

The Prime Minister of Italy says that at present foreign tourists annually spend in Italy \$30,000,000. Rome almost entirely lives on her foreign and provincial visitors.

Only 9,000,000 Indian subjects of Great Britain are now more or less acquainted with the English language. The language most spoken in India is Hindustani, by 82,000,000 people. Bengali is the tongue of 29,000,000.

The demand for broad tires should keep pace with the active and encouraging progress of the agitation for good roads. But in the highways used to be comparatively few and cause comparatively little trouble were it practicable to abolish entirely narrow tires on vehicles.

In an entire year only one person was killed on the railways of Great Britain. In three months 845 persons have been killed and 11,102 injured on American lines. The reason for this is plain—it is a much more serious matter to kill a person on an English railroad than it is in America.

According to Consul-General Mason's report Berlin's chief fuel supply consists of bituminous manufactured from coal dust, bent and lignite, and these are sold cheaper, ton for ton, in Germany than in any other of the great manufacturing countries. The manufacture of bituminous has been perfected in that country and the manufacture of them has developed into a large industry.

The remnant of a strange tribe of Eskimans has been discovered on Southampton Island, at the north end of Hudson Bay. These people had never seen a white man until recently. Their huts were built of the great jaws of walrus, covered with skins. In the middle is an elevation, on which is a stone lamp, used for lighting, heating, cooking, melting snow and drying clothes. The tribe is almost extinct, only some sixteen being left.

There can never be any question about the necessity of advertising for a business concern. No man could hope to sell anything without a sign or a window display or an announcement of some kind. The only questions to be considered are as to the amount to be invested in publicity and the medium to be used. Most successful men know that the newspaper of large circulation is not only the best, but also the cheapest means of advertising, remarks the Philadelphia Record.

The supply of roe eggs is apparently not yet exhausted in Madagascar, for a fresh specimen was brought over recently from Antananarivo to Johannesburg. Its finder doubtless regarding the Rand capital as the most likely market in the South African quarter. The egg was put up for sale by auction, "between the chains," the other day, and after some spirited bidding was sold for \$100. Being, comparatively speaking, a fresh egg, the price paid for it is probably a fair one, but after it passes through a few more auctions its figure may reach the regular market standard, which has lately been well over \$300.

There are about 10,000,000 migratory sheep in Spain, which each year travel as much as 200 miles from the plains to the mountains. They are known as transhumantes, and their march, resting places and behavior are governed by special regulations, dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one may travel the same route as the sheep, which have the right to graze on all open and common land on the way. For this purpose a road ninety yards wide must be left on all fenced and private property. The shepherds lead their flocks, which follow after and around. The flocks are accompanied by provision mules, and by large dogs to guard against wolves. The merino sheep travel 1400 miles to the mountains and the total time spent on the migration there and back is fourteen weeks.

Nothing could be more remarkable than the suddenness with which officials of one sort and another in several widely separated parts of the country have at last reached the conclusion that "trust investment companies" are engaged in a business that demands rigorous investigation, observes the New York Times. This has been evident to all who cared to see ever since these companies began operation. They promised enormous profits to be secured by methods obviously most hazardous and their appeals for money were addressed not to sophisticated dealers in racing chances, but to people whose qualification for success in this direction consisted exclusively of an eager desire for unearned wealth.

The ease with which adult American citizens can be parted from their money is nothing less than amazing. An inventor or merchant in search of capital meets with rigid investigation and frequent refusals, but enterprises in which ultimate loss is certain if the multiplication table is true rise and fall with monotonous regularity year after year. Names wear out, but games do not, and as for the law of probability, nobody really believes in that except the professional mathematicians, and it is doubtful if even they

**AT THE SUMMIT.**  
He started when the days were fair  
And all the slopes were glad and green  
When all the world was free from care  
And far beyond the horizon  
The sun shone down upon a bright  
Fair landscape under a blue sky  
And leaving all the fogs he met  
Kept on the way with all his might.  
He found a thousand cares that he  
Was forced to bear along the way.  
But never smiled on him joyous  
And journeyed with him day by day  
New hopes succeeded those that failed  
And little triumphs made him glad  
And men who left behind him  
To have such blessings as he had.  
At last, one day he reached the goal.  
So high, so distant, and so far  
But joy came not to fill his soul  
But joy was sorrow in his heart  
The place was high and wind-swept  
And still a splendid and a grand  
But after all his work was done  
He turned to find his goal had  
S. E. Kiser, to Chicago from Herald.

## A MODERN CINDERELLA

The Story of the Prince Who Won Her.

"Mamma, mamma, what do you think?" cried Lydia Stuart, as she rushed into the room where her mother sat, with flushed cheeks and dishevelled hair. "I have found three tickets for the ball to-morrow night, no name or signature on them, by which I could take the evening dance, mamma, I want to use them, I want to go!" "You, my dear?" gasped Mrs. Stuart, as Lydia paused breathlessly before her.

"Why, you kept one or two of my evening gowns, you know, mamma, and I am sure the same ones would do beautifully, and I am still quite respectable in my dress, even if it is too tight and here are the tickets, so why not? The only thing is that I want you to go, too, mamma," with an emphatic kiss on her mother's cheek.

"I should not care in the least about it, dear, and an affair you will be disappointed in," said Mrs. Stuart, by getting some new ideas for her sketches.

"I will see what your brother says, dear," Mrs. Stuart answered. "He would have been so kind, indeed, to deprive this daughter of hers of any pleasure that might come in her way, for in the reverse that had fallen on the family since Mr. Stuart's death, his wife's greatest grief had been for Lydia. The disaster had come on the very eve of her coming out, and ever since they left their beautiful English home and came to this big, seething, lonely American city, Lydia had worked steadily at illustrating."

Now she was making a success at it, and there was also beginning to be quite a demand for her dainty water-color work.

When Tom came home Lydia immediately pounced upon him and related her wonderful news. He readily agreed to take her, but he warned her that they would not be likely to meet any of their few acquaintances, and that, therefore, she would have to be satisfied to dance with him or to simply a spectator at her first ball.

The next day they scanned the papers for some mention of the tickets, but none appeared, so they felt justified in using them.

"That night Lydia was all excitement. The white gown had required very little alteration, and as Mrs. Stuart put the finishing touches to her daughter's toilet she felt very pardonable motherly pride in her.

"How do you like me, Tom?" Lydia asked, as she entered the little sitting room.

"I thought he would be here, and cannot understand what keeps him. Ah, there he is! Thank you so much," as Tom hurried to her, looking very white.

"Why, Tom, what is the matter?" she questioned anxiously, noting his pallor.

High Thurston stepped aside, wishing devoutly that "Tom" had not appeared quite so soon. Of course, he was glad that the sister's anxiety was relieved, but he very much wanted to know who she was.

"Why, I had a sort of giddy, faint spell, little girl," Tom explained hastily. "My head has bothered me all day; awfully sorry—hope you have not been frightened."

"I was rather, but it's no matter. I am so sorry you are ill; why didn't you say so, and we could have gone home sooner? This gentleman," nodding towards Thurston, "had just offered to go in search of you."

Tom turned to Thurston and thanked him heartily, explaining his own delay. Lydia bowed a slight acknowledgment as they passed, but something in his eyes as they met hers made her heart give a sudden flutter and brought a deeper blush to her cheeks.

"What's your name, little girl?" Thurston wondered. Evidently they had not come to her carriage, for she wore a hat, and a dark velveteen and her ball gown, and he knew from her accent that she was English.

Looking down, he saw a little girl pin lying in the corner with a title she had stood waiting for her brother. Picking it up, he hurried downstairs and searched the register for her, but she was nowhere to be seen.

Thurston started to take the pin to the desk, but he changed his mind and tucked it away in his coat case. Then he went back to the ballroom and tried to find out who she was. But no one seemed to recognize his description. In such a crowd, in fact, there were many who might have answered to it. Lydia was forced to leave without obtaining any clue to her identity.

He marvelled at the depth of the impression that this girl's face had made upon him. His wealth and good looks won him so much favor among women that he had come to regard them with great indifference.

He inserted an advertisement concerning the pin, but no answer ever came, and he strove to forget the owner, but many times the blue eyes seemed to look at him through the smoke rings, or come unbidden between him and a printed page.

The day after the ball, poor Tom was in a raging fever, and the weeks which followed were anxious ones indeed in the Stuart's little home, for Tom had a bad case of typhoid.

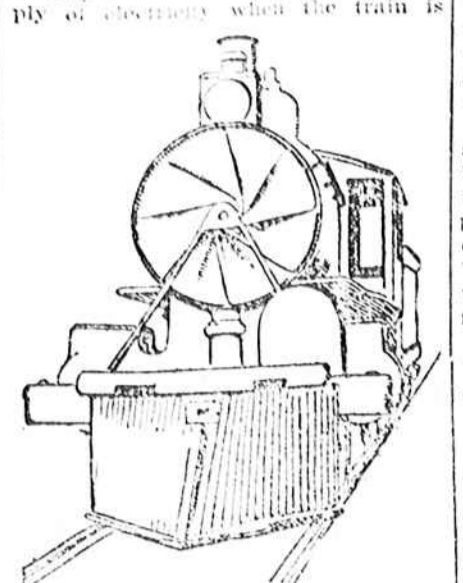
Their small savings dwindled rapidly, and Lydia worked incessantly to renew resources. Mrs. Stuart became so worn by her visit to the sick boy's side that the doctor feared that she, too, would be attacked by the disease.

Lydia, worrying about her mother, grieving because she thought that she had aggravated Tom's illness by taking him to the ball, and working even harder than usual, had grown thin and pale, and there were heavy circles under the blue eyes.

## Chapters of Life's Oddities.

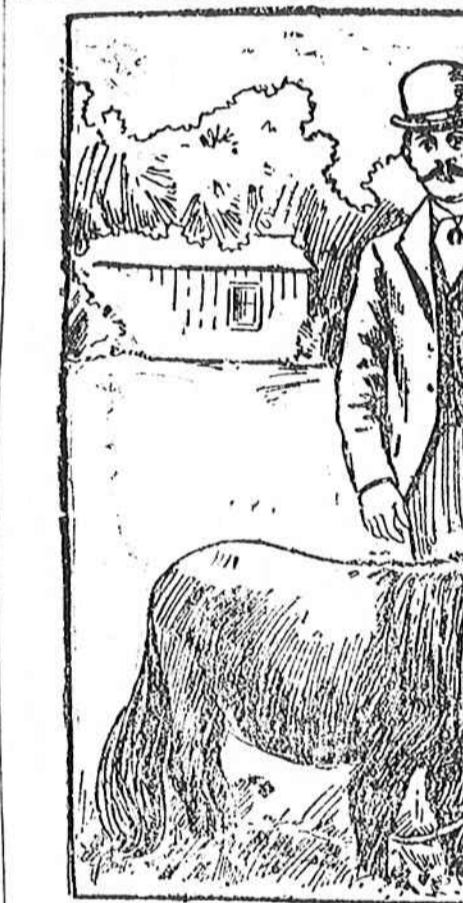
STANDARD STORIES GATHERED FROM MANYWHERE.

**WINDMILL ON A LOCOMOTIVE.**  
A novel way to get electricity for lighting a railway train is described by Cassier's Magazine. The favorite method nowadays is to provide each car with a small dynamo, which is driven by the axle. The current is first led to a storage battery composed of only ten cells, so as to have a supply of electricity when the train is



standing still. A less satisfactory plan is to put the dynamo on the locomotive and drive it with steam from the boiler. The scheme which Cassier's reports is a variation of this latter one. It includes a dynamo that is located on the engine, perhaps under the pilot, but the power for it is derived from a rotary fan or windmill immediately above, under the hoodlight.

**THE SMALLEST HORSE IN THE WORLD.**  
What is said to be the smallest horse in the world has just been brought to Tampico, Mexico, by Tablato Espino and sold to A. J. Morrison, of Los Angeles, Cal., for a large price. This



SMALLEST OF HORSES.

Tom Thumb of equines, which is appropriately named "Lilliputian," stands just high enough to reach to his owner's knees, and weighs only seventy-three pounds, though fat and plump. The pony is seven years old and is twenty-two and one-half inches—five and a half hands—tall.

Lilliputian has a history that is almost as remarkable as his diminutive size. The Mexican who disposed of him claims he stole the animal, and as he immediately disappeared there seems to be no reason for doubting the assertion. The wily senior, it appears, got Lilliputian from an island off the coast of South America, between Guatemala and Samoa. The natives there worship pretty little horses and keep them constantly guarded on a high cliff. Exposed to this and another dwarf—the two smallest he could find—and made away with them by lowering them from the cliff with a rope. He was hotly pursued. Before reaching Mexico the other horse, less hardy than that here pictured, died.

**"SNOWED" ELECTRICITY.**

Storms of colored rain and snow which have occurred in foreign lands from time to time should give rise to far less wonder than a storm which occurred in the United States not long ago, and which may well be called a storm of "electric light."

Lieutenant John P. Finley, Ninth United States Regular Infantry, a meteorologist, well known in this country, was a witness of the phenomenon, which occurred while he was making an ascent of Pike's Peak, Colorado.

To him the storm seemed like a shower of "gold fire." This curious appearance was due to the fact that every flake was charged with electricity—to such an extent, indeed, that when it came in contact with the hair of the mule on which the lieutenant was riding, it discharged electric sparks with slight detonations.

When the storm increased in fury and the flakes came down thicker and faster, each flake emitting a spark of electric light, the sight was truly magnificent. After the flakes reached the ground or other resting place the electric display ceased, until the snow was again put in motion, when the discharges were repeated.

nose or ears the lieutenant was able to produce a shower of electric sparks, while a wave of his arm produced an effect like the sweep of a flaming sword blade through the air, every flake of snow touched giving out its little spark of light and the consequent slight explosion.

**SPURS ON ITS WINGS.**  
One of the most remarkable curiosities in the world, probably in the bird line, is the kamaiti, the wing of which is armed with spurs. This odd creature is found in Brazil, Guiana and Colombia, and inhabits the deepest forests along the water courses.

This large black bird is very remarkable for the strength of its voice, which has powerful and peculiar guttural notes. It bears on each wing two powerful spurs, and on its head a pointed horn, three or four inches long. The two spurs on each wing are directed forward when the wing is folded.

These spurs are the outgrowth of the metacarpal bone, and arise from the anterior part of the two extremities of this bone. The upper spur is larger and is triangular, about two inches long and slightly curved at the end.

A party of explorers and naturalists captured one recently, which is now in the London Zoological Garden. It is very tame in its demeanor toward human beings, but puts itself on the defensive as soon as it sees a dog. It knows how to make such good use of its spurs that it can put the enemy to flight by a single stroke. Besides these weapons on its wings the kamaiti has a very strong beak and hard and resistant claws.

**CURIOUS OLD BOAT.**

A very curious old boat arrived at Whitehaven the other day from Strangford Lough, says the London Graphic. She had a local paper declared an extraordinary history. The vessel sailed regularly from Portlerry to Whitehaven, and was then called the Portlerry frigate, and afterward the name of the Three Sisters was bestowed upon her. But, most extraordinary of all, it is solemnly alleged that she was used in 1683, at the siege of Londonderry, to carry provisions up the famous Loch Foyle in those stirring times. If this be so, the Three Sisters is the oldest vessel in actual use. It is further alleged that a curious privilege was given to her more than a hundred years ago. She is permitted to come into Liverpool port, to use all



SMALLEST OF HORSES.

the wharves and piers," without the payment of any quay or pier dues.

**ANGER CURES DEAFNESS.**

Here is a novel cure for deafness. According to several Dutch papers a deaf woman, who resides at Krommenie, had a quarrel a few weeks ago with some of her neighbors, and as a result got into a violent passion.

As she is seventy years old her friends feared that this sudden and terrible outburst of anger would injure her, but instead it completely cured her of her deafness.

**WHAT IS IT?**



This is not a puzzle picture nor a strange monster, but the model for a bonnet intended for wear in an automobile, as pictured by L'illustration.

**Useful and Interesting.**

The readers of newspapers have reason to feel much gratified by the improvement which has taken place in the business and art of advertising. More and more the advertising columns of a paper of high class have become both useful and interesting. Its advertising is now an important feature of the chronicles of the day, a valuable directory, which is tending to grow still more attractive as reading.—New York Sun.

On the railroads in Canada it is necessary to keep over 600 snow plows in operation every winter.

## OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

**Too Tired.**  
Too tired to work,  
Too tired to walk,  
Too tired to read,  
Too tired to talk,  
Too tired to eat,  
Too tired to drink,  
Too tired to write,  
Too tired to think.  
—Four Track News.

**Good at a Bad Thing.**  
"That man is a horrible liar."  
"Oh, I don't know; I think he's very good at it."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Accounted For.**  
"I thought Miss Millions might marry into the nobility. She knows several members of it very well."  
"Perhaps that's why she didn't."—Puck.

**No Chance to Talk.**  
Mrs. Gimmus: "Does your husband ever talk of his mother's cooking?"  
Mrs. Gobang: "Not a word. His father died of dyspepsia."—Brooklyn Life.

**Not Necessary.**  
"Why don't you tell the truth?" asked the good man.  
"What's the use," answered the other, "when I can tell such plausible lies?"—New York Sun.

**Of Course.**



A vacant lot.—New York Press.

**Her Dainty Detour.**  
"Madeleine is such a dainty little person!"  
"Isn't she? Why, it just fascinates me to see her nibble her way round a hole in a bit of Swiss cheese."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Their Function.**  
The Non-Combattant: "Huzza! Huzza!" "This a glorious thing to go to the front!"  
His Wife: "Ay! But some must stay at home to cheer when the others come back. Huzza! Huzza!"—Puck.

**The Lawyer's Way.**  
Ella: "How long did it take Fred to propose to you?"  
Stella: "He talked about twenty minutes."  
Ella: "That's an awfully long time!"  
Stella: "I know it seems so; but then you must remember he is a lawyer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**The Desired Effect.**  
"I see," said the superstitious man, "that they're providing for thirteen-inch guns on the new cruisers."  
"Well?"  
"Well, they ought to know that that's unlucky."  
"They expect them to be unlucky to anything that's in front of them."—Philadelphia Press.

**Inference.**  
Garrulous Boarder: "For ten years my habits were as regular as clock-work. I rose at the stroke of six; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at seven I was at work, dined at twelve, ate supper at six, and was in bed at nine-thirty, ate only hearty food and wasn't ill a single day."  
Sarcastic Boarder: "Dear me! And what were you in for?"—New York Sun.

**Time to Stop It.**  
Tinkle: "It's a long lane, you know, that has no turn."  
Wrinkle: "I don't know anything of the kind. That dusty old falsehood has done service long enough. Any one with common sense should know that it is the short lane that has no turn. The longer the lane, the more opportunity and reason there is for varying its course."—Kansas City Journal.

**Satisfied Quite.**  
Nervous Old Lady: "I hope your horse is quiet, eh, man?"  
Cabby: "None to equal her in that respect, num."

Nervous Old Lady (with a gasp): "But what's she laying back her ears like that for—look?"  
Cabby (complacently): "Oh, that's only her feminine curiosity, num. She likes to hear where she's a-goin' to!"—Tid-Bits.

**Cut Him.**



Fred: "She refused to listen to my suit, but I stood around in hopes that something would turn up."  
Tom: "Did anything turn up?"  
Fred: "Yes, her nose."—New York World.

**Remote Kin.**  
Kind Lady: "How many are there in the family besides yourself?"  
Little Annie: "Four—mamma, papa, sister and a distant relative."  
Kind Lady: "That is only three. The distant relative is not a member of the family."  
Kind Lady: "Your brother! Then he isn't a distant relative?"  
Little Annie: "Yes, ma'am—he is in the Philippines."—Kansas City Journal.

**Newspaper First.**  
A Chicago merchant tells the Tribune of that city that he uses various methods of advertising, but nothing else until his newspaper space has been contracted for. "No other medium brings such immediate or such large returns. Considering the results, it is by all odds the cheapest."

**POPULAR SCIENCE.**  
The United States Geological Survey is diligently prosecuting its topographical survey of the United States. Besides the topographic sheets, there are sheets for land classification, geology, etc. The atlas sheets are sixteen and one-half by twenty inches, engraved on copper and printed in three colors. The cultural features, such as roads, railways, cities, etc. as well as all letters are black, all water features are blue, and the hill features are shown by brown contours. The sheets can be bought for five cents, or in quantities for two cents per sheet. During the last fiscal year, 25,123 square miles were surveyed in thirty-two States and Territories, 12,407 miles of levels were run, 1858 permanent benchmarks established, etc. In Alaska 6500 square miles were mapped. Up to the present time, 868,817 square miles of the area of the United States have been surveyed—about twenty-nine per cent. of its surface.

The problem of piercing a glacier by means of boring has at last been solved with results of real scientific interest. In experiments made last August on a glacier near Vent, in the Tyrol. At a distance of about one and a quarter miles from the lip of the glacier where its breadth is 2130 feet and the height of its surface above sea level, 8530 feet, a boring in the middle reached rock at a depth of 503 feet. Taken along with measurements of rate of movement, surface melting and temperature, the experiment enabled the following conclusions to be drawn: First—The temperature of the ice is at the melting point throughout the whole mass on the tongue of the glacier. Second—The bed of the glacier is trough-shaped. Third—The ice moves more slowly at the bottom than at the surface. The bore holes were filled up with pieces of wood, which will serve for many years to come as indexes of the rate of movement and of surface melting.

In order to calculate the linear velocity of the earth in its orbit we must first know its distance from the sun. If we can measure the earth's velocity the sun's distance can be computed. If the velocity can be determined with great accuracy the resulting value of the sun's distance is proportionately precise. The methods of spectroscopy have been so far improved that we are within measurable distance of determining the solar parallax by spectroscopic observations. If any star near the Zodiac be observed with the spectroscope at the two seasons when its longitude differs from that of the sun by ninety degrees, we can deduce not only the velocity of the star along the line joining star and earth, but also the mean velocity of the earth in its orbit. Spectroscopic observations of stellar velocity in the line of sight are now so good that the value of the solar distance which may be had on the principle described is at least of the same order of accuracy as values derived from older methods.

The physical geography of the Red River region has lately been studied by Dr. Dowling, who finds that part of Manitoba has been twice submerged beneath the sea, and finally elevated before the glacial period. The ice then traveled southward until it completely filled the Red River Valley and even extended over Minnesota. As the ice melted a large lake was formed along its southern margin, which increased in extent as the ice retreated northward, and beaches were formed along its shores. The lake first drained southward to the Mississippi, but later the water found other outlets, probably toward Hudson's Bay, and a gradual contraction of the lake ensued, in which successive beaches mark the separate stages. The present lakes of Manitoba are the remains of this great lake of former times, through whose waters the boulder clay and other sediment were constantly sifted and distributed over the whole region thus causing the wonderful fertility that characterizes most of the Red River Valley.

Mr. Henry Gannett has recently published a report on the place names of the United States from which a few instances are given below. Chicago is an Indian word meaning wild onion or skunk weed; Chesapeake is also Indian and is variously interpreted as Indian river, great waters, or country on a great river. Chautauque is also an Indian word, and has several interpretations, as a foggy place, a bog in the middle, (referring to the shape of the lake), a place where a child was washed away, where the fish are taken out, place of easy death, or, finally, place where one was lost. Des Moines is usually supposed to refer only to the "Trappist monks, but it is also connected with an Indian word meaning the road, Niagara is an Indian word signifying across the strait, or at the neck. Shenandoah is Indian and means the spruce stream, or a river flowing alongside of high hills. Massachusetts means like an arrow-head, or again, the blue hills. Mississippi means great water, or gathering in of all the waters, or an almost endless river spread out.

**Reed's Correction.**  
The late Thomas B. Reed was once introduced to an office-seeking constituent. This man was of massive build, florid face and a girth of admissible proportions. His demands were positive, his language aggressive. He was full of egotism and consequently had no room for inability. Reed made some uncertain promises in regard to making an effort and the heavy office-seeker left.

"Mr. Reed, it would be to your advantage to assist that man," suggested the stranger. "He is a tower of strength in his community."  
Reed, who still retained in mind the enormous waist line, said calmly, "You mean a dome of strength."—Detroit Free Press.

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