

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

The present title Holiness, as given to the Pope, dates only from the fourteenth century. Before that time it was used by kings and emperors.

The mite mentioned in the Gospel, in connection with the widow's contribution to the treasury, was a Greek copper coin weighing eighteen grains.

A Spaniard has succeeded in extracting from grasshoppers a certain fatty substance, which he claims is capable of being transformed into the finest soap extant.

At different times the Pope has been known as his Paternity, Beatitude, Grandeur, Apostolic Majesty, Vicar of Jesus Christ and Servant of the Servants of God.

The largest fish—largest by 100 pounds—that has been caught off the western coast of this country this year was a jewfish that weighed 300 pounds and was six feet long.

In Germany, when the vote of the jury stands six against six, the prisoner is acquitted. A vote of seven against five leaves the decision to the court, and in a vote of eight against four the prisoner is convicted.

Although steel pens are made in some hundreds of varieties, only a small number of pens attain great popularity. Pens of fanciful form have been patented again and again, only to fail of public reception, and it is exceedingly difficult to make a place for any pen that greatly differs from the few forms now widely used.

A remarkable geological substance found in Finland is a stone which tells, by a change of color, the probable character of the weather in the near future—a natural barometer—known by the name of semakur; and which is said to turn black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white.

In view of the epidemic of suicide which seems to have set in of late, it is interesting to see how different countries stand in this respect. The following figures give the number of suicides in the various armies of Europe per 100,000 men: Austria, 131; Germany, 67; Italy, 40; France 29; Belgium, 24; Great Britain, 23; Russia, 20; and Spain, 14.

An average waltz takes a dancer over about three-quarters of a mile; a square dance makes him cover half a mile. A girl with a well-filled programme travels thus in one evening: Twelve waltzes, nine miles; four other dances at a half-mile apiece, which is hardly a fairly big estimate, two miles more; the intermission stroll and the trips to the dressing room to renovate her gown and complexion, half a mile; grand total, eleven and a half miles.

Bacteria are likely to be blamed for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Professor Schenk now maintains that what we call a "cold" is really due to these invisible pests. When one enters a cold room after being heated, the bacteria in it flock to the warm body and enter by the open pores of the skin. Whatever may be said of his hypothesis, he seems to have proved by experiment that bacteria in the neighborhood of a warm body move towards it. The confirmed smoker may derive some comfort from the fact that tobacco is inimical to them.

Experiments made by M. d'Arsonval with an instrument which he calls the myophone proves, contrary to the older opinion, that nervous excitability may exist for many hours after death. The old test of the muscle shortening is, no doubt, not applicable long after death has departed; but as the sound given out by the myophone proves, the death of a nerve is much less rapid than has been hitherto supposed, and a nerve may act on muscle, in a state of electric excitability, without producing more than simple molecular vibration.

The Bank of France is not entirely free from apprehension regarding the ability of the burglar, and guards itself in a very careful manner. Every day, when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, masons are waiting and at once wall up the doors with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on and kept running until the cellar is flooded. A burglar would thus have to work in a diving suit and break down a cement wall before he could even start to loot the vaults. When the officers arrive next morning the water is drawn off, the masonry is torn down, and the vaults opened.

The great Bronte battle, one of the most extraordinary personal combats in the history of Ireland, is told fully in McClure's Magazine for November in the series of articles on the ancestors of the Brontes. This combat between Welsh Bronte and Sam Clarke was fought in the presence of ten thousand people, and lasted from before noon until late in the afternoon. It was a fight so fierce that for a generation after people in that part of Ireland referred to events as having happened either before or after the Bronte fight. The article also contains chapters entitled: "The Bronte's and the Potato Blight" and "The Bronte's and the Ghosts," as well as descriptions of the weird and unusual out-door festivities of the Brontes.

Of the 356 members of the American House of Representatives, 333 were born in the United States and twenty-three are of foreign birth and parentage. Only one negro has secured a place. Of the foreign representatives, Ireland furnishes eight, Germany four, Canada five, Norway two, and England, Scotland, and Austria, one each. The lawyer is even more in evidence in American politics than he is here—206 out of the 356 members of the House are also members of the Bar; thirty-three are farmers, fourteen manufacturers, and twenty-one merchants. Five are doctors, two professional teachers, eight are bankers; while nine are editors, three railway officials, and four engineers. Forty-two of the members were Union soldiers, and forty-seven served in the Confederate army. The oldest member comes from Pennsylvania, and is quite young according to our own Parliamentary standards, being only in his seventy-third year; the youngest comes from North Carolina, and is twenty-eight—which is older than several M. P.'s were at the General Election. In early life fifty-five of the American law-makers worked on a farm, thirty-two taught school, eight were printers' apprentices, four sailors, and four clerks in country stores; two started as telegraph operators, four learned the trade of blacksmith, and two that of shoemaker. One was a coal miner and two carpenters. Eighty-seven have taken University degrees.



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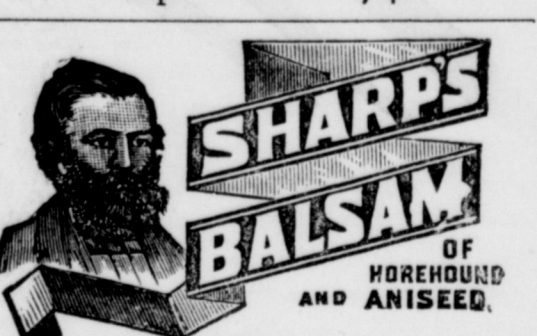
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## Her Answer.

She sat—a fair young girl—in a corner of her father's box in the crowded opera house. Her bowed head and trembling lips betrayed the grief that she had been struggling against all day—since the hour when she had bidden her lover good-by for four long years. She had been half trying to interest herself in the music and gaiety about her, but now had sunk back again into forgetfulness of everything, save the one haunting fact that he was gone. With a sudden movement she raised her head to prevent a burst of tears.

As she faced the crowd, her eyes met those of a man's, intent upon her with admiration and longing. He was a strong, careless, and handsome looking blonde—a man with whom she had been wont to laugh and chat, and occasionally flirt, "just to torment her jealous Paul." But to-night she shrinks back a little, with a vague feeling of aversion to anything that has ever caused any heartache for the dear one far away. And then another wave of sadness and loneliness comes over her, and her lips begin to quiver again and—

Softly floats up to her the sweet voice of the tenor singing that song, "What Answer?" "You promise to be mine?" he sings tenderly, and then slowly and fervently, "And you promise to be true—true to me forever?"

She raises her face and smiles. It is a message straight from her lover! And her heart swells with love and loyalty sends out a glad answer to him.

Three years later, and again the girl occupies a box—not her father's this time—in the same crowded opera house. Close by her sits a man, a blonde, strong, careless and handsome.

The brilliancy of the scene to-night, with the music and laughter, seems to this bride and bridegroom only a bit of brightness in as bright a present and future.

There is a sudden silence; then floats up to them the voice of the tenor. "Promise to be mine?" he sings, and the audience sits hushed and thrilled by the sweetness and pleading of his tones.

The bride's lips still smile, but in her eyes there is a wondering perplexed look; what memories does that song recall? What glad or sad thing is she trying to remember?

The bridegroom bends down and whispers, "Darling, how strange! Some years ago I heard that song, and I consecrated every word of it to you. My answer seemed, oh so doubtful then, but now to-night—"

The rest is drowned by a passionate burst of music, "And you promise to be true—true to me forever?"

The smile fades from the bride's lips. She remembers now.

All About a Telegram.

Bingo—Has a telegram come for me?

Mrs. Bingo—Have you been expecting one?

Bingo—Oh, no, of course not (Sarcastically). You don't suppose I would ask you that question if I expected one, do you?

Mrs. Bingo (sweetly)—You might, dear. What would you say, now, if I should say that a telegram has come for you?

Bingo—Aha! I knew it. I've been expecting that telegram all the afternoon. (Impatiently). Where is it?

Mrs. Bingo—I'll get it. But, dear, I thought it best to open it. You didn't mind, did you, dearest?

Bingo—Certainly not. It's only a matter of business. From Jack Enslow, ain't it?

Bingo—Important meeting to-night. Says I must be there, doesn't he?

Mrs. Bingo—Yes, dear.

Bingo (rubbing his hands)—I knew it. Well, I'll have to rush right off after dinner. Sorry for you, my dear, but you know, business must be attended to.

Mrs. Bingo—Oh, that's all right, darling. But don't you want to see the message?

Bingo—Why should I? You opened it, read it like a good wife that you are, and I guess I can trust you. Jack wants me (delightedly); that's all, and I must go.

Mrs. Bingo—But there's one thing more he said, my pet.

Bingo (suspiciously)—Oh, there was. Well, what was it?

Mrs. Bingo (all smiles)—He says he's got front-row seats.

Dawson—I shall die if I'm not soon relieved of these hiccoughs. Do something to frighten me.

Mrs. Dawson—Booh! Sca! There's a snake under the chair! There's a mouse—Dawson (in disgust)—Oh, pshaw! That sort of thing would only frighten a baby.

Mrs. Dawson—Well, here's the bill from the dressmaker for my new autumn dresses. Dawson (as he recovers from the shock)—Thanks, dear; they've gone.

At a recent breach of promise case, in which the plaintiff was a Miss Kyss (pronounced Kiss), the plaintiff's counsel, Mr. Stufgown, commenced his speech with, "My Lord, Kyss, the plaintiff," when his lordship dryly interrupted him with: "Oh, kiss her yourself, Mr. Stufgown; it would be unbecoming for one in my position."

Bridegroom: "How much do I owe you?" Experienced Parson: "Um—er—what—ever you think your wife is worth."

Bridegroom: "Oh, that's so many millions I would have to go on owing it to you." Parson: "Well, call round again in a few years. Perhaps the estimate will then be within your means."

An absent-minded professor was sitting at his desk writing one evening, when one of his children entered. "What do you want? I can't be disturbed now."

"I only want to say good-night." "Never mind now; to-morrow morning will do as well."

Tramp (piteously): "Please help a poor cripple." Kind old gent (handing him some money): "Bless me, why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?" Tramp (pocketing the money): "Financially crippled, sir."

Mrs. Lotos: "Poor Mrs. Lovey is ill, and I must go and see her." Mr. Lotos: "An errand of mercy, eh?" Mrs. Lotos: "Partly; and, then, I want to see how she looks with her hair down."

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## MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Charles Gounod, the composer, is dead. He was the author of many comic operas.

Field Marshal Sir Patrick Grant is the oldest soldier in the British army. He is 89 years of age.

The Infanta Eulalie is visiting incognito in London. Her husband, Prince Antoine d'Orleans, accompanies her.

Emperor Francis Joseph has ordered that the mitrailleuse invented by the Archduke Karl Salvator be introduced into the army.

When the vines on the house lately occupied by Phillips Brooks, in Boston, were trimmed the other day many passers-by picked up leaves as mementos.

Buffalo Bill has just bought a \$10,000 residence in North Platte, Neb., very near the spot where he killed his first Indian, and there he intends to spend the rest of his life.

Emperor William of Germany has sent to King Charles of Roumania an autograph letter congratulating him upon the birth of an heir to the Roumanian throne. The Crown Princess continues to gain strength.

Charles Bell Birch, the sculptor, died in England on Monday. He was born in 1832 and had been an associate of the Royal Academy since 1880. Since 1752 he had exhibited many pieces at the Royal Academy.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor is the proud possessor of the black pug dog Man Friday, having just purchased that distinguished animal from Mr. R. Mortivals of Takeley, Essex, at a big price. Man Friday is described by connoisseurs as very handsome, with a most perfect, jet black coat.

Herbert Ward, the African explorer, was once chaffing some natives, declaring that they were descendants from monkeys, and alleging their dark colour as one of the evidences. "One old fellow went quietly over to a captive ape," says Mr. Ward, and turned back the fur. Then he looked quizzically at me. The ape's skin was white."

Sir Horace Davey's appointment to be a Lord Justice of Appeal will leave five good incomes open at the Chancery Bar. His earnings there are said to have been £25,000 a year. The depths of his legal knowledge have never been sounded. Even judges quailed before his sideways glare, and thought twice before differing from him.

Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, the popular authoress, is rather above the middle height, and, with a gentle, earnest face, and dark hair smoothly banded. Miss Carey, in spite of offers from publishers, refuses to produce novels quickly. Half a year or more generally elapses between the appearance of each work of hers; she scorns to scamp, and every book is really her best effort. Miss Carey lives in a pretty house at Putney.

A curious and unique custom is observed by the descendants of one Peter Smith (no guinea), a Dutchman, who in the 17th century emigrated to America, and settled down in New Jersey City. For 250 years since the death of this gentleman of illustrious name, his posterity have been in the habit of collecting together once a year. The last assemblage, we read, numbered as many as 5,647 souls, the eldest of whom was ninety-six and the youngest four months.

The Archduchess Rainier possesses some pearls of unusual beauty, but which some time ago showed signs of losing their brilliancy. They were what the experts call "ill," and as the only cure the pearls will have to be again submerged in their original element, and remain in the sea for several years. For this purpose divers have built a sort of cage of rocks in the Adriatic Sea, opposite the chateau of Miammar, in which receptacle the pearls will be put for their long bath.

The Earl of Leicester's surname is Coke, and he is, therefore, no descendant of the Elizabethan Earl; indeed, the Coke name was assumed by an ancestor named Roberts. The Earl's estates in Norfolk are valued at £60,000 per annum, and cover forty-five thousand acres; while at Holkham he owns a palatial mansion showing a double frontage of 34 ft., and there is a park well-stocked with deer. Though an earlier Coke was created Earl of Leicester, the present peerage dates back no farther than 1837.

A Political