A GREAT INHERITANCE.

One That Will Declare Dividends Until the End of Time.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following texts, Genesis vi, 18, "Come;" Revelation xxii., 17, "Come."

Imperial, tender and all persuasive is the word "come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times is it found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible, as in the first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible, as in the second text, inviting the postdiluvians of all later ages into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its sceptre. It is an organ into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons. All moods and feeling hath that word "come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts, and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of the church and from the seraglios of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is omnipotent and accrescent of all powers. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may protract it so that all the heavens shall be heard in its cadences or protract it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lips of saint and profligate. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for

GOOD OR BAD.

You must remember that in many cases our "come" has a mightier "come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity or vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "come." "Come and take wineglasses with me at this bar." "Come and see what I win at this gambling table." "Come, enter with me this awful speculation." "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to the place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay bout through the fashionable round life of the city." If in this city there are twenty thousand lost down in moral character, twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "come." I was thinking of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said, "Give me back my husband." And the barkeeper, pointing to a maudlin and besotted man drowsing in the corner of a bar-room, said: "There he is. Go, wake up. Here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow, is that the clear eye, is that the noble heart, that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Uncoil those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as millions of others have been, of

THE WORD "COME."

Now, we want all the world over to harness this word for good as others have harnessed it for evil. If it will draw the five continents of the seas between them — yea, if it draw the whole earth back to God from whom it has wandered. It is the wooing and persuasive word that will lead men to give up their sins. Was skepticism ever brought into the love of truth by an ebullition of hot words against infidelity? Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his oaths by the exclamation of blasphemy? Was the drunkard weaned from his cup by the temperance lecturer's recital of stabbing steps and hiccoughs? No. It was, "Come with me to church to-day and hear our pastor." "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you may be sure to admire." "Come with me into associations that are refined and good and inspiring." "Come with me into joy such as you never before experienced."

That word which has done so much for others I approach you to-day. Are you all right with God? Many you say, "I think not. I am sometimes alarmed when I think of it. I fear I will not be ready to meet him on the last day. My heart is not right with God." Come, then, and have it made right. To the Christ who died to save you, come! What is the use in waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are and the deeper you go down. Strike out for heaven. Do you remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Prince, with a crowd of excursionists on board, sank in the night, and there was an awful loss of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and in his big boat, and he got it so full he could not hold another person. He laid hold of the oars for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he said: "Oh, that I had a bigger boat! Thank God I am not thus crowded that I can promise room in this gospel boat. Room enough for all of a pardoning God.

ROOM IN HEAVEN.

There is room, whether up or down, half way between, is the voice of the Christian religion. We employ the word "eternity" to take all eternity to express the power of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle or saw or axe or yardstick or pen or type or shovel or shoe-last, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency no one need be left in the lurch.

But the word "come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive to-day and in good health and buoyant in this journey of life who would have broken down or died long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say, "Come!"

THE WELL IS NOT DRY.

The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences and say, "Come!"

What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to condole! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in a snowstorm on a prairie of the far west. Night coming on and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh, and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses; but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost and, as is the tendency of those who are thus confused in the forest or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peering through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round, for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out or be strong enough to lead others with an all-persuasive invitation.

As the one word "come" has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then send down in

AN AVALANCHE OF POWER

many of these gospel "comes." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark;" "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Come, for all things are now ready;" "Come with us, and we will do you good;" "Come and see;" "The Spirit and the bride say 'come,' and let him that heareth say 'come,' and let him that is athirst come." The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned and rightly lifted and skilfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now, it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky, saying, "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting, "Come!" Yea, all the towers of heaven, towers of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb are chiming, "Come! Come!" Pardon for all, and peace for all, and heaven for all who come.

When Russia was in one of her great wars, the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting, "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says 'peace?'" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked, "Who says 'peace?'" And all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says 'peace?'" Then the messenger responded, "The Czar says 'peace.'" That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So to-day, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these encampments of souls and cry: "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me, "Who says peace?" I answer, "Christ, our King, declares it:" "My peace I give unto you!" "Peace of God that passeth all understanding!" Everlasting peace!

THEY CATCH THEMSELVES

BURGLARS SAVE THE POLICE MUCH TROUBLE.

How "Guff" Kelly Was Neatly Trapped.—Found Unconscious in a Refrigerator.

"Guff" Kelly, one of the most uncatchable thieves who ever worried the police, finally took the trouble to trap himself neatly, for their benefit, only two months ago. His climax came when he broke into Mr. Clement Mason's house in Duke street, London, England. He certainly would have made an extremely fine haul, for he managed to open a large safe, of full "bank" size, containing a big collection of notes and foreign securities. "Guff" was a very quick and clever worker, and he always drilled his safes so as to get at the lock mechanism, and open it without blowing up the "works."

This one, being an old-pattern Morlock safe, gave him a lot of trouble; and after

ABOUT THREE HOURS'

work he managed to swing the door open on its own hinges. He stepped right into the safe, to get at the cashboxes and rolls in the farther end; but he forgot—or did not know—that the old Morlock safes have spring doors that swing to slowly, and shut themselves. The consequence was that the door snapped behind Kelly, and he turned, to find himself neatly caught.

But a unique case, and one much more awkward for the victim, was the self-capture of a novice named Bowie in the art of housebreaking, who found his way into Mr. Goldscheider's place in the Cromwell Road, London. Bowie, apparently had two or three equally raw "pals" with him, and, as there was not much in the way of valuables left lying about in the house, they devoted themselves to stealing eatables and odds-and-ends. After leaving the usual silly message on the table, Bowie went to the butler's pantry, where there was a big refrigerator, containing several joints. This happened during the very hot weather last July, and the

SAFE WAS WELL LOADED

with ice-blocks. Bowie, with an eye to the meat, got inside, and he was trapped in the same way as Kelly, but in much worse circumstances. He immediately raised a hullabaloo, for the refrigerator had no latch inside; and his companions bolted, and left him in the lurch. The icy-cold enclosed air soon told severely on Bowie, and he yelled lustily for help, gradually being overcome and exhausted by the severe cold and the strain. When rescued in the morning he was unconscious, and with difficulty revived. He is now getting plenty of exercise and discipline.

Still more amusing, except for the subject of it, was the way in which the housebreaker Simpson trapped himself—quite a unique case. He was never lucky at his trade, and had been caught and sentenced several times; but eventually he got into a big house in Merrion Square, Dublin, through another house next door which was undergoing repairs and covered with

SCAFFOLDING AND GIRDERS.

It was a dark night, and in climbing along the outside of the house he lost his hold, and fell. Luckily for him, he struck a projecting girder a few feet below, with a swing-hook on it for hauling hods up and down. By a miraculous chance this hook caught in the slack of Simpson's clothes, and held him firmly, and he was suspended in midair, face downwards, fifty feet from the ground, and kicking like an impaled beetle. Nobody saw him, and he hung there for some time; but when day broke, and he saw the depth below him, he fainted. An early crowd soon gathered, a posse of police unhooked the unlucky burglar, after a good deal of troule, and he was marched off—to get a little matter of seven years' imprisonment.

Even that was not as bad as the experience of an elderly burglar named Griffiths, whose appearance was so respectable the police always knew him as "the Deacon." "The Deacon" let himself into a house in West Bromwich, England, unannounced, about a year ago, after waiting about the leads of the roof all day. He got in through a skylight, and entered a tankloft. While clambering round the sides of this, encumbered by his lantern, he dropped the latter into the water, and thus left himself in utter darkness. Trying to find his way out, he presently fell into the cistern himself—a large galvanised tank, with high sides, and holding

OVER FIFTY FEET

of water. He could not reach the top to pull himself up, and at first swam round like a rat in a pail, yelling for help. Presently he found he could just stand up, with his lips above the water, but the cold told on him; and when his yellings and kickings brought the scared family to the scene, he was pretty far gone. He recovered, however, and is still doing the second of his five years at the country's expense.

More burglars are caught accidentally by casual electric wires and machines than all the regular burglar-alarms put together. McViney, the housebreaker who gave the police so much trouble before his final capture, trapped himself in this way. He had the bad luck—for himself—to break into the residence of Mr. Graham Bellew, the electrician, at Greenock, Scotland, and managed the first part of the business without a hitch. But while rummaging among the electrician's belongings, he came upon an electric accumulator, charged with a heavy voltage, and the handles of it gave him a

A SEVERE SHOCK.

As most people know, it is impossible to let go of electric transmitters which are giving a strong current; the muscles of the wrist refuse to act, and the current held McViney securely, at the same time racking him with a heavy, continuous shock. The trapped burglar stood it as long as he could, and then yelled for help; and by the time the owner ran in in his dressing-gown, McViney was dancing, as he held on to the transmitters, and laughing hysterically. The burglar was a powerful man, and always desperate when it came to close quarters; but he was helpless as a child when the current was turned off. And when the police arrived he was still prostrate. He is now employed on Government work.

"GRANNY" AND THE PRINCESS

A Pleasant Story of the Wife of the King of England.

In the village of Dersingham, (writes a Sandringham visitor), there is an old, old lady, living in the cottage at the corner, who is very proud of many things in her little home. They were given her from time to time by Queen Alexandra. On sunny mornings "Granny" comes out in her white sunbonnet and potters about among the flowers. Then is the best time to talk to her.

"The Queen?" she says with a puzzled look. "I don't know who you mean, sir." Suddenly she remembers, and a smile lights up the old eyes and plays with the wrinkled features. "Is it the princess you mean?" she says.

You tell her yes, and she says suddenly: "Ah, my dear, you don't know the princess, do you?" and then, speaking softly and smiling to herself, she tells you the following characteristic tale:

"One morning two winters ago—let me see, it was a Tuesday, 'cause I was doin' my bit of ironin'—there came a knock at the door. I didn't take notice. I thought it was Jim, my son-in-law, and he just knocks and walks in. So I went on with my ironin'. Presently there came another knock. So I calls, 'Walk in.' but, because the iron was nice and hot, I didn't stop. And there, my dear, it was the princess and her daughter, and I'd kept them outside knocking, and it was a bitter morning. I was so flurried that I didn't know what to do. I stood with the heater in my hand, and all I could do was to make my curtsy. But her highness didn't seem to mind a bit, She says, 'Good mornin' Granny. We just walked in to see how you were this cold mornin'.' I had got over my hurry by this time, and dusted two chairs for them to sit on, and put my iron on the fire. But the princess wouldn't have me stir. She turned to her daughter and said, 'You take Granny's iron while she sits down and talks to me.' So the young princess took the iron and ironed, while I sat down and talked with her mother."

Granny rose and went to a drawer. She took out a handkerchief with a gay colored border, and brought it across. "She ironed that, my dear, just as you see it. I put it away and never used it since. Well, the princess, her mother and me talked. She told me as how she liked the country better than London, where she couldn't walk about or go out very much. Then she asked me about Jim and Sarah and the baby. I told her the child was troubled with his teeth, and she said she remembered when her own babies were bad with their teeth and the trouble she had with them. She stayed and talked for nearly an hour. I was afraid to ask her to have anything, but she remembered my ginger wine, and asked if she and her daughter might have a glass, because it was warming in winter."

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

The son of a South of England squire had been travelling for two or three years, and on his return was met at the landing stage by the butler. Thinking it strange that the butler should meet him, he asked if there was bad news.

"Yes, sir," replied the butler—"very bad news. The old magpie is dead."

"Surely, John, that is not bad news. But what did it die of?"

"Too much horseflesh, sir." "Too much horseflesh, John? Where ever did it get it from?" "The carriage horses, sir." "What? Are they dead, too?" "Yes, sir. Died through over-exertion drawing water the night of the fire." "What fire?" "The mansion, sir." "You don't mean to say that the mansion is burnt, John?" "Yes, sir. It was burnt the night of the funeral." "Whose funeral?" "Your poor mother's, sir." "What? Mother dead, too?" "Yes. She never held up her head after your poor father died." "Great Scott! Father gone as well? I never heard a word of any of these misfortunes. What was the cause of the squire's death?" "Well, sir, it was this way. He received a telegram, telling him the ship had gone down that had the whole of his fortune on board, and the shock killed him." "John I am entirely ruined." "That you are, sir. And the old magpie is dead."

MOTHER WAS TO BLAME.

Jock and Annie were to get married, and she had confided to him that her age was twenty. After the ceremonies and festivities were over they both went home and retired for the night. Annie's mother resided next door, and, being up early the following morning, thought she would give the happy couple a "rap up."

On the way to their door she suddenly remembered it was Annie's birthday. Knocking loudly at the door, she bawled out:—

"Come away, Annie, get up; ye ken ye're thirty the day."

Jock, who was the first to hear the voice, astonished his mother-in-law by shouting:—

"For guidness sake get up, Annie, for we've sleepit ten years."

Mr. Shnapkinson went on a trip with his wife to Niagara Falls. Mrs. Shnapkinson, a lady gifted with a rich, sonorous voice, exclaimed at the sight of the falls:—"Oh, John, how splendid! How grand! How tremendous!" John—"Yes, yes; but, please, just be still a minute—I should like to hear the noise!"

HOUSEHOLD.

ROLLS, GEMS AND MUFFINS

Parker House Rolls.—One teacup yeast, 1 tablespoon sugar, a piece of lard the size of an egg, 1 pt milk and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Put the milk on the stove to scald, with the lard in it. Mix the salt, sugar and yeast into the flour. Add the milk, being careful not to put it in too hot. Knead thoroughly when mixed at night, and only slightly the next morning. Roll out an inch thick, and cut out with a large-sized biscuit cutter. Spread a little butter on each roll and lap together. Let them rise very light, then bake in a quick oven.

Buttermilk Rolls.—Take two coffee cups buttermilk, and stir into it 1 teaspoon saleratus dissolved in a little hot water, and stir into this about 5 cups flour; beat this mixture up lightly, and bake in French roll pans.

Tea Rolls.—Scald 1 pt milk. Add 1 tablespoon of sugar, ½ cup of yeast and flour to make a stiff batter. Let this rise over night. In the morning add ½ cup of butter, 1 teaspoon of salt and the whites of 2 well-beaten eggs. Mix stiff, knead well and let rise. Then knead again and roll three-fourths of an inch thick. Cut with a biscuit cutter, butter one-half and roll the other half over it. Let rise until very light, then bake.

Spiced Rolls.—Take a piece from your bread dough and roll it out half an inch thick; brush the top with melted butter, and cover thick with cinnamon and fine white sugar; commence at one side and roll up as jelly cake, then cut it an inch thick, and lay in a pan as biscuit, close together, and let them rise, and bake 20 minutes.

Gems.—One pint sweet milk, 1 qt flour, 1 tablespoon sugar and melted shortening, salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder. Grease the pans, and heat very hot; then put in the dough and bake for 20 minutes. If you bake more than you want for a single meal, steam the remainder for the next, as they are delicious when treated in this way.

Graham Gems.—One pint of sour milk, 1 teaspoon each of soda and salt, 1 heaping tablespoon brown sugar, ½ cup white flour, and then sufficient Graham flour to make a stiff batter. Mix thoroughly and bake in well greased gem tins in a quick oven about 20 minutes.

Buttermilk Gems.—One egg, 1 good handful of sugar, a pinch of salt, ½ cup melted butter, 1 pt buttermilk and 1 teaspoon soda, and mix rather stiff. Have gem irons hot and a good oven.

Muffins.—One egg, ½ cup butter and lard mixed, melted and poured into 1 pt sweet milk, 3 teaspoons baking powder sifted. Beat it hard and bake in gem pans. These are excellent made of Graham flour.

Rye Muffins.—Two cups each of rye meal flour and sour milk, 2 teaspoons soda, ½ cup molasses and a little salt. Bake in a quick oven in heated gem pans.

Cream Muffins.—The yolks of 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 pt sweet cream, ½ teaspoon salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter, the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Fill the hot, well, greased muffin rings half full with the batter. Bake quickly.

HOW TO DO THINGS.

Whole tomatoes can be kept for winter use by filling a large stone jar with ripe, sound tomatoes, adding a sprinkling of sugar and a few cloves between each layer. Cover with one-half vinegar and one-half water. Cover closely; will keep all winter.

Corn may be kept by salting. Cut it, uncooked, from the cob, put in a keg in alternate layers with salt, having salt in the bottom, then a layer of corn about an inch thick. When filled put a board that will fit down into the keg with a weight on top. Cover with another larger board and keep in a cool, dry place. To cook the corn soak over night, changing the water once or twice. Boil in clear water for twenty minutes, add milk, butter and a dash of pepper.

Pefore tomatoes are quite gone make some tomato butter which need not be sealed, but will keep like apple butter. Pare seven pounds of ripe tomatoes, add to them three pounds of sugar, one ounce of ground cinnamon, half an ounce of whole cloves and a pint of good cider vinegar and boil three hours.

Pear butter is best made of the common, coarse-grained pears, which should be pared, sliced, sugar added to taste as some pears are sweeter than others, then stirred and cooked until dark and rich. Some prefer the addition of a little ginger root, but if the pears are tasty this is not necessary. Seal while hot.

Dry roasting ears on the cob for winter eating; it is better than canned corn, and corn that is cut off the cob and dried. When it is cut off so much of the milk is wasted. Gather the corn when it is prime for eating, remove shuck and silk, scald sufficiently to kill all the germs of life and dry quickly either in the sun or shade. Have a large vessel of water boiling, put in as many ears as it will conveniently hold and let it come to a boil again, pour off the water and spread corn to dry.

To make good apple butter the apples should be ripe, free from rot and clean. To one barrel of cider, use five buckets of apples pared and cut in rather small pieces. Put the cider on to boil very early in the morning; skim it until clean. When nearly half boiled away put in the apples. When they are dissolved and fall to the bottom begin to stir and keep it cooking, stirring all the while until it is fine, dark and rich and it will keep for years. It is better without sugar or spices added but if they are preferred they should be added a short time before it is taken from the fire. If sealed air-tight while hot, it need not be cooked so long, but the long cooking makes it richer, also more convenient as it may be used as needed and simply tied over. A wooden stirrer with a long handle is a convenience so one may stand far from the fire.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Never-Failing Cookies.—Two eggs, one and one-half cups granulated sugar, one cup lard, one cup sweet milk or cream, a little nutmeg and salt, one teaspoon soda, one tablespoon baking powder sifted in with the flour.

Sugar-Syrup for Cakes, Etc.—Put two cups of sugar and a half cup of water in a sauce pan over the fire, stir till the sugar is dissolved, then let simmer very slowly for ten minutes, till it is a clean syrup. This is perfectly pure, and is so sweet that less is necessary than usual.

Mustard Pickle.—Cut into small pieces two quarts of green tomatoes, twelve large cucumbers, one quart of string beans, two large cauliflowers, add twenty-four small cucumbers and thirty-six button onions Wash them, place them in a kettle, sprinkle one pint of salt over them, place a plate on them supporting a weight (a flatiron will answer) and let stand over night. Drain, return to the kettle, add weak vinegar to cover and boil gently for one-half hour. Have boiling in another kettle three quarts of cider vinegar, one pound of brown sugar, one ounce each of turmeric and celery salt, one-fourth pound of white mustard seed, one small box of mustard and three tablespoonfuls of white pepper. Drain the pickle in a sieve. Put two quarts of it into the dressing let it boil and then remove with a ladle; continue until all is cooked. Pack in glass jars and fill them up with the boiling hot dressing. Seal carefully.

Cold Chicken Pie.—Cut up two tender chickens as if for frying, and put them in a saucepan with two and a half quarts of water, a bouquet made of sweet marjoram, basil, parsley, three bay leaves, a sprig of thyme and a small blade of mace. Simmer until well cooked, adding to the pot when the chicken is about half done one-half pound of bacon cut into small pieces and thoroughly smashed. A quarter of an hour before the chicken is removed add half of a small can of truffles cut in slices. Boil eight eggs very hard, cut them in slices and arrange them on the bottom of an earthen dish. Cover with a layer of truffles, then one of chicken meat, and continue until the dish is too-thirds full. Return the bones and coarse pieces of meat to the pot and reduce the liquid one-third, strain, cool and remove the grease. Return the stock to the fire, add a quarter box of soaked gelatine, pour this over the chicken and when it is jellied and ready to serve, place on the top a crust of puff paste which has been cut to fit the dish and baked separately.

HERE AND THERE.

A Few Tit-Bits of General Information.

More than a million people are treated in the hospitals of London each year.

One of the jolliest clubs in Paris, it is stated, is one formed exclusively of deaf and dumb persons.

The entire collection of coins and medals in the British Museum consists of nearly 250,000 specimens.

In Southern and Midland England 30,000 women spend their lives in driving and steering the canal-boats.

At Salta, in Argentine, a list of boys and girls who have failed to attend school regularly is published in the newspapers.

The common and familiar thread spun by the spider is so fine that 25,000 miles of it, enough to go round the world, would weigh only 8oz.

In the palm of the hand there are 2,500 pores to the square inch. If these pores were united end to end they would measure nearly five miles.

The sum of £11,286,000 a year is spent in poor relief in the United Kingdom, nearly £2,000,000 of which goes in salaries of relieving officers and similar expenses.

There are in the world 270 cities having more than 100,000 inhabitants each; thirty-five having more than 500,000; and twelve with a population of more than 1,000,000.

There is in existence an unrepealed law in Switzerland which forbids the wearing of hats more than 18 inches in diameter, artificial flowers, and foreign feathers, under a heavy penalty.

Of the 11,000,000 Jews in the world, 6,000,000 live in Russia. 2,100,000 in Austria-Hungary, 600,000 in the German, and 235,000 in the British Empire. Of the last, 140,000 belong to London.

There is a statue in a village in Egypt which is said to be the oldest in the world, having been in existence for over 6,000 years. It is the representation of one of the chiefs of the domain wherein it was erected.

A lady has for some time past been teaching navigation to young men in Plymouth, England, and many of her pupils have successfully passed the Board of Trade examinations and have obtained certificates as mates and skippers.

Mr. Sleicher, of New York, has introduced a convenient way of indicating the names of streets on the lamps of the city. The name of the street along which the passenger is travelling is printed horizontally, and that of the street which intersects it vertically on the glass of the lamp.

Every time Mr. Pierpont Morgan goes abroad he makes it a point to acquire a number of valuable souvenirs of the trip. Recently, besides a number of rare paintings, he purchased for himself a Persian rug, probably the rarest of its kind in existence, for which he paid $25,000. The rug measures 10 feet 6 inches by 19 feet, was made of Persian silk in Tabriz, Persia, and was woven by Mohammedan friars 150 years ago for a Shah. It took sixteen years to weave the rug.

WANTING IN DISCIPLINE.

Defects Which Unfit the Boer for Success.

In the October number of the National Review, Sir Charles Warren deals with the primary education of the British soldier in his opening sentences, and proceeding to discuss the efficiency of our army he admits that we sent out to South Africa a vast force with the greatest rapidity, but the efficiency which ensured that result did not extend to the conduct of the war, which could not be spoken of in the same terms of appreciation. It was known, he states, that political questions had in some instances overruled military expediency. Sir Charles refers at some length to the operations of the Boers in Natal, putting the combined force of the Transvaal and Orange Free State at 81,000 men, the greater part being concentrated in that colony until after the relief of Ladysmith. The writer regards the Boer as an ideal mounted scout, who possesses all the secrets which lead to success in minor operations against savage tribes or untrained Europeans; but he has most serious defects, which unfit him for permanent success against British trained soldiers. He is wanting in discipline and his cunning cannot make up for this defect, or enable him to concert a well organized war or rebellion, and no efforts at co-operation will enable his detached forces to

STRIKE TOGETHER.

This completely disqualified him for organized attacks, such as should have been made on Kimberley, Ladysmith and Mafeking. His real strength is in guerilla warfare, rear guard actions and defence, and he has gradually learnt the art of attack in small bodies from experience in the war. He has many weak points as a combatant. Mistrust of his fellows, no stomach for close fighting, a desire to show his heels on the approach of the bayonet; in skirmish alone he excels. Constantly alarmed lest his flanks and rear should be threatened, he is subject to very unreasonable sudden panic. He fights with little supports or reserves, and having no reliefs for his trenches, it is easy to break through his line if the attack is sufficiently extended. He has shown a surprising absence of energy, activity and enterprise, so much so that there is danger that our troops may be rendered too careless of their communications in operations against a trained army. Nothing in the method adopted by the Boer, either in strategy or tactics, is likely to affect the conduct of future wars, but he has been of the greatest service to us in showing up defects in ourselves which we are bound to eradicate." The article contains military criticism which will be read with interest, and calls attention to useful lessons which the war has brought home to us, particularly as affecting the self-reliance and independence of character of officers and soldiers.

HER FINGERS CAME IN TOO LATE.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed nothing so much as a clever retort, even if it happened to be at his own expense. One day, at an entertainment, he was seated near the refreshment table, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. With his invariable fondness for children he said, kindly:—

"Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then why don't you take a sandwich?"

"Because I haven't any fork."

"Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smilingly.

The little girl looked up at him, and replied, to his delight:—

"Not my fingers."

A NOVEL LUNCHEON.

A colonial celebrity the other day related a pleasant reminiscence of a luncheon party in the Far East. It happened among the Dyaks. He had been away from home once, and, on returning found his man had been sent to prison for theft—thieving is the commonest of crime out there; so he invited the magistrate to lunch. Then, to his dismay, he found his cook also had been incarcerated. He put it to the magistrate. What could be done? No cook, no luncheon!

"Oh," said the dignitary, "we'll have him out on bail to cook the lunch and then send him back."

And they did.

IT WAS A "NOT."

"Why do you wear a lover's knot as a scarfpin?" asked Mrs. Hardcastle of her bald and cranky bachelor brother.

"Because I am not a lover," replied he, snappishly.

Boatman (to visitor)—"How's business? Why, there ain't no business since these blessed bicycles came into fashion. Why, they comes down here and takes our fresh air, as we're celebrated for, and pumps it into their bloomin' wheels, and takes it away with 'em.

Nipkins—"Why so blue, old boy?" Bliffkins—"I tried to economize by marrying my typewriter." "Good idea!" "No, it wasn't. She refuses to do any more typewriting, demands two servants to take care of her, and insists that my next typewriter shall be a man, although men want larger salaries."

"Mister," said an urchin to a gentleman who was driving a very poor horse the other day, "does yer want me to hold 'im?" "No, this horse won't run away." "I didn't mean to hold 'im fast so's he won't run away. I meant to hold 'im up so's he won't drop."

A sheep dog has the heaviest brain of any dog. It averages 29½oz. A spaniel's brain averages 18oz. only.

Greyhounds are pictured on Egyptian monuments carved 3,000 B.C. The Arab boarhound is the oldest type of domestic dog at present existing.