NOTES AND COMMENTS

The April number of the North American Review contains an article by Mr. M. G. Mulhall, in which the well-known statistician sets forth some interesting data relating to the amount of British capital which is invested in foreign countries. It appears that the fraction of the national capital which is thus exposed to extra risk in case of war or international complications is more than thirteen times larger than it was forty years ago.

Mr. Mulhall begins by comparing the principal European countries in respect to their floating capital, under which term are embraced all bonds, stocks and shares that may be transferred from hand to hand at a moment's notice. Nations nearly equal in wealth may differ widely as regards that part of wealth which takes the form of floating capital. Thus Germany, whose wealth is computed at $40,200,000,000 has but $7,360,000,000 in the shape of floating capital, whereas France, with wealth estimated at $48,400,000,000 has a floating capital of $13,160,000,000. The aggregate wealth of the United Kingdom is put by Mr. Mulhall at $69,100,000,000, and its floating capital at $21,200,000,000. Of the last-named sum $11,900,000,000 represents investments at home, and $9,300,000,000 investments abroad. These are the figures given for 1896; in 1882 the United Kingdom had but $4,400,000,000 and in 1860 but $700,000,000 invested in foreign parts. It is a remarkable fact that, while the whole floating capital of Great Britain and Ireland falls somewhat short of being three times larger than it was in 1860, the proportion invested out of the kingdom is, as we have said, more than thirteen times as large. The emigrating capital was, according to the latest statistics secured by Mr. Mulhall, distributed as follows: In foreign loans, $3,200,000,000; in colonial loans, $2,300,000,000; in railways $2,100,000,000, and in banks, mines, etc., $1,700,000,000.

According to Mr. Mulhall, the emigrating or overflow capital of the United Kingdom is more than half that of the whole world, for, while it is, as we have seen, $9,300,000,000 that of France is but $2,340,000,000 and that of all the rest of Europe only $5,360,000,000; no country, outside of Europe has any overflow capital. Another point to which attention is directed is the much greater rate at which foreign investments are increasing. During the last fourteen years the home investments of the United Kingdom have shown an average growth of $200,000,000 yearly, while the amount of capital that annually emigrates is no less than $350,000,000. If this difference of rate be maintained, the day is not distant when the major part of the floating capital of the United Kingdom will have been placed in outside investments. Meanwhile, there are numerous desirable undertakings in England, for which the capital is not forthcoming, because the rate of interest offered is not tempting. It is asserted, for instance, that the expansion of commerce and of steam shipping during the last half century will render it necessary in a few years to deepen all the harbors and docks of Great Britain. It will be much more difficult, however, to secure money for such a purpose than it has been to obtain it for railways in Argentina and for gold mining in South Africa.

DANGERS OF MATCH MAKING.

Further Reports on the Use of the Indispensable Yellow Sulphur.

Phosphorus friction matches have been made for sixty-six years and no satisfactory substitute for the yellow chemical product which is the igniting agency has been discovered. Some Governments discourage their manufacture on account of the danger to which the persons making them are exposed of contracting necrosis, or mortification of the lower jaw. In Russia the tax on the manufacture of yellow phosphorus matches is so high that they are being displaced by safety matches. Holland and Belgium limit the use of the chemical. Most consumers, however, want a match that may be ignited anywhere, and yellow phosphorus is the best means of producing this result yet known. It was hoped when red phosphorus was first produced in 1845 that this innoxious substance would take the place of the poisonous element, but it does not fill the bill, though used with satisfactory results in the making of safety matches.

The evils resulting from the use of yellow phosphorus in match factories have been particularly prevalent in Great Britain, where the Government has just issued a Blue Book containing the reports of Profs. Thorpe and Oliver and Dr. Cunningham, who were employed to investigate the subject. They say the difficulty in the way of preventing necrosis is that yellow phosphorus is still required to produce the "strike anywhere" matches which the public seem to prefer. They do not advise that the use of the dangerous element be prohibited, because Great Britain manufactures largely for export and prohibition would merely divert this trade to other countries but they suggest certain measures for preventing the disease.

They say that their investigation, which has been extended to eleven countries, has revealed no evidence that necrosis is contracted unless the working people are decayed. They advise that no persons with unsound teeth be employed, that dentistry be made compulsory, that the utmost cleanliness of the premises where matches are made be required and that Great Britain follow the example of the Continent and America by substituting machinery for direct handling in the processes of manufacture.

The main value of these reports is not that they tell much that is new, but that, as the result of the most searching inquiry yet made, they confirm and emphasize the belief already current that cleanliness, ventilation and careful attention to the teeth are an almost certain preventive of a serious disease that has brought much suffering upon a large body of workmen.

LEMON BATHS.

Lemon baths are popular in the West Indies. Three or four lemons are cut up and left to soak in water half an hour. The bath is very refreshing.

Necessity may render a doubtful act innocent, but it cannot make it praiseworthy.—Joubert.

A boot blacking machine has appeared in London. A revolving brush removes the dirt, while another, to which blacking is automatically applied, does the polishing.

Some of the variety actors wear "electric" diamonds in their shirt fronts. The dazzling glare is caused by an incandescent lamp about one-sixth to one-quarter of an inch in diameter. The electricity is supplied by a little storage battery carried in the pocket.

JACK

Jack was seated in a most precarious position on the top of a small yellow wagon, and was lashing out furiously at her ponokomitax with a wooden-handled, two-thonged quirt which she had just got from a Peigan Indian in exchange for a blue-silk handkerchief. Her cayuses were two chairs securely strapped to the wagon with various parts of her bridle, the light-yellow one, with both arms missing, representing to her lively imagination a fine buckskin steed; the other, which had originally been a respectable piece of walnut furniture, but had apparently stood the stress of much bad weather, until it had assumed a mottled, degraded aspect, doing duty as a vicious, unmanageable pinto.

Jack and her spirited team were drawn up comfortably in the parallelogram of shade before the shack, and from time to time, during her imgainary race over a prairie infested with hostile Indians, she would let fly an arrow from the bow which was her latest treasure, shriek out delightedly and blood-thirstily, "Another Indian bites the dust!" and then fall to lashing her steeds more furiously than ever in her attempt to escape her pursuers.

There may be misguided people who think that a little girl only seven and a half years old and of exceptionally aristocratic lineage should have been engaged in more ladylike pursuits—playing with dolls, for example. It is true that Jack had dolls, but she never played with them. Ignorant and unthinking but kindly relatives in England had sent her dolls from time to time—dolls with beautiful flaxen hair and languishing violet-blue eyes,—but they were all carefully put away, and were regarded by Jack with either unconcealed contempt or perfect indifference. Jack was not that kind of little girl. She was as straight and lithe and active as a boy, and her big gray eyes looked out curiously and fearlessly from a tangle of short, dark-brown hair on a world all level prairie, and towering Rockies, and Indians, and orderlies in scarlet tunics, and ponies, and government traps, and Lee-Metford rifles. Her baptismal names were Jacqueline Alberta Marjoribanks. She had been offered up, when too young to protest except by unintelligible screams, at the altar of her ancestors, and had been basely imposed upon and made to bear the names of people who were absolutely unknown and uninteresting to her. No one stopped to consider that because her mother's grandmother had been a noted French beauty—Mlle. Jacqueline d'Erlinot—that was no very good reason for naming after her a helpless English infant, who was certainly no beauty at that early period of her career. They simply told the officiating clergyman, and he poured a silver goblet of water over her convulsed countenance and inexorably announced that her name was Jacqueline. Her mother, having thus established a claim for her side of the family, gave way to her husband, and Captain Eviston put in a counter-claim for his family by annexing "Marjoribanks" to "Jacqueline." "Alberta" was a joint concession to the reigning family and an official recognition of the fact that Jacqueline rejoiced in the same birthday as the Prince of Wales. This magnificent profusion of names was luckily reduced in daily practice to "Jack," which was a most happy and appropriate name for her. Life was too short and exciting in that little out-of-the-way corner of the Canadian Northwest Territory to waste time in bestowing majestic appellations on any one. The garcon manque effect about Jack impressed every one. She could ride as straight and almost as far as her father, never rising to the trot to ease her tired little bones, but sitting proudly and firmly in her boy's saddle; and she had a way of cantering widely and carelessly down hills, and of urging her fourteen-hand pony, Nellie, across swift little mountain streams, and up and down impassable trails, that was decidedly masculine, and caused the grown-ups with her to shudder as they followed unwillingly. Broken toys had no place in her existence, but a lame pony was a calamity of moment, and to be obliged to go in the trap instead of being allowed to ride her bronco when her father went on one of his forty-mile drives to an outlying detachment was one of the greatest sorrows that life held for her.

She observed certain proprieties in her riding which were rather puzzling. Although she loved her boy's saddle to the utter exclusion of even the most fascinating of pigskin side-saddles, yet she scorned to be seen riding in knickerbockers. They were, usually, modestly hidden under a full kilt of blue serge. That fact, however, did not prevent her appearing at any time in a pair of gorgeous buckskin shaps, embroidered up the sides and adorned with innumerable ermne skns. There seemed to be a subtle difference between knickerbockers and shaps that appealed to Jack.

Jack knew a great many things that older people were ignorant of. She possessed a fund of miscellaneous information, and there was an odd sort of reliability and steadiness about her that struck one as quite wonderful, and grown-up people were continually startling themselves by discovering that they were talking to her and consulting her as if she were as old as themselves. It seemed quite natural for Jack to know that common bluing was better than lime for a saddle-gall, although one would not ordinarily except children of her age to have ideas on such a subjetc; and no one seemed to think it was asking a great deal of her to suggest casually that she should go forth on her pony, bareback, and scour the surrounding prairie for the riding-horses, and drive them into the corral. She was also allowed to go back and forth to Highwood, the nearest village, quite alone, and entirely unchecked by the fact that she was almost certain to encounter wild cattle and roving Indians. Indeed, Ihdiahs were her special delight. She had numberless friends among them, and had picked up a colloquial knowledge of the Blackfoot language, and was always flatteringly interested in pony-races and horse-swapping expeditions. The Indians, on their side, were gravely polite to Jack, and would say "How!" impressively when they met on the trail; and they would offer to let her ride their tricky little ponies while they waited to see the inspector and would applaud her pluck and laugh delightedly when she would fearlessly mount one and go bucking and plunging about the inclosure. Unless such good times were summarily cut short by the appearance of her mother on the veranda, Jack would enjoy herself hugely, and would ask innumerable questions of the Indians, and inform herself thoroughly as to the movements of the different tribes: just when the Stonies would come to trade with the Peigans, and when the Kootenais might be expected to visit the Bloods, and other kindred topics of burning interest.

The Peigan scout and the half-breed interpreter of the post were special friends, and usually acted as umpires in any bargaining difficulties. As scarcely a day passed that she did not add to her store of Indian treasures by exchanging penknives and sashes and ribbons for porcupine head-dresses and fire-pouches and charms, their services were often in demand. The disappearance of various articles of civilized and luxurious childish apparel simultaneously with the appearance of evil-smelling Indian trophies was the cause of much woe to Mrs. Eviston.

"What can Jack want with them?" she would ask her husband plaintively. "I can't go around the corner of the shack but I see some dreadful-looking Indian hanging over the inclosure and dangling an embroidered belt or a coustick or a bead charm before Jack, who seems perfectly fascinated with the horrid things. And how she ever makes them understand passes my comprehension. But she seems to talk their impossible language quite intelligibly, and it is really very convenient when they come around with berries and things, and Doyle happens to be away. But I wish she would study her arithmetic."

TO be Continued.

It Will Out.

CHAPTER VII.

(Concluded.)

We had all been warned to appear before the magistrates upon the Thursday, but when the Thursday came there was no occasion for our testimony. A higher Judge had taken the matter in hand, and Jefferson Hope had been summoned before a tribunal where strict justice would be meted out to him. On the very night after his capture the aneurism burst, and he was found in the morning stretched upon the floor of the cell, with a placid smile upon his face, as though he had been able in his dying moments to look back upon a useful life and on work well done.

"Gregson and Lestrade will be wild about his death," Holmes remarked, as we chatted it over next evening. "Where will their grand advertisement be now?"

"I don't see that they had much to do with his capture," I answered.

"What you do in this world is a matter of no consequence," returned my companion bitterly. "The question is, what can you make people believe that you have done? Never mind," he continued, more brightly, after a pause, "I would not have missed the investigation for anything. There has been no better case within my recollection. Simple as it was, there were several most instructive points about it."

"Simple!" I ejaculated.

"Well, really, it can hardly be described as otherwise," said Sherlock Holmes, smiling at my surprise. "The proof of its intrinsic simplicity is that without any help, save a few very ordinary deductions, I was able to lay my hand upon the criminal within three days."

"That is true," said I.

"I have already explained to you that what is out of the common is usually a guide rather than a hindrance. In solving a problem of this sort, the grand thing is to be able to reason backward. That is a very useful accomplishment and a very easy one, but people do not practice it much. In the every-day affairs of life it is more useful to reason forward and so the other comes to be neglected. There are fifty who can reason synthetically for one who can reason analytically."

"I confess," said I, "that I do not quite follow you."

"I hardly expected that you would. Let me see if I can make it clear. Most people, if you describe a train of events to them, will tell you what the result would be. They can put those events together in their minds, and argue from them that something will come to pass. There are few people, however, if you told them a result, would be able to evolve from their own inner consciousness what the steps were which led up to that result. This power is what I mean when I talk of reasoning backward, or analytically."

"I understand," said I.

"Now, this was a case in which you were given the result and had to find everything else for yourself. Now, let me endeavor to show you the different steps in my reasoning. To begin at the beginning. I approached the house, as you know, on foot, and with my mind entirely free from all impressions. I naturally began by examining the road-way, and there, as I have already explained to you, I saw clearly the marks of a cab, which, I ascertained by inquiry, must have been there during the night. I satisfied myself that it was a cab, and not a private carriage, by the narrow gauge of the wheels. The ordinary London growler is considerably less wide than a gentleman's brougham.

"This was the first point gained. I then walked slowly down the garden path, which happened to be composed of a clay soil, peculiarly suitable for taking impressions. No doubt it appeared to you to be a mere trampled line of slush, but to my trained eyes every mark upon its surface had a meaning. There is no branch of detective science which is so important and so much neglected as the art of tracing footsteps. Happily, I have always laid great stress upon it, and much practice has made it second nature to me. I saw the heavy footmarks of the constables, but I saw also the tracks of the two men who had first passed through the garden. It was easy to tell that they had been before the others, because in places their marks had been entirely obliterated by the others coming upon the top of them. In this way, my second link was formed, which told me that the nocturnal visitors were two in number, one remarkable for his height, as I calculated from the length of his stride, and the other fashionably dressed, to judge from the small and elegant impression left by his boots.

"On entering the house this last inference was confirmed. My well-booted man lay before me. The tall one, then, had done the murder, if murder there was. There was no wound upon the dead man's person, but the agitated expression upon his face assured me that he had foreseen his fate before it came upon him, Men who die from heart disease or any sudden natural cause never by any chance exhibit agitation upon their features. Having sniffed the dead man's lips, I detected a slightly sour smell, and I came to the conclusion that he had had poison forced upon him. Again, I argued that it had been forced upon him, from the hatred and fear expressed upon his face. By the method of exclusion I had arrived at this result, for no other hypothesis would meet the facts. Do not imagine that it was a very unheard-of idea. The forcible administration of poison is by no means a new thing in criminal annals. The cases of Dolsky, in Odessa, and of Leturier, in Montpellier, will occur at once to any toxicologist.

"And now came the great question as to the reason why. Robbery had not been the object of the murder, for nothing was taken. Was it politics, then, or was it a woman? That was the question which confronted me. I was inclined from the first to the latter supposition, Political assassins are only too glad to do their work and to fly. This murder had, on the contrary, been done most deliberately, and the perpetrator had left his tracks all over the room, showing that he had been there all the time. It must have been a private wrong, and not a political one, which called for such a methodical revenge. When the inscription was discovered upon the wall I was more inclined than ever to my opinion. The thing was too evidently a blind. When the ring was found, however, it settled the question. Clearly the murder had used it to remind his victim of some dead or absent woman. It was at this point that I asked Gregson whether he had inquired in his telegram to Cleveland as to any particular point in Mr. Drebber's former career. He answered, you remember, in the negative.

"I then proceeded to make a careful examination of the room, which confirmed me in my opinion as to the murderer's height, and furnished me with the additional detail as to the Trichinopoly cigar and the length of his nails. I had already come to the conclusion, since there was no signs of a struggle, that the blood which covered the floor had burst from the muderer's nose in his excitement. I could perceive that the track of blood coincided with the track of his feet.

It is seldom that any man, unless he is very full-blooded, breaks out in this way through emotion, so I hazarded the opinion that the criminal was probably a robust and ruddy-faced man. Events proved that I had judged cortelegraphed to the head of the police at Cleveland, limiting my inquiry to the circumstances connected with the marriage of Enoch Drebber. The answer was conclusive. It told me that Drebber had already applied for the protection of the law against an old rival in love, named Jefferson Hope, and that this same Hope was at present in Europe. I knew now that I held the clue to the mystery in my hand, and all that remained was to secure the murderer.

"I had already determined in my own mind that the man who had walked into the house with Drebber was none other than the man who had driven the cab. The marks in the road showed me that the horse had wandered on in a way which it would have been impossible had there been any one in charge of it. Where, then, could the driver be, unless he were inside the house? Again, it is absurd to suppose that any sane man would carry out a deliberate crime under the very eyes, as it were, of a third person, who was sure to betray him. Lastly, supposing one man wished to dog another through London, what better means could he adopt than to turn cab-driver? All these considerations led me to the irresistible conclusion that Jefferson Hope was to be found among the jarveys of the metroplis.

"If he had been one there was no reason to believe that he had ceased to be. On the contrary, from his point of view, any sudden change would be likely to draw attention to himself. He would probably, for a time at least, continue to perform his duties. There was no reason to suppose that he was going under an assumed name. Why should he change his name in a country where no one knew his original one? I therefore organized my street-arab detective corps, and sent them systematically to every cab proprietor in London, until they ferreted out the man that I wanted. How well they succeeded and how quickly I took advantage of it are still fresh in your recollection. The murder of Stangerson was an incident which was entirely unexpected, but which could hardly in any case have been prevented. Through it, as you know, I came into possession of the pills, the existence of which I had already surmised. You see, the whole thing is a chain of logical sequences without a break or flaw."

"It is wonderful!" I cried, "Your merits should be publicly recognized. You should publish an account of the case. If you won't, I will for you."

"You may do what you like, doctor," he answered. "See here!" he continued, handing a paper over to me; "look at this!"

It was the "Echo" for the day, and the paragraph to which he pointed was devoted to the case in question.

"The public," it said, "have lost a sensational treat through the sudden death of the man Hope, who was suspected of the murder of Mr. Enoch Drebber and of Mr. Joseph Stangerson. The details of the case will probably never be known now, though we are informed upon good authority that the crime was the result of an old-standing and romantic feud, in which love and Mormonism bore a part. It seems that both the victims belonged, in their younger days, to the Latter-Day Saints, and Hope, the deceased prisoner, hails also from Salt Lake City. If the case has had no other effect, it at least brings out in the most striking manner the efficiency of our detective police force, and will serve as a lesson to all foreigners that they will do wisely to settle their feuds at home, and not to carry them on to British soil. It is an open secret that the credit of this smart capture belongs entirely to the well-known Scotland Yard officials, Messrs. Lestrade and Gregson. The man was apprehended, it appears, in the rooms of a certain Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who has himself, as an amateur, shown some talent in the detective line, and who, with such instructors, may hope in time to attain to some degree of their skill. It is expected that a testimonial of some sort will be presented to the two officers as a fitting recognition of their services."

'Didn't I tell you when we started?' cried Sherlock Holmes, with a laugh. "That's the result of all our Study in Scarlet; to get them a testimonial!"

"Never mind," I answered; "I have all the facts in my journal, and the public shall know them. In the meantime, you must make yourself contented by the consciousness of success, like the Roman miser—

"'Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi simul ac nummos contemplar in arca.'"

The End.

TIRED AND LANGUID

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN ESTIMABLE YOUNG LADY.

Her Blood Was Poor and Watery—Suffered From Sick Headaches and Fainting Spells—How She Regained Health's Bloom.

On one of the finest farms in Wolford township, Grenville county, resides Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Smith and family. Mr. Smith is perhaps one of the best known men in the county, as in addition to being a practical farmer he represents several agricultural implement companies. His family consists of two estimable daughters, the eldest being seventeen years of age. To a correspondent of the Brockville Recorder who recently called at Mr. Smith's, Miss Minnie E. Smith, the eldest daughter, related the following story:—"About two years ago I was taken quite ill. I became pale and languid, and if I undertook to do any work about the house, would easily become terribly fatigued. I became subject to terrible sick headaches, and my stomach became so weak that I loathed food. My trouble was further aggravated by weak spells, and my feet, winter or summer, were as cold as ice; in fact it seemed as if there was no feeling in them. I tried several kinds of medicine, but instead of helping me I was growing weaker. One day in March, 1898, my father brought home a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately discontinued the other medicine and began taking the pills. I found that they helped me and four more boxes were procured and by the time I had finished them I was entirely well. I have never had better health in my life than I am now enjoying. My appetite is now always good and I have increased in weight. All this is due to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would advise any other young girl troubled as I was to use them, and they will certainly cure if the directions are followed.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion uis pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. These Pills also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Do not be persuaded to accept any imitation, no matter what the dealer may say who offers it. Imitations never cured any one. See that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on the wrapper around every box you buy.

SANS SIGHT—SANS TASTE.

Blindfolded Man Can't Tell Tea From Coffee.

It would now seem from experiments, which have been carried on in the University of Iowa, that we do not taste many of the things which we eat at our daily meals. It is asserted confidently that we merely smell them. If the nose is tightly closed in the ordinary man and he is blindfolded, he will not be able to distinguish coffee from water or a weak solution of quinine. This has been proved by experiments made on many persons, Common coffee was said to be water, it was also said to be quinine. Water was said to be coffee. Tea was called coffee. Turkey was called pork. Raw apple was called grape juice. Malt extract was sherry wine. Lard was pronounced butter. In short, experienced persons were unable to distinguish many common foods and drinks, when sensations of smell were removed, and the conclusion was reached that a person might even practice economy in eating by merely blindfolding the eyes and substituting lard, pork and beef for butter, turkey and venision, while if the further precaution was taken to close the nose, a very weak solution of quinine would pass for good coffee and vinegar for the most costly wine.

The experiments which led to these conclusions were carried on by Prof. G. T. W. Patrick, of the University of Iowa, who has just communicated some of the results of his work to the American Psychological Society. Prof. Patrick was enabled to attain great accuracy in his work by the fact that one of the persons he experimented upon was an anosmic—that is, absolutely devoid of the sense of smell. He was enabled thus to determine which sensations were those of taste and which were smell. He experimented also on normal subjects, and some of the results were surprising.

There are only four simple taste sensations, namely, sweet, bitter, sour and salt. It is said by some that there are only two,. sweet and bitter. All other sensations which are commonly called tastes are complex results of sensation of smell, touch, temperature and sight. The means by which we distinguish almost all of our common foods and drinks is not the sense of taste so much as it is the sense of smell, touch, temperature and sight. All the fine differences by which we distinguish the various fruits, meats and drinks depend not upon taste at all, but upon these other senses. Pure sensations of taste add hardly more than a certain emotional element to the complex sensations.

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.

The following mournful inscription was recently placed on a tombstone in the cemetery of Debreczin, in Hungary:—"Here lie the remains of Joseph Moritz, the elder, who died at the age of sixty-two years. He was assassinated by his son. Beside him lie the remains of Mme. Joseph Moritz, the elder, who died at the age of forty-seven years, having been assassinated by her daughter. Elizabeth Moritz, who died in her seventeenth year, having committed suicide after she had assassinated her mother. Beside them lie the remains of Joseph Moritz, who assassinated his father, and who died in a convict prison at the age of twenty-seven years. May the Lord in his mercy have pity upon their abandoned souls."

This inscription has been placed upon the tombstone by direction of the last surviving member of the Moritz family which belonged to the farming class, and has been well known for many years in Debreczin.

TRINIDAD'S WONDERFUL LAKE.

Recent descriptions of the great lake of liquid asphaltum, or bitumen, in the island of Trinidad, show that notwithstanding the enormous quantity of the substance removed every year, the supply is undiminished. The lake covers about 100 acres, and is higher in the middle than at the edges, Near the centre the black pitch is semi-liquid, but toward the sides a crust, intersected with fissures, covers the surface, and on this crust a man can walk, although when he stands for a time the crust gradually sinks around him, forming a kind of basin some yards across. Between 80,000 and 90,000 tons of asphaltum are removed from the lake annually.

INELIGIBLE FOR MATRIMONY.

A law recently passed in Norway makes girls ineligible for matrimony unless they can show certificates of skill in cooking, knitting and spinning.

Have You Catarrh?

Then get Catarrhozone, which is neither a wash, snuff nor ointment, but odorous gas, which is carried by air directly to the diseased parts. It penetrates wherever air can go, and never fails to cure. Have you slight symptoms of consumption? Then try Catarrhozone. Outfit, $1.00. Sample bottle and inhaler, 10 cents. For sale by all druggists. Manufactured by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Send 10 cents for sample.

WOMEN LETTER CARRIERS.

Women are employed as letter carriers in several districts of France.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It is to live twice, when we can enjoy the recollections of our former life.—Martial.

ALBERT'S THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER

The man who lives in vain, lives to no purpose, lives to a bad purpose. W. Nevins.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Granby, Que' Cigar Manufacturer.

Man is only miserable so far as he thinks himself so.—Sannazaro.

Iowa Farms for sale, $2 per acre cash, Balance ½ crop until paid. J. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia

A new adulterant of coffee is dough, moulded in the shape of coffee beans.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

The horses in Algeria outnumber the human beings.

NOTICE.—St Canut, Rawdon, and St Liboire Tragedies—3 crimes full history of the murder and trial of Cordelia Vaw and Sam. Parsow. These mailed on receipt of 5c. Agents and Bookstores supplied at $1.50 per hundred. Leprohon & Leprohon, 1629 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

Throughout the world there are 672 known volcanoes, 270 of which are active.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
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