

French-speaking Canadians now embrace 29.3 per cent. of the population of the Dominion.

Execution by electricity appears to the San Francisco Chronicle to have been reduced to a science in New York, for two murderers have been put to death in the chair with no evidence of suffering.

Attention is called by the press to the rapidity of the changes made in the army by the present German Emperor. Since his accession to the throne eleven generals have been retired.

Americans consume twenty per cent. of the world's production of sugar; thirty per cent. of all the coffee raised; thirty-three per cent. of all the iron produced; thirty-three per cent. of all the lead; twenty-five per cent. of all the cotton; thirty per cent. of the world's supply of coffee; thirty-three per cent. of all the wool; forty per cent. of all the tin, and yet we have only five per cent. of the world's population.

Washington City contains in its streets and squares over seventy thousand trees, although the work of systematic planting was not begun until 1892. There are 330 little parks at the intersections of the streets and avenues, besides the great consolidated Government reservation extending westward from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, two miles away.

The position of Memphis, Tenn., is peculiar. The treacherous Mississippi has cut a new channel four miles from the town, and the San Francisco Chronicle declares that unless prompt measures be taken to force the stream into its old bed the city will be left high and dry.

In days of old when much distinction was had in meeting-houses the spelling of our word pew was pae. In French it was puye, in Spanish it was poye, a bench; in Latin it was podium, a balcony or elevated place next to the arena, where the Emperor sat, and in Greek it was pous, the foot—and in all cases where the feet of the worshiper rested—a raised place on the floor of the church where one might sit or might stand or might kneel.

The Boston Transcript is convinced that the mere possession of money confers little pleasure, except upon mere miserers, and they are few. William H. Vanderbilt was worth about 500 tons of solid gold when he died—more than would have accumulated if all of his ancestors in a direct line had received salaries of \$30,000 a year ever since the coming of Adam, and had saved it all.

But he never handled the money. He never was in its presence in his life. He never saw more than a tenth part of the interest. It gave him little pleasure. He dressed no better than his clerk, and ate less than his coachman. He drank chiefly milk. He slept in only one bed.

And ignorance raised an army of enemies about him. The public press abused and vilified him. He was a victim of indignation. He was in constant peril of apostasy. He could not walk in the park without being assailed or insulted by socialistic philosophers. An enormous fortune is a very heavy burden to carry, and brings annoyances from which there is no protection.

IN THE DARK. BY JAMES WHITCOMBS MILNE. O. In the depths of midnight, When fancies haunt the brain, When over the sigh of the sleeper Bounce like a soul of pain.

THE JEWELLED HAIRPIN; OR—The Strange Tragedy of the Grand Hotel.

BY ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

CHAPTER VI. A SPANISH KNIFE.

The Grand Hotel was very quiet that evening. Very properly there was no music, no dancing in the big ball-room. The horror of death, violent, mysterious death, was on the house. People went about sadly, speaking in grave, hushed tones, and long before the usual hour the whole place was silent and shut for the night.

It could not have been much more than six next morning when I went down stairs, and there was no one about but the sweepers and housemaids at their customary work. On my way to the ground staircase I passed within a dozen feet of No. 99, and for the life of me I could not resist going to the door. It was still securely locked—and beyond it to the window of the "Red-Head."

I was a knife, a strange, uncouth weapon, of peculiar shape and curious workmanship, such as I had never seen before. The long, curved handle of brass, rudely chased with an arabesque pattern, the blade as long, having the same curve as the handle, but two-edged for the last six inches of its length.

I had no opportunity of speaking to the ladies that morning when I returned to the hotel. It was past luncheon time, and the visitors who generally assembled for that meal had once more separated to follow their own devices. Life at Bythesea followed the usual lines of such holiday resorts—bathing in the forenoon, lounging on the Esplanade till lunch time, then a lazy hour or two indoors, more or less smartly dressed, to walk or drive while they listened to the band.

I had no intention of intruding upon Mrs. Sarsfield and her sister, notwithstanding the wishes of the police; but, as fate would have it, I encountered Miss Bertram alone upon the Esplanade.

"To lift my hat as we passed was but an ordinary act of courtesy, and I found it impossible to resist speaking a few common-place words when I saw her return my greeting with a shy, graceful bow, and blushing consciously.

"You are no worse, I trust, from what happened yesterday. I am so sorry to think that I was a party to anything that annoyed you."

them had seen anything of the kind before. "Well, had they?" "Linklaw & Stray have had this very pin through their hands. Mr. Linklaw can swear to it."

"Does he remember when and how?" "Perfectly, he can swear to the person who brought it into the shop. A stone had got loose and had to be reset."

"Who brought it?" "Mr. Linklaw did not know the name, but he described the person exactly, and to oblige me he went as far as the 'Grand Hotel' where he identified her beyond doubt."

"Her? A woman then?" "Of course. Miss Clara Bertram; no one else." And when Hasnip said this he turned triumphantly on me.

"I need not repeat here all that I had found out against Captain Fawcett; to do so would be weary; the reader by going over ground already traversed. I told them all I had heard. I reminded them of his conduct, and I laid particular stress on his confusion when I showed him the little brass ring, recounting here my discovery of the bloody knife and its manifest connection with the ring."

"None of these facts taken singly are sufficient to base a charge against Fawcett," said Mr. Smart; "but, as a whole, the man's peculiar behavior in seeking to lead the inquiry astray, the waiter's evidence of the inquiry, Mrs. Sarsfield's upbraiding, all these taken together, I will admit, look very black, indeed."

"Unless some satisfactory explanation is offered, he is, beyond question, very seriously implicated," added Hasnip. "I will send a man up to London to make inquiries at the Spanish Embassy or Consulate. What did you say was the name?"

"Xavier de Yriarte, a name sufficiently striking and uncommon to be noticeable, and therefore easily traced."

"And I will devote myself to Captain Fawcett," said Hasnip. "What will you do, Mr. Leslie? Which ladies? That's rather in your line. You can get into conversation with them and try to draw them out."

"I hardly know them," I protested, anxious to excuse myself from the unworthy role.

"Not a word to her, please, about— you know—about—the hair-pin." "You can rely on my discretion, Miss Bertram, and on me, now or at any time. I added, with some emphasis."

"Thank you so much. You are good and kind, I can see that. Some day, perhaps..." "Where have you been Clara?" The inquiry, spoken sharply, was almost angrily, was Mrs. Sarsfield's. "Who is this?" she looked at me with rather ill-mannered inquiry, instead of finishing her sentence.

"I was able to do Miss Bertram a slight service yesterday," said I, raising my hat. "We are staying at the same hotel."

"Don't you know Mr. Leslie?" cried Mr. Fawcett, who was standing close by. "He is connected with the Bythesea police."

I turned upon Captain Fawcett, meaning to call him to account very sharply. "You have no right to make such an assertion," I began. "It is quite unfounded."

"Is that the way with you detectives, you always hate to be known?" "A detective?" said Mrs. Sarsfield, her manner toward me changing completely then and there. The civility of her address gave place to an eager, anxious, almost cringing politeness.

"How very interesting. Are you engaged in any particular case just now?" She tried to say this unconcernedly, but there was a tremulousness in her voice which convinced me that she attached deep importance to my reply.

"Of course. He is busy with the murder of the No. 99. He had toned down the expression, no doubt, out of consideration for the ladies' nerves."

Sarsfield would say what Mrs. Sarsfield knew something of a damning nature, and had been compelled by his outspoken caution to stop short when she spoke of betraying it. She knew more than I did, I was certain. She had gone within the last day some convincing proofs against him, but was restrained from saying more by the power he evidently had over her.

The more I thought of this the more resolved I became to make Mrs. Sarsfield speak; to induce her somehow or other, by stratagem, adroit questioning, or, if need be, by menace, to tell me what she knew about Captain Fawcett.

Keeping Count. Robert Simson, professor of mathematics at the University of Glasgow, was one of those odd geniuses who do so much for the amusement of humanity. It was one of his peculiarities always to count his steps when he stirred away from his comfortable bachelor quarters. Even when he kept repeating the number of the last step taken.

Once, while the professor was on his way to some gathering, a gentleman, who knew him by sight, but was unaware of the habit above mentioned, stopped him. The worthy mathematician had just taken his five hundred and seventy-third step.

"Most happy—573" was the answer, but courteous, "merely one question," "Well," added the professor—"573," "You are really too polite," said the stranger; "but knowing your acquaintance with the late Dr. B... and for the purpose of settling a dispute, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that he left £500 to each of his nieces."

"Precisely," replied the professor—"573." "And there were four nieces, were there not?" "Exactly—573."

The stranger stared at the professor, as if he thought him mad, muttered sarcastically "573" made a hasty bow, and passed on.

Professor Simson saw the man's mistake, or thought he did, and cried after him, taking another step at the same instant. "No, sir, only four—574." "Poor fellow," thought the inquirer, as he turned away, "he certainly has gone crazy."

Tom Moore's Singing. In some "Glimpses of Tom Moore," published in "The Westminster Review," J. Petrie O'Byrne gives this description of Moore's singing:

In singing his own songs he altered the arrangement of the airs, and sang the first part of each verse twice over at the beginning, instead of as a refrain at the end.

That glorious song of his, "Oh, the Sight Entangling;" Moore's own singing of it was a matchless treat. With head upraised, he seemed almost to revel in the fresh morning light as he gazed on the "sight entangling," and his eye sparkled as "flies arrayed with helm and blade" seemed to pass before him, whilst a deeper feeling awoke as the gasp of the song came upon him.

His voice, one of infinite modulation, but of small compass, was clear and thrilling to its highest pitch, and song "Go, ask your despots whether His armed hands could bring such hands And hearts as ours together."

PORTS CLOSED TO IMMIGRANTS

Speedy Action Taken at the Conferences of President and Cabinet.

Days' Quarantine for Vessels from Infected Cities. Circular Issued Applies Only to Ships Carrying Immigrants and to Those Not Already Aboard.

While the quarantine will apply to vessels from all ports, it is assumed that health officers will have discretion in the matter, and will be allowed to act as they see fit in the case of vessels that contain non-infected ports, and that have bills of health.

The practical effect of the declaration of a 20 days' quarantine, it is believed, will be to stop immigration from Europe or the time being.

Steamship companies, it is argued, will not bring immigrants to this country without support them for a long period before they are allowed to land.

The following is the full text of the circular issued by the DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, SUPERVISING SURGEON-GENERAL, UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL SERVICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Sep. 1, 1902:

It having been officially declared that cholera is prevailing in various ports of Russia, Germany and France, and in certain ports in Great Britain as well as in Asia, and it having been made known that immigrants in large numbers are coming into the United States from affected districts aforesaid, and that the introduction of cholera into the United States, and vessels conveying them, thereby direct menace to the public health, and it having been further ascertained that under the laws of the several States that quarantine detentions can be imposed upon these vessels a sufficient length of time to insure against the introduction of contagious cases, it is hereby ordered that no vessel from any foreign port carrying immigrants shall be admitted to enter any port of the United States until said vessel shall have undergone a quarantine detention of 20 days (unless such detention is forbidden by the laws of the State or territory in which the vessel is to be detained) under and of such greater number of days as may be fixed in each special case by the Surgeon-General.

This circular to take immediate effect in cases of vessels afloat at ports which will be made the subject of special consideration upon due application to the department.

(Signed) WALTER WYMAN, Supervising Surgeon-General U. S. Marine Hospital Service. CHARLES FOSTER, Secretary of Treasury.

Approved, BENJAMIN HARRISON. Secretary. Secretary Foster said after the conference that the circular would apply to mails as well as passengers and merchandise.

Shortly after noon the President called on the President of the Marine Hospital Service, Charles Foster, Assistant Secretary Spaulding and Dr. Wyman, Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service met in conference at the Executive Mansion.

Attorney-General Miller was called to the conference to define the power of the President to suspend the operation of laws admitting immigrants into the United States abroad; also to give his opinion as to what extent the prohibition of State quarantine regulations and orders, word, to counsel with the President in all matters affecting his legal power.

Secretary Foster as the head of the Treasury Department, which has the enforcement of the immigration laws as well as the general supervision of the Marine Hospital Service, was specially present to inform the President what action had already been taken by the Assistant Secretary Spaulding and Wyman as the officers under whose special direction all action is taken here to inform the President as to the details of the work already done or attempted and to receive such suggestions as he deemed wise in the premises into practical effect.

Private Secretary Halford, after the conference adjourned, said to a reporter that there was no likelihood of the President issuing a proclamation on the subject nor was there any occasion for necessary alarm. The President deemed it prudent to come here personally to confer with his associates in the matter of the cholera situation and acquaint himself with what had been done rather than make the subject one of correspondence. The latter course would involve considerable time and labor and not be as satisfactory.