FOREIGN GOSSIP.

here are 7,370 women employed English Civil Service.

Russian convict is said to have ed a punishment of two thousand

he King of Siam has had his newson baptized by the name of Washington.

he young Princesses of Wales are

tricycle-riders, doing sometimes r fifty miles a day. ne hundred natives and ten Ena ersons lost their lives through ption of the volcano of Tara-

New Zealand. e inhabitants of New Britain, an irls up in cages in infancy and em there until they are to be

he first city in Europe where city has been entirely substituted for street lighting is the town of and, in Sweden. The motive is water, which is very plentiful rendering the light cheaper than

e culture is an important indus-France. The Minister of Agrireports that there are now 865 hives in operation, which last pro-luced honey worth 14,945,835 and wax valued at 8,755,290

In one of the most frequented thor-bares of Viennia, the Maria Hilter ee, a young tailor, went to a physi-for a consultation. On being told was incurable he fired two shots medical man, one striking the the other the arm. The tailor killed himself, firing seven shots small revolver. The wounds of ysician do not appear to be dan-

he German newspapers state startling experiments have been at Berlin with a new descripshell, charged with rolls of gun which produces extraordinary No kind of defensive works, tter how solid, it is stated, are e of resisting so destructive a pro-The German government, etely satisfied with the results obat the trials, has ordered 75,000

modern Rip Van Winkle has ap-in the Isle of Wight. Forty ago ago a native of the little vil-St. Helen's went away, leaving and family, who from that time nothing more of the wanderer. ife and two of the children died, of the family left the place, and the old man returned recently he scarcely one person of his act know him, having been a baby s when he went away.

me. de Valsayre, of Paris, has d a "Woman's League," whose is the arming and drilling of all h women. The League holds meetings, and has adopted a on that "on the day when n will know how to fence, human-ll be saved." Revolvers, rifles ords are to be henceforth a part dy's toilet, for only through the of French women the days of and vengeance" will come. Howthe league proposes also to stem creasing depopulation of France corating every mother who has

LIFE IN COLOMBIA.

ry Free From Snow in Winter and Ion. Charles D. Jacobs, United States ster to the republic of Colombia, ed in the city the other day on a leave of absence. He was accomed by his family. While here he make an official report to the rnment on the Panama Canal, he examined. A reporter met and succeeded in getting an interbut not on the subject of the Colan Republic or the Panama Canal. aid he could not speak about the rnment where he was Minister, hat the canal would be duly written the report. Said he: "Colombia wealthy in mineral products. ry wealthy in mineral products, ly needs enterprise to develop its ces. At present the French seem ve greater influence than any forrs. The city of Bogota, the capi-has a population of 100,000. It beautiful city, situated on a plaof the Andes mountains, 9,000 above the sea level. The erature rarely ever varies the m round, and averages 55° Fahilt. Just back of the city the srise, beautiful and sublime. The ery is enough to inspire any one its majestic beauty. Bogota is up chiefly with adobe houses, that a very unprepossessing appear-on the exterior. But the interiors any of the houses are elegantly shed and equal in many respects to avenue mansion. It cost \$1,000 y the freight on a piano to the city, nearly all the well-to-do people them. From the mouth of the alena river a piano is transported e backs of laborers to Bogota, a nce of seventy-five miles. This is of the expensive items in freight-There are no vehicles, the countoo uneven. The city, however, system of street-cars that some prising American company built. are drawn by small mules and e very good time. The fare is ten in Colombian money. The cur-y of the republic is greatly de-lated and ten cents there is about valent to a little over five cents in

uperfluous passenger gets off.
The mail facilities are poor and
are no letter-carriers. The houses ot numbered, and it would be diffito direct a letter, except to the ral post-office. The wealthy citihave boxes at moderate rentals for mail, pretty much the same as The way residences are found is ple enough. The streets are laid off plazas and named. John Jones, and such a street, South plaza in the neighborhood and make incies for John Jones. The houses entered through an area-way to the

Inited States. One great blessing street-cars is that no one is allowed

and. If there is no vacant seat the

uctor will not let the car go until

side, which admits first to an antechamber. The wealthy all have court-

yards beautifully laid out. "The police do duty only at night. in the day the citizens take care of themselves. Four policemen are stationed at the four corners of a plaza. Every fifteen minutes a bell rings, which causes the guardians of the city to blow their whistles and change posts. It is impossible for them to sleep on their beats by this system. They are armed with lassoes, and pinion the prowling thief when he is trying to escape by the dexterous use of this formidable weapon. They also have a short bayonet as an additional weapon. Petty thefts are the chief or mes. The Petty thefts are the chief crimes. natives are a mixed race, and are not in the South Pacific Ocean, lock imbued with that daring boldness irls up in cages in infancy and which cracks a bank. They will steal twenty-five cents, a drink or a little thing. But you can easily trust them with \$3,000 or \$20,000 as messengers.

When they work they go at it in earnest, but they are not fond of exertion. It is a curious sight to see them going about with loads. They generally go in pairs, one behind the other with a stretcher. I had to move and was surprised to see how easily they carried my furniture. It cost me no mere than it would here. The natives of the lower class are fond of drinking and gambling. They have a beve age challed chica, which has a vile smell. It makes an American sick to smell this drink. It does not intoxicate as quickly as whisky, but it stupefies. The streets are drained by ditches run-

ning through the center. "Society is very exclusive and strangers call first. If the visit is returned the doors of society are opened. The predominating language is Spanish, but all the upper classes speak
French. They get every thing from
France, foo, in the way of dress and
luxuries. I don't know why it is they do not care to speak English. It is absolutely necessary to speak French to get along. The city is a city of paradoxes, of great wealth, of great poverty and a peculiar mixture of customs that often puzzle the stranger. Flowers bloom perennially. There is no season of blight, of snow, no season of heat, but one equable temperature that nourishes and forever keeps plants green. Everywhere the heliotrope, fuchsia, violet and rhododendron grow in rich profusion."—N. F. Mail and

SOURCES OF THE NILE.

The Mystery of the Nile's Head-Waters Not Yet Entirely Dispelled.

The notion is quite prevalent that the explorations of the past twenty-five years have completely solved the probem of the sources of the Nile. The fact is, however, that the mystery of the Nile's headwaters is not yet entirely dispelled. We have fuller knowledge to-day of that later problem, the sources of the Congo, than of the interesting question that baffled geographers for iges until Speke partially solved it.

Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza were discovered respectively by Speke and Sir Samuel Baker, and for years these great sheets of water appeared on the maps as the twin sources of the N le. In 1876 Gessi Pasha, one of General Gordon's assistants, circumnavigated Albert Nyanza in a steam launch. The dense aquatic vegetation at the southern end prevented him from reaching the shore, but from his masthead he could see no river, and during his journey he did not discover a single important tributary. From his voyage dated the notion that Albert Nyanza is not a s uree, but only a backwater of the Nile, into which the river pours merely to emerge again a little further north.

In the same year Stanley, traveling due west from the north end of Victoria Nyanza, reached a large lake, which he supposed to be Lake Albert, not knowing that Gess had fixed the southern limit of that sheet of water. This lake is believed from native information to be about one hundred and forty miles long and to cover about five thousand square m les. Its north end, a little north of the equator, is supposed to be sixty to eighty miles south of Albert Nyanza. Its native name is Muta

A year later Albert Nyanza was explored a second time by Mason Bey, who, reaching the south shore, made a very important discovery that had escaped Gessi Pasha. He found a river coming from the south about one thousand feet in width, reddish in color, which poured its sluggish stream into Albert Nyanza. Neither this river nor Muta Nzige has yet been explored, and geographers are divided in opinion as to whether the large lake feeds the Nile or the Congo.

The question has some political as well as geographical interest, for the Berlin conference last year agreed that the northeast limit of the Congo Free State should be the water parting be-tween the Congo and the Nile systems. If Muta Nzige feeds the Nile, a theory that is supported by the best geographical authority on several excellent grounds, a large region tributary to the lake can not, as at present, figure much longer on the map of the Congo State.

Stanley argues that Muta Nzige must empty into the Congo, because, in his opinion, the Lira and Lulu, tributaries of that river, have not space enough, without the help of this lake, to collect their large volume of water. It can be said, however, that without the lake they have as much drainage area as some other important African rivers possess. Without enumerating here the many reasons for believing that Muta Nzige is one of the sources of the Nile, it may be mentioned that it is very difficult to explain how it is that the Nile emerges from Albert Nyanza with nearly double the volume of water it pours into it, unless that small lake is connected with the far more important

source of supply just a little south of it.

There can hardly fail to be an ample supply of volunteers for African exploration service as long as there is light still to be shed upon so interesting a problem as the sources of the Nile .-N. Y. Sun.

-A resident of Campbell County, Georgia, is said to have had thirty-six boys old enough to fight in the late rebellion, and twenty-three of them were killed. He has been married nine times.

An Ardent Admirer's Description of the

Immortal Autocrat. When I went to the St. George's Club, in response to an invitation to meet Dr. Ho mes, I found its reception room crow led with tall, distinguished looking men standing around a small, grey-haired gentleman, whom I knew to be the immortal Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. I was presented, shook his soft, wrinkle! hand, and then made way for others who were waiting to be introduced. I engaged in conversation with an American acquaintance. but, like most of those present, was really devoted to a close scrutiny of the little man who was the giant of the occas on, and I noticed about him these things: He is quite old; he has passed three score, and perhaps has added the ten. He appears to have grown old gently. The snows of age came not down in a storm, but sifted softly on his head. Among the wrinkles of the patriarch he has preserved the smile of youth. He is very small. His slight figure is perfectly erect, yet his forehead scarcely reaches to the shoulders of most of those around him. His head is remarkable only as having been the birthplace of so many beaut ful thoughts, It is simply a good head, and has no prominent developments in any direction. It is covered thickly with gray hair cut moderately short. His eyebrows are unusual. They are bushy and long, and project from his brow with a twirl not unlike mustaches. They look fierce. They have refused to put on the livery of age, and are a grizzled brown in color. The hazel eyes are bright and quick. Years ago, when I first began to delight in the quaint puns and the other delicacies served at the breakfast table of the w tty philosopher, I knew that his eve had in it just such a twinkle as I now observe-a gleam which may be either humorous or pathetic-the glance of laughter's dart or the sheen of a rising tear. Around his eyes are collected those merry wrinkles which show that that during the long life in which he has made so many people laugh he has laughed not a little himself. These wrinkles, converging in his eyes like minute channels, seem to draw into them all the expression of his upper face and thus account for their brightness. His nose is short, and has a decided inclination upward, and gives an inquisitive expression to his counte-nance. His mouth is very large, and would be absolutely ugly in any one else. Genius is not only able to redeem, but almost to beatify this defect. His thick lips are cleanly shaved, as if to expose their sweet expression. sion. They look eloquent; they seem to have syllabled many a burning word. His lips have the appearance of such as would tw st and gather when his emo-tions were excited. I never saw before such a sympathetic expression. Surely that man never was a physician, as l read in his biography that he was. I see in his countenance enough good will toward his fellow man to make him de-vote h s life to the relief of his sufferings; but I am certain he could not stand to hear the groans of diseases. He never had any thing to do with the scalpel and the corpse. His chin has in it a number of those gentle indentations which may be observed in the chin of a child that is about to cry, and which may be called the dimples of grief. Thin gray wh skers fringe his throat under his chin, which slopes away so decid.dly as to give almost an appearance of

philosopher, for the whole is more than any of its parts. By this time the crowd around him was beginning to thin; the guests were departing. I went up to bid him adieu, and as I shook his hand told him that I ble. He thanked me in a voice that was soft and winningly sweet. He detained me to talk of the scenes of "Craddock's Tales," and seemed to be interested to meet so far away from home one who had been reared w thin twenty miles of the lonesome waters of "Lost

weakness to his countenance. I am conscious, however, that if this inde-

that he is a strong man and a philoso-pher. In his bright eye I see the sparkle

of his wit, and in the smile of his lips 1

see expressed that broad human sym-

pathy which enables him to taste of

every joy and sorrow in the world, and

supplies inexhaustible material to his

philosophy and his wit. And, combin-

ing all the features, I am able to re-og-

nize the face of the poet, which is great-

er than e ther the man, the wit or the

While we were speaking a servant gave him a letter, and as he broke the seal to read it I took my final leave and retired, feeling that I had been talking to some good boy's grandfather.—London Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

A HAPPY LIFE.

Mr. Ross Webster Bayard's Short But In-teresting Career as An Agriculturist.

One of our highly valued exchanges says: "What happiness there is about the free life of a farmer! What pleasures, what joys are known only to the farmers' life."

The fellow writes just as if he had been there. You can see at a glance that he knows what it is to roll out of bed with a wild whoop of freedom at four o'clock in the morning, gladly drive a-field and follow the happy plow all day only at about sundown to run against a stump and joyously feel the handle come up and hit him in the pit of the stomach and make the whole world turn dark and reason totter on her throne as he doubles up rapturously over the plow and hangs on while the team runs madly across the field and his limp and useless limbs flop delightedly

in the happy, happy evening zephyrs!

He knows the pleasures of miking the joyous cow, of grasping her free and untrammeled leg as it flies wildly about

having his glad and mirthful sm'le scartered over about ten square yards of

He knows the blissful hours whiled away in teaching the festive and immediate calf to drink, the being bunted gayly through the barn and striking his head against the grindstone with a free and ringing laugh. He has seen the h'red man's fingers melting away before the mowing machine, has known what it is to take hold of a white oak pitchfork handle on a January morning and never fully recover the use of that hand; he has toyed with the delightful kicking colt, walked calmly into the barbed wire fence, peacefully gathered the frisky potato bug, and had the glad and contented farmer tell him after dinner that he might be throwing the dirt out of that new cellar while he rested. He knows all about these things; he was born and raised on a farm and has been there ever since, and wrote about how happy it all was after he had been digging post holes all day in rocky soil.

Ross Webster Bayard was a young man when became out from Chicago to indulge in the free and happy life of the gay and contented farmer. He bought a pair of boots each of which weighed something over twenty pounds and was four sizes too large, and wore them until he found it necessary to open correspond-ence with an Eastern firm of artificial limb manufacturers with the view of getting a new set of feet. He experi-mented on the subject of tan by rolling up his sleeves during one whole hot summer's day and subsequenty got some one to write to his old friends, the limb manufacturers, for terms on new and second-hand arms. He was fast dropping into the easy life of the farmer when he struck on a feature so exceedingly joyous that he concluded that he had got enough.

One rainy day the farmer whom he

was working for directed him to hitch up the colts and drive them around for exercise awhile. He soon had them connected with the heavy farm wagon and was on a couple of wet, slippery planks that were on in place of a box He found the team very easy to exercise -taking vigorous out-door exercise seemed to come natural to them. They started around a forty-acre field with a freedom of motion that surprised Mr. Bayard. He soon discovered that they seemed to be much more accustomed to that form of amusement than himself. He kept up for the first round and the next one he went down while the wet planks flew up and hit him on all sides and the colts filled the air with flying mud and water and made frantic efforts to lower the record. At last they made a desperate attempt to jump the fence and Ross Webster and every thing else went down in one wreck of matter. Just then the contented farmer came up and asked him if he slipped

This was too much and Mr. Bayard got up and went sadly away. They urged him to remain and learn what it was to hold the plow; to have the long, sharp point of the self-binder run through his hand as he oiled the machine; to be bitten by the rattlesnake in the meadows; to learn what it was to teach the escaped pig the narrow road that leads back to the pen, or to taste the pleasures of getting over the barn-yard fence with the assistance of the playful two-year-old steer.—Estelline (D. T.) Bell.

FUN ON THE FARM.

some Reliable Opinions on Rural Life by a Journalist of Experience It is a frequent saying that the 'armer

has nothing to do but enjoy himself; that when the bl'zzards send in their cision exists it extends only to his emo-tions. Vice could never tempt him, but he would be powerless to hold his tears when his pity is excited. Glancing up-ward, I am therefore able to see in his broad forehead and his stern brow signs cards he can draw his chair up to the stove, put his feet in the oven, and spend the day reading the Globe and and other moral works. According to tradition, th's occupation is only disturbed when he adjourns to the table and banquets on mince pie and divers meats. This is all a mistake. A close observer will see the industrious farmer crawl out of bed four hours before daylight, soften his boot with a hammer and commence his day's work with a lantern in one hand and a bucket of froz n slop in the other. He has from one to a thousand hogs, which shove their noses in his face and tip the contents of his bucket on him, where it freezes until he looks like a skating rink. When he has escaped from the hog penhe hunts up six or seven buckets, and crawls through a wire fence to milk twenty-seven cows. These animals want was a dweller among Craddock's Ten-nessee mountains, but that I had not when they kick it over, a ming so that lived too far from Boston to admire and the contents will kalsomine such love the Autocrat of the Breakfast Ta-ble. He thanked me in a voice that spared. Now and then they vary the monotony by kicking him instead of the bucket, which makes him feel tired and homesick. When the cows have been milked and he goes to feed the horses he finds the sorrel mare doubled up in the manger with colic. He then has to mix up a lot of aconite and water, which he attempts to pour down the animal's mouth, and it hits him on the te th with its front foot and makes him wish he had never been born. He works around all morning with the old mare, and then proce ds to curry the dun mules, which try to see which can kick the hardest, and by the time he is through he feels as though he had passed through a corn-sheller. When he has fed the hens, and watered cattle and hunted three hours for a twenty-cent pig, and chopped half a cord of eim for the house, and carried forty buckets of water for the horses, and shelled three bushels of corn by hand, and shoveled a road through ten feet of snow, and milked the cows, and curried the mules, and doctored the old mare again in the evening, he goes to bed, and gets up again in the morning four hours before day-light and com-mences the whole thing over again.— Atchison (Kas.) Globe.

-Strawberries from Florida come in ice-boxes with a capacity of twen'yeight quarts. The ice-chamber is in the
center of the top, and the cold air from
it passes down through a slit, then
through small apertures into the twe
fruit chambers, one on each side
Through these the cold air runs upamong the strawberries, carrying with up to the ice, which absorbs more or less, keeping the atmosphere purer. These ice-boxes are in freight cars, and icing is done every twelve hours. It and hanging on to save his life and costs about eighteen cents a quart to finally being hurled across the yard and reasport them thus - Chica ja, Times.

Lime Baking Powders Must Go.

Official Expressions-"Royal" found to be the only absolutely pure baking powder.

Governor Hill, of New York (says a reporter of the N. Y. Tribune), says: "I have been astonished lately at the extent of the adulteration of food. It would seem that every thing we eat is adulterated. * * This adulteration of groceries is becoming a national evil—one that we shall have to adopt severe means to check."

The machinery of the law cannot be put at work too speedily or too vigorously against this wholesale adulteration of the things we eat. Both the health and the pockets of the people demand protection.

There is no article of food in general use more wickedly adulterated than baking powder. The New York State Board of Health has analyzed 84 different brands purchased in the State, and found most of them to contain alum or lime, many to such an extent as to render them seriously objectionable for use in food.

The sale of adulterated baking powders has been prohibited by statute in several States. It will be in the interests of the public health when their sale is made a misdemeanor everywhere, and the penalties of the law are rigidly enforced.

The only baking powder yet found by chemical analysis to be entirely free from lime and absolutely pure is the "Royal." This perfect purity results from the exclusive use of cream of tartar specially refined and prepared by patent processes, which totally remove from it the tartrate of lime and other impurities. The cost of this chemically pure cream of tartar is much greater than any other. The high grade of the Royal Baking Powder has been fully established by official chemists.

Prof. Love, who made the analyses of baking powders for the New York State Board of Health, as well as for the Government, certifies to the purity and wholesomeness of the "Royal."

Prof. H. A. Morr, late Government chemist, says: "It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure."

Dr. E. H. BARTLEY, chemist of the Brooklyn Department of Health, says (April 24, 1885): "I have recently analyzed samples of the Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the stores of this city, and find it free from lime in any form."

Prof. McMustrie, chief chemist U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., says: "The chemical tests to which I have submitted the Royal Baking Powder prove it perfectly healthful, and free from every deleterious substance."

Bread, cake, biscuits, etc., prepared with Royal Baking Powder will be lighter, sweeter, and more wholesome than if made with any other baking powder or leavening agent.



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