NEWS FROM NOWHERE.

Contributions From Persons Who Are Interested in the Study of Phantasms, Ghosts Dreams, and Thought Transference.

Among the reports of the Psychical Research society is the account of a man and his wife who cultivated the power of mental telegraphy of telepathy to such an extent that at a certain hour each evening when he was away, he being a traveling man, they would sit alone in their respective rooms and concentrate their thoughts upon each other, and were thus able to give mutually and briefly any information or communication desired. Occasionally messages were received, word for word, as given, but often the general substance of the thought. This was done without regard to distance.

In 1888 I was employing an inventor in another city on some labor-saving devices. He was in great need of money due him which I had failed to send promptly. He was brooding over the matter one afternoon when he heard me say, "I must send K. some money." Then he saw me sitting at my desk, take out by checkbook, write a check for $50, inclose it and put it in the letter box for mailing. He made a note of the matter and in due time received the check for the amount he had seen. Consulting me, the facts were found as he had heard and seen.

That same year I was in Boston on business, and a member of my family at home was anxious about some matters in which I was engaged. This was particularly the case one evening, when she sat alone in her room. Suddenly she heard me in conversation and saw me in a room conversing with another person. On my return she related the matter, described the room and the surroundings, which were in accord with the facts.

The inventor previously referred to, while working for me received a letter informing him of the serious illness of his only sister, who lived some distance away from his home.

He was under engagement with me to put up a certain machine in my office for exhibition, and proceeded to do it, finishing which he went to the depot to return some 230 miles to his home, intending to take a night train from there to visit his sister. On reaching the depot nearly an hour before his train time he boarded his car, which was without other occupants. He took his seat, being in anxious thought about his sister. He remembered nothing further until he was aroused by a sudden jerking of his car when the train started and found it full of passengers. He made his journey, took the night train from his home to his sister's, arriving in the morning, went to his sister's cottage, walked into the house and into his sister's sick room, where she was lying in bed, the nurse sitting beside her. The first greeting of his sister was, "Oh, Tom, why did you play us such a shabby trick yesterday afternoon?" He replied, "I haven't played you any tricks." She said, "Yes, you did. You came in yesterday between 2 and 3 o'clock with that same black bag you have in your hand, looked in here, turned and walked out through the kitchen into the pantry and then disappeared. I spoke to you, but you wouldn't answer!" She then appealed to the nurse, who corroborated her, both seeing him at the time he sat lost in thought about her in the car 300 miles away. R.

A PROPHETIC RING.

The Duchess de Belimere writes: "The most superstitious people are invariably to be found in the extremes of society—the highest and the lowest—the world over. Among royalty, and the aristocracy in particular, talismans are common enough, while the amulet is held sacred by an overwhelming multitude. Czar Nicholas I. was in possession of a ring presented him by Princess Charlotte of Prussia. Her royal highness, the daughter of Frederick William III., had been reared by a Swiss governess named Wildermuth. While superintending the education of her royal pupil Mme. Wildermuth came into a legacy which necessitated her journeying home, and on her return she showed the princess an antique ring among other articles of jewelry. It was small and Gothic in shape. "This ring of yours," she said, "surely must be some queer old talisman—it looks like a talisman I have read of." With that the princess placed the ring on one of her own fingers, and when, later on, she tried to take it off it fitted so tightly that all her efforts were in vain.

"Your royal highness may be right," said Mme. Wildermuth with a laugh, "and you will honor me by keeping it as a souvenir." Years later the ring came off, and, much alarmed, the princess attempted to decipher an almost obliterated inscription inside. The inscription proved to be "Empress of Russia."

"It is your royal highness' destiny," cried the now superannuated governess; "take my word for it you are to become the future empress." A twelvemonth to the very day of the decipherring passed and the princess was betrothed to the Grand Duke Nicholas. The brother of Czar Alexander I. was not the crown prince at the time, as his elder brother, Constantine, had not renounced his right to succession. The betrothal banquet was held at the Berlin palace, and during the repast Nicholas, who was seated beside his affianced con[illegible], said in undertones: "Charlotte, [illegible]ill you not give me that oldfashion[illegible] ring? I shall prize it highly."

"Wha[illegible]" said the princess, with a blush, "how can you expect me to give it to [illegible] before all these people."

"The easiest thing in the world," said the duke. "Conceal it in a piece of your bread, and I shall take the bread unperceived."

The union proved to be a happy one, and eight years later the grand duke ascended the throne. Too small for the imperial finger, Nicholas wore the ring attached to a gold chain on his breast.

A LUCKY DREAM.

A lady of St. Louis lost her husband by death. He had a good business, but there was no one to go on with it. She did not know what to do to save it. One night she dreamed that her husband came to her and said: "You must take up the business and go on with it. Write letters to all my patrons, and they will deal with you as they did with me. If you will do this you will be sure to succeed."

With many doubts and little hope the lady followed the directions she had received in her dream. She prospered far beyond the expectations of her friends, and is now in possession of a valuable business plant which has supported her for many years. D. P.

SAW HIS DEAD SON.

Silvio Cibrario, a young man of good Italian family, while attempting to climb a peak in the Maritime Alps, lost his way, and on the following morning a search party found his body terribly crushed and bruised at the bottom of a deep crevasse. Count Cibrario his father, who was at Turin, and knew nothing of his son's expedition, on the night of the accident aroused the rest of his family, announcing with tears that Silvio was dead. He had seen him distinctly, he said, blood flowing from his battered head, and had heard these words spoken in a voice of terrible anguish: "Father I slipped down a precipice and broke my head, and I am dead, quite dead." Count Cibrario, it should be added, is a very matter-of-fact person, in sound health. He has never affected spiritualism in any way, and the incident is well attested by himself and all of his family, who are well known and respected in Turin.

THREE STRANGE EXPERIENCES

By Mrs. Frank Leslie, Author and Publisher: I have never seen spooks, but I have had many peculiar experiences.

Once my husband was to give a dinner for me on my birthday at Delmonico's. The table had been arranged and the time set for the dinner had almost come when we received a telegrom from Mr. Blackmore, founder of the Salisbury Museum, in England, that he and his wife were off Sandy Hook.

Mr. Leslie at once wired them about the dinner, said he would not take no for an answer, that he would wait until they came before sitting down to the table, and they came. The covers were laid for a dozen and we looked forward to a most enjoyable occasion.

What do you think they did? They brought a friend! Of course, in the excitement of introductions and greetings the number was noticed.

We had had our oysters and soup when a young Latin who sat at my left said to me: "Why, Florence, have you noticed that there are thirteen at the table?" I held up my hands speechless. I had always been a believer in the superstition of 13 at the table, and though I didn't know what to do, I was going to do something. "Don't move," he said; "whatever spell is upon us is already cast." So I let the matter rest.

Within three weeks Mrs. Blackmore was dead. Within three months the friend who had sat at my left had also died.

The morning he died I arose at 3 o'clock and got out of bed. I had heard him call me by name three distinct times. I could not make myself believe that he was not somewhere about. Shortly after that I heard of his death at the identical time when I heard his voice.

I have had experiences with friends from whom I had parted in anger, but for whom my attachment was very strong. With one, not a word was spoken for eleven months. We were separated by the ocean. At the end of eleven months our cablegrams crossed. We had both given in at the same time, and with the same person this has occurred three different times.

That intense longing to see a friend, especially when one is dying, is perhaps accountable for another experience, which I remember distinctly. Mrs. Nicholson, who edited the Picayune of New Orleans, after the death of her husband, was a very dear friend of mine.

One morning when I was in Nice I awakened with the most intense feeling of her presence, though I had not seen her in years. Verses she had written came to me and I repeated them over and over. I picked up the paper at breakfast and read that she was seriously ill. The following morning I read of her death. It had occurred shortly after I first became conscious of her presence.

SAW HER AUNT'S SPIRIT.

By Marie Burrounds, Actress: When I was a little girl I lived with my parents in San Francisco. My mother's sister lived about four miles out of town I had not seen her for several years.

One evening I went into our garden back of the house and Aunt Lillie came floating toward me, robed in white. Naturally I was frightened, and after she had floated out of my sight I ran into the house and told my family of the experience. They quieted me, and told me I must have been dreaming: passed it off, telling me to give the matter no further thought.

The next morning the news came that my aunt had died at the time I was in the garden.

Shortly after this my little sister and her companion were both taken with scarlet fever. My mother nursed my sister night and day. She was recovering. One night I was awakened by an intense white light. I saw my sister's little friend sitting on the side of my bed. She did not speak to me, but her face was like an angel's. Much frightened, I pulled the bedclothes over my head.

My sister, who was sleeping in the same room, said to me next morning "Marie, I saw the most beautiful sight the side of your bed, with the most last night. Little May was sitting on beatuiful white light all about her."

A neighbor coming in at that moment said she had died during the night.

A VERY UNLUCKY DAY.

One of the most remarkable instances of bad luck that ever have been recored and vouched for authoritatively is that of a hospital patient whose history was investigated and reported by the London Lancet. This patient broke his right index finger when he was 10 years old. The date was August 26. In three years afterward he fell from a horse and broke his left leg below the knee. The date was August 26. In his fourteenth year, on August 26, he stumbled and broke both bones of the left arm. On August 26 of the following year he caught his foot under an iron car and broke his left leg in two places above the ankle. On the next August 26 he was run over by a coal car in a coal mine and both legs were injured. It was necessary to cut off the right leg below the knee. After that the unlucky man carefully refrained from working on August 26, and he escaped accidents for twenty-eight years. In 1880 he forgot himself and worked on that date for the first time. He fell and broke his leg in two places. Since then he spends every August 26 in bed.

DRESSED BEEF TRADE.

Beef Barons Making Plans for a Big War.

BEEF Barons making plans for big wa

Startling news is expected shortly from Chicago, concerning the dressed beef trade. It will affect both this country and England. Three big packers, it is said, are now conducting negotiations which will revolutionize the dressed beef trade of Great Britain, if put into effect.

There are rumors afloat concerning the matter. While it is contended in some quarters that a big combine is being formed, the more general belief is that the principal beef shippers are preparing plans for one of the biggest fights on record.

One of the three firms mentioned has been shut out of the dressed beef export business until quite recently. It could not get refrigerator space until a few months ago, when it secured some of the space out of Baltimore. The concern since then has put boxes on steamers sailing from New York and Boston, and it is now claimed that it intends to inaugurate a daily service of dressed beef between America and London.

This service will furnish American beef to the English markets from refrigerator cars without the intervention of wholesale houses or special agents. Under present arrangements it would be impossible to establish a service like this, but it is claimed that refrigerator space in vessels of several trans-Atlantic steamship companies already has been engaged, the White Star and Cunard lines being particularly mentioned.

The English railway companies will provide the required refrigerator cars, and the beef will be sent to all parts of England. London has been the dressed beef center and the market fluctuates wildly as supplies happen to be excessive or below requirements.

If this new plan is put into effect the interior markets will not have to depend on London, as supplies will be brought to their doors. Some weight is given to this story by the fact that the firm referred to is now making alterations in its refrigerating plant in Chicago, which will cost over $800,000, and that one of the firm is now in England.

But there is another story afloat. There is a member of another large meat cocnern in England, and the people who claim to know say he is there chartering steamers to be engaged in carrying dressed beef and live stock, and incidentally in carrying whatever other freights they can secure. Thi firm has expended enormous sums each year in freights, and has come to the conclusion that it would be cheaper for it to run a line of its own. The query comes: Can it be possible that the tables have been turned on this firm, and that they have been shut out by the people they have shut out so long?

There is a member of another large exporting firm also in England, but it is not known what he is doing. While these stories may be exaggerated it is the general idea that with the opening of 1899 the big fight between the beef kings of America will commence, that the English markets will be flooded with American beef; that the Britisher will buy his roasts cheaper than he has ever bought them before, and that the American consumer will find the price of beef advanced in this country in about the same ratio as the decline in Great Britain.

Talmages' Sermon.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 30.—All out of the usual line of sermonizing is this story of Dr. Talmage concerning the next world, and it may do good to see things from a novel standpoint. The text is Rev., xxi., 1: "And I saw a new heaven."

The stereotyped heaven does not make adequate impression upon us. We need the old story told in new style in order to arouse our appreciation. I do not suppose that we are compelled to the old phraseology. King James' translators did not exhaust all the good and graphic words in the English dictionary. I suppose if we should take the idea of heaven, and translate it into modern phrase, we would find that its atmosphere is a combination of early June and of the Indian summer in October—a place combining the advantages of city and country, and streets standing for the one, and the twelve manner of fruits for the other; a place of musical entertainments—harpers, pipers, trumpeters, doxologies; a place of wonderful architecture—behold the temples! a place where there may be the higher forms of animal life—the beasts which were on earth beaten, lash-whipped, and galled and unblanketed and worked to death, turned out among the white horses which the Book of Revelation describes as being in heaven; a place of stupendous literature—the books open; a place of aristocratic and democratic attractiveness—the kings standing for the one, all nations for the other; all botanical, pomological, ornithological, arborescent, worshipful beauty and grandeur.

But my idea now is to speak chiefly of the improved heaven. People sometimes talk of heaven as though it were an old city, finished centuries ago, when I have to tell you that no city on earth, during the last fifty years, has had such changes as heaven. It is not the same place as when Job and David and Paul wrote of it. For hundreds and hundreds of years it has been going through peaceful revolution, and year by year, and month by month, and hour by hour, and moment by moment, it is changing, and changing for something better. Away back there was only one residence in the universe—the residence of the Almighty. Heaven had not yet been started. Immensity was the park all around about this great residence, but God's sympathetic heart after a while overflowed in other creations, and there came, all through this vast country of immensity, inhabited villages, which grew and enlarged until they joined each other, and became one great central metropolis of the universe, streeted, gated, templed, watered, inhabited. One angel went forth with a reed, we are told, and he measured heaven on one side, and then he went forth and measured heaven on the other side, and then St. John tried to take the census of that city, and he became so bewildered that he gave it up.

HEAVEN'S MULTITUDE.

That brings me to the first thought of my theme—that heaven is vastly improved in numbers. Noting little under this head about the multitude of adults who have gone into glory during the last 100 or 500 or 1,000 years, I remember there are 1,600,000,000 of people in the world, and that the vast majority of people die in infancy. How many children must have gone into heaven during the last 500 or 1,000 years. If New oYrk should gather in one generation 1,000,000 population, if London should gather in one generation 4,000,000 population, what a vast increase! But what a mere nothing as compared with the 500,000,000, the 2,000,000,000, the "multitude that no man can number," that have gone into that city!

But add to this, if you will, the great multitude of adults who have gone into glory, and how the census of heaven must run up!

Again: I remark that heaven has vastly improved in knowledge. Give a man forty of fifty years to study one science, or all sciences, with all the advantages of laboratories and observatories and philosophic apparatus, he will be a marvel of information. Now, into what intelligence must heaven mount, angelhood and sainthood, not after studying for forty or fifty years, but for thousands of years—studying God and the soul and immortality and the universe! How the intelligence of that world must sweep on and on, with eyesight farther reaching than telescope with power of calculation mightier than all human mathematics, with powers of analysis surpassing all chemical laboratory, with speed swifter than telegraphy!

ITS VAST KNOWLEDGE.

What must heaven learn, with all these advantages, in a month, in a year, in a century, in a millennium? The difference between the highest university on earth and the smallest class in a primary school cannot be a greater difference than heaven as it now is and heaven as it once was.

Again, heaven is vastly improved in its society. During your memory how many exquisite spirits have gone into it! If you should try to make a list of all the genial, loving, gracious, blessed souls that you have known, it would be a very long list—souls that have gone into glory. Now, do you not suppose they have enriched the society? Have they not improved heaven? You tell of what heaven did for them. Have they done nothing for heaven? Take all the gracious souls that have gone out of your acuaintanceship and add to them all the gracious and beautiful souls that for 500 or 1,000 years have gone out of all the cities and all the villages, and all the countries of this earth into glory, and how the society of heaven must have been improved! Suppose Paul, the apostle, were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added more apostles. Suppose Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth were introduced into your social circles on earth; but heaven has added all the blessed and the gracious and the holy women of the past ages.

ALWAYS PERFECT.

But you say, "Hasn't heaven always been perfect?" Oh, yes! but not in the sense that it cannot be augmented. It has been rolling on in grandeur. Christ has been there, and he never changes—the same yesterday, today and forever; glorious then and glorious now, and glorious forever. But I speak now of attractions outside of this, and I have to tell you that no place on earth has improved in society as heaven has within the last seventy years; for the most of you, within forty years, within twenty years, within five years, within one year; in other words, by the accessions from your own household. If heaven were placed in groups—an apostolic group, a patriarchal group, a prophetic group, group of martyrs, group of angels, and then a group of your own glorified kindred—which group would you choose? You might look around and make comparison, but it would not take you long to choose. You would say, "Give me back those whom I loved on earth; let me enter into their society—my parents, my children, my brothers, my sisters. We lived together on earth, let us live together in heaven." Oh, is it not a blessed thought that heaven has been improved by its society—this colonization from earth to heaven?

WRAPPED IN SYMPATHY.

Again: I remark that heaven has greatly improved in the good cheer of announced victories. Where heaven rejoiced over one soul, it now rejoices over a hundred or a thousand. In the olden times, when the events of human life were scattered over four or five centuries of longevity, and the world moved slowly, there were not so many stirring events to be reported in heaven; but now, I suppose, all the great events of earth are reported in heaven. If there is any truth plainly taught in this bible it is that heaven is wrapped up in sympathy with human history, and we look at those inventions of the day—at telegraphy, at swift communication by steam, at all these modern improvements which seem to give one almost omnipresence—and we see only the secular relation; but spirits before the throne look out and see the vast and the eternal relation. While nations rise and fall, while the earth is shaking with revolution, do you not suppose there is arousing intelligence going up to the throne of God, and that the question is often asked before that throne, "What is the news from that world—that world that rebelled, but is coming back to its allegiance?" If ministering spirits, according to the bible, are sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of heaven, when they come down to us to bless us, do they not take the news back? Do the ships of light that come out of the celestial harbor into the earthly harbor, laden with cargoes of blessing, go back unfreighted? Ministering spirits not only, but our loved ones leaving us, take up the tidings.

But the vivacity and sprightliness of heaven will be beyond all conception when the final victories come in, when the church shall be triumphant everywhere. Oh, what a day in heaven it will be when the last throne of earthly oppression has fallen, when the last chain of serfdom is broken, when the last wound of earthly pain is healed, when the last sinner is pardoned, when the last nation is redeemed! What a time there will be in heaven! You and I will be in the procession; you and I will thrum a string in that great orchestra. That will be the greatest day in heaven since the day when the first block of jasper was put down for the foundation, and the first hinged pearl swung.

THREE STOUT REASONS.

Now, I say these things about the changes in heaven, about the new improvements in heaven, for three stout reasons. First, because I find that some of you are impatient to be gone. You are tired of this world, and you want to get into that good land about which you have been thinking, praying and talking so many years. Now be patient. I could see why you would want to go to an art gallery if some of the best pictures were to be taken away this week or next week; but if some one tells you that there are other beautiful pictures to come—other Kensetts, Raphaels and Rubens; other masterpieces to be added to the gallery—you would say, "I can afford to wait. The place is improving all the time." Now, I want you to apply the same principle in this matter of reaching heaven and leaving this world. Not one glory is to be subtracted, but many glories added. Not one angel will be gone, not one heirarch gone, not one of your glorified friends gone. By the long practicing the music will be better, the procession will be longer, the rainbow brighter, the coronation grander. Heaven, with magnificent addenda! Why will you complain when you are only waiting for something better?

GIVES CONSOLATION.

Another reason why I speak in regard to the changes in heaven, and the new improvements in heaven, is because I think it will be a consolation to busy and enterprising, good people. I see very well that you have not much taste for a heaven that was all done and finished centuries ago. After you have been active forty, or fifty, or sixty years, it would be a shock to stop you suddenly and forever; but here is a progressive heaven, an ever-accumulative heaven, vast enterprise on foot there before the throne of God. Aggressive knowledge, aggressive goodness, aggressive power, aggressive grandeur. You will not have to come and sit down on the banks of the river of life in everlasting inoccupation. O busy men, I tell you of a heaven where there is something to do! That is the meaning of the passage, "They rest not day or night," in the lazy sense of resting.

I speak these words on the changes in heaven and the new improvements in heaven, also, because I want to cure some of you of the delusion that your departed Christian friends have gone into dullness, and silence, and unconsciousness. They are in a stirring, picturesque, radiant, ever-accumulative scene. When they left their bodies they only got rid of the last hindrance. When they landed it was not as you land in Antwerp, or Hamburg, or Havre, wandering up a strange wharf, looking at strange faces, asking for a strange hotel. They landed amid your glorified relatives, who were waiting to greet them.

Oh, does not this bring heaven nearer? Instead of being far off, it comes down just now, and it puts its arms around our necks, and we feel its breath on our faces. It melts the frigid splendor of our conventional heaven into a domestic scene. It comes very close to us. If we had our choice in heaven, whom would we first see? Rather than look at the great potentates of heaven we would meet our loved ones. I want to see Moses, and Paul, and Joshua; but I would a great deal rather see my father, who went away thirty years ago. I want to see the great bible heroines, Deborah, and Hannah, and Abigail; but I would rather see my mother than to see the archangel.

JUDGMENT DAY.

I enter heaven one day. It is almost empty. I enter the temples of worship, and there are no worshipers. I walk down the street, and there are no passengers. I go into the orchestra, and I find the instruments are suspended in the baronial halls of heaven, and the great organs of eternity, with multitudinous banks of keys, are closed But I see a shining one at the gate as though he were standing on guard, and I say, "Sentinel, what does this mean? I thought heaven was a populous city. Has there been some great plague sweeping off the population?" "Have you not heard the news?" says the sentinel. "There is a world burning, there is a great conflagration out yonder, and all heaven has gone out to look at the conflagration and take the victims out of the ruins. This is the day for which all other days are made. This is the judgment! This morning all the chariots and the cavalry, and the mounted infantry rumbled and galloped down the sky." After I had listened to the sentinel, I looked off over the battlements and I saw that the fields of air were bright with a blazing world. I said, "Yes, yes, this must be the judgment;" and while I stood there I heard the rumbling of wheels and the clattering of hoofs, and the roaring of many voices, and then I saw the coronets and plumes and banners, and I saw that all heaven was coming back again—coming to the wall, coming to the gate, and the multitude that went off in the morning was augmented by a vast multitude caught up alive from the earth, and a vast multitude of the resurrected bodies of the Christian dead, leaving the cemeteries and the abbeys and the mausoleums and the graveyards of the earth empty. Procession moving in through the gates. And then I found out that what was fiery judgment day on earth was jubilee in heaven, and I cried, "Doorkeepers of heaven, shut the gates; all heaven has come in! Doorkeepers, shut the twelve gates, lest the sorrows and the woes of earth, like bandits, should some day come up and try to plunder the city!"

QUANTITY AND PRICES.

The comptroller of the currency at Washington has for a number of years invited all the banks of the United States, national, state and private, over nine thousand in all, to report the total amount of money of all kinds which they held on a certain day. These reports show that we have not in circulation in this country the amount of money that is usually claimed. For example, the report given out by the comptroller December 2, 1895, shows that on July 11, 1895, all of the banks in the United States, national, state and private, held only $631,111,290, while at the same time there was in the treasury of the United States, as claimed by the reports, $429,517,713; but of this sum there was $108,210,555 in gold which was held as a reserve and not available for circulation. This left the total amount of money in the banks and in the treasury at that time $952,418,448. This was all the money in sight at that time available for circulation. Of the sum held by the banks, $127,621,099 consisted of gold, and this was all of the available gold then in the United States. The foregoing sums comprise all the money we then had in this country except what there was in the pockets of the people. And inasmuch as we have banks in every village, and we have had years of idleness during which little savings were exhausted and inasmuch as building associations have in late years absorbed nearly all the money that used to be held by private individuals, it is claimed by competent judges that when you include the colored people of the south and the poor everywhere that an average of $5 per family would be a high average of what there was at that time in the pockets of the people. As there were less than fourteen million families, that would make less than $70,000,000, but if we double this sum and assume that there was on an average $10 in the hands of every family in the United States at that time it would make less than $140,000,000. Adding that to what there was then in the banks and in the treasury it gives us the total money in the country, which is less than $1,100,000,000. But the treasury officials persist in giving out figures published by the director of the mint, in which he claims that there are in this country altogether $1,651,310,000; that we have $23.59 per capita, and that there are $618,100,000 of gold alone in this country. But in his report for 1892 the director explains that these figures are in part estimated and in part based on assumption. In the first place he assumed that every dollar of paper issued by the national government during the last thirty years or more and by the national banks of this country is still in circulation, except where a record has been made of its cancellation in Washington, and that none has been lost or destroyed in all that time. Second, he assumes that all of the gold which the records of the custom houses and at the mints show came into this country is still in circulation, except where there is a record of its exportation or of its use in the arts. In other words, he makes no allowance for what was carried across our southern boundary for a quarter of a century unrecorded, nor for what was carried across our northern boundary during that time, and of which no record was made, nor for what was carried to China during that time, and of which no record was made. He makes no allowance for what was used in the arts and of which no report was made, and he makes no allowance for what was carried to Europe in the pockets of our people during a quarter of a century. In his report for 1891, the director says that the amount of money which the American people spent in Europe during the year of the Paris exposition was estimated at over $90,000,000. Of course, most of this was registered in the form of letters of credit, etc., but so much of it as was carried in the pockets of the people was not registered, so that the tables given out by the director of the mint, when carefully examined in the light of information which he himself has given out in prior reports are found to be absolutely worthless. The other figures given by the comptroller, that I have referred to, are accurate. They practically constitute an inventory of everything in sight, and they show that insted of having $23.59 per capita in circulation in this country we have not got $15 per capita in circulation, while England has $20.78, France $35.77, Germany $17.59, Belgium $27.82 and the Netherlands. We are drifting toward the basis of the pauperized countries of Europe. Italy has $10.79 per capita, Austria-Hungary $10.67, Russia $8.46; even impoverished Spain has $16.55. It is a most remarkable fact that the position held by a people in the scale of civilization seems always to depend on the amount of money they have in actual circulation. According to the tables issued by the United States treasurer, Turkey has $4.09 per capita, Mexico $4.95, Central American states $3.66, India $3.33, Chint $2.08 and Servia $3.78. Bankers have been heard to say, even during a panic, that there was plenty of money. This was done to keep the public from becoming alarmed, for every business man knows that it is not true, and the fact that so many banks pay high rates of interest on deposits shows that it is not true. During the last panic the New York banks actually suspended payments and forced the public to take clearing house certificates. It has, however, been found that after a panic produced by a great contraction the money that if left flows toward the cities and lies idle because business conditions are not favorable. Physicians tell us that if a large part of the blood is taken out of the human body the remainder flows to the heart and the extremities get cold; and the same law applies to money, which is the blood of commerce. Reduce its quantity and the body gets cold, while the heart may be congested. At present money is in demand, not for new business enterprises, but by debtors who are carrying a heavy load of old debts and are forced to make new arrangements. If prices were again to go up new life would come into the business world, and money would then be in demand and new enterprises would be begun.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

MARVELOUS INVENTIONS OF SOME ANIMALS.

Men and women are very proud of the different things which they do in this world, but they really have no reason to be so. The little creatures which go under various names have done things much more wonderful than man even thought of doing. For instance, the invention of the electric light is considered something great, but no one ever thinks of giving much credit to the little firefly, which, in the thousands of years that he and his species have been on this earth, have invented something which serves for them just as well, if not better, than an electric light. They carry a light with them all the time, and can put it out when they desire or they can keep it burning all the time. It is exactly the same with other creatures which we are pleased to call members of the lower order of life.

Take, for instance, the great Eiffel tower, which is over in Paris, a thing which is considered very high and wonderful. It is over 1,000 feet high, over 157 times as tall as the man who invented it, and consequently the same number of times as tall as one of the men who built it. But this record is beaten by a creature called the termite, an ant which lives in Africa. If men were to make buildings or towers in the same proportion that the ant does, man would have to build something about 5,000 feet high, or five times as high as the great tower now in Paris. These little ants are no bigger than a speck, yet they build hills which look like little mountains. Down in Africa it is no unusual sight to see a big animal, very much like our American buffalo, standing on the top of one of these ant hills, using it as a watch tower—and yet the creatures which built this same ant hill could live for thousands of years with no other meat than that provided by one of these buffaloes.

Ants are not the only masons. The mason bee, common enough in England, hollows out the crumbling mortar of old walls, and from the debris builds finely finished galleries, where she lays her egg. She is a clever engineer and always turns the mouth of her passage downwards towards the earth in order to prevent the rain from getting in.

Of diggers and ditchers and miners there are excellent examples in the animal world. Don't imagine that the burrowing creatures start to work in a reckless fashion. No, they look ahead and provide for all sorts of emergencies. The mole, for instance, arranges his central chamber so that rain will never swamp him. Drains carry off the surplus moisture. The badger, our most elaborate digger, makes a regular cave about five or six feet below the surface, and has no less than from five to seven outlets, thus securing what the cleanly beast delights in—excellent ventilation.

We mortals think a lot of the way in which we have learned to embalm our dead. The ordinary beehive doesn't make so much fuss. But if, as often happens, a big moth intrudes and dies in the hive, the insects quickly cover the body up in a thick coating of wax, thus preventing unpleasantness. Bees, too, have learnt fortification. Death's-head moths, when plentiful, enter the hive, and, secure in their thick, soft coats, rifle the cells. One year, when these were very thick, it was noticed that the bees all over the country had closed up their hive entrances so that, whilst a bee might still squeeze through, a fat moth had to stay outside.

But this whole page might be written on bee marvels, how they ventilate their hives, how their marvelous mechanical instinct teaches them to build six-sided cells, an arrangement no mere man could improve on, and the like.

Cabinet making is supposed to be entirely a human accomplishment, but it would puzzle many an expert to construct anything neater than the home of the mason spider. This small workman digs himself a neat pit, and fits it with a lid that closes so perfectly that the keenest eye could not detect it, even after seeing it open a second before. The lid is made of earth and hinged to a nicety with bands of web. The interior of the home is cosily lined with soft spider silk.

Another very neat miner is the mole cricket, which has front paws enormously developed for its size, and which are exactly like the paws of a mole. Mole crickets dig their nests with a smooth passage leading to them, and deposit their eggs within. The larvae, when hatched, find their way out by the passage.

Chicago Post: "How did he get his mone?" "Why, he caught an accident insurance company napping and succeeded in getting a policy that did not prohibit him from playing on a football team. The company hasn't done a thing but pay money to him ever since."

...s Practices of the Japs.

...anese are ruthless in their ... with nature. If they decide ...want a bird or an animal of ...ape or color they set about ...ing the article, so to speak, ...rcise of exceedingly clever ...nd untiring patience. Here, ... is how white sparrows are induced: They select a pair of gray birds and keep them in a cage in a dark room, where they are attended by a person dressed in white. The final effect on a series of generations of birds results in completely white birds.

Japanese children are taught to write with both hands.

The Japanese have translated Max Muller's works on India and Fawcett's "Political Economy," with many other learned works; but no attempt has been made, apparently, to translate Scott, Dickens or Thackeray.

Japanese air cushions are made of paper and cotton, and take up, when empty, no more room than a pair of gloves and cost only one-third as much as rubber cushions.

Republican College League.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 24.—The seventh annual convention of the Republican College league, postponed from May last on account of the war, will be held in Indianapolis, Ind., November 17 and 18, as per official call issued by the president of the league, Arnold L. Davis. Every college in the United States having a republican club is entitled to representation in the convention.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

Faith does not rest on the bed of fancy.

A bad man's hate is a good man's reputation.

The root of all evil is the cause of much digging.

It takes a windy man to blow his own trumpet.

Hope is a staff in the morning and a couch at night.

You can throw a ten-pound stone farther than a feather.

Few people get too miserly about laying up treasures in heaven.

It is sometimes better to climb over a mountain than to remove it.

Thinking over our own faults makes us talk less about those of others.

Some people lend a helping hand seldom—unless it is to help themselves.

If you feel like shaking a friend who is in trouble, let it be his hand that you shake.

When we get so selfish that we want the earth, we are not likely to give much thought to the world to come.