DON'T ENVY; EMULATE.

Sit never sullen, hopeless, sad; The active are the great; Be hopeful, e'er alert, and glad ; Don't envy; emulate.

Work is the warrior strong that wins; Toil leads to triumph's state; An excellence in toil begins; Don't envy : emulate.

Be up and doing! All your strength Use early-use it late; Success is sure to come at length;

Don't envy; emulate. The ones you envy you exalt Within your mind-elate:

Beat back the riot of revolt;

Don't envy; emulate.

THE AMBULANCE AND THE VIOLIN.

She looked up from her violin, but without taking it from her arm. Her chin rested lovingly against the frame, and her ear seemed to listen for the last vibrant whisper of the wood. Still, she looked up. whisper of the wood. Still, she looked up.
"It's just this," the man repeated, walking back and forth in exasperation. "Does a man come home to rest, or he a victim of she could not trust them. But she made a man come home to rest, or be a victim of his wife's caprices?"

The girl with the violin looked at him tion that drew out a horror of discords.

The man's face hardened. "When you have finished your entertainment and can listen to a reasonable proposition reasona-bly, telephone me at the Club." He did not say "Good-night." The curtains closed behind him, and then the hall door shut quietly. The girl drew herself to-gether as if she had seen a snake. "If he ad only slammed it!" she cried aloud.

"He will drive me mad."

A moment later she kissed her violin and began to play stormily with all the terrible joy of music that is in Schumann. She did not hear when the maid announced a visitor. And so it happened that Howell stood quite a moment in the doorway enjoying the picture she made in the dim lamplight.

"Gwenn," he said at last. She looked over her shoulder, and then gave a little cry. "But I thought—I—"
She could not finish the sentence. He had taken both her hands as they were with the bow and the violin. "Oh, Howell, why

did you come back?" He laughed and dropped her hands and seated himself beside her on the divan. "Well, really," he said "aren't you glad

"Terribly glad." She laid her violin across her lap and caressed it softly. "But I'm married, now, Howell."

His eyes wandered around the prettily furnished room. "Yes," he said wistfully, "you're married now." He looked back "I've heard he's a first rate fellow, but of course I shan't like him, and," he added with a boyish grin, "I'll feel more comfortable if he doesn't like me. We'll start on a fair basis of mutual under-

"It's a good thing to start on," she said with a curious note of bitterness in her "Phil and I didn't have it, so we've settled down to a basis of mutual misunderstanding."

He glanced at her keenly, and she flush-A certain weather beaten manliness dominated the face she remembered as holding only boyish charm. She had expected him to smile, but his face was grave

"You're frank about it," he commented. She shrugged her shoulders. "Might as well be," she answered. Her eyes fell listlessly on the violin. "Do you know," she said, "what I like about Schumann is that he's so feverishly, crazy interested and overjoyed for a little while, and then breaks off suddenly with a chord that says as plainly as your own heart, 'What's the She made a little gesture with her hand. "What is the use, Howell?"

"Dear me," he said, passing his hand over his smooth chin, "are women still thinking over here? I thought they played

She fingered the violin. "I don't like being married, Howell, and neither does

"My dear girl, I'm very sorry to hear it' but you shouldn't tell me so. I'm fresh from Japan, you understand, and I didn't know you were married until to-day, when I told Francis Cowle that I was coming to see you. At first I was for starting straight lack on the next overland, and then I thought to myself, 'If Gwenn hears through Cowle that I've been here and haven't even tried to see her'---'

She lifted her eyes until they met his, gravely fixed on her. "You didn't think me capricious, then?" she said. "You did not think I would change toward you.

"Gwenn! You! Capricious?"
"Phil says I am. I insisted on fiddling while Rome was burning-I mean while Phil was discussing our divorce—and he told me that when I could listen to a reasonable proposition reasonably, I might telephone him at the Club."

She paused, but the man beside her did not speak. She looked up apprehensively. He was pulling mechanically at his gloves. She put out her hand to him. He shook

"You've not grown to be like that," he said, still looking down and speaking almost to himself. "You talk about divorce because you don't know what you're talking about. I don't know anything about your differences with your husband, but he's your husband, and you've got to stick to him."

"Suppose he wants to get rid of me?" The man sprang to his feet. "You're talking nonsense," he cried sharply. "No man in his senses would want to get rid of you." He sat down again with a laugh. But it was a bitter laugh, without any mirth in it. "You're a surprise, Gwenn. Suppose you play to me, and I'll understand you better. I always understood you best when you played to me."

She lifted her violin and handled it gen tly, and with sort of a reverence. "I don't

play," she said.
"Not for me?"

"I tell you since Phil has made me so nervous about playing, I can't hold my fiddle when anyone is in the room. I played discords to annoy him this evening, that's

"So that was the quarrel?" "There wasn't any quarrel. Phil wants me to play cake-walks and I want to play Grieg, so I don't play."

He passed his hand across the strings thoughtfully. "Do you talk like this to your other friends?"

"Of course not." "I'm glad of that."

"Why? Should I have begun by exclaiming, 'Howell, we were old comrades. I wouldn't speak of this to any one else,

A light sprang into his somber face for a moment, and he leaned toward her in obedience to some sudden and commanding impulse. Then he drew himself together with an effort, and the light in his face died slowly. "You haven't changed much" he said. "I think I'll go now, while I'm Don't go," she said swiftly. "I can't

He rose, by way of answer, and stood before her. He was pulling again at his gloves, and his face was flushed. His eyes did not dare meet hers. "I—I'd better go now," he repeated. "Don't keep me, Gwenn.'

She shook her head as she looked up at him. She was smiling, but smiling tremulously, as if she were about to cry. Her hand went up involuntarily to her heart. Then she put-aside her violin and rose and went over to the window, where she parted the curtains and looked without seeing into the dim and silent street. Howell stood a moment as she had left him, then he flung the gloves he had been playing with on the table beside him and strode to the window. She felt his arm about her, and then he caught her to him with a violence that robbed her of breath. Her heart gave a great leap and then fell heavy and leaden and no effort for release, and he held her al-most as if he hoped to kill her in his arms. It was only an instant. Then he put her as though she were weighing something in her mind. She did not appear to be listenidg to him. She raised her bow and pulled it across the strings with a sawing motion that drew out a horror of discords.

er as if a merciless searchlight has swung full on them through the dusk. The girl shivered a little, but she did not move away. It would have seemed like a spok-

en confession to move away.

Below them, through the street, passed the dim procession of the years since they had said good by. All that had happened seemed reviewed as they stood silent, near each other and each thinking things the other could not see. At last she sighed, as if the procession had passed, and turning at the same moment, their eves met.

"I wish," he said in a low voice that found each word difficult, "that I could take you out under the stars with only the wide sea around you and the wind to sing to you.

"I wish you could." she answered. He put out his hand as though to draw her to him again, and then drew it back.

'No," he murmured. "If I believed—but you do love him. Say that you love him," he commanded fiercely. "I can't go while you look at me like that." His tones softened and melted into pleading, while she stood beside him, motionless and silent. "I can't go, Gwenn," he repeated, and something almost like a sob broke from him as he dropped into a chair beside the window and buried his face in his hands.

The gong of an ambulance rang faintly in the distance. She recognized its hurried warning as it grew and turned into the street, and something in her over strung nerves identified it with herself. She did not reason about it. She only felt that something had happened to Phil, and that they were bringing him home. She knew that the galloping hoofs would slacken their pace and stop at her door. She wait-ed for it. Her hands locked themselves tensely in front of her. She looked down in the street at the approaching horror. Sometime, in another life, Howell, the man who sat unlistening and unknowing, with gaunt face in his hands. Howell had held her to him in an abandonment of passion and she had been glad. Now her throat was dry, and her wide eyes stared down into the darkness of the street in helpless agony. In her mind a prayer formed itself, but she was not conscious that she repeated it to herself over and over. Over and over she repeated it, that vainly selfish prayer that the grim errand might not be for her.

It was almost under her window. was stopping. A surgeon dropped from his place at the back and crossed the sidewalk and came up the steps. The driver backed the ambulance about so that the stretcher could be taken out. She tried to move, and her knees yielded beneath her. She sank down helpless and stricken. The door bell rang sharply through the quiet house.

"Go down," she whispered hoarsely as Howell lifted his head. "Go down and

open the door." He stared at her, sprang to his feet, and with one instant's glance out of the window, went out swiftly, and she heard him jumping down the stairs. She heard hin open the front doors, and, summoning her strength by a supreme effort, she got up and followed out into the hall and, leaning

over the balusters, clung there, listening. "Yes," the surgeon was saying. "Knock ed over by a cable car,—not dangerously hurt-guess he'll come around all right in an hour or so. Much obliged. Sorry to have bothered you. Houses all so dark Couldu't see the number."

Howell answered something, and closed the door and came back to her. "They made a mistake in the number," he said. "This is Seventy and they wanted Seventy

The light in the upper hall where they stood was burning brightly enough to show him her face, and the look that swept over it. He stood aside until she had passe into the room which they had just left, and then he followed her. Going to the table, he picked up his gloves.

'I asked you if you loved him," he ask ed in a forced, even voice. "I see for my self that you do."

But she had gone to the divan and flun herself down in a storm of sobbing. His face paled as he watched her shoulders heave, and listened to her sobs, but he did not approach her. He turned as if to go and then paused, and the irresolution in his face changed as his eyes fell on the violin

"Put it away," he said, speaking lightly od smiling. "Until you can play cakeand smiling. walks, at any rate." Her husband had come into the room, bu Howell had his back to him, and the girl

had not lifted her head. "I sha'n't like him," Howell went on in the same light tone, "and I'll feel more comfortable if he doesn't like me, but my parting advice to you is that you never let gifts of money, was the treatment he acnim see how much you care about him. There's not a man living who's worth your

love for Phil." "Humph," said Phil clapping him on the shoulder. "Suppose you speak for yourself, sir. Who are you, and what have you been doing to my wife?"

Howell turned in astonishment. he said, "I'm just an old friend of your wife's. She had a bad scare about you—an ambulance stopped here by mistake. Broke her all up—thought the Bon Dieu was punishing her for not playing cakewalks—

She—"In the matter of dressing Mrs. Locutte carries things to extremes, don't you think?" He—"Well, she might seems you're partial to that kind of music. Can't say I care for it myself. Yes, I'm off. extreme You see, you don't need me. Good-night."

started up at the sound of his voice, and he took her in his arms. "I—I had much rather you played Grieg," he stammered. "I-that's just what I came back to tell

As Howell let himself out of the front door, he glanced up at the lighted windows. "Lucky he didn't come before the ambulance," he mused. "I think I patched up the violin business rather well." He strode along the deserted sidewalk. The excitement died out of his face and left it a bit rueful, a bit sad.

"I suppose," he considered, "I can take the overland to-morrow."—By Marguerite Tracy, in The Pilgrim.

American Guns to Remain Upon Morro Castles.

United States to Secure Permanent Naval Stations at Havana, Santiago, Cienfuegos and Cuban Harbors. Administration Has so De-

American guns will probably continue to | incline for chronic alcoholism. frown upon the shipping in Havana harbor from the embrasures in Morro Castle. They will probably also guard the narrow entrance to Santiago harbor and from the works at Cienfuegos on the south coast and Gibara on the north they will continue to been turned over to the Republic of Cuba. In other words those are points at which the United States will probably insist upon having naval stations. They are the best harbors on the island. They comthat lead to the eastern entrance of the proposed Nicaragua canal.

Although not a word has been uttered in public by any member of the Administhought on the problem of stations for the navy on the island. They have kept the question in the background, so far as the American Republic and the Cubaus are concerned. Their first concern was to procure the acceptance of the Platt amendment, through which the United States acquires the right to have naval stations

at suitable points on the island. Even now it is not an urgent matter, because the Cubans will have so much to do that it will be all of a year before the government of the embryo Republic is prepared to take over the responsibilities of adminis-tering the affairs of the island. Public discussion of what we want before these matters are settled would merely distract the attention of the Cubans from the business in hand.

PLAN OFFICIALLY RECOMMENDED. The idea prevailing in the administration councils is that it would be useless for the United States to establish naval stations at any points on the islands without at the same time acquiring, the means for protecting them. That is why the retention of the Morro castles at Havana and Santiago is a part of the tentative plan outlined. The plan has been suggested by the military and naval experts, by whom the question of stations and their defense have been considered.

It is altogether unlikely that the Republic of Cuba will ever have a navy strong enough to repel the attacks of even a week naval power. They will have no naval stations, and as the integrity of the Republic is to be guaranteed by the United States, the means of defense, it will be argued, should be in the control of this government. The guns of the hill castles point seaward, and they would never he of any use in the suppression of do-

mestic violence. Notwithstanding the obvious reasons why they should be sold or leased to the United States for 10,000 years it is believed the Cubans will make a great outery when the American proposals are made. castles at Havana and Santiago are rich in historic memories, and the opposition on account of sentiment is expected to be more stubborn than on any other

GOMEZ WILL ACQUIESCE.

Leading Cubans like General Gomez realize, however, that the island can never really be anything more than an American dependency. They are, therefore, prepar ed to make great consessions for the pur-pose of getting the longed for independence that will be accomplished as soon as the Cubans give America the opportunity to safeguard her interests in having control of the channels leading to the proposed canal and to the gulf ports. General Gomez, as shown in his signed statement on the occasion of his visit here, realize that before many years Cuba will be annexed.

A Cabinet officer is authority for the statement that in official opinion the number of American troops on the island will never be much smaller than it is now. There are about 4,000 men in service there. When the naval stations are established they will merely be sent to the four cities named to garrison the forts that protect the stations. Cuba will probably receive liberal compensation for the privileges.

Charles A. Spring Dies.

Set His Mark at \$250,000 and Gave Away Al Beyond That Amount.

Charles A. Spring, associate of the late Cyrus H. McCormick and the manager of the McCormick Harvesting Machine company from 1858 to 1889, died on Tuesday at his home in Chicago. He was seventy five years old.

It was one of his principles that no man should have more than a moderate fortune. He had many, many opportunities, which if grasped, would have made him a millionaire, but he set his figure at \$250, 000, and he never allowed his fortune to

creep above that amount.

He gave so unostentiously that one can find little record of his giving, but his generosity was most practical. He looked after his charitable work himself and took great interest in helping worthy men on to their feet and to better positions in the world. He gave to many institutions, but preferred the sort of giving that helped individuals to a more useful and more com-

fortable life. He was a member of Professor Swing's church, and gave very liberally to its support and to any project for which it stood sponsor. He was an intimate friend of Professor Swing. Greater, however, than corded the thousands of employees of the McCormick factories. Every man, wo-man or boy employed before his retirement has occasion to remember pleasantly

the general manager.

Mr. Spring married Miss Ellen M.
Spring, in 1853, at East Hartford, Conn.,
She died, and in 1896, Mr. Spring married Miss Eugenia B. Keith, of Oxford, Me.

carry things a little nearer to the upper extremes. She leaves a lot uncovered

Phil had gone straight to his wife, as she The Growth of the Habitual Use of Strong Drink.

The past hundred years might be called 'the century of alcohol," an appellation that the present one bids fair to deserve, too, unless common sense triumphs. To day alcohol is taken regularly by seventyfive per cent. of all human beings save those we are pleased to call "uncivilized," and the average man and woman of our times drinks more and oftener than man and woman ever before did in the history

of the world.

Do not remind me of the great drinking bouts of mediaeval times and of the portwine aristocracy of bygone days. Some of our forefathers were hardy drinkers-so much the worse for us—but the fact doesn't offset the statement above set forth. Eighteenth century Englishmen and the old Germans often got drunk-grant that-but as a general thing liquor and beer were a luxury with them, kept for certain occasions and served with more or less state. They occasionally indulged in orgies; we

In olden times the people's tipple, the international drink of the masses, was water. To day it is not. We speak of the Germans as beer drinkers; whisky and the Kentucky colonel are synonymous terms; the "frog-eating" Frenchman has made way for the "absinth fiend;" the smaller sweep the channels through which war way for the "absinth fiend;" the smaller vessels may pass, even after the island has Latin races are wine drinkers; Russia is steeped in vodka, Poland and Scandinavia in schnapps. The population of all these countries is more or less alcoholized.

Why? Because chemistry's glorious achievements have made it possible to draw mand the channels in the Gulf of Mexico | the popular poison from some of the cheapest substances to be found in any land. Alcohol now sells at ridiculously low prices. It's cheaper than it was ever before. Means for drunkenness more plentitration on that subject, it is said the ful and cheaper, drinking more popular, President and his advisers have put much and no hope for regeneration—this is the

situation in a nutshell.

Let me state beforehand, as the result of far-reaching investigation, that no one becomes an alcoholist out of sheer wickedness; that very few people even face a bar with the intention of getting drunk. It's the habit of drinking that produces alcoholism and the misery following in its wake. It is the generality, popularity of the thing. Because all do it, every one must suffer.

Chronic alcoholism, engendered by habitual drinking in moderation or out of it, is responsible for the wholesale degeneration of the races. Habitual drinking not only injures health, but likewise the character and the family sense of man or wom-an. But the difference between acute and chronic alcoholism is often merely a question of consumption. A person who gets drunk at stated intervals-every month, or every three months-and in the meantime drinks nothing but water, cannot be called an alcoholist. The respectable membe of society, however, who feels insulted if asked whether he ever drank to excess, but who consumes several glasses of beer at lunch and a bottle of wine with his dinner, aside from a glass or two of liquor, this man is the very type of the chronic alcoholist. His face and figure show it, his inside is full of liquor-stigmata. He probably suffers from nervousness while at the same time he is subject to undue excitement. He is too fat in spots and his heart

does not work right.

Alcohol is a narcotic poison; it is in the same class with opium, morphine, cocaine, ether, chloroform, etc., and, like these, affects the brain by gradually laming and paralyzing it after producing some little short excitement, the excitement itself being evidence of progressive paralysis. It shall not be denied here that drinking thinking, with the sentiments and will-

power of man. One of the worst features of the use of For lungs. alcohol and other narcotics is their tendency to be required in ever increasing Ninety-nine out of a hundred drinkers began with an occasional glass of beer, but after awhile they had to have their tipple regularly-noon, afternoon and

night-and more of it. Drinking leads to self-deception. The weakened drinker feels "braced up," while his mental activity is on the decline; he thinks himself able to perform wonders. The world wants to be deceived, hence the world drinks, the world buys self-deception

in big and little doses. Liquor always hurts. There is no harmless minimum dose, as the medical investigator Krapelin proved to the satisfaction of the faculties. Even the most moderate drinker in the world thinks slower than he ought to do according to his in-

tellectual make up.

The Mohammedan who obeys the laws of his religion is a splendid specimen of manhood. He is paler than the average European or American, but is far less hampered by useless fat. His muscles are strong as iron and his powers of endurance practically limitless. If the Mohammedan has color in his face, it's fresh and bloomy like that of our young girls. The absence of a protruding stomach and of a red nose, slender fingers and his healthy blood are the result of total abstinence.

Alcohol is no nourishment. Science cannot and will not accept it as such. I do not deny that alcohol makes fat, but alcoholic fat is worthless and placed where it ought not to be. Drinkers tell us that alcohol is rich in albumen—they buy an infinitesimal quantity of albumen at an exceedingly high price.

Many good people think they car afford to advocate drinking in moderation. Of such I have asked again and again to show me a single benefit conferred upon humanity or individuals, by alcohol—a single benefit that, at the same time, is not outweighed by positive injury. They could not do so, neither could they deny that, on the average, abstemious nations and in-dividuals enjoy better health than those given to drinking. Some advocates of moderate drinking whom I met defended alcohol as a factor in medicine, but that is a question with which the layman has nothing to do.

It is ridiculous, stupid and criminal, even, to deny a patient alcohol when needed. Many illnesses due to poison require a poison to counteract the effect of the first. Alcohol may be just the antidote required, for, like other narcotics, it's very ective as a pain killer.

At the same time, medicine is making a horrible misuse of alcohol. As a curative and as a means for furnishing strength it is prescribed altogether too often and in excessive doses. This ought to be stopped Alcohol should be put on the same fo with other poisons. It should be handled only by the apothecary.

The common-sense battle against alcohol means opposition to old-time customs, to capital, and in some countries to the Nevertheless the war is on; nevertheless it will and must be successful. The enemies of alcohol do not pretend to solve the social question. All they want to do is to give back humanity a sober, strenuous, unbefuddled brain.—By Professor A. Forel, of Leipsic.

Exercise as a Tonic.

Simple Calisthenics That do More Good Than Each American Soldier Represents \$1,000 A Drugs. Developing Various Muscles. Directions Which, if Followed, Will Result in a Great Gain in Health, to Those Who Are Weakly

Many a person flies to tonics when they could prevent diseases when proper hygienic methods and exercise would do them much more good than drugs. When spring comes a person is often tired from the hard winter's work, or study, or perspring comes a person is occurred to the hard winter's work, or study, or perhaps lack of proper exercise during the winter months. If one can be out of doors taking long walks, playing golf or tennis, rowing or paddling in the river, or riding, one regains perfect health. The riding, one regains perfect health. The linto the blood in quantification into the blood in quantification. The book the lungs become strengthened and the muscles are made stronger. Using the benefited. When the muscles are workthemselves, but to the surrounding tisquicker giving to a person great exhilaration. The skin works hard to give out the impurities, in the form of perspiration; and the kidneys also work harder, thus helping to clear the body. Wherever the blood is sent charged with a new supply of oxygen a change occurs for the improvement. The brain and stomach are also improved, and thus one becomes of a happier disposition. We all know how cross and depressed a dyspeptic becomes. When people are deprived of exercise they become pale, anaemic and delicate. If the lungs are weak and susceptible to disease the best way to strengthen them is by respiratory exercise.

WALKING AND DANCING. Walking is a splendid exercise if the arms are allowed to swing freely. Dancing has very much the same effect as walking. It is automatic generally, and the chief effect is on the muscles of the abdomen. The lower part of the trunk, the thighs, the legs, especially the calves of the legs. Dancing has an exhilerating effect on mind and body. It increases the circulation also. Skating is a good exercise. Rowing is generally done for the exercise to the arms, back and chest. When the boat is propelled with great speed the leg muscles are brought into play. In paddling, a different set of muscles are used and the legs not at all. Riding is good for dyspeptics, for it has direct effect on the abdominal viscera. In swimming all the muscles are brought into active movement. It is one of the best exercises for chest expansion. But all these are for strong people and not for people who indulge in "tonics."

INDOOR EXERCISES. A person is often too weak to go out and exercise much. If this is the case take a few exercises in your room with windows wide open, or go out upon the plaza. The best tonic in the market is exercise, and it is free to all. Throw away your bottles of medicine and put on something loose and thin. Open the window wide and prepare to take an invigorating, strengthening tonic in the shape of gymnastics. The best time for exercise is in the morning, about two hours after breakfast, or just be

EXERCISE I.

Lift the arms slowly up at the sides on a "makes the heart glad," but whether moderate or not, it interferes with orderly ward the floor, breathing in as the arms go up. Let the breath slowly out as the arms return to position again. Ten times.

EXERCISE II.

Bring the arms up over the head, taking a long breath and rising on the toes just as the arms go over the head. Bring the arms down at the side and let the heels sink, letting the breath out slowly. Ten times. For chest and to strengthen lungs.

EXERCISE III

Hands on hips. Rise on the toes and bend the knees. Straighten the knees and let heels slowly sink. For the legs and thigh muscles. Do this exercise twenty times.

EXERCISE IV.

Holding a cane in the hands over the head as high as the arms will stretch, bend down and try and touch the floor five times. To cure backache and congestion of bloodvessels in back and to develope hips and reduce flesh on the abdomen.

Take position as in figure 1. Bending first to the left three times, then to the right three times. Be sure and have the heels together. To help digestion. Effect on the liver.

EXERCISE V.

EXERCISE VI.

An exercise which is very good for the bowels and which helps to relieve constipation is the exercise which is seen in the second picture. Take the position as in figure 2, and bring the leg down as slowly as you can, taking care to keep the knee straight and the instep stretched. Do this three times, alternating first right and then left leg. It also strengthens the ab-dominal muscles and reduces flabby flesh on the abdomen.

EXERCISE VII. Putting the cane between the lower rungs of two chairs and jumping over it is a good exercise for gracefulness, taking care to land with the knees slightly bent, so as not to jar the spine.

EXERCISE VIII. Hold the cane over the head and then

turn first to the right and then to the left. Four times to each side. Take care not to move the feet. EXERCISE IX.

Take the combination of exercise I and viii without the cane. Lifting the arms and breathing in as the body turns to the side. Letting the arms down at the side and expelling the breath as the body turns to the front.

EXERCISE X. Cane held back of shoulders body erect. Rise high on the toes twenty times slow-

All these exercises excepting the last one are for the physiological effect as well as the physical

Struck By a Falling Corpse. At Corning a few days ago, Martin Dil-

lon, aged 18, was electrocuted while repairing wires. He fell dead to the sidewalk. In the descent his body struck Charles Brown, an aged resident of Wellsboro, who was passing on the sidewalk. Mr. Brown-was knocked to the ground and was seriously injured.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Army a Costly One.

Year-Expense in Europe Smaller. Investigating the Causes of the Great Mortality Among Horses.

That the United States has the most expensive army per capita in the world is established by figures given by the office of military information in its latest publications of notes of military interest. This comparative table is presented.

Cost of 1
Cost Soldier
Effectives, a Year, a Year,
281,388 \$45,640,664 \$192.23
350 687 78,717,800 194,54
562,187 142,077,225 201.30
589,215 124,491,500 197.65
732,605 141,392,825 155,75
76,200 114,220,000 1,014.66 Cost of 1

The book shows that all the European armies are devoting their main attention muscles by exercise not only makes them to manœuvers on a large scale. France larger and stronger but the whole body is and Germany especially indulged in very extensive field operations during the past ing the bloodvessels by which they are supplied become full and more blood is thus brought, not only to the muscles manœuvers, the report says; their work in the field, produces upon the mind of the sues. The heart is required to pump more blood all over the body, and thus it beats from that made by the individual soldier met in the street. The average enlisted man is not well set up. His uniform is badly fitting and gives no appearance whatever of smartness. The result is that the individual looks sloppy.

"On the other hand, a company or battalion on the march or disposed for at-tack act in unison, are quick and easy in their movements and look business The men are so used to the pack that it seems no burden or impedient. During the whole manœuver silence is observed even when the men are halted and allowed to lie down.

"Most of the time the weather was very hot, but it was rare to see a man during a balt drinking from his canteen. On the march a man is not allowed to drink without permission, and generally, he is then allowed only to riuse his mouth.

"There was during the French manœuvers no advancing by rushes in one sense, and no lines were seen to move at double time except in the final charge. A battalion of ten moves forward by echelons of companies, but very deliberately and without lying down or kneeling to fire. Commands by voice are rarely heard, most indications being by signal with the hand and whistle.

"Bicycle companies were very little in evidence, though they were used and were seen in action generally on the flanks. They were quick and well drilled. They did not use the folding bicycles. Bicy

clists were much used for couriers.
"That the day has passed when cavalry can successfully charge infantry is evidently not believed in by the French army. Every day during the manœuvers cavalry was to be seen charging infantry fully in the front, sometimes, too, when bodies of the unknown enemy could take their flank as they advanced. Frequently the advance began at from 1,500 to 2,500 yards from the enemy, over open ground swept by his fire. The charges were generally made by regiments in successive

squadrons. "Most of the movements in actual war would have been characterized as reckless, folly or pure sacrifice. The absence of confusion, the complete knowledge which each commander had of what was going on fore going to bed at night. These exer-about him and what he was expected to cises, if taken at night, are often a cure do, the ease with which 100,000 men were concentrated, supplied, marched, fought and sent home indicated that the French manœuvers of former years are bearing

chased a total of 54,882 horses from various countries for use in South Africa. They were purchased from the following From Argentina, 24,778; from Australia, 5,983: from United States, 14,-755. from Canada, 3,190; from Austria,

6, 176. Total, 54,882. After a thorough investigation of the causes of the great mortality among horses during the present South African war veterinary Lieutenant Colonel J. Mat. thews, of the English army, gives the following causes: Exposure to a tropical climate without stables, sometimes without nosebags, watering and working animals in the early morning before the sun has despersed the mist; the great number in all commands that broke loose at night and wandered in unhealthy localities, loss of natural energy by the great heat of January, February and April; the use of freshly cut grass as bedding for stabled animals; the scarcity of water and its obvious impurity; inexperience in stable management and the want of second blankets; lack of acclamation; failure to separate

sick animals to healthy locality. Germany has a tremendous supply of carrier pigeons for use of her army. The entire country is covered by a net work of communication, from 200 to 1,000 pigeons kept at each station. The Federated Society of German Pigeon Fanciers possesses 73,000 pigeons which, in the event of war, would be placed at the disposal of the government.

France has added two bicycle companies

of 150 men each to her army.

The French cavalry is considering the advisability of adopting a saber pistol, weighing one-third more than the present saber. It is so arranged that at every thrust a bullet may be fired by simply jerking back the blade. It is hoped this weapon will aid the cavalry in attack, particularly in a hand-to-hand encounter with hostile cavalry. The weapon can be used unloaded as well as loaded.

The Constantinople Fire.

The Mustery of the Cause of it Is Now Cleared Away. CONSTANTINOPLE, July 20.—Owing to

the mystery and secrecy enshrouding all occurrences in the Yildiz palace, the real cause of the recent fire there has only now transpired. The incident was the result of an intrigue

by the ladies of the harem against the lady treasurer of the harem, of whom they wished to be rid. At the instigation of the conspirators a negress placed materials for a conflagration in a corridor of the palace, and lighted them under conditions to cast suspicion upon the lady of the treasury. The desired result was attained. The lady treasurer was not only dismissed, but she was imprisoned in the palace. Her relatives are influential, and have been endeavoring to obtain her release. There have been numerous arrests in consequence of the attempt at incendiarism, and women have been subjected to torture in the hope

of extracting confession from them.

The sultan first believed the conspiracy was directed against himself. The fire did not occur in a room adjoining that used by the sultan, as first reported, but in a corridor quite a long way from his majesty's apartments.

-Mamma-"No cooking class today?" May-"No, ma; the teacher is sick." "The heat, I suppose." "No; dyspepsia."