

## "LET ME NOT MUCH COMPLAIN."

Let me not much complain of life, in age,  
Life is not faulty, life is well enough,  
For those who love their daily round  
Of doing,  
And take things rounded, never in  
The rough,  
Turning from day to day the same old  
page,  
And their old knowledge ever more  
renewing,  
I have known many such; through life  
they went  
With moderate use of moderate  
heritage,  
Giving and spending, saving as they  
spent,  
These are wise men, though never  
counted sage;  
They looked for little, easy men to  
please;  
But I, more deeply drunk of life's full  
cup,  
Feel, as my lips come nearer to the  
lees,  
I dived for pearls, and brought but  
pebbles up.  
—Thomas W. Parsons, in the Century.

## A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY.

All my life I had been—well, not exactly a woman hater, but a firm believer in the idea that man is the lord of creation, and that woman is not an absolute necessity. For many years it was my proud boast that I was able to dispense with feminine aid and yet live a very enjoyable life, as, with clockwork regularity, I went from my bachelor lodgings to business each morning, returning in the afternoon and spending the evening at the club or some place of amusement. The idea of having a lady companion in my rambles never entered my head.

True, my landlady, good old soul, prepared my meals and cleaned my rooms, but that was because I had not time to do it myself, and a man servant was beyond my means. But in all else I dispensed with woman's aid. Boot cleaning, sewing buttons on, lighting the fire, etc., were all done with my own hands—nay, at a pinch, I have even washed a pocket handkerchief.

I desired to stand forth as a living example of the original Adam and a proof of the superfluity of the modern Eve. But my misguided companions refused to profit by my teachings or to follow my example. One by one they fell under female influence, one by one they married, and then—I cut them dead. Ah, me! Those free Bohemian days were happy ones, as year after year I pursued my adopted course in spite of the continual falling off of my comrades. Then came a time when my circle of acquaintances had decreased so considerably that I began to feel lonely. Bachelor chums were more difficult to find than ever. To loneliness succeeded melancholy, and I grew miserable.

One friend, to whom I laid bare my woes, said:

"You keep to yourself too much. What you ought to do is to lodge with some family where there are two or three grown up daughters. They would wake you up a bit."

This, to me, the hitherto ideal advocate of an Evesless Eden! And yet, after the advice had been tendered several times, I began to think that such a change might be beneficial. Such a course need not involve the rendering up of my tenets; but, as woman still formed a part of the world, she might at least contribute to my amusement. So, after very serious consideration, I decided to seek fresh apartments, with light society thrown in.

Now my troubles commenced. I could not make the direct inquiry, "Have you any grown up daughters?" So I generally viewed the rooms, listening to the landlady's verbiage, the rent, and then casually asked, "Have you any children?" and the reply would be, "Yes, 'four,' 'five,' or 'six,' (as the case might be); 'the eldest is 16 years old and the youngest 2 months. But they are as good as gold and never make a bit of noise.'"

The numberless journeys I made and the many desultory conversations I listened to were all to no purpose. No one appeared to possess grown up daughters—the eldest was always 10. Just when I was about to abandon my search of fortune—or was it fate?—led me to Myrtle Villa, Paradise Gardens, Upper Dulwich. The door was opened by a vision of loveliness, faultlessly dressed, and with bright blue eyes and golden hair. "Newly married," thought I, "well, here at least the eldest won't be 10!" She invited me in, and then disappeared; a middle aged lady entering directly after, we proceeded to discuss terms. Then came the inevitable inquiry as to children.

"I have two grown up daughters, the younger of whom opened the door for you."

"At last! Need I say that, within a week, I was installed in Myrtle Villa? The landlady (a widow) was a genial, homely woman, and the youngest daughter, Annie, aged 25, I have already described, but the other daughter, Julia, did not impress me favorably. She was neither good looking nor pleasing, and, without being exactly bad tempered, always insisted on having her own way.

I now seemed to be in a new world. My boots bore a brilliant luster each morning without my aid, and my slippers were laid ready for me in the evening, and as for lending me a needle and cotton—the idea—if I would only leave them outside they would only be too happy.

I no longer needed to seek relaxation at the club after the labors of the day. Julia played the piano well (her only accomplishment), while Annie sang divinely, and thus the evenings passed all too quickly. My acquaintances they did not seem to possess—yet stay, there was one—Mr. Malcolm, whose name I frequently heard mentioned, but as his calls were always made in the daytime, I never saw him. I had rapidly passed into that condition of mind which raised a feeling of jealousy on his account, so one day I questioned my landlady on the subject.

"Oh, he's a very old friend of ours. Once we thought he would have proposed to Julia, but nothing came of it."

What a relief! Only Julia! So time went pleasantly on, and then—how can I confess it?—my lifelong creed was thrown to the winds, my proud ambition humbled in the dust, and I became a willing slave to the sex I had so long despised and ignored. My only thought now was, how and in what words I should beseech my darling Annie to become my wife. Time after time I was on the point of speaking, but Julia always turned up at the critical moment.

One evening Julia announced that a week thence she had an engagement to play at a concert. Then burst upon me a brilliant inspiration. I purchased two stall tickets for the Lyceum for that same evening, and, making pretense that I had them given to me, I persuaded Annie to promise to accompany me. This time Julia would not be able to intrude, and I should know my fate. In two months time I should be taking my summer holiday, which would fit in just nicely for the honeymoon.

On the eventful day I hastened homeward with a queer fluttering in my heart and a flower spray for Annie in my hat. Julia opened the door, and hardly permitted me to enter before she informed me that Annie had been out in the hot sun, and had been obliged to go to bed with a very bad sick headache. My fluttering heart gave one huge bound and then seemed to stand still. However, to disguise my feelings, I said:

"I am sorry; and you have to play at the concert?"

"No," she replied, "the concert has been postponed."

"Then may I beg the pleasure of your company? I did not ask you before because of the concert engagement."

"Thanks. I shall enjoy it immensely."

What a miserable failure that evening proved to be! I do not even know what the play was called. I was thinking all the time of my poor, sick darling, and not of the acting or the woman who sat by my side wearing the flower spray that was meant for Annie.

The words were still unspoken when my holidays arrived, and, tearing myself away from the two sisters, who stood at the gate and waved their handkerchiefs as long as I remained in sight, it was with no feelings of joyful anticipation that I betook myself to Hastings for rest and recreation.

Rest! Where could I find it? Not on the parade or pier amidst hundreds of couples promenading, as I had pictured Annie and myself doing; not on the beach where the Ethiopian musicians were eternally playing "Annie Laurie," "Sweet Annie Rooney" and "Annie, Dear, I'm Called Away." For a whole week I wandered aimlessly hither and thither. Then I could stand it no longer. So I wrote a long letter commencing "Darling," and pouring out the impassioned, pent up love that comes but once in a man's lifetime. I besought and beseeched her to take pity upon me, or my lifeless body should serve in the billows that beat relentlessly on the rocks of Beachy Head.

When I had finished, I happened to catch sight of a photograph which I had purchased the previous day, representing one of the yachts preparing to start on her morning trip, with my own figure in a prominent position in the bows. "Ah," thought I, "I'll send that to Julia."

If it were possible I had now less rest than before, night or day, while waiting for the answer. Rising in the morning with haggard looks and burning brow, the other boarders would remark that the sea air did not seem to agree with me, while under the mask of supreme indifference there raged within me the fiercest volcano that ever burned in the heart of man.

At last the reply came, and, bounding up to the privacy of my own room, and trembling fingers I tore open the envelope which hid from me—life or death?

"Dearest, I am yours forever. I cannot say your proposal was unexpected, for I have felt that you could mean nothing less, ever since that evening when you so openly expressed your preference for me by taking me to the theater."

What! Whew! Where! I looked at the signature—"Julia." Oh, Heavens! I saw it all. I had placed them in the wrong envelopes, and sent the letter to Julia and the photograph to Annie! How I raged and fumed and tore my hair, until at last, in sheer exhaustion, I sank into a chair and endeavored to finish reading the letter.

"Annie thanks you very much for photo, and she desires me to tell you that yesterday Mr. Malcolm proposed to her and was accepted. We will have the two weddings on the same day. Won't that be nice, dear?"

Nice? This was the last straw. Nice, indeed, for me to be married to a woman I did not care for, and at the same time to see the one I loved given to another man! I cannot re-

member what I did for the next hour or two beyond cursing my foolishness and swearing I wouldn't marry Julia. Then, when I became calmer, I saw an action for breach of promise looming. I thought of all my hard earned savings of years being swept away by a sympathetic jury to heal Julia's broken heart. There was no escape for me. She had my letter, which simply commenced "Darling," and as no name was mentioned in it from beginning to end, was it possible that any body of intelligent men could be brought to believe that I intended it for Annie when I addressed the envelope to Julia? No, no. I must go through with it—I would marry Julia. Yes, and I would teach her that man is the lord of creation, and that woman is but a helpmate, and not an equal, and so, in my married life, triumphantly assert those principles which I had held so long.

Julia married me at the same time and place as Annie became Mrs. Malcolm. I now spend my evenings endeavoring to solve a difficult problem, and that is, why do they call woman the weaker sex?

## THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

### The Spanish Commander's Troops—A Waiting Game.

Spain did not affect to consider the Cuban insurrection of no importance. She recognized in it a possible rather than an actual importance, and to prevent the possible from being actual she sent to Cuba as Captain-General the same soldier who pacified the island eighteen years ago, Marshal Arsenio de Martinez Campos, and with him and after him she has sent thousands of soldiers. Campos reached Cuba nearly three months ago. Since his arrival he has spent most of his time in the eastern provinces of the island, those of Santiago de Cuba and Puerto Principe, where the disaffection exists chiefly, though he has been also in every important seaport.

"My principal enemies," said Marshal Campos, recently, "are Generals July, August and September." Until the last of these has gone, Campos will maintain a "masterly inactivity," and play a waiting game. When he reached the island in April he consulted with the local authorities in every part of his province; since then he has been devoting his time to making his men comfortable, to organizing his army as his experience has taught him is best, and is making plans to be put into execution after General September has gone.

Campos has 65,000 Spanish regular troops now, and 25,000 more are expected this month. The first detachments of troops were destitute of everything necessary for their welfare, let alone for their existence. Not even the British soldiers in the Crimea were worse off. These men had no tents, no blankets, no shoes. Out of chaos Campos has had to bring order. At last he has done so. His men are equipped properly now to withstand the climate as well as the insurgents. They are not stationed in the towns, but on *yunguenos*, or plantations, and suburbs of the large towns. Medical supplies have been purchased. Practically there is no yellow fever among the Spanish troops. On June 23 there were only fourteen Spanish cases in the city of Santiago de Cuba, the capital of the province of the same name, and the headquarters of the Spanish troops in the Eastern departments.

Besides his 90,000 regular soldiers, of which he has at present 65,000, Campos has 40,000 volunteers raised on the island; and he has called for the raising of troops of guerrillas, or irregular cavalry. These troops are to be commanded by regular officers; the men will be paid \$30 a month, and will receive their equipments and horses from the government. Gen. Campos relies on these guerrillas, very evidently. As they are composed of local volunteers, they are expected to operate against the insurgents on more even terms than the regulars; even their lack of regular military training may help them to some extent.

### Africa as a Mahogany Producer.

Mahogany, cut from the forests discovered by Stanley in his expedition for the rescue of Emin Pasha, now reaches this country, says the Woodworker. These forests are said to be inexhaustible, and are probably of equal, perhaps of greater, value than the richest gold or diamond mines of the darkest continent. Capitalists were interested in Stanley's account, and a flourishing trade in the timber has resulted. Prices of mahogany products were in a fair way to rise to excessive figures until the cutting began in Africa. This has only been within the past year, but prices have already fallen twenty per cent. A carload was recently delivered at Louisville, at a net cost of \$80 a thousand feet, whereas it has been a common thing for mahogany to sell at auction in Liverpool, England, for \$100 a thousand. Herebefore the principal sources of supply have been the forests of Central America, Cuba, San Domingo and Brazil. Already 12,000,000 feet have been cut and exported from Africa, and the trade promises to yield an immense revenue to the British and French colonists, who have seized the mahogany territory. This African mahogany has a pinkish tinge in contrast to the reddish yellow color of the American varieties. The trees are very large, and logs received in the shipment mentioned were two feet to three and a half feet in size. They are squared before being exported.

Plantations of pecan trees are reported from five States.

## MAKING FLAGS.

### NOVEL INDUSTRY AT BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

Though Our Flag Looks Easy to Make, Yet Such is Not the Case -- Foreign Ensigns Difficult to Fashion.

Almost every flag that floats from the mastheads of our men of war is made in the flagroom of the equipment department in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. There are a few flags made at the Mare Island yard, but the majority of them are made here. Before the equipment of a war vessel is complete she has to be provided with the flags of every nation in the world. Her flag locker will contain over 200 ensigns of different sizes and nationalities. The American flag is made in eight sizes, ranging from the huge No. 1 to the little boat flag, No. 8. The No. 1 size is very rarely made, as few vessels are provided with spars sufficiently lofty to enable them to be used. It is 36 feet long and 28.9 feet in width, or, to use the naval expression, it has a 36-foot fly and a 28.9-foot hoist.

The regular flag which is commonly used is the No. 2, which has a 27.19-foot fly and a 14.35-foot hoist. All vessels carry this size, but the cruisers Brooklyn and Minneapolis are the only ships which carry No. 1. The Columbia, however, has recently been supplied with a No. 1 flag, which she used at the Kiel Canal ceremony.

In flag making seven colors are used—red, white, blue, green, brown and orange yellow, while canary yellow has been recently added to the list. Foreign navies have discarded white as a color in signaling, and have substituted canary yellow. The United States Navy has recently followed this example, because it has been found that white blends in some way with the horizon, and at any distance is invisible.

On the floor of the main flagroom are countersunk little brass plates, which mark the different sizes to which flags must be cut. This was an invention of Master Flagman Crimmins, and obviates constant measuring with a tape line.

Most of the foreign flags are cut by means of zinc pattern, some of the designs being very difficult. There are also a number of triangular brass plates in the floor which are used to mark out the signal flags and pennants. Chalk lines continuing from the plates show the accurate dimensions of the desired pennant or code flag.

The most difficult flags to make are those of San Salvador and Costa Rica. In the first named all the seven colors are used, and in the second all except brown. Brown is used for bronze, which is the usual color of crowns and imperial insignia in foreign flags. The recently adopted Japanese flag is an extremely difficult one to make, though the old one was one of the easiest. Japan's new naval flag consists of a red sun on a white ground, while from the sun red beams radiate to the extremities of the flag. No ray is of the same size, and the proper proportion is difficult to keep. The old flag was merely a white ground with a red circle in the center.

China has also considerably changed her flag. The new dragon is far more fantastic than the old one, and he is represented as about to swallow the red sun. The intricate designs in some of the foreign flags were formerly painted, but it was found that, unless in constant use, the paint cracked. At present the designs are all made by colored bunting. Of course, no shading is possible, but the result is surprisingly good from an artistic point of view, while at the same time the flag is more durable.

After a flag has been cut to size, it is put together by women in the sewing room and afterward taken to another room, where it is "headed." This process consists in attaching a thick band of white duck to the hoist, or part next the mast, and through the lines and attachments by which the flag is handled. The flag then goes down to the storeroom, where it is kept until wanted.

In making flags for our navy 50,000 yards of bunting are annually used. The bunting, which is of a fine quality, is subjected to very severe tests before it is finally accepted. There must be thirty-four threads to the inch, and an inch of the fabric must be able to stand a strain along the warp of thirty pounds.

There is a curious machine in the flagroom for making this test. A piece of bunting two inches wide and containing sixty-eight threads across the warp is fixed by a clamp at either end. One clamp is firmly attached to a table, and the other is hooked onto the short end of the arm of a lever. By means of a little winding gear a heavy weight is run along the lever arm until a pressure of sixty pounds is exerted. If the strip of bunting stands the strain it is accepted so far as strength is concerned. The color test is also severe. After being vigorously scrubbed with soap and water the bunting is exposed to direct sunlight for a considerable period. If no signs of fading show the bunting is accepted.

There is a minimum of waste in cutting the stripes for the American flag. The part left over after cutting stripes for a No. 2 flag is used for a smaller flag, and that left over from the smaller flag does for one still smaller, and so on.

Though our flag looks rather easy to make, yet such is not the case. The principal difficulty lies in the union with its galaxy of stars.

Emigration from Ireland is said now to have sunk to its lowest ebb since the year 1851.

## INDIAN WARRIORS.

### An Ex-Soldier Considers Comanches the Bravest.

The police officer who participated in this struggle is one of the bravest men in the department, in fact, during his experience as an Indian fighter he was awarded a medal for bravery.

"That campaign was the hardest I ever went through," he said recently, in relating the incidents of the fight. "We began to run short of provisions on Sept. 1, and at that time they put us on four hardtack a day. We expected to meet Gen. Terry in that country, but we miscalculated, and starvation stared us in the face. The day of the fight we got just a cracker and a half apiece.

"We subsisted principally on horseflesh, and as soon as one of the horses was shot down we would cut away the meat while the animal was still quivering. We had a cavalcade of played out horses that seemed good for nothing but food. We couldn't get a move on them to save our souls, but when they heard the first Indian yell they moved off like a lot of 3 year olds. Every night we slaughtered twenty-five head of them. The meat is not bad; it's a good deal like beef, only a little sweeter. We had no salt or pepper with which to season it, but we used powder, taking it out of our cartridges. We carried no tents—in fact, had nothing beyond what we carried on our backs. We finally reached the Belle Fourche fork of the Cheyenne River on the 17th of September, and on the 18th marched on to White Wood, in the Black Hills. We got supplies there from Deadwood.

"I believe that the Indian most to be admired is the Comanche. He's nothing but game, knows nothing but fight. And he can fight, too, I tell you. Right after him I rank the Sioux Indian. No, sir, they're not thieves, they're fighters. They are not very good shots. If they were I believe they would be better than the soldiery. We had a Sioux guide once, and the weather was way down below zero, 30 or 40, perhaps. That kind of weather wasn't extraordinary at all. We were wrapped and bundled up and had the heaviest kind of boots on. The Indian wore nothing but light moccasins, and when we offered him something warmer he refused to accept it.

"How can you stand the cold?" I asked him.

"Me all face," was his rejoinder.

He meant by that, just as the face became inured to the cold, so did other portions of the body. But you can't do much with the Sioux. I remember when the government built cottages for them they didn't know what to do with them. They were in the habit of sleeping on the ground in the open air. Finally they led their horses into the cottages and themselves bunked as usual out in the field.

"In the engagement of which I have told you we wounded a certain Indian most desperately. His entrails were hanging from his body. He coolly clasped his hand over the wound, and without a tremor stepped out among the soldiers without a word, but with an expression on his face that spoke plainer than words, and which indicated that death had no terror for him. They are the gamest of men, I believe, and only one other tribe compares favorably with them."

### Odds and Ends.

Grand Haven, Mich., has a citizen, 94 years old, who served under the great Napoleon.

England imports \$3,000,000 worth of potatoes every year.

There are ten newspaper editors in the British House of Commons, six printers and three stationers.

It is claimed that no tree has yet been measured which was taller than the great eucalyptus in Gippsland, Australia, which proved to be four hundred and fifty feet high.

In Mexico, and Spain as well, judge, jury and lawyers all smoke in court, if they wish to, while a case is being heard. Even the prisoner is not deprived of his cigar or cigarette.

King James I bought of a Mr. Markham the first Arabian horse ever owned in England. The price was £500. He was disgraced by being beaten by every horse that ran against him.

A German has invented a chemical torch which ignites when wet. It is to be used on life buoys. When one is thrown to a man overboard at night he can thus see the light and find the buoy.

An original kind of wedding took place in a little village in Surrey, England, the other day. Bicycles and tricycles took the place of carriages, the bride and bridegroom leading the way on a "bicycle built for two."

The roots of ivy, dug by the mountaineers of North Carolina and Tennessee, are sold for \$10 and \$12 per ton at the railroad stations, whence they are shipped North to be turned into door and bureau knobs.

A concrete bridge having a clear span of 164 feet and 26 feet wide was recently constructed over the Danube at Munderkingen, in Austria. Stone is scarce and dear there, while good cement is produced in large quantities.

When pins were first invented they were considered so great a luxury as not to be fit for common use, and the maker was not allowed to sell them in an open shop except on two days of the year, at the beginning of January.

## THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

### JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Ready to Quit--In Smoky Chicago -- Good Enough of Its Kind--Cold, Etc., Etc.

READY TO QUIT.

"Must you ever pursue me?" demanded the heroine, in sudden desperation.

The villain contemplated her with softened visage.

"I'd quit right now," he declared, "if I could get my back salary."—Detroit Tribune.

IN SMOKY CHICAGO.

"Uncle George," said the little boy from the country, "are those the buildings they call skyscrapers?"

"They are, Tommy," answered his city uncle.

Tommy took a comprehensive look overhead.

"The sky does need scraping here pretty bad, don't it, Uncle George?" he rejoined.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

GOOD ENOUGH OF ITS KIND.

Extract from a Turkish newspaper: "His Serene Highness has been pleased to watch the eclipse, and has directed the Lord Chamberlain to express his entire satisfaction with the magnificent performance."—Tit-Bits.

COLD.

See the young woman.  
Have young women cold hearts?  
Well, rather.  
See this young woman, for example.  
See the youth melt her heart with ice cream soda.  
Yes, indeed.—Detroit Tribune.

DESPERATE.

"Why was I born a queen?" she wailed.

"Amid all those trappings of state," she mourned.

"Why was I born a queen?"

With an energy sprung from desperation she seized again her crown, and tried once more to bend it into an approximation of the prevailing shapes.—Detroit Tribune.

HOPELESS VEHICLES NOT NEW.

"Talk about these hopeless vehicles," said Uncle Si, "I seen 'em long ago."

"Why, pa?" began Aunt Mandy.

"Oh, but I did. Don't you remember the ole ox cart we rode to our weddin' in?"—Indianapolis Journal.

NOT UNUSUAL.

"They tell me you have been trying stocks?"

"Yes," was the response of the sadhearted; "I made a purchase on a margin a few weeks ago."

"Was it a good buy?"

"Yes. That's exactly what it was, a 'good-bye.'"

ONE RULER NOT TO BE DESPISED.

"I never heard of such tyranny!" exclaimed the South American patriot. "I won't submit to it a moment longer. I will resist to the last—"

"Whom will you resist?" sharply inquired his wife, who had caught only the last few words.

"Oh, not you, my dear! I was only talking about the Government."—Puck.

TWO OF A KIND.

"This trolley road is a great undertaking," remarked the garrulous citizen.

"Yes," was the reply, "I have ample reason to know that."

"Why?"

"I'm in the undertaking business myself."

HOW HE KNEW.

"No," said the man who stayed in town while his family went to the seashore, "I haven't had any direct news from them. But they are enjoying themselves immensely."

"How can you tell, if they don't write?"

"I read about it in my check book."—Washington Star.

HAPPY AT LAST.

"Why, hello, Brown; quit umptiring base ball?"

"Nope; still at it."

"You surprise me. Why, I haven't seen you looking so stout and well in years."

"That's all right. Since the bicycle women began wearing bloomers the funny men have let me alone. Yes, me boy; the job's a snap, nowadays."

HIS VIEW.

Mrs. Hardhead (glancing over letters)—This young man who applies for a situation has the stamp on crooked, and it's upside down. Does not that indicate that he is lazy, careless, and perhaps cranky?

Mr. Hardhead (an old business man)—No, my dear; it indicates that he is a hustler who wastes no time on trifles.—New York Weekly.

A CHECK.

Birmingham—Why do you say this check is worthless?

Manchester—You said it was for \$90, didn't you?

Birmingham—I see now that it is only for \$9, instead of \$90, but that does not make the check worthless.

Manchester—Well, if a check for \$9 isn't worth less than a check for \$90, I'm no financier.

A LUCID INTERVAL.

Superintendent of Insane Asylum—What's that woman howling about? Attendant—She doesn't like her strait-jacket.

Superintendent—Does she want it taken off?

Attendant—Yes. She wants one with puffed sleeves.—Detroit Tribune.