

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR CLUB.

We're going to have the moosest tun! It's going to be a club; And no one can belong to it But Dot and me and Bub.

We thought we'd have a Reading Club, But couldn't, 'cause, you see, Not one of us knows how to read— Not Dot nor Bub nor me.

And then we said a Sewing Club, But thought we'd better not; 'Cause none of us knows how to sew— Not me nor Bub nor Dot.

And so it's just a Playing Club; We play till time for tea; And, oh, we have the bestest times!— Just Dot and Bub and me.

—(Carolyn Wells.)

DOG ANECDOTE.

On Church street a day or two ago a very ordinary looking horse harnessed to an old wagon stood by the curb, and on the board that served for a seat lay a small dog of such mixed blood that no guess could be made as to his breed.

As a delivery wagon passed on the opposite side of the street a large red apple bounded off and before it stopped rolling doggie bounded across the street, picked it up with his teeth, and with wagging tail, rushed back to his horse, where he stood up on his hind legs while the apple was taken from his mouth. As the horse munched the apple he made the peculiar little noise that horses make when petted, and doggie replied with little barks which plainly told what a pleasure it was to get that apple, and then went back to his interrupted nap on the wagon seat.

SIBERIAN AND RUSSIAN.

Thomas G. Allen, jr., writes an article on "The Boys of Siberia" for St. Nicholas. Mr. Allen says:

To begin with, the Siberian boy is not a Russian. I insist upon this distinction, because I know he would be sure to make it if he were here to speak for himself. "No, sir; I am not a Russian," one has often said to me, in polite correction; I'm a Siberian." And he speaks in a way that leaves no room to doubt the sincerity of his pride. The reader may perhaps, think this a distinction without a difference; but from my personal observation, I should say that there is justification for it, even aside from the question of intermixture of native blood with the Siberian Russian. Generally speaking, the Siberian boy, as compared with the boy of European Russia, is by far the quicker-witted, more energetic, and more self-respecting. He has many more of the qualities that in the hour of his country's need go to make up the hero or patriotic soldier.

They say it takes a smart man to make a rascal. Whether this be true or not, certain it is that the class of men who have been sent as exiles to Siberia, especially the political prisoners, have generally been taken from the more intellectual classes of European Russia. The descendants of these exiles, on the other hand, being born and raised in Siberia, away from the harmful influences of a crowded population, have inherited natural intelligence without the incentives to misuse it. Furthermore, they know nothing about the disgrace of exile, and regard Siberia only with genuine pride as the land of their nativity.

CAPTAIN JACK.

Jack Barton sat on the gate post watching the soldiers as they marched through the street. They had answered their country's call and were about to go to the front. Jack's heart beat high at sight of the brave boys in blue with their flags and banners flying. He waved his cap and shouted as loud as he could until they disappeared from view.

"I just wish I was big enough to go and help lick the Spaniards," he said, half aloud.

His Uncle Ned, who was standing beside him, heard this remark, but he paid little attention to it, for his thoughts were far back in the past. He was thinking of the summer day long ago when he marched away to the southland. The empty coat-sleeve hanging by him told the story of the four dreadful years that followed. Jack knew by the far-away look in his uncle's eyes that he was thinking of the war.

"I say, Uncle Ned," he began, "wouldn't it be jolly to go to war and come back a hero? I tell you it'd be nice to have all the folks talking about you and calling you captain?"

"Ye-es," said Uncle Ned, slowly, "but they don't all come back heroes. Some of them are crippled for life, just like I am, and then there are others," he continued, sadly, "that never come back at all. But, Jack, you needn't think you have to go to the field of battle to show yourself a hero; you can do that by overcoming your enemies right here at home," and Uncle Ned looked sharply at his nephew.

"W-why, what do you mean?" "Perhaps you will know when I tell you that the hardest battle I had to fight was not Gettysburg, or Shiloh, but it was the battle with myself."

Jack opened his eyes still wider. He was now very much interested, and begged his uncle to tell him all about it.

"Yes," said Uncle Ned, gravely "it is much easier to face shot and shell than always to have the courage to stand up for what you know to be right. When I left home mother gave me a Bible and told me to read a chapter in it every night. It was easy enough to do this in my little garret chamber at home, but I found it very

different in camp amid the jeers of comrades who looked upon it with contempt. I am sorry to say that sometimes I beat a retreat. Very often, after a long march, the boys would have to have a drink, and I thought it didn't look manly for me not to take a little with them. But by and by I saw the folly of all this, and I firmly resolved to be just as ready to stand up for the right as was ready to stand up for my country. I kept a sharp lookout for the enemy, and the boys in camp dubbed me 'Captain Ned.' And, my boy, if you want to, you can be Captain Jack right here at home."

"Oh, uncle! if I only could," said Jack, his face beaming. "But, then," he added soberly, "I can't be in camp like you were."

"No, but if you are on the alert, you will find plenty of enemies. In fact, you will very likely have a skirmish every day. Only yesterday I saw where Captain Jack might have won a victory, but he just let the enemy capture him and surrendered on the spot."

Jack knew very well what his uncle meant, and he hung his head in shame.

"Yes, while you thought I was doing on the porch, I saw you young rascals sneak around behind the barn and puff away at those nasty cigarettes."

"I know I oughtn't to ha' done it," admitted Jack, "but the boys made so much fun of me. I couldn't help it. I got paid for it though. Really, Uncle Ned, I thought I'd die, and my head feels kind o' queer yet."

"Served you right," said Uncle Ned, laughing in spite of himself. "If you had only had the courage to defeat the first enemy, you would not have met the second."

"What was the first?" queried Jack. "Bad company. If you don't overcome that one you will have half a dozen others on your hands. Once you get into the wrong kind of company, you will be induced to lie and steal, to drink and read bad books. And now," he added, "take your commission as captain. If at times you feel that the enemy is about to overcome you just remember that each battle fought and each victory won makes you stronger."

Captain Jack reverently bowed his head. Somehow, as he afterwards expressed it, he felt very "solemn like."

From that time the young commander was ever on duty. When he saw the enemy approaching, he would say, "Captain Jack, marshal your forces and go out to meet them!" Of course he was not always victorious. Sometimes he suffered defeat. But he fought the battle so bravely, that on his next birthday he received a handsome book from his Uncle Ned, in which was written:—

"To Captain Jack, one of the bravest commanders I ever knew, inasmuch as he has succeeded in commanding himself. He has met the enemy and they are his."

MAGNETISM IN BRICK.

Interesting Experiments Made by Professor Lawrence at Rochester University.

Probably the idea that a humble red brick would ever play any part in electrical experiments has occurred to few. However, this is just what a certain lot of bricks composing a pier at the Reynolds Laboratory did and will continue to do as long as they are within reasonable distance of the delicate electrical instruments used in the laboratory. A suspicion that the above contingency might exist has been in the mind of Prof. Henry E. Lawrence of the University of Rochester, N. Y., for some time past. That it is a reality he now feels sure, and the methods he used to come to that conclusion are most interesting.

The professor, in collaboration with Otis A. Gage, a special student in electricity, began a series of experiments covering some months. The performance of magnetometer which was used in measuring the magnetic power of a steel bar was the first cause for suspecting that the bricks were other than what their appearance would lead one to think. The magnetometer had rested on a brick pier for the purpose of making it plumb. Not long after Prof. Lawrence, while in Ann Arbor, heard of a similar experience occurring there. On his return the experiments went on with more zeal than ever. Bricks of all varieties were put through many number of tests, and the great majority were found to be magnetic. Those manufactured by water power, known as "hydraulic" bricks, proved to be exceedingly strong, one equalling the power of a steel needle 2.3 centimetres in length. This same block of clay would make noticeable deflections in comparatively crude instruments, while delicate ones would flutter perceptibly.

One of the bricks, a plain white one, hydraulically pressed, possessed no magnetism. A certain amount of lime enters into the composition of a white brick, such as was used, and its presence undoubtedly had much to do with the absence of magnetic power. It was discovered that the bricks gained magnetism in the presence of a dynamo, though the surrounding of the bricks by wire coils made no perceptible difference. Heating the bricks served in a measure to decrease the magnetism, though in each case a minute amount was retained.

To just what cause this is due neither gentleman is ready to state. It is the present opinion, however, that there is more or less magnetite in the clay of which the bricks are made. The mode of manufacturing is also thought to have something to do with the phenomena. As stated above, the presence of lime served to decrease the magnetism, while the absence allowed of greater power. The profes-

sor thinks the importance of his discovery obvious. The slightest trace of unsuspected magnetic power in the structural part of a laboratory is necessarily fatal to nicety of electrical measurements.

That clay, when worked ever so little by human agency, gathers magnetic properties has been thought for some time. Eminent Italian scientists have made innumerable experiments in that line during the past half dozen years. Their greatest proof was found by experimenting with several examples of ancient pottery which had been buried for centuries. Crude as they were, magnetism was found to exist in no uncertain quantities.

PREACHERS SELECTED BY LOT.

An Interesting Mennonite Ceremony in a Pennsylvania Church.

The old Mennonite Church at Millersville, Lancaster county, Penn., contained a strangely garbed congregation a few days ago, the occasion being the selection by lot of a pastor to succeed the late Rev. Mr. Brubaker. The Mennonites select their preachers from their own sect and immediate flock. The men are close Bible students, and nearly all of them are able to do some preaching or exhorting upon short notice. As the spirit moves them, they announce their willingness to preach whenever the congregation is in need of any one to fill the bill.

For Mr. Brubaker's place there were quite a number of volunteers who stood ready, if called on by the congregation, directed by the Lord, to preach. At least 500 old-fashioned vehicles were tied around the meeting house that had brought together the members of the congregation. Bishop Isaac Eby was in charge, a venerable looking patriarch of wide influence. He was assisted by the Revs. Benjamin Hertzler, John Landis, Benjamin Lehman, Abraham Herr, and Abraham Wilner. About twenty-five ministers of the Mennonite persuasion were present, but did not take active part. The preacher to be selected was to serve two congregations, and the nominations of candidates were made about three weeks ago. Each member can nominate a brother by writing his name on a card and handing it to the Bishop. Any suitable brother is eligible.

There were fourteen nominations, but only twelve presented themselves to be examined before the 900 people present.

The nominees, clad in their plain homespun clothing, came forward for examination as to character and learning. All passed successfully. Then each answered "yes," that he was willing to abide by the outcome of the choosing by lot, as directed by the Lord. Then Bishop Eby preached a sermon on the duty of the ministry and gave advice to aid the one who has yet to be chosen. The twelve candidates had seats about the pulpit. The Bishop, after a hymn and a prayer for divine guidance then took twelve small Bibles and handed them to the Revs. Herr and Witmer. He also gave them a small slip of white paper. They were instructed to go into an ante room and securely place the paper in one of the Bibles. This they did. The Bibles were then brought in and placed on a table in front of the candidates and well mixed up. One by one the candidates arose and stepped forward, selected a Bible and took his seat.

When all had their Bibles the Bishop amid great solemnity, proceeded to examine each applicant's Bible. The second Bible examined, held by Daniel N. Lehman, contained the slip of paper. Bishop Eby greeted him cordially and kissed him with the "Holy Kiss" and immediately proceeded to ordain him. Hallelujahs followed, and the Rev. Mr. Lehman's family rejoiced. He is a farmer and at one time taught school. His father was chosen a minister in the same way. The new preacher begins his ministry at once.

Street Arab and Chaplain.

A poor little street arab was brought into the hospital by the police. He had been run over by an omnibus, and was badly injured. The chaplain was sent for, as it was thought improbable that the boy would live many hours. With little tact the chaplain began the interview thus: "My boy, the doctors think you are very much hurt. Have you been a good little boy?"

Boy—(much bored)—You git aont! Chaplain (shocked)—But I am afraid you are not a good little boy, and you know you may perhaps be going to die.

Boy (anxious to end the interview)—Well, t'ain't none o' your business, any'ow. Wot's me death got to do with you? 'Ave you got a pal in the coffin line?"

It is pleasant to be able to relate that this boy finally recovered.

Old Time High Buildings.

Lancelotti, the famous Roman architect, has shown that in the Rome of the Caesars trouble was experienced with high buildings. A law was passed restricting the height of fronts to sixty feet. In order to evade it builders adopted the practice of carrying up the rear portions several stories more. Other laws bearing on the heights of buildings were passed in old times. There was a tendency to diminish the height of stories as the buildings increased in size, and a height of 130 feet was probably attained. It is believed that the ceilings were so low that a man could not stand upright in the rooms.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

London lawyers are in search of an heir to a very valuable California estate. The promptness with which this country can produce volunteers was once more demonstrated.

A German-American who got into trouble in Berlin by calling the emperor "Willie Sheephead" realizes that the subject of his remarks is not a spring lamb in temperament.

Spanish women have a way of quickly getting at the root of a matter. In Granada the other day, a mob of women stoned the statue of Columbus, because they attributed the present misfortunes of Spain to the discovery of America for which Columbus was responsible.

How many people ever heard of the town of Bradford, Conn. And yet it has got a \$400,000 library building, and the donor who is a wealthy native of the town, now resident in Chicago, has just added another \$100,000 gift to the funds of the institution. Let's hope the town has other institutions to correspond with this token of gorgeous generosity.

A young man who surrendered himself to the Minneapolis police the other day, confessing that he had committed burglary, ascribes his downfall to the cigarette habit. The wicked little cylinders have been accused of a good deal of mischief, but the young man in question is the first to discover that it is the habit of the bacillus burglaris.

Many German towns now furnish bicycles to employes, severely restricting their use to public business. The Cologne Council has decided to furnish wheels to tax collectors, policemen, foresters, watchmen, health inspectors and employes in the departments of water, gas and electrical supply. The machines remain the property of the city and each employe receives a regular allowance of forty marks a year to keep his mount in order.

When a servant girl in Germany has lived forty years in one family she is entitled to decoration with the Cross of the Domestic Society, an order instituted by the Empress, who last year found one hundred and fifty persons qualified to receive it. The official record of its bestowal designates its recipients as "girls," which they are, of course, though rather old ones, their merit, if not their charms, waxing with their length of days and service.

Old Paris laws interdicted the introduction there of the modern sky-scraping building, but the interdiction is to be removed, and a commission has been appointed, with power to prescribe in each case the height to which buildings may go. The introduction in that city of hotels higher than Notre Dame, and office buildings overtopping all its historic palaces, arches and temples, will be a notable departure in its architectural methods, but it is not at all likely that the builders will have it all their own way, as they have almost been permitted to do in American cities.

For a number of years it has been the conviction of some railroad men that the use of a white light at night as a signal for a clear track is dangerous, inasmuch as a red danger signal may easily be broken, and thus give an "all-clear" signal. One of the most recent changes in signals, due to that opinion, is that which the New York, New Haven and Hartford road has decided to make. On this line, in the near future, a green light will mean safety, and white will not. The innovation has been brought about in a large measure by an accident which resulted from the deception of an engineer by a farmer's lantern set on a post near the track. There was no intent to make mischief, but the effect was just as disastrous.

Although the year 1898 has witnessed the first serious war in which this country has been engaged for a third of a century, it may still be designated as pre-eminently a peace year. It is the climax, or conclusion, of anything that reveals its true character, observes the New York Weekly Witness. And true peace is a matter of sentiment more than of action. An angry, jealous, or suspicious man is not at peace with his neighbor, even if he does not actually fight with him. The conclusion of the year finds this great nation at peace with all the world and at peace within itself.

From a moral and spiritual point of view it is worth a dozen such wars as that which we have waged against Spain to get rid of the emity which this nation as a nation has cherished against England, more or less, ever since it became a nation. And the complete extinction of the old Mason and Dixon line from the sentiment of the whole people, South and North, combined with the renewed sympathy of feeling between the East and West—this restoration of internal peace is worth another dozen of such wars.

Interesting statistics, showing the loss in life suffered by the New England States, except Connecticut, in the war with Spain, have been gathered by the Boston Journal. The burden fell most heavily on Massachusetts, that State having the most men in the service, and one of its regiments being engaged in the Santiago campaign. Massachusetts lost 298 men; Maine, 44; New Hampshire, 30; Vermont, 27; and Rhode Island, 9; a total of 399. Of the 298 Massachusetts dead only nine were killed in battle, the excessive mortality—4 per cent, or more than twice that of the army at large—being due to the ravages of disease. Leaving out of the reckoning the regiments which had practically no loss, and the mortality rate for Massachusetts volunteers was over 6 per cent.

The regiment that suffered most severely, the Ninth, had no killed or wounded. The reports of disease are imperfect, but the cases known show these losses in New England: Typhoid, 93; other fevers (except yellow fever), 26; dysentery, 17; malaria, 15; pneumonia, 7; heart disease, 7; yellow fever, 6. The number of deaths from heart disease would indicate that the physical examination of the volunteers was not so rigorous as had been supposed.

The United Steamship Company, of Copenhagen, controlling a fleet of 120 vessels, is about to experiment by running ships direct from the port of St. Petersburg and Riga to New York, thus saving the transshipment of Russian-bound goods at Liverpool, Hull, Hamburg, Bremen and other ports, at a saving of time and expense which ought to have a salutary effect on our trade with that country. European Russia contains a population numbering nearly 100,000,000, mostly agriculturists, who need our machinery and implements so much that the Government has of late reduced the duty on some of them, to encourage importations. In fact, our prospective trade with that great country is practically unlimited, and direct intercourse between its ports and our own is so much to be desired that it is a wonder the experiment has not been thought of before. At the new port of St. Petersburg, the largest steamers may lay down their freight on wharves, where railway cars are waiting to carry it to all the leading centres of the interior.

The Egyptian Budget for 1899 is an interesting commentary on English rule in that country. The entire revenue is estimated at \$3,000,000, an increase of \$5,000,000 since 1888, while at the same time the strain of tax upon the people has been considerably lessened, the land tax having been reduced by \$1,080,000. The expenditure is kept well within the income, leaving a balance of \$200,000, while at the same time \$2,080,000 are to be paid into the general reserve fund and \$1,325,000 to the fund for the conversion of the debt, showing a most prosperous condition. The heavy growth of the reserve fund is under pressure from Europe and is not regarded with great favor by the English administrators, who would prefer to see a moderate reserve fund and still further decrease in taxation. The estimates for expenditures include also \$182,000 for the Egyptian army, \$550,000 for the civil administration of the Soudan, and \$250,000 for the working of the Soudan railways. Already, however, an income of \$200,000 is expected from the Soudan to help balance the outlay.

The Cologne Gazette publishes an inspired explanation of the causes leading to the recent expulsion of Danish subjects from North Schleswig, by the Prussian authorities. It says that there is a network of Danish societies covering the whole of the northern part of the province, while in Denmark there are many so-called "South Jutland societies." The Danish press and the press of the malcontents in Schleswig are continually fomenting agitation. Inhabitants of Schleswig who have Danish sympathies make excursions across the border and proclaim at festive gatherings their unalterable adhesion to Denmark and their hatred of Prussia and Germany. Along the Danish side of the frontier a large number of colleges and secondary schools have been established in order to attract young natives of North Schleswig, and to give them a Danish education. Danish children are exchanged during the summer holidays for children from the German side of the frontier in order to keep up the connection with Denmark. Danish popular libraries have been established everywhere in North Schleswig, and are often supplied with books from Denmark. Funds for the agitation are partly subscribed in Denmark, and Danish military and civil officers take part in it. In Hadersleben, Rendsburg, Apenrade, Tondern, and Sonderburg, the Danes are accused of behaving as if they were the ruling element, and of ignoring altogether their German and Prussian nationality. The Cologne Gazette maintains that the situation which compelled the Prussian government to adopt serious measures, and that the expulsions have been chiefly those of leading agitators.

Genoa's Roof Garden.

Genoa has a roof garden which is nearly 1,000 feet above the level of the city. The new Righi resort is on top of the highest hill behind Genoa and is reached by a long funicular railway, which runs for a great part of the distance through a tunnel under the city. The hill is so steep at the top that the hotel and restaurant building seems to overhang the city. The view of the bay is most striking, and there is quite an imposing panorama of the Riviera. In connection with the hotel which crowns the summit there is a large restaurant. There are also billiard rooms, music rooms and banquet halls, and 1,200 persons can be seated at tables on the large veranda, where an orchestra plays in the evening. The Righi can be reached in a few minutes from the very centre of Genoa. It is a most unusual and attractive kind of resort.

Birds of Freedom Misbehave.

There were many bald eagles around the locality of St. Michael's, Ind., a few weeks ago. Many fine flocks of water poultry were attacked by these predatory birds, and turkeys suffered to a great extent. An eagle attempted to carry off a lamb, but the lamb proved too much of a burden for the eagle.—Baltimore Sun.

Offended.

"Dolly," said Mrs. Cumrox, "I desire you to discourage the visits of that young man who was here yesterday evening."

"I suppose," said the young woman indignantly, "that you and some of the people who know everybody's business have been talking it over, and because he has not yet built up a lucrative practice in his profession you—"

"Dolly," was the severe rejoinder, "do not misunderstand me. Do not think that I attach no importance to anything except the almighty dollar. I never did like that phrase, anyhow. Anybody ought to know that one dollar cannot be very almighty. To convey an accurate meaning 'dollar' ought to be in the plural. But," she added, with a sigh, "grammar is just scarce nowadays. About this young man; do not suppose I reproach him for his lack of financial advantages. Poverty is people's misfortunes; not their faults. But just because we don't look down on him is no reason why we should try to be smart."

"What has he done?" "It isn't what he did. It's what he said. You were playing the piano last evening."

"Yes." "And after you had played several sonatas and a symphony and that concertina in G flat, he spoke up and said something which riled me. And the slick, off-hand way that he said it didn't keep me from noticing either."

"But what was it?" "He asked whether you played anything by Handel."

"Well, mamma—" "Don't try to explain. I won't listen. The idea of his insinuating that folks of our position and means would keep a hand organ in the house!"—Washington Star.

A Meddling Phonograph.

The board of health is the recipient of many queer complaints, but the one it received the other day from a disgusted and nervously prostrated Jeweller of Eighth street is entitled to prominence in a class by itself.

It seems that the Jeweller store is located next door to a phonograph establishment that has for the purpose of attracting passers-by a phonograph going all day long. All kinds of tunes and alleged witty sayings are squeaked forth from early in the morning until late at night in peculiarly penetrating and nerve-destroying tones. At first the machine efforts at wit amused the Jeweller, and he used to laugh heartily at the comicallities, but these were repented with such deadly persistency that they began to pedal, and from being amused the tradesman grew into a negative desperado.

One day the climax was reached when a customer who looked like "ready money," came in to buy a diamond ring. For some reason the machine next door was quiet for a while, and the Jeweller was just on the point of closing a highly profitable sale when the shrill voice of the phonograph began to sing, "Get Your Money's Worth." The amazed customer hesitated, and finally told the Jeweller he would call another day. This incident was the last straw, and the board of health will now look into the matter.—Philadelphia Record.

Birth-rate in England and France.

It chanced that the birth-rate began to decline in France sooner than in other great countries of Europe, and that the decline has been more rapid. But, as the figures of the Registrar-General show, the same tendency is now very strongly marked in England and is plainly visible in nearly every European country. It is quite conceivable that a couple of generations hence Frenchmen may find that their birth-rate is no longer the lowest in Europe. The truth is that the present rapid growth in European populations is a phenomenon which is almost entirely confined to the last 150 years. Through some of the grandest periods of our history the population of England was almost stationary, and the same statement applies to France. If this decrease is due to non-natural causes, it is not a matter for congratulation; but if it means that European peoples are ceasing to contract reckless and improvident marriages and are showing more care and discrimination in the begetting of children, it is a healthy sign of the times. Large families are not necessarily an evil, but if the members of them are diseased and degenerate, they become a standing danger to the welfare of the body politic.—Humanitarian.

The Indian Is Merry and Chatty.

For the Indian is not, as the popular idea figures him, stolid, taciturn, or even sullen in his every-day life, says George Bird Grinnell in the Atlantic. He may be shy and silent in the presence of strangers, but in his home life he is talkative, eager to give and receive the news, and to gossip about it. He is of a merry, laughter-loving people, and likes to make good-natured fun of another's peculiarities. Thus, one of her companions may feignly call a very slender woman the shadow of a moose, or a bright hot sun, I heard an Indian say to another who was very stout, "My friend, stand still for a little while. I want to sit down in the shade and cool off."

Some years ago I was on the reservation of a tribe known as the Big Belles—Gros Ventres—at Fort Belknap, Montana; and while I was there a new agent came to them. He was a fat man, and one of the Indians, who met the agent for the first time in my presence, said, as he shook hands with him, "Ah, you are one of our own people. You, too, are a Big Belly."