obstacles that so long baffled the inventors of the steam engine, and the telegraph, are now. But patience—that patience which is the truest genius—conquered, and will still conquer, all and every difficulty.

Perhaps no science has been of such slow growth as the science of ærostatics, but the old saw, "slow and sure," may hold good once more, and the triumph of the ballon will be great in proportion to the magnitude of the difficulties overcome in perfecting it. As Voltaire very truly says, "Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time." Was not the steam-engine itself a thing of slow growth? On its first introduction, the wiseacres shook their heads and prophesied that the thing would never work, but the predictions of the wiseacres have not been verified. The triumph of the steam-engine has been complete; the triumph of the balloon is, doubtless, but a question of time.

Those who have doubted the ultimate success of the balloon will probably, nay, certainly, be obliged to acknowledge that after all they were in the wrong, that might of genius can conquer all things; and they will adapt themselves to circumstances, and take their tickets for the 2.20 p. m. balloon as coolly as they now do for the 2.20 train. In a hundred years, the fleet hansom of the day, poetically termed by Lord Beaconsfield "the gondola of London," will have vanished from the earth, and the vulgar but economical omnibus, dearly beloved by paterfamiliases who are compelled to look keenly after the pence of every-day life, will be as extinct as the dodo. Dainty aerial equipages will have taken their place—for the balloon of the future will probably be a very elegant affair indeed, both lighted and propelled by electricity. The dust and dirt of railway travelling will be avoided; the rattle, the noise, and, let us hope, the nerve-torturing railway whistle, now inseparable from journeying along the "iron roads," will be no more, and the airy balloon will pursue the noiseless tenor of its way through cloudland.

Then imagine the delights of an aerial picnic; picture the charms an aerial tour round the world with a pleasant party; think of the illimitable fields for sport and adventure the balloon will open up in the future. When the triumph of the balloon is complete, the North Pole will be forced to reveal its secret, for the ice barriers which now guard it so faithfully will be powerless to bar the progress of the explorer; the source of the Nile will be as easy to trace as the source of the Thames.

She Didn't Take Orders from a Distance.

She was a little old woman dressed in black and having a bundle wrapped up in a gray shawl. She had a seat in the middle of a Grand River avenue car, and as she took out her clay pipe and began feeling for her tobacco the conducter stepped forward and said:

"You mustn't smoke here, ma'am."

"Why not?"

"Against the rules."

"Who made the rules?"

"The company."

"Where's the company?"

"Down at the office."

"Well, I never allow nobody a mile away to tell me when I shall or shall not smoke. I've got wind on my stomach, and when I have it I allus smoke. You kin trot right back to the platform and be ready to jingle the bell when anybody wants to get off."

And she found a match, lighted it on the sole of a solid shoe, and puffed away with a serene countenance until ready to get off at Twelfth street.—[From the Detroit Free Press.

Tabooed by Society.

Emma—"I notice you don't speak to Miss De Conye any more."

Lucy—"No; I haven't any use for a girl who wears a blue gown with a brown dog."

Very Weak.

Stableman—What are you willing to pay a man to take care of your horses and stables?

Rich but Mean Man—Oh, about a dollar a week and found.

You are a friend of the poor workingman, I see,

How so?

In favor of weakly payments. Good-day.

A Rapid Improvement.

"Well, my son do, you belong to any of the college societies as yet?"

"No, father, but we formed a club at our table last week, and every one who swears or says anything that would shock the most sensitive mind has to pay five cents every time."

"It pains me a little, my dear boy, to hear that any of your friends, or even you, occasionally use such expressions, but I am truly pleased that you are trying to entirely break yourselves of the habit."

"Yes, father, I think we will succeed in doing so, for it has only cost me two fifteen so far this week, and last week it was four twenty-five."

Old Dobbin.

I see old Dobbin through the fence; how weak he looks, and old;
His hair is falling off in spots, he feels the damp and cold;
He hangs his head, his step is slow; 'tis plain enough to see
His thirty years are more to him than fifty are to me.

He shall not work another jot, not that he would complain;
But from this hour he ne'er shall know the touch of whip or rein.
Of all the horses on the farm he's been the very best;
I should have thought of it before; but now he shall have rest.

I call to mind the colt he was, and how I broke him in;
Whew! how he kicked, and pranced, and plunged; 'twas doubtful which would win;
But I was young, as well as he, and would not be denied;
And since, he's as safe a nag as man would wish to ride.

He never lacked in spirit, nor in steadiness, nor speed;
Many's the time his willing feet have answered urgent need,
When every moment was a gain to fleeting human breath,
He knew what precious minutes meant, and so defeated death.

Then, in my happy courting days, he knew the very night
That I would swing the stable door and greet him with delight.
He knew the girl I loved was waiting far away and fair;
He seemed to say: "'Twill not be long before I take you there!"

Then on my wedding day he stood with others at the church;
No doubt he thought for just that once I left him in the lurch;
One face, one form, that day of days, was all that I could see,
I did not think of Dobbin then, whate'er he thought of me.

And when the years had brought their grief, and I learned joy's reverse,
He drew the little ones and me behind the gloomy hearse.
I cannot say that he divined how lonely was my lot:
But since he has not been the same; I know that I have not!

And so, through gladness and through grief old Dobbin has been near;
No wonder that he looks so old when I have grown so sere.
I know full well that fifty years is youth to many men;
'Tis not the years, but that my heart has reached three score and ten!

So, while I live, his failing life shall naught but comfort know;
Old Dobbin, as I said at first, shall ne'er feel rein or blow.
The best of oats, the sweetest hay, the field to wander free,
Shall all be his; a poor return for all he's been to me!

From the Ladies' Home Journal.

A Name Ever Sweetest To Me.

BY GEORGE E. POWELL.

Of all the sweet names fondly known to the tongue,
E'er remembered when others are dead;
Of all in loved songs fond music has sung—
Of all ever written and read;
The nearest and dearest, the sweetest to me,
I recall in the journey of life,
Is the title—that heaven but molded for thee—
Which calls thee my own little wife.

Were heaven my own, with all it could bring
In grandeur and splendor so fair,
No music nor songs the angels could sing
Would be heaven if thou wert not there.
A stranger to all, though a million were near,
In pardise then in the sky.
Its wealth I would give to behold—ever dear—
That fond face with a smile or a sigh!

I ask for no heaven which thou canst not fill!
Nor name that is sweeter to say
Than thine—to eternity loving thee still
While life's moments are fleeting away:
Only this—only this! I ask nothing more—
In that dream ever let me remain!
To love thee eternal beyond the far shore,
In the land of bright Eden again!

Kneeling at the Threshold.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, fain and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er;
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand
Singing in the sunshine of the far-off, sinless land;
Oh, would that I were with them, and the shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done;

With them the blessed angels, that know no grief nor sin,
I see them by the portals prepared to let me in;
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure, thy will is best and way are best,
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O Father, bid me rest!

W. L. ALEXANDER.

VAMPIRES SUCKED HIS BLOOD.

A Traveller in Mexico Tells Why He Believes This Horrible Bat is no Myth.

There are a few very learned gentlemen—naturalists, I believe they style themselves—who argue that there is no such thing as a vampire, or bloodsucking bat. Gentlemen, I am humble and unknown, except in my own narrow sphere of life, and, compared with yourselves, stand as a candle to the noonday sun: yet I venture to contradict you, and state that if you had passed through a little experience of mine you would undoubtedly change your views. I have not only seen these vampires, but I very nearly lost my life by them. An abbreviated account was published at the time in a few obscure Mexican papers as a matter of news; translations may have appeared in English papers, but I think not. If so, they must have been incomplete, and it remains for me to present the facts of the case to an English-reading public.

It was in the early part of June, 1889. I was travelling for a San Antonio paper and printing house, and was just returning from a trip to the extreme southern portion of Mexico. I was on my way from Oajaca to Tuxtla and Vera Cruz, on the Gulf coast, intending to take a train at the latter place for the States. It was one of the

MOST UNCOMFORTABLE JOURNEYS

I had ever undertaken. I had ridden for the better part of two days in a *volancoche*, a vehicle with two wheels and no seat, the bottom being made of ropes holding up a mattress, on which I could either recline or sit Turk fashion. The motive power consisted of three little mules abreast, spurred on by a swarthy native, Jose by name, who alternately rode the left-hand mule and ran alongside, reeling off a string of Spanish profanity that was positively shocking whenever the little animals would not go exactly as he wished them to. The road was one of the roughest I ever travelled over. The rocking and pitching of the volancoche reminded me more than anything else of a vessel in a storm at sea, only it was worse.

It was nearing night when we drew up at a small place called Oxite. There had in times gone by, been quite a collection of houses at Oxite, but now, since the pack trains no longer passed through there, the main road having been somewhat changed, and running about three leagues to the west, there was nothing there habitable but the posada, or hotel, which in its day, had been quite a large building. The walls of a court, with sheds and sleeping apartments on the inside, showed its former dimensions, but only four of all the rooms were in a fit condition for a human being to live in. All in all, the building had a deserted and forlorn appearance. The regular inhabitants of the place were limited to three souls, Senor Don Tivurcio Beltran, his wife and daughter.

After supper I sat on the host's veranda with his family, chatting as much as my limited powers as a linguist would permit. Miss Juanita entertained me by singing several old Spanish and Mexican ballads in a way that thrilled me.

SHE WAS VERY PIQUANT.

and what of music the dilapidated guitar lacked was made up by her really fine voice and our romantic surroundings. I was charmed, and, though tired from my day's travel, it was with regret that I heard Don Tivurcio's polite offer to show me my quarters for the night. My room was one somewhat removed from the others, and furnished, as well as I remember, with a broken stool, a jar of water, and a bull's hide; the latter, I know from experience, was my bed, so spreading my blanket upon it I lay down, but sleep I could not. The night was sultry, the apartment poorly ventilated, and there seemed to be a thousand creeping things on my body. I bore this as long as possible, and then, seizing my blanket, rushed out into the open air. After walking about for a while, I spread my blanket under a stunted palm some distance from the house, and, disrobing, I gave each of my garments a good shaking, and, having donned them, I lay down, determined to sleep as much of the night as possible.

"Here," I said, "it is cool; I can sleep now." The thousand voices of a tropic night seemed to invite to slumber, and my feet were already on the threshold of dreamland when there came a breezy, whistling sound, and what I took to be a large night bird swept past me, actually brushing my face. I must say this was rather startling, but looking about me and seeing nothing, I lay down again. Scarcely were my eyes closed before

THE RUSHING NOISE

was heard again. Though this time its wings did not touch me, the creature passed quite near enough to bring a decided coolness to my face. I am not superstitious, but am ready to confess that just then every wild story and legend of ill-omened birds that I had ever heard or read came back to me with remarkable force, and for the moment I was as much terrified as a child listening to a blood-curdling ghost story. I lay still, however, for what else was left me? "It will never do," I said, "to go back to the house: I can never sleep in there, and—" those wings again! They came as regularly as the movements of a clock. Yes, with even fascinating precision: and fascinating is the word, for those wings now had an interest for me akin to magnetism. The regularity with which they came and went seemed analagous to the well-timed passes of a mesmerist. Once more—they are here and gone! I was waiting anxiously now each time for their coming, and I remember thinking that the failure of my aerial visitor to put in an appearance at the proper moment would render me wretched. "Now," I said," I can sleep," and I slept.

To my mind there is nothing well defined as regards the remainder of that night. I have a faint recollection of placing my hand on my neck, and being startled when it came in contact with a large, living something—a something that struggled in my hand and was glued to my throat. There was another creature fastened to my cheek, near the left temple, and yet another was clinging to my breast, which I had left bared, owing to the warmth of the night. Even in my semi-conscious state I was aware that these creatures were drawing

THE LIFE TIDE FROM MY VEINS,

but I had neither the strength nor inclination to rid myself of them. An utter indifference to all things came over me. My mind was troubled by no regrets as to things past or misgivings in regard to the things of the future; for once in my life, at least, I experienced a sense of absolute rest. Another moment and sleep was upon me. Not a dreamless sleep, though. It seemed that I was prone at noon-tide within some shady grove, while the air was heavy with the breath of countless rare and beautiful flowers. Strange, shadowy forms, borne on huge pinions, circled about me, but their ever-restless wings cooled my fevered frame, and I felt no dread of them whatever.

But at last I awoke. I was aroused by the frightened cries of Juanita. She was holding my head in her arms, and I remember hearing her say: "Awake, sir! awake! You should not sleep—My God! The blood! the blood! Oh, mother, come at once. The poor Englishman has been killed by the vampires. My God, what can I do? He is dead!" Then I felt one of her hands as she placed it over my heart. I remember hearing her say, joyfully: "No; he yet lives. God, I thank thee!" And then I lost consciousness.

It was five weeks before I recovered sufficiently to continue on my journey. Never in my life was I treated with more kindness than by Don Tivurcio, his wife, and daughter.

How a Judge Got at the Truth.

That the race of judicial Solomons is not quite extinct in the 19th century, even in Russia, is evident from the following ingenious device imagined by one of them to discover on which side truth and justice lay in a rather difficult case that came before him recently. In the university town of Dorpat a prosaic plodding burgher complained to the "Judge of the peace" "that he had been defrauded by the defendant of 20 roubles, (£2)." "I bought a cow from him—he is a peasant, your honour," he explained, "and I first paid for the animal, and then asked him to drive it from the market-place into my yard. This he agreed to do. Well, when he had the cow close by my house, he refused to budge a step further unless I paid him 20 roubles, saying that he had received nothing from me. This was inf——, I mean a barefaced lie, because I paid him the money a few minutes before." "Where are your witnesses?" asked the Judge. "Witnesses! I have not a single witness. What are the witnesses for? Dosen't he know right well, the——, that I paid him the——." "You must not call him names," interposed the Judge. "Did he pay you the money?" asks the Judge of the defendant. "I never saw the colour of it, your honour, I didn't. Why, if I had do you think——" "That will do," exclaimed the Judge; "the plaintiff's claim, unsupported by witnesses or evidence of any kind, is null and void. He seems an honest fellow, though, and has evidently lost his 20 roubles. Let's make up a little subscription for him. I head the list with five roubles. Won't you give something too?" inquired the Judge of the defendant who had won the suit. "That I will," eagerly exclaimed the triumphant suitor, "with a whole heart. Will three roubles do? Here's the note." The Judge took the three-rouble note daintily, examined it critically, looked suspiciously at the donator, and said, "You dare to utter false money in an Imperial court of justice? Have you any more notes of this description? This is a very serious matter indeed. Where did you get this forged money?" The peasant turned red, and white and yellow, gave a series of explanations that contradicted each other, muttered and mumbled, and floundered about from lie to lie, till at last in despair he cried out, "If you want to know the whole truth, here it is: This here forged note belongs to the plaintiff. He did pay me 20 roubles for the cow, the rascal, but he paid me in forged notes, and that's one of them. It comes to what I said, that he didn't pay me at all, and it's he that must go to Siberia for uttering forged notes, not I. I am as innocent as the babe unborn." The Judge condemned then and there that innocent peasant to refund the 20 roubles, for the notes were really as good as the best that circulate in the Empire of the Czars.

The Cowboy's Sermon.

Champaign County Herald: "Lots of folks that would really like to do right think that servin' the Lord means shoutin' themselves hoarse praisin' His name. Now I tell you how I look at that. I'm workin' for Jim here. Now if I'd set round the house here tellin' what a good feller Jim is and singin' songs to him, and gettin' up in the nights to serenade him when he'd rather sleep, I'd be doin' just like lots of Christians do: but I wouldn't suit Jim and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my chaps and rustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right and ain't sufferin' for water and feed and bein' run off the range and branded by cow thieves, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served. And if I was ridin' for the Lord I'd ride out in the ravines of darkness and the hills of sin and keep His herd from bein' branded by the devil and run off to where the feed was short and drinkin' holes in the creek all dry, and no cedars and pines for shelter when the blizzards come.

"I don't see how I'd be helping the Lord out if I jest laid round the ranch eatin' up the grub I could git, and gittin' down on my prayer bones and taffyin' the Lord up and askin' for more. The Bible says somethin' somewhere—I've got the place marked—about how people serve the Lord by feedin' and waterin' and lookin' after the herd, and I think it would do lots of people good to read it over. When a crittur has had his moral natur starved ever since he was a calf, and been let run a human maverick till the devil took pity on him, jest cause nobody else didn't look after him, and put his brand on him so deep that even in the spring, when the hair's longest and it's no trouble to tell to whose herd he belongs to, it shows mighty plain that the cowpunchers of the Lord has been huntin' salary harder than they've been huntin' souls."

Portuguese Inhumanity.

A London cable says: The crew of the British barque Osseo, from Savannah for Newcastle, before reported abandoned, were rescued by the British ship Highmoor. Some of the rescued men were placed on another vessel off Lisbon. Five of the Osseo's crew refused to proceed on the Highmoor and started in a boat for St. Vincent, 60 miles distant. They reached the island in a starving condition, but the Portuguese authorities would give them no succor and refused to allow them to land. The British consul gave the men a distress order addressed to the captain of the British steamer Buffon directing him to carry them to England. Statements in regard to the matter have been received by the British Government.

"Too much a matter of course.—Cruelty to hares.