

## FREEDOM.

I care not who were vicious back of me,  
No shadow of their sins on me is shed.  
My will is greater than heredity;  
I am no worm to feed upon the dead.

My face, my form, my gestures and my voice  
May be reflections from a race that was;  
But this I know, and, knowing it, rejoice:  
I am myself, a part of the Great Cause.

I am a spirit! Spirit would suffice,  
If rightly used, to set a chained world free.  
Am I not stronger than a mortal vice  
That crawls the length of some ancestral tree?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## A Trapper's Nerve.

By COL. NOAH PARKER.

"In the days when I was knocking around the Rocky Mountains and beyond, it required a good many different kinds of nerve for a person to keep the lamp of life from going entirely out, to say nothing of being comfortable and happy. One was the nerve of Jesse Bell, who made a journey of 120 miles with his upper jaw and part of his nose and cheek gone, half of his scalp torn off, one foot crushed and mangled, his right arm fearfully lacerated and three ribs broken.

"Jesse Bell was a miner, prospector, hunter and trapper, well known in the Wind River country, Wyoming. He had a partner who went by the name of Arkansas Bill. I never knew what his real name was, but he was a good one. The time I was in that region Jesse and Arkansas Bill had been prospecting, hunting and trapping about the headwaters of Snake, Wind and Green rivers for some time, and, meeting with poor luck, had worked down to the mouth of Horse Creek, where they found great signs of big game and good fur. Following a herd of antelope one day, the chase took them eight miles toward a high bluff, around one edge of which the hunters were cautiously creeping, Jesse in the lead. Turning a sharp corner of the rock, Jesse came face to face with a big silver tip, a yearling cub and two spring cubs. They were not ten feet away and they saw Jesse as soon as he saw them. They were in a hollow and the position and place Jesse was in made it a dangerous spot either for an attack on the bears or for defense against them if they should attack. Arkansas Bill had crept to his companion's side before Jesse could warn him what was ahead of them. Bill lost no time in getting back around the corner. Jesse was backing away for the same purpose, when the old bear, her blood being up, made a rush for him. Jesse fired as quickly as he could. The shot broke the bear's shoulder, but she came on more ferocious than ever. Jesse jumped one side, but the bear was too close to be evaded, and she caught him in the side. Hunter and bear tumbled in a heap, the bear on top, at Arkansas Bill's feet. The bear's jaws closed in Jesse's side. Fortunately her under teeth struck a heavy leather bullet pouch that Jesse carried slung over his shoulder by a strap, or her jaws would have come together in Jesse's side and torn half of it away. As it was, three of his ribs were crushed as if they had been pipestems. Jesse managed to give the bear a powerful kick in the abdomen, and at the same moment Arkansas Bill fired and lodged a bullet just back of her shoulder.

"Paying no attention to Bill, the bear turned her head and grabbed Jesse's right foot, just below the ankle and crushed it to a pulp with one savage bite. Not content with that, she bit and chewed at the foot and leg and tore away the flesh at every bite. Jesse all the while struggling to get his revolver out of his belt. This at last caused the bear to wheel about again and she made a grab for Jesse's head. Arkansas Bill had his gun loaded by this time—breach-loaders not having got there yet—and sent another bullet into the tough old silver tip. This toppled her over, and Jesse raised himself partially to his feet and got his revolver in his left hand. The bear quickly recovered herself and struck Jesse a blow with her paw on the head and face that knocked him down again. He held onto his revolver and sent a bullet into her body. Before he could shoot again the silver tip seized his arm between her teeth and crunched it entirely through. Bill shouted to him to move his head. Jesse did so. At the instant he moved the bear snapped at it. Jesse Bell, in describing this situation afterward, declared that he could look right down the bear's throat.

"Arkansas Bill, who had been striving to get a chance at the bear, placed the muzzle of his rifle at the silver tip's ear and fired. She sprang back. She did not take the trouble, though to loosen the hold of her jaws on Jesse's head and face, but rasped her great teeth over them, tearing away his upper jaw, part of his nose, one cheek and a piece of his scalp nine inches long and five wide. Then the bear fell over against Arkansas Bill, dead. Her enormous weight carried him down with her. She fell across his legs and pinned him down. It was some time before Bill could get from beneath the heavy carcass. He was badly hurt and limped with difficulty to the aid of Jesse, who was sitting up. While he was dressing Jesse's scalp the best he could, the yearling bear, which, with the two cubs, had been a passive spectator of the fight,

concluded to take it up where the old bear had been forced to leave it and made a savage rush upon the two hunters. Arkansas Bill had a long and severe struggle with the fierce young silver tip before he succeeded in killing the animal with his six-shooter every chamber being emptied before the bear gave up.

"Jesse waited patiently and without a groan or murmur until Bill had finished the young bear and returned to the dressing of his wounds. Fixing them up the best he could with the means at hand, Arkansas Bill took his wounded comrade on his back and started for camp. It was late in the afternoon, and it was important that camp should be reached before dark, for black wolves are common in the hills, and both Bill and Jesse knew that they would follow their trial if darkness overtook them. Some idea of Arkansas Bill's capacity may be had when you know that Jesse Bell was a man six feet four inches in his stocking feet and made in proportion. The camp was eight miles away, and the way was extremely rough. Bill reached camp with his burden a short time after dark, and was not any too soon, for behind them, and not far away, they heard the howling of pursuing wolves.

"They found the cabin occupied by a stranger, a prospector who had stumbled upon the shelter and entered. He was a providential visitor. Together Arkansas Bill and the stranger fitted a bed of buckskin and furs on tepee poles, which they fastened to Jesse's pony, Indian fashion, and placing Jesse on the drag, started at once for the nearest point where medical and surgical aid could be had, which was Fort Bridges, 120 miles away, through a rough and unbroken wilderness. They traveled day and night, stopping only to bathe Jesse's wounds at the streams they had to cross. They ate as they traveled, and on the afternoon of the third day they reached Fort Bridges with their wounded charge. On all that remarkable journey Jesse never once complained, either of his sufferings or the hardships. I was at the fort when the three men arrived. No explanations were asked or given until Jesse had been placed safely in the hospital. Then the commandant said to Arkansas Bill:

"Indians?"

"'Naw," replied Bill, contemptuously. "Bears!"

"The surgeon told Bill that Jesse could not possibly survive his injuries. But he did, and was out within a month, permanently disfigured, but the same tough and intrepid mountaineer that he was before his encounter with the bear. That was the sort of nerve Jesse Bell had."

## WHITE SLAVES IN HUNGARY.

Peasants Harnessed to the Plow Like Beasts of Burden.

Stephen Varkonyi, the leader of the peasants' revolution which convulsed Hungary during the early months of last year, has just been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for high treason.

The movement which was inaugurated by Varkonyi was a revolt against the remnants of serfdom which still exist in some parts of Hungary. In these districts each peasant is compelled to work fifty days in the year for the land owner without pay. These fifty days of compulsory labor are not successive, or at fixed intervals, but when the land owner has work to be done he sends a drummer through the village, and every male inhabitant is obliged to respond to the summons.

Thereupon so many men are selected as are required. The land owner almost invariably exacts this labor in the summer when the peasant's time is most valuable to him.

In summer the peasant can earn as much as twenty-five cents a day; in winter not more than fourpence or sixpence. In winter the peasants are compelled to act as beaters in the magnate's hunts for a wage of two-pence a day. The occupation is a dangerous one, and the time is not counted in the annual fifty day's compulsory labor.

The wives of the peasants are required to sweep and scrub the local manor house once a week without pay. Finally, many land owners use the peasants as beasts of burden, harnessing four men to the plow instead of two oxen.

Stephen Varkonyi, who instituted the revolt against these degrading conditions of labor, is a sort of Hungarian Wat Tyler. He is the son of poor peasants, was educated in the farmyards and graduated in the fields.

He is quite a typical horny-handed son of toil, is physically tall, stoutly built, with plenty of character in his shaggy head, and small eyes with their suggestion of the Mongolian slit, and has that rough kind of natural humor that appeals to the simple peasant mind.

Varkonyi, whose power over the agricultural population of his country is unbounded, is one of the most interesting figures in modern Hungarian life.

## Practical Results of an Idea.

In 1842 a Russian farmer named Bokareff conceived the idea of extracting oil from the seed of the sun flower. His neighbor told him it was a visionary idea and that he would have his labor for his pains. He persevered, however, and from that humble beginning the industry has expanded to enormous proportions. To-day more than 7,000,000 acres of land in Russia are devoted to the cultivation of the sunflower. Two kinds are grown, one with small seeds, which are crushed for oil, and the other with large seeds, that are consumed by the poorer people in enormous quantities.

## KNIFE TRADE BY QUAY.

A Deal Engineered by Him "When a Boy with a Future Pennsylvania Judge."

"I see that Judge Harry White of Indiana County, Pennsylvania, was conspicuous among the workers for the re-election of United States Senator Quay," said an ex-member of the Pennsylvania Legislature to a Sun man. "And this in spite of the way Quay traded knives with him when they were boys together, going to school in western Pennsylvania. Judge White is about the last of the old school of politicians in that State who is still prominent and influential among the Republican leaders. He was a smart boy, but not quite so smart as Matt Quay. There never was a sharper, more mischievous, successful schemer as a boy than Matt was. He was continually cutting up pranks that no other boy would ever think of. He was always looking for a dicker of some kind, and he never traded a knife, or a handful of marbles, or anything else, that he didn't get the better of the boy he traded with, no matter how much the advantage seemed to lie with the latter in the preliminary negotiations. But the transaction in the matter of the knife trade with Harry White was a little ahead of any deal ever made in those halcyon days.

"Matt had a jackknife that was the envy of all the boys. It had a buckhorn handle, and I don't know how many blades and files and other implements dear to the boy heart. This knife was particularly coveted by Harry White, and he made all sorts of offers to Matt for a trade, one of which included a knife he owned, a dozen marbles, a ball of twine, and a tin squirtgun; but Matt persistently declined to make a dicker. One day, though, much to the surprise and joy of Harry, Matt brought up the matter of a deal for his knife, and suggested that he might be induced to swap for something.

"I haven't got my knife with me, though," said the future statesman, "and if we strike up a bargain you will have to go after it."

"All right," said Harry, "too much pleased to ask any questions. 'How will you trade?'"

"Well," replied Matt, "if you will give me your knife, the marbles, the twine and the squirtgun and throw in that horsehair fishline of yours I'll call it a go."

"I'll do it," exclaimed Harry, and he produced the articles Matt had mentioned and handed them over. "I'll go up to your house and get the knife," "Matt stowed Harry's knife and the other things in his pockets and said:

"You needn't go up to our house after the knife. It ain't there."

"Where'll I go after it then?" asked Harry.

"Up to the tannery," replied Matt. "I was fooling around there this morning and dropped my knife in the old vat. Me and some of the boys fished two hours for it and couldn't find it. But it's there. Go up to the tannery, and maybe you can get it."

"Harry kicked like a steer, but there wasn't any use. He never found Matt Quay's knife, and it's in that vat yet for all anybody knows. But Quay has stuck by Harry White during all his political career, and Harry White has been sticking to Quay ever since in spite of that disastrous deal."

## A Rare Wild Bird Captured.

A strange wild bird of the coast flocks of New Zealand is the Notornis Mantelli, another specimen of which has just been captured. But four of these birds have been caught, and so precious are they and so greatly in demand by naturalists that many lives have been lost in the effort to run them down in their remote fastnesses in the wilderness.

The steamer Warimoo, which arrived recently at Vancouver, B. C., reports the capture of a notornis by a dog belonging to a tourist. It is a handsome bird, with a heavy gait, and is absolutely unable to use its wings for natural purposes of flying. Its feathers, back, wing and tail, are an olive green, with almost metallic lustre, and below a short tail, very peculiarly, it is pure white. Its legs and toes are a rich salmon red.

Another remarkable feature is its beak, a great equilateral triangle of hard pink horn, with one angle directed forward. On the upper side, back of the beak, is a band of soft tissue, like rudimentary comb, as appears more developed in ordinary domestic fowl. Altogether it is a most peculiar specimen.

The notornis is a powerful creature, and very fleet of foot. It covers ground very rapidly and does not seem to mind its inability to fly. It runs away from those who hunt it, uttering loud screams when discovered close at hand. It can run faster than a man. It is also a good swimmer.—New York Journal.

## Our Great Coal Fields.

"Not many people are probably aware that the coal mined in the United States annually is worth more than three times as much as the gold mined here," said a Pennsylvania coal miner. "The product of the anthracite fields alone exceeds in value the output of the gold mines of this country, Canada and Alaska, which last year amounted to over \$50,000,000.

"East of the Rocky Mountains there are 192,000 square miles of coal lands, and the yearly output is nearly 200,000,000 tons. Geologists estimate the great coal fields of the world as follows: China, 200,000; United States, east of the Rockies, 190,000; Canada, 65,000; India, 35,000; New South Wales, 24,000; Russia, 20,000, and the united kingdom 11,500 square miles.

There are many deposits in other countries, but their extent is inconsiderable. England's coal area is small; still she has for years produced more than any other country.

"Now the United States is ahead. English coal veins are thin; one, only fourteen inches wide, has been worked 1,200 feet down. On the other hand, there are veins in the Pennsylvania anthracite region sixty feet thick, and in the bituminous regions, eighteen feet thick. Our Appalachian coal fields are the largest known and alone could supply the whole world for centuries to come. At the present rate of production it is estimated that our coal fields will be exhausted in 616 years, while those of England will last but 212 years. The first coal found in America was near Ottawa, Ill., by Father Hennepin, a French explorer, in 1670. It was first mined on the Schuylkill during Washington's administration.—Washington Star.

## Freight Cars by the Thousands.

Last year the contracting car-building companies did the greatest business that they have done since 1880. The total number of freight cars built during the last calendar year was 99,800, the passenger cars were 699, and the street railroad cars 4,650, or a total of 105,149. In 1890, the best year so far as our records show, the output was 103,000 freight cars, but in 1891 and 1892 nearly 100,000 were built each year. The increase of 1898 over 1897 is quite wonderful. In that year our reports are from thirty contractors (and five estimated) showed 43,588 freight cars. This year our reports are from twenty-eight companies, and from twenty-six others we have made estimates carefully checked. These are mostly very small concerns. In 1896 the freight cars built outside of the railroad shops amounted to 51,189. In 1895 to 38,100, and in 1894 they aggregated only 18,000. Among the cars reported this year we find 1,663 built for export; of these, 330 were street cars. In making this summing up of car building last year we found 2,107 street railroad cars reported to have been built.—Railroad Gazette.

## A Cure for Creaky Shoes.

No matter how expensive the shoes one wears, they will sometimes creak, and there is no getting away from a pair of creaky shoes. Shoemakers tell me there is a certain something about the way the leather is cured or the make of the shoe which causes this awful creak.

"Cheap shoes are not necessary of poor quality," said an authority. "Creaking often accounts for the low price. Cheap double soled shoes always creak, and the reason is that the two soles do not quite fit or one is of more pliable material than the other, so that they rub against each other.

"Among the remedies usually tried is soaking the sole in water or oil. This is affective for a time, but the cure is only temporary. The creak invariably returns in a few days.

"There is one certain and simple remedy. It is to drive three little wooden pegs into the soles. The pegs prevent the friction of the soles. Any cobbler will do it for you for ten cents, and restore your own peace of mind and that of your friends.—New York Herald.

## Humble Oysters' Virtues.

Judged by the relative amount consumed, the oyster is the most important of the shellfish, according to a bulletin of the Agricultural Department. Roughly speaking, a quart of these bivalves contains on an average about the same quantity of actual nutritive substances as a quart of milk, or three-fourths of a pound of beef, or two pounds of fresh codfish, or a pound of bread. The nutritive substances of oysters contains considerable protein and fuel ingredients; they not only make or repair blood, muscle, tendon, bone and brain, but they also supply the body with almost any other common food material as regards both the amounts and the relative proportions of nutrients. Oysters cannot be considered the most economical of foods for the consumer. But they have a useful place in the diet in helping to supply the variety which is apparently needed to insure the best workings of the digestive system.—Philadelphia Record.

## A Man of the World.

An observant citizen who has traveled at home and abroad said to a reporter: "One may be a man of the world, and yet never leave Manhattan Island. For instance, my grocer is from Holland, my butcher is a native of Brazil, my druggist hails from Alsace Lorraine, my newsman is a Bohemian, my barber is from Austria, my haberdasher is from England, my caterer is from Paris, my chef is German, my valet is a Jap, my domestics are Irish and Swede and my coachman is colored. The other day I had to have a doctor in a hurry and sent for the nearest one. I saw that he was a foreigner, and an intelligent man. He is a Persian and has lived in New York ten years. In going to my station I pass an undertaker's place—funeral director, if you please. I have an idea he will get an order from me some day. He is a Scotchman. I am an American. My partner is a native of Bavaria.—New York Sun.

Experiments recently made in Paris show that an electric wagon costs forty-seven per cent less to run than a horse wagon, and thirty-two per cent less than a petroleum motor.

A monster locomotive was constructed in a Pennsylvania shop recently in twenty-one hours and thirty minutes.

## SUICIDE OF THE LION.

A Kaffir Hunter's Ward Picture of a Strange Event in South Africa.

"It was a strange story I heard from my Kaffir guide last summer in the Transvaal," said W. S. McIntosh, who arrived in New York recently from Cape Town, South Africa. "The name of the boy—he was 40 years old, but all natives employed by Europeans in Africa are boys, though their hair be gray and their years three score and ten—was Tamaya and his master, Capt. Jack Mason, detailed him to my special service during my stay at his place, 'The Willows.' Tamaya was a good representative of his fine race, a skilled hunter, brave and trustworthy, and a masterly handler of the three or four hundred words in his vocabulary when he told the strange things he had seen and undergone in the African wilderness. He and I were hunting for antelope one day and had stopped for luncheon in the shadow of Breakneck Rock. It was a rocky bluff, which fell on one side in a sheer precipice 200 feet to the plain; on the other side a gradual slope, covered with bushes and small trees, led up to the summit.

"It was here that lion jump and die," said the Kaffir. "No, not this place—here." He walked away a few paces, and, stopping, pointed with his hand first up to the top of the cliff, where a projecting shelf covered the base, and then to the ground at his feet. He made a sweeping gesture with his arm, indicating that it was meant to take in the distance from the top to the ground where we stood. Then he came back to me and told the story.

"It was long ago—many years—so long." The Kaffir held up the thumb and fingers of his right hand twice, and then two fingers to signify that it was twelve years. "That horse run away from the kraal and I go after him and the Old Nick I catch sooner than that horse. I go so half a day, and so half a day, and come to the kraal and no horse have, and Baas Mason swear and say I catch him horse to-morrow or I catch him whip. Bimeby to-morrow I go and I think I climb that rock and look long way round, and mebbe I see that horse. So I go round behind him, that rock, where he go up so, so easy, and I climb one, two, tree miles, mebbe, and I get up, and I look, but I think sooner I see Baas Mason's whip than that damn horse. Then I think I go out on the rock—there." The Kaffir pointed to the projecting top of the cliff. "He all one piece, big, smooth—like that," designating the level ground where we were sitting. "Then something say in my head lion, lion, and I look back and there he comes up that path like he come catch me.

"I have no gun, but there is tree I go up where that lion no get up. But he no see me or care. He come on and he walk slow, so, and Tamaya imitated the movement of a four-footed animal walking painfully with measured step. "Big, he mighty big, never I see a lion so big, but he old and his head hang down, down, and I think he no see me. He old, and his tail drag on the ground and the rib stick out so. He go slow, slow, by me, and go out on the rock and he stand and he look off there, and I think bimeby he go 'way, and I go to kraal. But he stay and he roar low, so like ox when he smell the lion; then he roar so," the Kaffir, imitating a lion's voice, deepened and strengthened the sound; and he lift his head and his tail switch so. Then he roar loud, loud—never I hear a lion roar like that fellow roar—and I drop my hat and I reach to catch him, and I look again, and there is the rock and the lion be no there.

"I wait and wait, and bimeby I get down and go to that rock and I get down so and look and there that lion is down on the ground and he lies so dead—and he never kick. And I go back to kraal, and I tell Baas and he say I come with big lie because I no catch that horse, and if I lie I catch that whip. And he ride out, and I go and he bring whip, and he find that lion—there. And he say: 'That thing I never saw since I came here, caught the horse! Tamaya tell the truth.'

"No rendering that I can give will carry the effect of the Kaffir's story, acted out as it was at every stage with voice and pantomime. Capt. Mason told me that it doubtless was true in every detail; that he had ridden out with Tamaya after the Kaffir had brought him the tale and they had found the lion dead where he had fallen. He must have been killed instantly by the fall and could not have moved from where he struck or rolled—but the body lay forty paces from the foot of the cliff, and fully twenty-five paces beyond the projecting rock above, showing that the lion had leaped and not fallen down the precipice.

"How do I account for it? I don't account for it," said Capt. Mason. "Or, rather there is only one explanation—that the lion got tired of the game and quit. He was a big fellow, and he must have made a noble showing in his prime. Now he was old and toothless; blind, maybe, starved and altogether run to seed; but so much of the lion was left in the shabby body—the heart to make a dignified ending."

## History of English Coins.

Henry III, issued the first current gold coin in England in 1247. It was of pure gold, passing for 20 pence, and was called a gold penny. The next current gold coin issued—the florin—was issued by Edward III, in 1344. Guinea was issued by Charles II, in 1663, and continued to be coined until 1817, when they were superseded by sovereigns. The gold sovereign was first coined by Henry VII. Though the coining of money be a special prerogative to the crown, yet the ancient saxon prince communicated it to their subjects, inasmuch

that in every good town there was at least one mint; but at London there were eight; at Canterbury, four for the King, two for the archbishop; one for the Abbot at Winchester, six at Rochester, two at Hastings.

## HER EYEBROWS.

How a Man Can Choose a Wife Successfully by Examining the Brow.

"It's all very well for a girl to plume herself upon her pretty eyebrows," said an expert physiognomist the other day, "but I who have been studying character for years, have perhaps a rather different point of view. Eyebrows show character, and the wise man will take note of them when choosing his friends. Eyebrows, for instance, that are wide apart denote frank, generous, unsuspecting and impulsive nature.

"When they meet one may be pretty sure that their owner's temperament is ardent, but jealous and suspicious. Eyebrows which are elevated at starting and continue in long, sweeping lines over the eyes with a downward tendency, indicate artistic feeling.

"Straight eyebrows, forming a firmly defined line close to the eyes, denote great determination and will power. Those which begin rather strongly and terminate abruptly without passing beyond the eyes show an impatient and irascible nature.

"Sensitiveness and tenderness are indicated by slightly arched eyebrows, and firmness of purpose and kindness of heart by those which are straight at the beginning and are rather arched at the temples. The eyebrows of people utterly devoid of mathematical power are raised at the termination, leaving a wide space between them and the corners of the eyes. On the other hand, if they are close to the eyes at the end, mathematical talent may generally be safely assumed.

"Eyebrows of the same color as the hair show constancy, firmness and resolution; if lighter than the hair they denote indecision and weakness; while if darker they may be right in our surmise that their owner is of an ardent, passionate and inconstant disposition.

"An energetic and easily irritated nature is shown by the hair growing in different directions; while short, close-lying hair, lying in one direction, indicates a firm mind and good perceptions. An ardent but tender nature is shown by the hair being soft and fine.

"When the hair of the eyebrows has a downward droop so that it almost meets the lashes when the eyes are widely opened, tenderness and melancholy are betrayed. The nearer the eyebrows are to the eyes, the firmer and more earnest the character, while the more remote the more volatile and flighty is the nature of their owner."

## One Trial Enough.

This head of a Second avenue household struck an emergency the other morning such as tends to strain and weaken the tender domestic ties. His wife had worked and worried herself sick in preparing for the usual observance of the blessed yuletide. The servant girl had promised herself as a Christmas present to a bean of long standing, and had gone home to prepare the ornamental raiment that must adorn the bride. There were the father and his two little sons to build the kitchen fire and prepare the morning meal.

But he is not the man to flinch in the face of difficulties. With the aid of kerosene, kindling and coal he soon had the top of the stove a sparkling red. He didn't recall whether coffee should be boiled or brewed, but he set it on and let it take its course, and put in a pinch of baking powder, just because he had inferred from glancing over the advertising columns of newspapers that it must be used in everything.

Then it came to him that he had heard somewhere and at some time that a hamburger steak was one of the easiest meat dishes to prepare. He found the meat, got the carving knife, butcher knife, sausage grinder and potato masher, rolled up his sleeves and went to work. He made little headway and one of the youngsters with a practical turn of mind, went to the barn, dug out the lawn mower and took it to the kitchen to help cut the steak. This brought the troubled father to the exploding point and he cut loose in a way that induced the presence of his wife, who sat wearily in a chair and directed the preparation of a plain meal.

"Girl wanted" at his number.—Detroit Free Press.

## A New War Terror.

Two young midshipmen of the French navy, MM. Violette and Davelyn, have invented an "eye" or window for submarine torpedo boats, but details on the matter are kept very close. The invention was, it is said, most useful during recent naval operations between the Magenta and the submarine boat, the Gustave Zede. The government is now urged to spend the money required for a new ironclad on fifty submarine torpedo vessels capable not only of defending the coasts, but of invisibly penetrating into the ports of an enemy.—London Telegraph.

## Chinese Military Rewards.

An edict of the empress dowager praises Gen. Tung Fu-hsiang for the efficiency in the drilling of his troops and their perfect discipline, and in reward therefore bestows a white jade peacock feather holder, a white jade thumb-ring, and white jade-handled pocket knife on the general and \$10,000 to be distributed among his soldiers. A present of 200 suits of silk stuffs are also sent as rewards for the colonels and officers of the corps.—North China Herald.