

AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS.

(The "Elephant Song" from "Wang," adapted to fit the possible extension of the Philippines. Oh, there once was a king, As minstrel sing, Who a herd of elephants had; And a man next door, By no means poor, He wanted an elephant had. But no very sick king Did a very sick thing By giving his neighbor one; And sky blue ruin, At once began brewin' For that luckless Jonathan; For the elephant ate all night! And the elephant ate all day! Do that we could To furnish it food, Its cry was still, "More hay!" Till he tore his hair in wild despair And piped his lachrymal glands. Oh! he was sad because he had That elephant on his hands. —Harper's Weekly.

IN CORPORE VILI.

When a man has enough money and not enough to do, and the gods have not given him discretion, he sometimes takes to playing parlor providence. It is a pretty game, but not safe. My excellent friend Fenwick, of Penn Hall, used to be very fond of it, and this is why he has given it up. Dobson was a high church curate in a slummy parish, very conscientious, very hard working, not very strong, and none the stronger for the early morning services which he went through fasting. He believed in education for the clergy, and plenty of communication and confession for the laity; he was the customary victim of every idle drunkard and every gossiping old woman in his parish; he had little faith in vicars, and less in bishops, and least of all in the ordinary high church curate. Where he was extraordinary was in being a most eloquent speaker, not only in the pulpit, but even where there was a chance of being answered.

One day last year I thought me suddenly that Dobson was a friend of mine at college and since, and that I had not seen him for some time; also that he was just the man to make a speech that I wanted made at a certain coming meeting in which I was interested. So I got up my joints and made a pilgrimage to his parish, which is far in the wilderness of the Surrey side. On his doorstep I found Fenwick, who greeted me with an unusual effusiveness. "My dear boy," he said, "you're the very man I was wishing for," and he shook me warmly by the hand. "You have influence with Dobson," you will persuade him to do what I desire?"

"Speaking from my own experience, Mr. Fenwick," I replied, "I should say that your only chance is that what you desire should be something he particularly dislikes; then he will probably do it. But have you rung?"

"Twice," he said. "They are not out for I hear someone shouting inside; perhaps that's why they don't hear." At this moment the door was flung wide open and Dobson's small but energetic maid servant appeared, pinioning by the elbows a very large and very drunk woman, whom she endeavored to push out of the door. The woman was resisting to the best of her ability, because she had not yet finished making some very emphatic remarks to Dobson. He stood with his pipe in his hand, and on his face an expression of mingled anxiety for his servant and grief for the verbal excesses of her opponent. Perceiving us, he forgot them both, and ran to meet us.

"Hallo, Jones, old man, you're a stranger. Very glad to see you, Mr. Fenwick. Come in, both of you. Very regrettable, this very. Really, Mrs. Cookson, you know."

But at this point I took advantage of a favorable chance and pushed the woman off the steps into the street, where she fell into a rather confused heap, but never stopped cursing for an instant. That done, Dobson, actually ran down to pick her up, but was anticipated by a policeman who led her off with some difficulty. Dobson took no notice of this, but rather to speak of the help and inspiration of clerical duties which a lower kind of men might derive from a good wife. He was really very eloquent—I could not help noticing that—but it was wonderfully like a sermon; and I should have been inclined to go to sleep if I had not felt so vexed at the fellow for falling in love with a woman and so amused at the queer way he took to tell me of it. The funny part was that he was perfectly in earnest, and quite believed that by contemplating Amy his eyes had been opened to a number of important spiritual truths. I have heard lay lovers talk in something the same way, but for my part I never found that kissing Amy opened my eyes to any truth except that she was very nice to kiss.

I thought he would never come to the point, but at last he did. "And I love the girl," he said, "and I am afraid to speak to her. Partly it is herself I am afraid of, because she is so simple and yet so wise. But then again I know nothing about the conventions and the customs; I might frighten her; there are right ways and wrong ways of speaking, and I know nothing." And he went on to appeal to my worldly wisdom, of which he always had a great opinion. Once Dobson tried to convert me and failed; he had borne me no grudge for it (which is rare), but had made a division in his own mind, I believe, by which I was to be left to the things of this world, and to be left to the "uncovenanted mercies" of Providence in the next. And now it was the wisdom of this world he wanted. So I gave it to him, thus, with a grave face.

"Dobson," said I, "this is a delicate matter. I do not believe Miss Fenwick has any conception of the feelings you entertain for her. Nor do I imagine that she has ever asked herself whether she entertains any such feelings for you. It is not the way of women to do so until a man has spoken much more plainly than you have done. An abrupt declaration would startle her and might be fatal to your chances. What you must do is to proceed slowly and gradually, letting your feelings be seen by degrees, so as to accustom her to look on you rather as a lover than as a teacher." And I further instructed him in the same sense; to all which he listened with much docility, and at the end of it my hand and said I was a true friend, and I had given him the further merit of leaving a clear field for me. It was quite true that Amy was by no means prepared to hear any declaration of love from him, but she was quite prepared to hear one from me, and I was sure she must have

asked herself the question whether she cared for me, though I was by no means sure whether she had answered it. I should have preferred to wait awhile and let the fruit ripen, but I knew that Dobson's notion of gradually proceeding was not one that would allow me much time. If I spoke first and was rejected, then the field would be clear for him; but if he spoke first, whether he was accepted or rejected, I knew Amy would be so much disturbed and agitated that I should have no chance for the rest of my visit, and another opportunity might never come. And I would by no means care that he would be rejected, for although she certainly did not love him, women have been known to marry out of admiration and pity before, and particularly persons. Then both parties are unhappy. So I felt it would be acting in the best interests of all three of us in speaking as soon as possible.

And so I did, met her in the garden next morning, and there, on a rustic seat under a laburnum, I told her of my love. There are some scenes too sacred for the public gaze, and I shall not attempt to paint the pretty shame-faced air with which Amy responded to my declaration. But when we had once begun to talk more or less like reasonable beings, the first thought that crossed my mind was of her. He really was a sort of old man of the sea; I was never allowed to be free of him. But having conquered I could afford to be magnanimous, and I resolved to make the thing as little unpleasant both for him and her as could be.

"I have a piece of news for you that will surprise you," she looked up at me in such a sweet, confiding way that I had to kiss her before going on. "Do you know, I am not the only man who has eyes to see. What would you think, now, of old Dobson?"

"Dearest," I said, "it is true. He is not so far away up in the sky as you think. He will come down to say something very particular to a little mortal maiden, and before many days are up."

"Oh, no, I do hope not," she exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"Quite certain; I have watched him with you, and I know how he does speak, and through. Now, when he does speak, love—as he certainly will, and you must prepare yourself for it—don't tell him about me. It would pain him. You will know how to refuse him without hurting him more than you must. My little girl is very wise."

I am afraid she was more frightened than wise for the next few days, and I'm sure she tried to prevent Dobson speaking at all. But he never noticed her little deterrents. His method of carrying out his instructions was to hang off as well as he could for two days, and then, in the effort to show a little of his feelings, to blurt out a declaration. It must have been painful to Amy; she was quite done up after it, rather hysterical, and went to bed with a headache. Dobson went to London the same afternoon without a word to anyone, and I told Fenwick he had received a telegram about an outbreak of small-pox in his parish. I knew he would write to Fenwick, and Fenwick hardly looked at the letter because he was afraid of infecting it; but I had a letter myself which was rather a curious document, and which explained fully; but I never showed it either to Fenwick or Amy.

Fenwick, some few days after, took occasion to remark, "I think that fellow Dobson must be made of cast-iron."

I thought I would administer consolation and get out our secret at the same time, and I said: "No; but Dobson, you know, is a man of very penetrating observation, and also a man who does not think of obtruding himself, and when he came here he saw at once—"

"What?"

"Why that Amy was, as it were, engaged."

"As it were engaged? What on earth do you mean, Jones? She was not engaged."

"No, she was not; but she is, Mr. Fenwick—to me."

Fenwick is really a reasonable man at bottom. He came round very soon, and I have noticed that he has rather given up arranging other people's affairs for them. As to Dobson, he found himself restless in London, and he went to some missions at Smyrna. Before my time Amy had a letter from him, and she started and cried a little, though I couldn't see anything to cry over. It was a very proper letter, and spoke confidently of her future happiness with me. When he had been a fortnight in Smyrna he unfortunately caught a fever, and died, and was buried in a good fellow, and, as I said, a capital speaker. —From Black and White.

Disgraceful Treatment of the Men Who Fought at Santiago.

Conditions at Montauk Point Which Secretary Alger Considers Satisfactory—Distress Even in Washington Relieved by Charity.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes from Montauk Point, L. I., August 25: Secretary of war Alger has been a visitor for two days past to this camp. He came as it is stated, as the result of various journalistic and personal criticisms of the care given to our soldiers here. He has, if the morning papers are to be believed, furnished an interview to the press, in which he announces that he finds matters much better than he expected, and in which he intimates that the situation is, on the whole, satisfactory.

Camp Wikoff, located at the extreme eastern point of Long Island, is a camp of invalids. Fourteen hundred officers and men are in hospital. Nine-tenths of the remainder in the various camps ought to be under nurse's care. Here, within the precincts of the army of Santiago, sick troops from the trenches and large numbers of troops from southern camps in this country, decimated with fevers and weak from lack of proper food. It was chosen as a camp for convalescents and well chosen.

The facts briefly stated respecting the camp at Montauk Point are that the hospital accommodations are grossly insufficient, the medical supplies inadequate, and the food for the men, a very large proportion of whom are invalids, of a character which the most robust constitutions would find it difficult to digest. Privation, suffering and fever have worn most of the men to skeletons. The hospitals are packed. Every cot is filled. Scores of new arrivals are lying on the floors, deprived of the commonest comforts of the sick in garrison. Each arriving transport brings in additional cases of fever. The surgeons, put to their wits' end to provide facilities have been seizing vessels and turning them into hospital ships. The ambulances form one of the most important features of the camp, and the ambulances only carry such as cannot drag themselves about. The scenes at the wharf where the troops are unloaded are pitiable in the extreme. Half of the regiments which disembark look as if they could be placed at once in hospital. Only the most desperately sick are afforded that privilege, while the remainder drag themselves wearily through the sand dunes to the camp selected for them. Nearest of all the camps to the wharf is the detention camp, where the troops as they arrive are isolated from three to five days before joining the cavalry and infantry camps beyond. There is no lack of tentage or of water, either in the detention camp or in the cavalry and infantry camps. But there is a lack of medical attendance, medical supplies and proper food in every camp at Montauk Point.

PTILABLE SCENES ON ALL SIDES. A personal visit to the various camps shows that with very few exceptions a majority of the men are invalids. The wrecks of their former selves, weak and exhausted. They shuffle as they walk through the company streets, their eyes are hollow, their cheeks sunken. Many walk unaided on either side by comrades. But they are not so unaided as they appear. They are in the hospital. They can stand on their feet and move and are therefore not subjects for the already crowded hospital tents. There is no room for them where medical attendance might alleviate their sufferings and a change in diet from the army rations enable them to assimilate food. Their officers are powerless to do anything for them as they are themselves, sleeping as they are on the ground and living on the same rations, repugnant to a weakened stomach. The flower of the regular army is at Montauk Point, but so faded and drooping that it is scarcely recognizable by those who saw it in its vigor and bloom four months ago.

LACK OF PROPER FOOD.

The universal complaint is of lack of proper food. There is an abundance of a portion of the army rations. The warehouses near the tracks are full of salt pork, beans and hard tack. For men with strong stomachs the ration is sufficient and ample. But the camp at Montauk Point is tenanted with sick men, weakened by successive attacks of fever, with their systems poisoned with malaria, and who need other than that on which they have subsisted in the camps and trenches behind Santiago. They crave for fresh vegetables, for milk, for eggs, for something different than they have had, and while they do not complain and are not complaining, it is heartrending to listen to the remarks of officers of the regular army about the condition of their men and their utter inability to improve it. The Ledger correspondent witnessed men fall in the ranks at guard mounting through sheer weakness, and passed through an infantry street in which six privates making their way to the rear were being assisted from the ground by comrades. When he asked why the men were not sent to hospitals, he was informed that the hospitals were full and that it would be of no use to send them there; that medical supplies were too short for the proper treatment of the men in camp, and that a large proportion of the continued sickness was due to the lack of proper food. The tears filled the eyes of one of the officers who had led the charge up San Juan hill, and who, weak and exhausted, sitting on a camp stool in front of his tent, demanded to know why, within 100 miles of New York city, men who had suffered such privations as had his command, should be compelled to endure the same privations at Montauk Point as at Santiago.

An officer needing a slight surgical operation upon his hand was informed at the hospital that he had better apply for sick leave, report to his home and employ a surgeon at home, because the resources of the hospital at camp were already overtaxed. There was universal complaint of lack of medical supplies to treat men in their tents, for whom accommodations could not be found in the hospitals.

It is a situation in which starvation is playing its part, not because there is not an abundance of certain kinds of food present, but because it is of a character which cannot be assimilated by sick men. The volunteer regiments in camp have been fortunate in their nearness to home. Visitors and friends have noted their needs, and supplies in abundance have been sent to the Seventy-first New York, the First United States volunteers and Second Massachusetts. It is the regular army, comprises nine-tenths of the troops in the camp, who are suffering most severely.

The mouths of officers of the regular army here are sealed. They have been allowed to suffer and be silent, to accept of school-teachers' replies, and to decline to afford information which might compromise superiors. They cannot and will not speak for themselves.

Here, in a camp of invalids, the hospitals cannot furnish cots for the sick, and hundreds only less than those lying on the floor in the hospitals cannot secure needed medical supplies. The surgeons at

Camp Wikoff are men of great professional ability, and are exerting themselves to the utmost. Colonel Wood, in charge of the hospital, is known as one of the best executives officers in the medical corps. He has been unflinchingly in his labors and persistent in his requisitions. All that can be said is that the supplies have not come, and the sick can not be properly treated without medical supplies.

It must be said for the commissary officers of the camp that it is not their duty to carry supplies to the different commands. This is the function of the quartermaster's department, and for a week past there has been a wretched lack of transportation. Stores have laid by the railroad for days because no wagons were available to carry them to the camps.

The plan for the hospital service was apparently conceived in ignorance of the awful condition of the troops in Cuba. All the officers here present in charge of the camp, have, I believe, done their full duty. They cannot be held responsible for a condition of affairs which it was the business of the war department in advance to be fully acquainted with, and which it was its duty to amply provide for. Had it not been for the efforts of the Red Cross society and other kindred organizations, the suffering would be much greater than it now is.

Appropriations by Congress.

The volume of appropriations, new offices, etc., required by law to be prepared at the end of each session of Congress, under the direction of the committees on appropriations of the House and Senate, has just been completed for the session of the Fifty-fifth Congress by P. T. Cleaves and J. C. Courts, chief clerk respectively of the Senate and House committees.

A summary of the appropriations shows the grand total to be \$893,251,815, as follows: Agricultural, \$3,509,202; army, \$23,193,392; diplomatic, \$1,752,208; District of Columbia, \$6,426,880; fortifications, \$9,377,494; Indian, \$7,673,854; legislative, \$21,625,846; military academy, \$458,689; postal, \$56,098,753; pension, \$141,233,630; postoffice, \$30,222,500; sundry civil, \$48,490,212; deficiencies, including various war appropriations for fiscal year 1898 and continuing to December 31st next, \$349,772,389; miscellaneous appropriations, \$6,560,301; permanent appropriations, \$117,536,222.

The amount \$61,859,927 are to meet expenses on account of the war with Spain.

In addition to the specific appropriations made, contracts are authorized to be entered into for the construction of new battleships and other new naval vessels, five dry docks and various other public works, requiring future appropriations by Congress to the amount of \$24,173,656.

The total number of new offices and employments specifically authorized amount to 301,383, at a cost of \$53,691,911, of which number 274,909, at a cost of \$43,240,350 are for the military establishment, and 25,998, at a cost of \$9,544,109, for the naval establishment, on account of the war.

Adding other increases of clerical force in several of the executive departments, and deducting the offices and employments abolished, 269 in number, at an annual cost of \$288,550, the net result shows no substantial change in the number of offices and employments provided for the fiscal year 1898.

The number of salaries and compensations increased is 206, of which 179 are for the military establishment, and 11 are for the diplomatic and consular service. The number reduced is five.

A comparison of the total appropriations for 1898, excluding the war appropriations, with the total appropriations for 1897 shows an increase for 1898 of \$2,636,608.

Great Surrenders of the War.

The great surrenders of the war were few. The first of note was the surrender of the Union garrison of Lexington, Mo., to Gen. Price, Aug. 30th, 1861, by Col. James A. Mulligan. The garrison numbered 3,500, including non-combatants. On the 16th of February, 1862, the garrison of Fort Donelson, Tenn., numbering 12,000 to 15,000, was surrendered by Gen. Buckner to Gen. Grant. At Harper's Ferry, Va., Sept. 14th, 1862, Col. Dixon S. Miles surrendered to Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson a large quantity of arms and military supplies, and the garrison of about 12,000 men. Sept. 17th, 1862, Col. J. T. Wilder surrendered the Union forces in Munfordville, Ky., to Gen. Bragg, who, at the head of a large army, was invading the State. Wilder had about 4,000 men.

At the fall of Vicksburg, July 4th, 1863, Gen. Pemberton surrendered to Grant 31,600 men, 60,000 muskets and 172 cannon. The most remarkable capture of the battle field was made by Gen. Hancock, the "Bloody Angle," Spotsylvania, May 12th, 1864. Gen. Edward Johnson with a division of Ewell's corps occupied a salient, or angle, and was surprised at daylight. The greater part of the division, numbering 2,800 men, and all the officers, including the commander, were made prisoners on the spot.

The final surrenders were as follows: Appomattox, Va., April 9th, 1865, Lee to Grant, 28,000; Greensboro, N. C., April 26th, 1865, Johnston to Sherman, 37,000; Citronelle, Ala., May 4th, 1865, Gen. Richard Taylor to Gen. E. R. S. Canby, 10,000; Tallahassee, Fla., May 10th, 1865, Gen. Sam Jones to Gen. E. M. McCook, 8,000; May 11th, 1865, Chalk Bluff, Ark., Gen. Jeff Thompson to Gen. G. M. Dodge, 7,500; May 26th, 1865, Gen. Kirby Smith surrendered the Trans-Mississippi army in Texas to Gen. E. R. S. Canby. The Confederates in that department numbered about 20,000.

Camp George G. Meade. Pennsylvania Railroad Trains Stopping at the Camp. For the accommodation of persons desiring to visit camp George G. Meade, near Middletown, Pa., the Pennsylvania railroad company has arranged to stop the following trains at the camp: Westbound, weekdays: Trains leaving Philadelphia at 4.30, 7.00 and 8.30 a. m. and 2.40 and 4.35 p. m.; also trains leaving Lancaster 9.45 a. m. and 2.35 p. m. Sunday trains leaving Philadelphia 4.30, 7.00 and 8.30 a. m., and 12.25 p. m. Eastbound, weekdays: Trains leaving Harrisburg 6.40, 7.15, 9.10 and 11.40 a. m., 2.55, 3.25, 4.50, 5.10 and 7.00 p. m. Sunday trains leaving Harrisburg 2.35, 3.25 and 7.00 p. m.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Every indication points to the fact that this is to be a fancy feather season in the millinery world.

The smartest toques and turbans for the coming season flare well back from the face, but this will be a favorite model for all shapes.

The small hats and bonnets will be made of fancy braid mingled with velvet or felt.

Quills, wings, bird's breasts, fancy plumage, and soft feather feathers will be used in greater profusion than they have been even this summer, when no hat was complete without them.

La Berger, or the shepherdess shape, of the summer appears again in felt, but it is not so attractive in the heavier materials as in the light Tuscan straw.

Velvet will be the height of vogue not only to make toques, turbans, and hats, but to a great extent for trimming.

The fancy spangled effects in wings and quills have been so popular that they will last well through the winter.

Brim edgings, hat crowns, and crown bands in fancy braids are a novelty that will prove decidedly taking.

Many of the most stylish hats will be seen adorned with huge fanciful bows.

If you fall a full puffly "Tam" crown in your fall hat from last season, don't change it, as they will be the thing for this year, too.

Many shades of blue are much in evidence for fall millinery—dark fleur-de-lis, bright forget-me-not, royal iris, China and lavender blue, and blue grays and periwinkle are all equally popular.

Plated Japanese hat braids, silk fibres, greened, satin and chiffon are some of the most desirable stuffs used in the composition or adornment of the "sweetest" things.

A new shaped crown, round and bell shaped like a diver's bell, is a development of the fall of '98.

The rage for cording reaches almost an alarming stage. Where the bows and rosettes of the past summer had one and two wires corded, the ones on the winter hats will hardly fall short of a dozen.

A great deal of fur will be used on hats this winter, as fur is to be Dame Fashion's fad for everything for the cold weather.

The poke shape of our grandmothers is heralded again, but "fox" in this regard has been cried so often, the season remains to prove the stability of this rumor.

To clean black silk. When a thrifty French woman wishes to clean black silk she brushes it thoroughly and wipes it with a cloth. Then, after it is free from dust, she lays it flat on a board and sponges it with hot coffee which has been strained through muslin and freed from sediment. The silk is sponged off on the right side, allowed to become half dry and then ironed on the wrong side. The coffee removes every particle of grease and restores the brilliancy of the silk without giving it the shiny appearance or the crackly and papery stiffness which results from heat, or indeed any other liquid except ammonia, which last does not freshen the color and gloss of the silk as coffee does. The silk is much improved by the process, and the good effect is permanent.

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