

Statistics Concerning Public Libraries.

Some library statistics show that the European country which possesses the largest number of public libraries is Austria. In Austria there are no fewer than 577 public libraries, containing 5,475,000—without reckoning maps and manuscripts—a total which comes out at 20 volumes per 100 of the population.

It is noteworthy that in Bavaria alone the public libraries number 160, with 1,368,000 volumes and 24,000 manuscripts separately. It appears that the most considerable in Europe is the Bibliothéque Nationale, in Paris, with 2,078,000 volumes, while the British museum, with its millions of books, assumes the next place. Then comes the Munich Royal library, containing 800,000 volumes; the Berlin, Dresden and Vienna libraries taking rank as follows in the same order: 700,000, 500,000, and 420,000 volumes.

English and American Kitchens.

A Philadelphia lady who has just returned from a long visit in London was recently discussing certain domestic points peculiar to England and comparing them with relative matters here. "We all know," she said, "as housekeepers, the way we have if our kitchens are in the basement, though they have elevators and dumb waiters, stationary washbasins, hot and cold water, are carpeted and fitted with every conceivable convenience. In a London house the kitchens are always in the basement—no elevators, no washbasins, and by no means any 'frivolities' in the way of conveniences. But an English kitchen is a picture, nevertheless.

A Trick of Napoleon's Partisans.

Archbishop Whately, commenting upon the effects produced by rumors, mentions the great influence of one report which preceded Bonaparte's return from Elba.

When the return had been plotted, and just before it was executed, Napoleon's partisans went through France seeking land to purchase. When about to close the bargain for a field, they would ask to be shown the title.

If they found, as they generally did, that the field was land which had been confiscated at the Revolution, they broke off the negotiation at once. The title, they declared, was insecure; for the Bourbon government of Louis XVIII did not recognize the legality of the act of confiscation.

Pity the Poor Woman.

A State street physician gives it as his opinion that four-fifths of the earnings of his profession are derived from women, though in this estimate he does not include the very large and prosperous class of specialists whose services are required by men only. It is a sad commentary upon the morals of the community the existence and prosperity of hundreds of such specialists for men, and the picture is less encouraging on the other side, where so many women with health impaired by foolish dressing, improper diet and violations of the laws of nature, maintain an army of medical practitioners. It is only among civilized peoples that women are less healthful than men. Let doctors and the common surmise tell why this is so. The fact remains that there may be seen on the streets of Chicago twenty strong, handsome men above the age of 30 to one woman. The woman who is able to retain her youthful comeliness beyond 30 is the exception. Good looking men of middle or even advanced age are as common as flagstones, while a handsome matron is almost a curiosity. —Chicago Herald.

Not Ready for That.

A Mrs. Blank was spending the summer in the country, and was very anxious to catch a certain train. As that event seemed, from the leisurely gait of the horse, extremely uncertain, she urged the country driver to make the best of his way. The coachman plied whip and reins with no apparent effect, while the lady alternately examined her watch and encouraged the driver. At last, however, her patience became completely exhausted, and, spying a place in the tough hide of the stolid brute where the harness had chafed, she cried out vehemently: "Hit him on the raw, Mr. Casson!" "Hit him on the raw!" "Ma'an," responded Mr. Casson, with unmovable gravity, "I'm a savin' the raw till we come to the hill." —Boston Courier.

AT THE ONE NIGHT STANDS.

Actor W. J. Florence Gives Some of His Experiences at the Cheaper Theatres. The one night stand is commonly made in a theatre owned and managed by some fairly successful bill poster or alderman or real estate speculator, who knows as much about a play house and the way it ought to be run as I know about the Sanskrit originals of Mr. Arnold's poems.

A good many of these theatres are on upper floors above shops and offices. They are approached by flights of narrow and winding stairs, and I never go out of one without thanking my stars that there has been no fire or panic during the night. Queer things happen in these upstairs places once in a while. John McCullough was playing "Hamlet" in a theatre of this sort some years ago. Just beneath the stage was a furnace, attached to a bakery or something of that kind, I believe, and when the trap was opened for the grave digger to get in, a gush of hot air came up that was stifling. The curtain went up, and you can imagine that the grave digger made lively time getting that pit ready for Ophelia. The sweat poured from the poor man in streams, and he pined his little neck and whistled his little speech and got out of there with a jump. When the queen came to scatter flowers on Ophelia's coffin the hot air caught them up and wafted them into the flies, for they were made of tissue paper. The curtain cut off that scene with a roar from the audience.

In these cheaper theatres the manager does not attend to business, but lets the house "run itself," and whatever you need in the way of properties you must beg, borrow, or buy, for he cannot be looked to, or at least, relied on, to furnish a sofa, a fire screen, or a pitcher of water. The only time that he is punctual is when the business man is counting up receipts. The "stage" in these theatres is usually small, the scenery had, the picked up orchestra set your teeth on edge, the programmes are cheaply printed and full of errors; lighting, heating, ventilation and cleaning are subjects that the proprietor has not brought himself to consider, and you begin your night's work under most discouraging circumstances. You change your clothes in a perfect sty of a dressing room, with cold air whistling through partitions of unpainted boards; you wash in a battered tin basin; you "make up" with a light on only one side of your face, and there is no lock on your door. Then you go to your hotel—and there's another precious circumstance.

Hotel life in cities, as a rule, is not bad, especially if you have your pick of rooms and name your hours for meals, but you should see some of the hotels out west, and, worse still, down south. To all appearances they are comfortable and clean, and a glimpse of the dining room, with white cloths and porcelain and black waiters in place, is like a promise of merry sunshine; but wait until your dinner comes—hog, hominy, hog, water, hog, dry bread, then more hog. Everything swims in pork fat, and the cook throws in sand and cinders by way of seasoning. A troupe that struck a town in Georgia one day when the regular dinner was over could not get a blessed thing to eat but bacon—no eggs, vegetables, bread, butter, coffee, milk or tea—just fried bacon. The star of the troupe glared over the table and went away, followed by the rest, and bought some crackers in a grocery.

Then there are the hours. You get through your play at 11, go to your hotel, rise at 5 to catch a train for your next stand, get there at noon, have something to eat, skirmish around for properties, perhaps rehearse, eat your dinner, go to the theatre and act and often have to take your next train directly after the performance. But there these grumblings one might fancy an actor's life to be all shadow and no sunshine. I have not dwelt on the pleasures of the life because they are more apparent, and everybody knows them—the kindly appreciation of the public, the good words one has from press and people, the old and interesting sights and adventures one meets in traveling, the information that even the dullest picks up when he knocks around the world for some years, the friends one makes and the intervals of ease and comfort that come when an actor has established his reputation and his play has become popular. An actor's life, like most men's lives, has more pleasure than pain it.—W. J. Florence in New York World.

Blacks of the West Indies. On the road we met barefooted darkeys, plodding steadily along, who gladly returned our salutations, and turned to stare at us as long as we were in sight. They carried everything with which they were encumbered on their heads—coconuts, jugs, coffee pots, cups, bottles—all as securely balanced as if those articles were a part of the anatomy of their beaver. The children, more pickaninnies, toddled along with cans and calabashes of molasses, yams, bananas, oranges, or what not, as firmly fixed on their crania as if they had been wens. A Martinique boy will stow away as many personal effects on the top of his head as a Yankee boy will find room for in the pockets of his trousers. We saw one youngster with a large grass mat, several feet in diameter, which he wore as jauntily as a chip hat. From a distance he looked for all the world like an animated mushroom out for a stroll—an object, by the way, we should not have been at all surprised to fall in with during our travels in this land of sensitive plants, and ferns as tall as full grown cherry trees.—Down the Islands.

Not Ready for That. A Mrs. Blank was spending the summer in the country, and was very anxious to catch a certain train. As that event seemed, from the leisurely gait of the horse, extremely uncertain, she urged the country driver to make the best of his way. The coachman plied whip and reins with no apparent effect, while the lady alternately examined her watch and encouraged the driver. At last, however, her patience became completely exhausted, and, spying a place in the tough hide of the stolid brute where the harness had chafed, she cried out vehemently: "Hit him on the raw, Mr. Casson!" "Hit him on the raw!" "Ma'an," responded Mr. Casson, with unmovable gravity, "I'm a savin' the raw till we come to the hill." —Boston Courier.

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