

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The Vatican contains 208 staircases and 1,100 different rooms.

Gipsies originally came from India, not Egypt, as is usually supposed.

In Scotland it is said that to rock the empty cradle will ensure the coming of occupants for it.

There is no color in air. There is color in the ether, which would remain even though the air were taken away.

In England it is illegal for a layman to occupy the pulpit of a parish church during morning or evening service.

Paris has increased in population about 7 per cent. during the last five years. In 1886 it had 2,260,945 inhabitants. Now it has 2,422,969.

Wages are so low in India that men may be hired for \$2 a month to do household work. A dollar is a great sum to them and one meal a day the rule.

Chimneys are scarce in the city of Mexico. There are not ten dwelling houses that have them. Charcoal is the only fuel used for cooking and heating.

There seems every kind of evidence, on sea and land, that the amount of water now on earth exceeds what was here in glacial times by some 15,000,000 cubic miles.

For the last six years the world has not produced as much breadstuffs as it has consumed. There must have been a surplus of \$200,000,000 bushels stored as a reserve.

In man growth is complete about 20, in the horse at 5, in the ox at 4, in the dog at 2. This gives for the duration of life in man 100 years, in the horse 25, the ox 20, the dog 10.

"Rule Britannia" was first sung at Cliefden House, Maidenhead, on the 1st of August, 1740. The poet Thomson, of "Seasons" supplied the words, and Dr. Arne the music.

In 1858 Jews became eligible to serve in the British Parliament; and, soon after the passing of the Act, Baron Rothschild was elected for Hythe, and Alderman Salomons for Greenwich.

The population of London and suburbs was, in April last, 5,633,332. The population of this one city exceeds that of Scotland, Ireland, Greece, Norway, Sweden, Saxony, or Switzerland.

Millions of men in India live, marry, and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above 50 cents a week, and frequently sinks to 35 cents.

It is calculated that in Scotland one in every seventy-five of the population is a fisherman, and in the Isle of Man one in every nineteen; whereas in Ireland the proportion is one in every 200.

Lobsters often travel in regiments, seeking new feeding grounds. Their migrating armies are always led by the biggest and strongest ones, while the maimed and weakly struggle along behind.

The fastest train in the world is the new Empire State express of the New York Central road, which runs from New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, in eight hours and forty minutes, including three stops.

The artificial incubation of eggs originated in Egypt, where it is still carried on. According to a consular report no fewer than 75,000,000 eggs are hatched in this way every year on the banks of the Nile.

It is stated that over 3,000,000 acres of land in Europe are devoted to the beet sugar cultivation, which, with an average of twelve tons of beets to the acre, would give about 7,300,000,000 pounds of sugar.

The Chinese New Year opens with some unpleasant features. Every tradesman has to pay all he owes or surrender his property, and sometimes his liberty. After that they have three days riotous fun, feasting and gambling.

Ireland grows about one-half of the flax consumed in her linen industry, and experts on the subject state that the quantity now imported could readily be grown in the southern section of that country with considerable profit.

"If a young chimpanzee be tickled—and the arm-pits are particularly sensitive to tickling, as in the case of our children—a decided chuckling or laughing sound is uttered, though the laughter is sometimes noiseless." So wrote Charles Darwin after a characteristically painstaking observation spent among the monkeys of the Zoological Gardens.

The Western Union Telegraph company in 1870 had 112,191 miles of wire, 3,972 offices, sent 9,157,646 messages at an expense of \$4,910,772 and at a cost to the public of \$7,138,738, thus netting \$2,227,666 profit. It now has 678,997 miles of wire, 19,382 offices, and last year sent 55,878,762 messages, for which it received \$22,387,029, at an expense of \$15,074,304, with a profit of \$7,312,725. The average toll per message was \$1.04 in 1868, 78 cents in 1870, 43¢ in 1880 and 31¼ cents in 1890.

Bank of England notes are always white and new from the fact that a note is never issued from the bank a second time. When they find their way into the banks, new notes of the same number and the same denomination are issued in their stead. They are made from new white linen cuttings, and so carefully is it prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. So elaborate are the arrangements for printing them that each note of the same denomination differs in some particular from the others.

Sir John Lubbock says that the housefly, which produces the sound F, vibrates its wings 20,100 times a minute, or 336 times a second; and the bee, which makes the sound of A, as many as 26,000, or 440 a second. On the contrary, a tired bee hums on E, and, therefore, according to theory, vibrates its wings only 330 times in a second. Marcy has succeeded in confirming these numbers graphically. He fixed a fly so that the tip of the wing just touched a cylinder covered with smoked paper, which was moved by clockwork. Each stroke of the wing caused a mark, of course very slight, but quite perceptible; and he thus showed that there were actually 336 strokes in a second, agreeing almost exactly with the number inferred from the note produced.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"Do you love your teacher, Johnny?" "I don't. She's already got a feller six feet high."

Sullivan—"Have yez got an account of yer last mill?" Kilrain—"Yes; in me scrapbook."—[Yale Record.]

He—"Why is justice represented as a woman?" She—"Because her work is never done."—[Elmira Gazette.]

Philanthropist—"Take which ever you like—the drum or the whistle. Small boy—"Which makes the most noise."

"What does a volcano do with lava?" asked Freddy. "Give it up," replied his father. "That's right," said Freddy.

"What did you get for your birthday?" "A watch chain." "Where is it? Let's see it." "Can't. It's with the watch."—[Jewellers' Circular.]

"I don't understand what you see in a game of foot ball," she said. "You see stars," replied the new player, emphatically. —Washington Star.

"Do you think you can support me, George?" she asked, an hour after he had proposed. "Yes; if you'll get on the other knee," he said.—Judge.

Mrs. Gobbs—I think it very strange that your friend Dobbs never married. Mr. Gobbs—Oh, you don't know Dobbs. He isn't half such a fool as he looks.

Mamma—"My darling, don't you think you've eaten enough?" Mandie—"I don't know. Me ain't dot a very bad tumnickache yet."—Harper's Bazar.

He is done with the world, with its love and its hate. To its pleasures and griefs he's a stranger; He tried to see how near he could skate. To a sign on the river marked "Danger!"—N. Y. Press.

"You said Sokker was quite active in your campaign?" "Yes," replied the defeated candidate. "In what capacity?" "About a gallon a day."—Washington Star.

He—"Do you think there is any truth in the saying, 'Distance makes the heart grow fonder'?" She—"I'm sure of it. I like you ever so much better when you are away."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Tommy Figg," said the teacher, "you wrote this excuse yourself." "Yep," admitted Tommy. "You see paw writes such a poor hand at I felt 'shamed for you to see it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Briggs—"I see that Granby had to send back the marble statue of his wife that he ordered." "Griggs—"Why? Didn't she like it?" Briggs—"No; she wanted one made wearing a sealskin cloak."

It Probably Skipped Out—Customer (to waiter)—"Some cheese, please." Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir. Sorry, sir. Cheese out, sir." Customer—"That so? When do you expect it back?"—Texas Siftings.

Breaking it Gently.—Little boy—"Mamma, the cat has eaten that seed I gave to the canary this morning." Mamma—"Cats don't eat bird seed. You must be mistaken." Little boy—"No, ma'am. It was in the bird."—Good News.

"Just think how unhappy the little savages must be," said a Sunday School teacher, trying to point a moral. "They have no Christmas at all. Can any one tell me why?" "It's because they haven't any stockings to wear," chimed in little Johnny.

Patron—"I wish you'd stop my paper for about three weeks. Then you can begin sending it again." Editor—"Certainly. Going away?" Patron—"No, but I see you are getting in a new press, and I haven't time to spend all day reading about presses."—New York Weekly.

First Citizen—Strange, isn't it, that the inhabitants of China should maltreat the missionaries sent to them from christian countries? Second Citizen—Simply incomprehensible. Hello! What's the row down street? First Citizen—Oh, nothing but a lot of fun loving boys pounding a Chinese.

"Witness, were you present when the fight took place?" "I was." "Will you please explain how it happened?" "I was sitting quietly at a table drinking beer, when without my seeing him, a fellow came up behind me and smashed a beer mug all to flinders on the top of my head. That's what called my attention to the affair."—[Texas Siftings.]

"You needn't talk to me about heredity," said Mrs. Gazzam to her husband, who had been endeavoring to elucidate the subject. "I know there's nothing in it." "Oh, you do?" "Yes, I do. Now look at the Snooper children, for instance. Four boys and two girls, all grown up long ago, and every one a bachelor or an old maid. Don't tell me they got that from their parents."

Impecunious Stranger—"I understand that you purchase rare coins?" Collector—"Yes, and I am willing to pay good prices where the coin is an exceedingly rare specimen." Impecunious Stranger—"How much, then, for this?" (producing a nickel). "It is exceedingly rare with me, the only one I've had for a fortnight. Come, now, what do you say?" Collector—"I say if you don't get out in two seconds, I'll unloose the dog."—Boston Transcript.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Michael Davitt was only 11 years old when he lost his right arm in an accident in a Manchester mill.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart paid \$500 a pair for lace curtains, and the residence of Robert Garrett, of Baltimore, boasts curtains that cost \$200 a yard.

Rufus Hatch, when he first went on Wall street, owed \$80,000, and a borrowed capital of \$2,000. What he has now no one knows, but it is somewhere in the millions.

At a play given by his orders at the Court theatre, recently, Emperor William applauded energetically and often, especially where his were made at the socialists, though the audience, we are told, "received the play in utter silence."

Rhoda Broughton's first work, published before she was 30, created a great sensation on account of its vigorous unconventionality. She asked her father his opinion of the work and he, ignorant of his daughter's authorship, replied that it was an unfit book for her to read.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria was a grandmother before she reached her 35th year. Her eldest grand-daughter is already of marriageable age, and has just married the Archduke Ferdinand, the heir presumptive. The empress, therefore, is quite likely to become a great-grandmother before she is much past 50.

Rev. Robert Collyer, of the church of the Messiah, in New York, had finished his sermon the other Sunday. He announced the hymn, and said in his characteristic manner: "Sing better than you did the last hymn, if you can." Then he noticed a startled expression among the members of the choir, and added: "I mean the congregation."

The only woman living who witnessed the Battle of Waterloo is Mme de Velarola, now 98 years old, but in full possession of all her faculties. On the eventful battle-day she and her sisters—then the Milles, Capran—stood in a neighboring wind-mill, and witnessed the defeat of the French army, and the same evening she helped to care for the wounded on the battle-field.

Sir Edwin Arnold, himself an editor, condemns American papers for carelessness in their style. He claims that no piece of newspaper work should be turned out inside of three hours. We would like to see Sir Edwin hustling on a big murder at 2 o'clock in the morning when the paper went to press at 3, says an exchange. If true to his theory he would be feeling around for a job next day.

The Princess of Wales' father, King Christian of Denmark, is now 73 years old. At one time, before he came to the throne, he was obliged to give drawing lessons in order to support his family, and the Princess of Wales used to make her old dresses over and over again, with excellent taste, it is said. The king's title is Christian IV., and his wife, Queen Louise, is a charming and accomplished woman, who excels as a musician.

Nothing very noticeable was left for the Princess of Wales on the anniversary of her birthday; but England's Alexandra has but three years more to wait, and then her jubilee may bring some offerings worth accepting. The fair Mother of our Kings to be is certainly a world's wonder as to looks, considering her age. The Queens of Italy and the Hellenes, the Dowager Queen of Portugal, are younger women, but there is now no youthfulness about them.

Sir Edwin Arnold says that the average editorial "leader" of an English newspaper is the product of three hours of diligent work by an accomplished man—such as Andrew Lang, for instance. He himself once wrote one or two thousand words with a lead pencil in an hour—a rate of speed which seems prodigious, and which a crack American reporter writing against time could hardly excel; but a man who has written eight thousand leaders, as the author of the Light of Asia has done, must necessarily have become expert at it.

Owen Meredith's (Lord Lytton's) coffin was borne to the grave without a blossom to decorate its pall according to the direction of Lady Lytton, who said that her husband had requested that not so much "as the tiniest violet or the smallest rosebud" should be used about his bier. "What, in Heaven's name, have poor flowers done to be condemned to serve such a horrid purpose as being consigned to vaults and graves? I like a sad-looking funeral," was a frequent saying of the poet's, and his funeral ceremony was indeed a gloomy one.

Sarah Bernhardt's father was a Jew, and supported his family by basket-making in a hovel. The actress was born in 1843, and when her father died and left the family in deep poverty, the young girl eloped with a wandering journalist, went to Paris and studied diligently for the stage. Her plain face and awkward figure were greeted with storms of hisses when she made her debut on a Parisian stage, but she persevered in studying the art of fascinating a French audience, and the world knows the result. She has earned and squandered more than one fortune, and her house is the wonder of Paris. In short, her mission seems to be to astonish the world by her talents and her eccentricities.

Mr. Gladstone has often been heard to remark, that had it not been for his Sunday rest he would not now be the man he is. Physically, intellectually and spiritually, his Sunday has been to him a priceless blessing. Anyone who entered his room in Downing street on a Sunday during the height of the session could not fail to be struck by the atmosphere of repose, the signs and symbols of the day, the books lying open near the arm-chair, the papers and newspapers. From Saturday night to Monday morning, Mr. Gladstone puts away all business of a secular nature, keeps to his special Sunday books and occupations, and never dines out that day unless to cheer a sick or sorrowful friend. He never travels on Sunday, and it is well known that when Her Majesty invites him to Windsor Castle on Sunday for one night, he makes arrangements to stay in Windsor the Saturday night, to avoid Sunday travelling. Two services at least see him at worship on Sunday at Hawarden Church. He has a poor opinion of those whom he humorously terms "once-ers."

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deadly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

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