

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Canada possesses forty per cent. of the area of the whole British empire.

The area of Australia is estimated at 3,030,234 square miles. In 1890 the population was 3,017,686.

An orphan is a child bereft of one parent or both parents. Children who have lost but one parent are colloquially termed half-orphans.

To give "a Roland for an Oliver" means to give one an incredible tale with another. The expression grew out of the superhuman exploits credited to Charlemagne's Paladins by the early romancers.

Girls over twelve can make valid wills under the laws of Scotland. There are exceptions, however, as to the class of property they can devise, while minors with curators are subject to further limitations on their testamentary capacity.

New York contains an average of 37,675 inhabitants to the square mile, or 58 to the acre. The population varies from 3 to the acre in ward 24 to 474 in ward 10. This last, which is at the rate of 303,360 to the square mile, is the densest in the world.

The aborigines of Australia are black, with curly hair, but not crisp wool like the Negro. Their weapons are the spear, club and boomerang. They number 242,000, but are rapidly decreasing in number, and in a few decades will probably be almost extinct.

The United States have three cities of over a million inhabitants each; seven of over 400,000; twenty-eight over 100,000; fifty-eight over 50,000; 124 over 25,000; 216 over 15,000; 354 over 10,000; 713 over 5,000; and 3,715 over 1,000. No other country has anything like so many populous towns.

It was customary for the Indians, long before they became Christians, to have a great feast at the beginning of the New Year. In the old times, the principal article of food at these feasts was dogs, the eating of which was accompanied by many revolting ceremonies. The missionaries, instead of abolishing the feast, turned it into a religious festival.

In Aboukir, Egypt, there are three colossal statues in rose-colored granite, each about ten feet high. The first two represent King Rameses II. and Queen Hentemara sitting on their throne, a unique group, the like of which has not yet been discovered in Egypt. The third statue represents Rameses standing in military garment and position, with sword and sceptre. The statues are covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions.

Here is an easy means of determining whether a supposed diamond is genuine or not. Pierce a hole in a card with a needle and then look at the hole through the stone. If false you will see two holes, but if you have a real diamond only a single hole will appear. You may also make the test in another way: Put your finger behind the stone and look at it through the diamond as through a magnifying glass. If the stone is genuine you will be unable to distinguish the grain of the skin, but with a false stone this will be plainly visible. Furthermore, looking through a real diamond the setting is never visible, whereas it is with a false stone.

In some parts of Africa a man's children do not belong to him, but to their maternal uncle. They are practically his slaves. If a lad offends his uncle, his uncle sells him, and if his father is fond of him and does not want to lose his boy he must redeem him, and then he becomes his father's slave. It is because of this state of affairs that a young man rarely trades with his father's goods. If he does, he should lose any of them, there would surely be trouble. If the father is fond of the lad it will be all right so long as he lives, but if he dies with that debt unsettled his next heir is sure to demand the payment, not of the principal only but of the accumulated interest as well. Even if the second heir should not push the matter the third might, even if it should be thirty years afterwards.

Elephants live 100 years and upwards; rhinoceros, 20; camel, 100; lion, 25 to 50; tigers, leopards, jaguars, and hyenas (in confinement), about 25; beaver, 50; deer, 20; wolf, 20; fox, 14 to 16; llamas, 15; chamois, 25; monkeys and baboons, 16 to 19; hare, 8; squirrel, 7; rabbit, 7; swine, 25; stag, under 50; horse, 30; ass, 30; sheep, under 10; cow, 20; ox, 30; swans, parrots and ravens, 200; eagle, 100; geese, 80; hens and pigeons, 10 to 16; hawks, 30 to 40; crane, 24; blackbird, 10 to 12; peacock, 20; pelican, 40 to 50; thrush, 1 to 10; wren, 2 to 3; nightingale, 15; black-cap, 15; linnet, 14 to 23; goldfinch, 20 to 24; redbreast, 10 to 12; skylark, 10 to 20; titlark, 5 to 6; chaffinch, 20 to 24; starling 10 to 12; carp, 70 to 150; pike, 30 to 40; salmon, 16; codfish, 14 to 17; eel, 10; crocodile, 100; tortoise, 100 to 200; whale estimated, 1,000; queen bees live 4 years; drones, 4 months; worker bees, 6 months.

It is said that the light given by the fireflies of Cuba is the "cheapest" in the world produced, that is to say, with the least heat and the smallest expenditure of energy; and he believes that a successful imitation of it would prove a most profitable substitute for gas and electricity. The insects are beetles two inches long and belong to the family of "snapping bugs," so called because when one of them is laid on its back it snaps itself into the air with a clicking sound. The secret of the light this firefly gives is as yet undiscovered. Apparently it is connected in some way with the mysterious phenomena of life, and chemists and physicists have sought in vain to explain its origin. On each side of the animal's thorax is a luminous membranous spot, and these flash at intervals, so that the Cubans put a dozen of the insects in a cage together, and so obtain a continuous illumination bright enough to read by. This

light is accompanied by no perceptible heat, and is seemingly produced with almost no expenditure of energy. How great an improvement it represents upon all known artificial lights can be imagined when it is stated that in candlelight, lamp-light, or gaslight the waste is more than 99 per cent. In other words, if they could be so obtained as not to throw anything away, they would give nearly 100 times the illumination which they do afford. Even the electric light is mostly waste.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

Up to Date.—She—The bride's father gives her away I suppose? He—No. He sold her privately.

Friend.—"Do you permit your wife to have her own way?" Husband, (positively).—"No, sir. She has it without my permission."

Jones.—"What has made the telephone so successful, do you imagine?" Brown.—"I presume it is owing to the fact that it is run on sound principles."

The woman who sent her color blind husband out to match some cloth, just faintly in an ecstasy of happiness at the hint his labors gave her for a combination suit.

Conductor (hastily).—"How old is that child?" Young mother (indignantly).—"Do I look old enough to have a child old enough to pay fare?"—New York Weekly.

Wickars.—"I don't believe there is much difference between genius and insanity." Wickars.—"Oh, yes there is: a heap. The lunatic is sure of his board and clothes."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. O. Turk.—Oh hear that Micky who hurt in the blast yesterday. Mrs. McPhee.—Thru' fur you. Mr. O. Turk.—An' how is he gettin' along? Mrs. McPhee.—Oh, he can't complain.

Police Commissioner.—What assurance could you give that you would always be on hand when a fight was going on? O'Toole.—Oh I have allus been very fond of 'em, yer honor.

"I heard you talking about fools awhile ago, Miss Fannie," said a silly dude to a sharp girl at a dance. "and—" "And," she interrupted with a snap, "eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves."

"They've got a scheme for makin' rain now, Maria," said Silas. "Lawsy me! What'll they dew next?" returned Maria. "I've hum tell o' boys raisin' thunder, but I never thought they'd make rain."

Dressmaker.—"How would you like your costume made, madam?" Mrs. Clownrich.—"Spose you make it with one of those vestibule trains that I've hearn talked of lately."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Lonely Leggit (taking his first mouthful of the Kind Samaritan's refreshment).—"I am afraid this preserve won't agree with me, ma'am. Kind Samaritan—Why not? Lonely Leggit.—It seems to hev worked."

Mrs. Croaker (indignantly).—"Why, you used to say that I sang like a bird, before we were married! Mr. Croaker.—Yes, but you don't often hear bird's singing in their nests, and you're at it all the time!"

School Teacher (after discoursing on literature).—"Now, Georgie Gazzam, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Oscar Wilde? Georgie.—Oscar Wilde, ma'am. "Indeed? Why?" "Because Shakespeare's dead."

"What! fell down stairs? How did it happen?" "Why, you see, I started to go down, and my wife said, 'Be careful, John; and I'm not the man to be dictated to by any woman—and so down I went.'"—Boston Transcript.

Not Much.—She—"What do you think of Capt. Powderhorn, Mr. Mousey?" Mr. Mousey.—"I thought very little of him. The fact is, he struck me for an idiot." She—"Why, the brute, did he hurt you much?"—Boston Beacon.

Ready for Inspection.—New boarder.—"Where is your mother, Bubby?" She said she was going to show me a room." Bubby.—"Mom will be here soon. She's up in that room now a-warmin' the thermometer."—Good News.

Bereaved Wife (to nurse).—"Do you think my husband will live till tomorrow?" Nurse.—"I am afraid not, madam, and I would advise you to order a mourning dress at once. Wife (wringing her hands).—"This is terrible. How would you have it trimmed."

First burglar.—Bill, yer never hear no one who has a good word for a house-breaker. They never takes into consideration that we're obliged to be out all kinds o' weather, an' that most o' our work has to be done while lazy folks is sound asleep in their beds.—Life.

"Oh, my friends, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets," said the orator recently, after giving a rapid description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know what day sells em," remarked an old colored man on the outskirts of the crowd.

Foreman (quarry gang).—"It's sad news Oi hev' fur yer, Mrs. McGaharraghy. Y'r husband's new watch is broken. It was a fine watch, an' it's smashed all to pieces." Mrs. McG.—"Dearie me! How did that happen?" Foreman.—"A ten-ton rock fell on 'im."—New York Weekly.

Mr. Eisenbaum.—Vell, mein sohn, how vos business ven i vos ouwt? Eisenbaum, Jr.—I sold von pair of von tollar pants. Mr. Eisenbaum.—Dot vos poor. Eisenbaum, Jr.—Von pair of von tollar pants for tree tollars an' a kewater. Mr. Eisenbaum.—Goot! Goot! You vill make a business man yett.

Launcelot.—Be assured, Ella, that the love my heart holds for you is of no evanescent nature. It is bound to my life with ties that will endure while consciousness endures. It is an ever-present—a lingering love." Ella.—"That's just the trouble. Launcelot. There's too much linger about it. If you could contrive to evanesce about 10 p. m. pa might let up on his designs to effect your involuntary sortie."—Boston Courier.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Sir Morell McKenzie's household expenses were very great. He kept sixteen servants, besides a private coach for himself and another for his wife, and spent every cent of his \$60,000 yearly income.

The eldest daughter of Boulanger is engaged to be married soon. She lives with her mother in Versailles. The youngest daughter has been the wife of Capt. Driant for several years, and is with her husband in Tunis.

Christine Nilsson's return to her native country of Sweden as wife of the Spanish Ambassador, the Count de la Casa Miranda, rounds out well her romance of real life. She was a farmer's child on the hills when her gift of song was discovered, and after a most fortunate life as queen of song on two continents she returns as a member of the Swedish court.

It is related that at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Soule, of Freeport, Me., recently, the minister, in the course of a long prayer, said: "O, Lord, give grace to some poor soul today. As the groom was known familiarly as 'Sam' Soule, and as his bride's first name was Grace, the prayer was answered satisfactorily, although the clergyman was unconscious of having said anything so well fitting the occasion.

Countess Russell has a host of friends at Walton-on-Thames, and she has received a letter, signed by over three hundred people, offering heartfelt sympathy for all the trouble that she has brought upon her. The letter observes that had the judge tried the case brought by the young countess against her husband for judicial separation known her—as "they had"—since her childhood, he might not have summed up in the way he did.

When the "professional beauty" first broke upon London society, Mrs. Langtry had a rival in Mrs. Cornwallis-West, the wife of Colonel Cornwallis-West of Rutland Castle, Wales, Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire. She was of Irish descent, a granddaughter of Lord Headfort, and until she dyed her hair a golden hue, was a typical Irish beauty. There was no fairer sight in all London than that of Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis-West walking down Rotten Row of a morning with fair Adelaide Neilson between them.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was first published forty years ago, and sold more largely than any other novel of the century. Since the civil war ended it has been alluded to as "an old book," and out of date: yet when, two or three months ago, the publishers announced a new edition, the orders quickly ran up to 150,000 copies—more than have been sold of the year's six most popular novels combined! All of which goes to show that an old story, like an old joke, is as good as new to the generation which never saw it before.

Mme. Tessandier, the leading lady of the Comedie Francaise in Paris, where she fills the place once occupied by Bernhardt, and fills it most worthily, is a woman of attractive brunette beauty, with flashing black eyes that are described as "glorious." Her youth was not entirely creditable, but as she was born in poverty there was some excuse for that, for she was a laborer's daughter, very meekly reared in the slums of Bordeaux. Her resolution to become an actress was made at an age when most women of her class are ready for the grave or the gutter, and her subsequent success on the stage has been praiseworthy.

The death of the Duke of Clarence, has directed public attention in England very forcibly to the danger often incurred by mourners at funerals, a fact sufficiently well known before to have originated the proverb, "One funeral makes many." There seems to be little doubt that the luckless prince caught his original cold at the burial of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, and a general protest has arisen against the custom which demands that mourners shall stand bareheaded at the grave in all sorts of weather. The doctors say that many deaths can be traced directly to this practice, and point out that the dead cannot be benefited by the sufferings of the living.

Attention has been called to the fact that England's Queens Regnant have hitherto run in pairs—Mary I. and Elizabeth, Mary II. and Anne—so that when this country gets the first it may naturally look out for the second. There is a hope, though, that the spell may break this time, as the analogy is not complete. The Tudor Queens finished up their line, dying childless, and a successor had to be invited from another kingdom. The Stuart Queens also died leaving no living children, and their legitimate heir, their own brother, was rejected by the sovereign will of people who had determined to stand no more nonsense from a royal line that was pretty well played out and required replacing.

Considering the illustrious part which Arthur Stanley Wilson played in the almost tragic game of bacarat wherein Sir William Gordon-Cumming wagered his honor and lost and the Prince of Wales made a world-wide reputation as a professional gambler, it is singular that so little notice has been taken of the young man's marriage to Miss Grace Filmer last week. It is singular, too, that this respectable ship-builder's son, who testified during the trial that he had been at Cambridge University for a year when he left it "because his father thought it a waste of time to remain there," has married a descendant of the redoubtable old royalist whose name is mentioned above, Sir Robert Filmer.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian savant who is the latest aspirant for Polar honors, is now making arrangements in London for his departure, which is timed to take place in January or February next year. Dr. Nansen has already achieved fame as an explorer in the arctic region, and his feat of crossing the mysterious ice-coated continent of Greenland still stands unparalleled. He proposes to get to the North Pole by a new route. He assumes that there is a current across the polar region running from the north coast of Siberia to the east coast of Greenland, and of this current he will try to take advantage. The expedition will pass through the Behring Straits and proceed north as long as there is open water, trusting to strike simultaneously the ice and current that beat back and baffled the ill-fated *Jeannette*. Dr. Nansen depends upon the current to pull him through to the open sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland.

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