

There is said to be no penal institution in this country that is wholly self-supporting.

Max Muller asserts that the Hindus are riper for Christianity than any nation that ever accepted the gospel.

The percentage of Great Britain's population engaged in agriculture has declined in seventy years from thirty-three per cent. to twelve.

The New York Tribune alleges that in a Western school for girls the other day there was a debate on the question "Is Ibsen a greater writer than Anon?"

In 1850 the per capita wealth in this country was \$308, and tramps were almost unknown. Today the wealth of the United States is more than \$1,000 per capita and the country is full of them. What does it mean? asks the New York World.

The Church at Home and Abroad estimates that between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000 are expended annually in this country for church edifices, and that "every day in the year more than twelve new churches are completed and dedicated.

The avidity with which cut flowers of all kinds are purchased may be judged, thinks the Atlanta Constitution, when it is stated that the value of the productions of the growers for the last year in the United States is estimated at \$30,000,000.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, C. P. Huntington, W. C. Whitney and Mrs. Paron Stevens own the four corners at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, New York City, and their palaces cost 18,000,000. The locality is appropriately called Millionaires' Four Corners.

Alaska is large enough to allow territory equal to the size of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the empire of Germany, with its twenty-six states, the republic of Greece, with its thirteen monarchies, and the republic of Switzerland, with its twenty-two cantons, to be carved out of it.

Dr. Galezowski, the famous Paris oculist, will receive a fee of \$25,000 for his visit to Persia to attend to a son of the shah. Larger sums than this have been declined by English practitioners. The late Sir Morell Mackenzie refused \$30,000 to go on a professional trip to New York, and Anderson Critchett did not accept \$35,000 to visit India to treat one of the native princes.

Here are some figures apt to create thought: Annual production of wealth in the United States, about \$50,000,000,000 per year on a little less than \$1,000 per head of our population, which would give to the average family of five, \$5000 per year; but, according to the United States census the average income of the American workman—family or no family—is less than \$300 per year.

A Nice paper recently contained the following, which has occasioned considerable amusement among the Americans there. It is headed "Very American." "A very rich Yankee has recently offered the Countess of Janze 2,500,000 francs for her house, its furniture, objects of art and whatever else it may contain worthy of purchase. The residence is to be torn down most carefully and scientifically and transported gone by stone to the other side of the ocean, where it is to be rebuilt without the slightest departure being made from the original building or in the arrangement of its furniture."

Brutal Assault on a Doctor. UTICA, N. Y., May 11.—Dr. J. Lyman Bulkley was brutally shot and pounded in his own doorway at Sandy Creek last night, by a young man named Williams, who said the doctor had treated him some 15 years previous and did not cure him and that he had come to settle the matter.

Rhode Island Legislature. PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 9.—The senate passed a resolution of final adjournment on Friday and the house referred it to the legislative committee. Both branches adjourned on Thursday.

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued. "Nay," said Proctor, "I will pay my own score. We will be none the less friends. And since you seem interested in the matter, I can tell you John Lee was always considered one of the most courageous men in Salem. No man did more for his friends in the Indian wars, and there are men in high places who will see that justice is done his family."

All in the inn looked at Proctor, whose voice was lifted so that all there could hear him. The sailor extended his hand, and a steady tack I can keep run of it, so the fellow that was about I've no patience with. As well speak to a weather vane as some I've met here. So, mate, you are standing by John Lee's family, if like your cut, more because it's like drawing teeth to get a hearty answer to a simple question in Salem. Tell me, what like is this John Lee, whose wife and daughter are in league with witches?"

A man of goodly presence, a very upright but unhappy, mead and daughter as well as I and my mates were asleep, and some one should find signs of a witch, what though I nor my mates had naught to do with the witch, dost tell me I and my mates are to be held to account for harboring witches in the fo'cals? Tell me what the law says. I want to take my bearings—proper bearings—on this matter, because no man or woman can be so wicked as to harbor witches when they choose to come aigh. That be like the story they tell of John Lee."

"No," said the landlord, breaking his silence. "It were well it was no worse. 'Tis said his wife or daughter practice witchcraft. There be other things, too—much that gives color to the rumors."

"So?" said the sailor; then he muttered, "Many a man has hanged on rumor. Meantime Grizzle Meade left the room, and her husband served the customers. He advanced to receive the sailor's score; at the same time Arthur Proctor produced a purse and held it across his knee carelessly. The purse was of peculiar make. It was composed of minute scales, curiously wrought, cunningly fastened in such a manner as to conceal the means employed to hold them together. The freight sparkled on the fine scales as Proctor moved his hand at times the purse shone like a ribbon of silver. Proctor had taken a coin from the purse; he was holding it in one hand, when the sailor, looking at the purse, said:

"A rare thing as my eyes ever looked on—and I've seen something, too, abroad in that, mate."

Several turned to see what it was that excited the sailor's curiosity. Giles Ellis peered across at the purse, and Proctor returned the sailor's change, slowly turned, too. One of the customers at moment stooped to examine the purse closer. When he raised his head, Daniel Meade uttered a hoarse cry, and fell heavily upon the floor.

"Stand aside," said the sailor. "Give him fresh air, ye lubbers. He is in a fit."

Grizzle Meade, entering at that instant, said in an authoritative tone: "Help-me to bed with him."

She did not seem alarmed; her manner was deliberate, as her words were decisive. It was Giles Ellis who raised the landlord's head and held his shoulders; the sailor lifted his feet, and Grizzle led the way into the adjoining room. Presently the sailor re-entered the tap-room, and looking round him, said:

"Daniel Meade often taken with fits?"

No one answered. Arthur Proctor's seat was vacant. The sailor looked from one to the other, smiled grimly, then left the inn without waiting for the slow-moving answer. When he returned an hour later there was no one present save Giles Ellis, who was taking his leave.

CHAPTER XII. THE SOMNAMBULIST. "If you should hear any noise through the night, pay no attention to it," said Grizzle Meade, as she showed the sailor to his room.

"Unless it's cannon, or something like, it'll not disturb me. I'm a sound and a long sleeper, afoat and ashore," the sailor answered.

"My husband may speak loud—when he is this way, which is not often. Give yourself no concern, sir."

When he was alone, the sailor looked about him. Undressing himself speedily, he lay down on the bed, and fell sound asleep. His clothes—his money—all that he possessed—was tossed on the floor beside the bed. This man seemed to have no fear, or nothing to lose. His sleep was dreamless, sound as a babe's, and as quiet.

It was well on in the morning when he awoke with a start. Some one was approaching his room. The sailor sat up and listened intently. There were foot-steps approaching his room. He heard them distinctly.

The door of his room was pushed open slightly. The sailor could not hear the hand on it. But there was no light. Whoever was at the door did not require a light.

There was a sound of heavy steps. The door opened, and a man entered. He looked heavily at the sailor. Her face was drawn with terror. Her hands trembled violently. She could scarcely speak.

"Daniel! It is me, Daniel!" The landlord, released by the sailor, passed a hand over his head like a man dazed. He looked at the sailor, at the knife in the bed clothes, at his wife, and not at the sailor. "What are you doing here? Why is this man here?"

"Come; you have been dreaming, Daniel."

She took him by the arm and was leading him away, when the sailor stepped forward, withdrew the murderous knife from the bed clothes, and handing it to her said, with a meaning look:

"I think you had best take this with you. And I advise you to get your husband into some other calling. 'Tis his dreams cost somebody their life."

Grizzle Meade took the knife without answering a word and led her husband, who staggered like a man suddenly bereft of understanding, from the room.

Then the sailor struck a light for himself with a tinder box, lit the rush, looked at the window carefully, pushed the bed by main strength over to the door, and after satisfying himself that no one could enter without waking him, once more laid down and fell sound asleep.

It was the next morning he was inclined to think he had been dreaming, but there was the bed against the door. Then, as the extraordinary experience of the past night was recalled, the sailor's countenance grew severe. When he went downstairs it was with a very stern face.

Grizzle Meade evidently anticipated a call for an early breakfast. The table was spread, but the landlord was nowhere to be seen. The landlady dazed the sailor, and the landlady's daughter, too. A paler seemed to have overtaken Grizzle Meade.

"I have never had so much trouble as I had last night," she said, as she helped the sailor. "My husband has been beside himself."

"Aye! And did he not get any rest?" "He never closed his eyes until just now." "And has he had these fits—often?" "Never before."

"Well, mistress, there's some would say, if they saw what happened to me, it is enough to hang him. Many a man has been hanged for less."

"O, sir, if you speak of it it will ruin us."

"No doubt—without doubt. But if I do not speak of it it will be because I must not."

"If you heard the story you would have pity on both. My son—our only son—was murdered in that bed."

The sailor laid down his knife and fork and looked at her.

"It is true. All Salem knows it. But my son was killed by a stranger. He came the night before. He shot my son and ran away, and no one has ever seen him since. My husband has never been the same from that day. He would kill the murderer if he could lay hands on him. He has murder in his heart, and not much wonder!"

"So? Now I understand the case, I'll not be the one to ruin any man. Only if I had been asleep."

"We will give up the inn. I will—you can depend on it."

"It will be best, Mistress Meade."

"I give you my word it will never happen again."

And yet it will be hard to let the business go. 'Tis likely a good penny you make in a year."

"That is the pity. But it can not be helped."

"Unless you could cure him. What do the bone-setters say, eh? Have they looked into it?"

"Aye, have they. The best advice, and there's no medicine for it."

"That's bad."

"You'll not think he meant it—"

"I heard him say so," said Grizzle Meade. "And for the love of Martin Lee, I was coming this way, and should be in Salem now."

"Yes; I heard all."

"Think you Martin Lee to be here?" "How do I know?"

"Was it not a sailor killed your son?" "It was." Grizzle bowed her head and put her apron to her eyes.

"That sailor—was he not Martin Lee, think you?"

"I never thought more about him than of the sailor who slept here last night," said Grizzle. "Why should you charge Martin Lee?"

"Because this man says he was coming here. This is a matter none can hear. I came to speak to you alone. Martin Lee did come to Salem. He was here—where he is now no one knows. But in good time it will be shown he was in Salem. Grizzle Meade, if you use your wit, you will see justice meted out to Martin Lee."

"And how are we to do this thing? What would you have us do?"

"First, promise that you will never breathe what I will tell you?"

"You can trust me as I trust you," answered Grizzle Meade, slowly.

"Know then that Martin Lee was seen in John Lee's house on the morning after the murder."

"Well, and if he were?"

"Can you not see? Is it not plain? Why did not John Lee bid him stay? Because he dare not. 'Tis well known Martin Lee was a wild youth. Nay, then, to tell you more, John Lee forbade him his house."

"How know you this?" "That is my secret, Grizzle Meade."

"But even if it were as you report—"

"I thought you were keener. 'Twas Martin Lee and the Marshal saw in this very room. The sailor from Africa, with stories of diamond fields."

"Why, then, that could never be, and I do not know it."

Giles Ellis looked at her keenly. A struggle was revealed in Grizzle's manner. Something was combated—repressed.

"It is all clear to me now. It was none other than Martin Lee, I verily believe, who found shelter here that night. But why did he not make himself known?"

"Why? He had good reasons, doubtless; think you he had plenty to do without revealing himself to us here, else John Lee would not drive him from his door."

"That is reason, too," said Grizzle Meade, slowly.

"But, never if it comes to the authorities, you must be sure 'twas Martin Lee was here. Aye, and so must Daniel Meade."

"There must not be a doubt on that hand."

"There must not be."

"Nor will there. What one knows, both will swear."

"I am glad you perceive where justice lies in this matter, Grizzle. Somebody should hang for your son. When Martin Lee is hanged, Daniel Meade may sleep easy."

This was another of his speeches with a double meaning that terrified and angered Grizzle. She shot a fierce look at him, and answered sullenly:

FACTS ABOUT A WATCH

Below we describe it in its most interesting features. Distinguish Them From Others.

The watch carried by the army is composed of ninety-two pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the small screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt.

A powerful magnifying glass, a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-1,000ths of an inch wide, weighs 808,000 of a pound, and a pound is worth \$1,685.

The hairspring is a strip of finest steel, about 3/4 inches long, 1-100th inch wide and 27-10,000 inches thick. It is coiled up spiral form and finely tempered.

The process of tempering the springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is a generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care.

A strip is gauged to 20-1,000ths of an inch, but no measuring instrument has yet been devised capable fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the spring will be. A 20-1,000th part of an inch difference in the thickness of the stop makes a difference in running of a watch of about six minutes an hour.

The value of these springs, when finished, and placed in watches, enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made, comparison will give a good idea.

ton of steel made up into hair springs when in watches is worth more than 12 1-2 times the value of the same weight in pure gold. Hairspring weighs 1-20th of a grain to an ounce. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound.

The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 157,680,000 every year.

At each vibration it rotates about one and one-fourth times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year. In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these tiny works, let us make a pertinent comparison. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with six-foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run by revolutions that a watch does in a year and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours.

[New York Advertiser.]

No Escaping Those Eyes.

How is it that the eyes of so many portraits seem to follow a spectator around the room? It is thus explained, says the Baltimore American. Suppose a portrait has a face and eyes directed straight front, so as to look at the spectator. Let a straight line be drawn through the tip of the nose and half-way between the eyes. On each side of the middle line there will be the same breadth of head, of cheek, of chin and of neck, and each iris will be the middle of the whole of the eye.

If one now go to one side, the apparent horizontal breadth of every part of the head and face will be diminished, but the parts on each side of the middle line will be diminished equally, and at every position, however oblique, there will be the same breadth of face on each side of the middle line, and the iris will remain in the centre of the whole of the eye. So that the portrait will present all the character of a figure looking at the spectator, and must necessarily do so wherever he stands.

portraits the apparent motion of the head is generally rendered indistinct by the canvas being imperfectly stretched, as the slightest convexity or convexity entirely deforms the face. Ofttimes the obliquity is considerable. The deception is therefore seen best when the painting is executed on a flat board and in colors sufficiently vivid to represent every line in the face with tolerable distinctness at great obliquities. The distinctness of outline is also most necessary to a satisfactory exhibition of this optical delusion.

Tears as a Medicine.

The Persians are the only people in the world that still adhere to the old custom of bottling tears. In the country it constitutes an important part in the funeral ceremonies performed over the dead. Each of the mourners is presented with a spoon with which to mop the face and eyes, and after the burial these are taken into bottles. Mourners' tears are believed to be the most efficacious remedy that can be applied in several forms of Persian diseases. The custom of bottling tears is mentioned in the Bible. See Psalm LVI, 8.

An English bull's-eye watch, years old, is in possession of a student of Marine City, Michigan.

WILLY'S BIG FIRE

Timings' Tabernacle Completely Destroyed.

Recent is Ruins, and the Summerville M. E. Church Was Badly Damaged—Entire Fire Department Called Out—No Fatal Results—Loss \$1,000,000.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 14.—For the third time in the history of the Brooklyn Tabernacle has been destroyed by fire. Shortly after 12 o'clock yesterday, while Dr. Talmage was shaking hands with a few of his congregation, a small boy rushed into the sanctuary and informed the sexton that he saw smoke coming out of the windows of the Waverly avenue side of the church. The sexton immediately rushed into the basement and made a general examination, but could find no signs of fire. Talmage, an examining party, then went up stairs to the organ loft. He saw the smoke and had sent an alarm of fire. So quick was the work of the flames that before Dr. Talmage and the sexton had reached the outer gate of the church the whole interior of the edifice was in flames. By the time the firemen arrived the flames were bursting from all the church windows. Two extra alarms, and finally a special call was sent in, bringing all of the engines in Brooklyn and Williamsburg to the fire.

The flames spread with lightning rapidity and the sparks flew in all directions. The greatest excitement prevailed. All the people living in the Hotel Regent, who were just getting ready for their dinner when the fire was discovered, they fled from their apartments, leaving every-thing behind them. It was none too soon, for the flames shortly afterward communicated to the hotel. All the hallboys and waiters were brought together and formed a fire brigade. After a hard fight they succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The flames were kept at work at the hose end of the floors, the flames again communicated to the hotel. This time it was on the seventh floor, in the air-shaft.

The men were unable to cope with it and they soon the floors of the hotel were in flames. The fire got fiercer and fiercer and moment and at last the men had to evacuate their posts and seek safety in retreat. The firemen could do nothing in respect to the hotel other than keep the flames from spreading to the adjoining houses. The hose was short and could not reach to the top of the building. Neither did they have a water tower. Both buildings burned fiercely until nearly 4 o'clock, when they were gotten under control. All of the houses were kept busy putting out small fires which occurred in the houses near by the vicinity of four blocks of the city. The Summerfield M. E. church also caught fire and before the flames were extinguished a loss of \$25,000 was sustained. The people living in the Hotel Regent lost all of their effects.

No one was injured, although three persons were taken down the fire escapes from the third, fifth and sixth floors, respectively. One of the women rescued was Mrs. Mary A. Loomis, of Savannah, Ga.

In the meantime the firemen were working like beavers, but despite their efforts the flames spread quickly and adjoining houses caught fire, five on Greene avenue, causing damage to the amount of \$1,000,000. While the firemen were at work on the houses on Greene avenue they were seen coming from the roofs of the houses on Washington avenue. They were extinguished, after having damaged the houses to the extent of \$1,500. Two houses and a stable on Waverly avenue were also damaged to the extent of from \$500 to \$5,000 each.

The tabernacle and Hotel Regent were completely gutted. Nothing remains but the walls. At 5 o'clock portions of the wall of the tabernacle fell. The total loss is estimated at a little over a million dollars. The loss on the Hotel Regent, including the building, paintings and the guests' household goods will amount to \$400,000. The loss on the tabernacle is about \$400,000, and the adjoining buildings about \$500,000. It is said that the hotel was insured for \$300,000.

It is supposed that the fire was caused by a spark from one of the electric light wires and the organ in the tabernacle. There were 100 guests and ninety-three persons in the hotel when the fire was discovered, and that there were no fatalities in anything remarkable.

The tabernacle was dedicated on April 1881. It was a brick structure with brown stone trimmings and of Romanesque architecture. It was 100 by 130 feet and had a seating capacity of 5,500. The school room was large enough to hold 1,500 persons. The building was put up at a cost of \$400,000, including an organ which cost \$30,000.

The first fire which affected Dr. Talmage occurred in December, 1872, at 10:30 o'clock in the morning. The church was then situated on Sackett and Schermerhorn streets. The church was built on the same site as the present one on Oct. 9, 1883, was burned down at 2 o'clock in the morning. The congregation was moved uptown to Greene and Clinton streets where fire, for the third time, overtook Dr. Talmage and burned his church and organ. On Wednesday last Dr. Talmage celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as pastor of the tabernacle. It is said that perhaps the loss which will grieve Dr. Talmage the most is that of the memorial organ, which he brought from the east when he was set in the wall of the right side of the organ, encased in sterner relief work. The organ was four in number. The key was from Mount Calvary and the bell was from Mount Zion. The stone below the bottom stone is from Mar-