

HE HAD THE CASH.

He lacked refinement, culture, grace; He had no charm of form or face, To see him read would pain your sight, 'Twas misery for him to write. And yet, like all that's human, he Had one trait of humanity— And that the best, I might here state— At making money he was great.

Wherefore around him all men flocked, And women, too, and were not shocked.

At things he'd do or things he'd say, In his rough, coarse and brutal way, They merely smiled indulgently. And said: "How free from guile is he! He doesn't have to try to please— We love his eccentricities."

—Philadelphia North American.

THE BLESSING OF JIM ROBBINS.

He was quite too ready to admit that he was just an average sort of fellow. That was really all he cared to be. What he could do he did fairly well, but he did just as little as was decently possible. At college he had gone in a little for athletics, and made a very creditable record, but he shrank from anything really brilliant. He was a good scholar, too, but was quite willing to rank with the intellectual second-raters.

The key to his aimless, irresponsible life was the gold one. His father's wealth stretched like a bar across the path to better things. There was no incentive to work. And without incentive Spencer Gifford merely vegetated. And yet he felt a little conscience stricken when Anna Goldie gravely asked him one day about his future hopes. It set him to thinking, and thinking was an occupation that always disquieted him. He avoided Anna Goldie for a time, and just as he was thinking he would leave another talk with her on the subject she suddenly went away. She went, they told him, to visit an invalid aunt in the interior of the State. In what part of the State did Miss Goldie's aunt live? Somewhere near Palmyra.

Palmyra? That was where Jim Robbins lived. Good old Jim Robbins, whom he hadn't seen since his last college year. Jim was somebody down in Palmyra. Member of the Legislature, or something.

As the days wore along the desire to visit Jim grew upon him, so he decided to go down at once and make Jim a visit, and he wrote him to that effect. Then he went to the bank and called on his father. And while he was there his Uncle Tom came in, and the three were closeted for a long time in his father's private room. When they came out his Uncle Tom shook hands with him and patted him on the back in his usual hearty fashion. And his father shook hands with him in graver fashion, and both the older men seemed highly elated. Spencer shook his head a little doubtfully as he left them. Then he braced up with a swift stiffening of his figure and clenching of his hands, and accelerated his pace.

He arrived at Palmyra early in the evening and concluded he would look Jim up in the morning. He went to the hotel and had his supper. After supper he strolled up to the clerk's desk and inquired about his friend.

"Oh, Jim Robbins?" cried the clerk. "Yes, yes. Jim is one of our leading citizens. He's a great hustler. Jim is going to send him to the State Senate next fall. Tell you what you do," continued the clerk. "Jim is the chairman of the big banquet at Raymond Hall to-night. It's a complimentary feed given in honor of Col. Jack Speed, our Congressman, you know. Hon. Dwight Perkins, from somewhere out West, one of the big national lights of the House, is to be the speaker of the occasion. Better go over."

"Guess I will," said Spencer. "I'd like to see old Jim at the head of the table. You say I can go?"

"All the credentials you need is a \$1 bill," laughed the clerk.

Spencer went back to his room and donned his dress suit. A half hour later he ascended the stairway of Raymond Hall. He noticed a number of ladies in the crowd that steadily marched into the hall, and he was rather glad to find that the banquet was not to be of the usual political formen-only character. At the head of the stairs he noticed a door standing open, and looking through into a brightly lighted anteroom he saw his old friend. The impulse was too strong to resist, and he passed in the doorway and held out his hand.

"What's the matter with Jim Roberts?" he laughingly called.

In an instant his friend's hand gripped his.

"Spencer, old man, so glad to see you!" He pushed Spencer off a little and held him there. "You are looking prime," he said. "And, by George, you are just in time." He laughed as he spoke and looked at Spencer with such a comical expression that it instantly recalled to the latter some amusing experiences of the dear old school days.

"What mischief are you up to?" he cried. "But, here, I'm in the way. Don't let me bother you. I'll see you in the morning."

"Hold on," cried Jim, with a plunge at him, "you don't get away from me to-night. You stay right here until I can properly dispose of you."

Spencer noticed that his friend had a crumpled telegram in his hand, but he thrust it in his pocket as he drew Spencer into the room and forced him into a corner. A moment later there

were some hurried introductions, and then Spencer found himself with his hand on the arm of Palmyra's Mayor, following closely in the footsteps of Jim Robbins and the distinguished guest of the evening as they passed down the long aisle to the table reserved for distinguished guests. The Hon. Jack Speed was seated on Jim's right and Spencer at his left, much to the latter's increased uneasiness. Then the banquet commenced, and for an hour the clatter and chatter continued without a break. Jim was as delightful as of yore, dividing his attention very equally between the guest of the evening and Spencer, but the latter's heart was filled with a vague distrust.

When the clatter finally ceased Jim rapped on the tables, and in a nice little speech told of the purpose of the banquet. He introduced the Mayor, who briefly welcomed back the Hon. Mr. Speed to Palmyra. Then the Hon. Mr. Speed responded in a brisk speech, testifying to his delight in returning home to such friends and such a welcome, a sentiment which was greeted with loud applause. Then Jim arose again, with a crumpled telegram in his hand. He much regretted, he said, to be obliged to announce that the Hon. Dwight Perkins could not be with them. A telegram he had just received announced a railway accident that blocked the road and held back Mr. Perkins sixty miles away.

"Our regret, however," said Jim, "is somewhat mitigated by the fact that we fortunately have with us as an honored guest one of the most prominent of New York's young political and social leaders, Mr. Spencer Gifford, who will talk to us on the questions of the hour."

As Jim sat down a patter of applause ran around the hall, and the long lines of faces assumed an expectant expression.

Spencer gave him a horrible scowl as he rose to his feet. Then he turned to the auditors with a pleasant smile. He put his teeth together hard. He wouldn't be bluffed. And deep down in his soul he felt gratified that Jim—despite his consummate meanness—had confidence in him. Jim knew he wouldn't fluke. As his eyes roamed down the long table in front of him they suddenly stopped. They rested on a woman's face. It was the face of the woman whom above all others he was anxious to impress. She was looking straight at him with such a friendly, encouraging smile.

He took a mental brace. He had meant to sit down at the end of his next sentence. He kept right on. He talked well. He talked still better as he warmed to his subject. It was mostly a talk about patriotism. He spoke of the inspiring effect of the sight of the old flag when he saw it abroad. He told of the American who had fallen while attempting an ascent in Switzerland, and whom he had helped to carry to the nearest house where the hastily summoned surgeon could set his dreadfully fractured limbs. And how the surgeon had no chloroform when he came, and how the poor fellow, his vitality almost gone, had asked them to draw his groans," he said. And how the three Americans had sung "The Star-Spangled Banner," the sufferer presently joining in with a shrill quavering voice, and apparently forgetting all about the groaning. And how he afterward looked up with a bright smile and whispered, "Let you an even hundred I see the old flag again."

And then Spencer took occasion to say something pleasant about the men who were upholding the dignity of the flag at home and abroad, with a handsomely indirect compliment to the Hon. Jack Speed.

When Spencer finally took his seat the applause was vigorous and long drawn out, and Jim, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling, grabbed Spencer's hand under the table and squeezed it hard and said: "Great, my boy, great!"

Spencer looked down the long line again. But she had drawn back and he could not see her face. He wondered what she thought of it all.

Presently Jim's fingers rested on his arm.

"It's all over," he said, "and we must get our coats and hunt up Minnie. Minnie is Mrs. Jim. By the way, she has a young woman from your overgrown town in tow to-night, and we'll have to escort her to her aunt's home. Know her? She's a Miss Anna Goldie."

A little later they were out in the open air, Anna walking with Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. Jim going ahead.

"It was splendid," murmured Anna, "splendid. You see, you can do something well if you really try."

"I'm sorry you doubted it," murmured Spencer.

"I never doubted it," said Anna. "I only regretted that you lacked—forgive my plain speaking—the incentive to try."

"Well," laughed Spencer, "let's be glad that we can charge it to pure insolence. It might have been something worse, you know. Next week I take a position in the bank."

"Good," murmured Anna.

"Next fall Uncle Tom intends to run me for the Legislature, with the understanding that this is to be a stepping stone to Congress."

"After hearing you this evening," said Anna softly, "I think this is the field you are fitted for."

There was a pause. They fell back a little further.

"Do you know," he asked abruptly, "what it is that has awakened me?"

"No," she answered.

"It is love," he said.

He looked down at her. Her face was averted.

"Do you know what brought

down here? Do you know what carried me through that speech to-night?"

"No," she softly murmured.

"You."

A half hour later he stopped Mrs. Jim as she excused herself to the two men smoking in the library.

"One moment," he said. "I want you to know that I had mentally promised your scamp of a husband a sound thrashing for the liberty he took with my name to-night, but I've found he blundered into doing me a favor. I'm going to forgive him. I'm even going so far as to bless him." He held out both hands. "Congratulations, dear friends," he cried, with a radiant smile, "I'm a very happy and very fortunate man."

And then he told them about Anna. —Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

THE ARMY RATION.

Present Food of Our Soldiers Unsuitable For the Tropics.

A board of officers at the War Department in Washington, which has been listening to reports on the adaptability of the old army ration to service in the tropics, has decided to recommend some changes. The ration, which consisted of hardtack, bacon, fresh or canned beef, and potatoes, canned tomatoes or onions, was suitable and ample for campaigning in the temperate zone. In the United States bread took the place of hardtack and the profits of the canteen were used to vary the bill of fare. It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that American soldiers are better fed than those of any other country. But the old ration is ill-suited to service in the West Indies and the Philippines, although in Luzon our men have lived almost like epicures for weeks together when in touch with Manila. But sometimes when engaged in chasing the insurgents through the interior, they have to fall back on the old army ration with all its imperfections. One of the witnesses examined by the board was Dr. Louis L. Seaman, of New York, who has served as regimental surgeon in Puerto Rico and the Luzon. He told a painful story of sickness among the troops in both islands. The Montana regiment, after being on the firing line in Luzon, for many weeks was but a skeleton regiment. At one time only 150 men were fit for duty. Regular regiments had a similar, if not a more dire, experience. Bowel troubles were the common cause of disability, and they were often followed by typhoid and other fevers. Dr. Seaman was of the opinion that the intestinal irritation could be traced to the heating foods supplied in the ration. No man can eat much meat in the tropics and be well, and when that meat is fried in grease, after the fashion of the soldier cook, it has much the same effect as an irritant poison.

It is plain that the army ration for the tropics must be more vegetable in character than the old ration, which could hardly be improved upon for use on home stations. Rice will be one of the principal components. A great deal of heavy campaigning can be done on rice alone, but the American soldier would almost rebel if it were to be made the staple of his ration. He will always demand a portion of meat of some kind. In the tropics it must be a small portion and free from fatty matter. This consideration rules bacon out altogether. Lean mutton, being easy to digest and also nutritious, is probably the best meat he could have. Reinforced with rice and the vegetables of the country, it would make an excellent staple. Australia could furnish all the mutton required by our troops in the Philippines, and at rates with which our sheep-raisers cannot compete, owing to the higher freight. It is proposed to substitute cocoa or chocolate for tea and coffee in the tropics. The idea is a good one, for the campaigning soldier drinks a quart of coffee three times a day if he gets the opportunity, and the effect on his nerves and stomach is deplorable at last. But the ration of the future which will receive the most attention from war departments is the condensed ration, a ten days' supply of which the marching soldier or the mounted infantryman can carry with him without impairing his mobility. There are times in a campaign when it is much more important that the soldier shall be nourished sufficiently to do his work than that he shall enjoy what he eats.

The Ancients and Gems.

Ancient writers seem to have dwelt more especially on the occult qualities or gems rather than on their value, and quaint ideas are current in regard to them. Onomacritus, a priest and founder of Hellenic mysteries, B. C. 500, in speaking of the crystal, once said that "whoso goes into the temple with this in his hand may be quite sure of having his prayer granted, as the gods cannot withstand its power." The Romans were at one period very extravagant in their use of gems, for, according to Pliny, they drank out of a mass of gems and their drinking vessels were formed of emeralds. Constantine was the first sovereign who luxuriated in a gemmed crown. The diamond to-day ranks third in value, precedence being taken by the pearl and the Burmah ruby. This is due to the great abundance of the diamond since the opening of the South African mines. Hardness is the test of the diamond—if a mineral cannot be cut by a ruby or sapphire it must be a diamond.—Chicago News.

In 1850 there were 71,000 tons of steel made in the whole world. In 1898 the United States alone made 9,075,000 tons.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A South Carolina man left all his money to a girl who had rejected him. What a touching mark of gratitude!

Cecil Rhodes says the British flag is the richest asset in the world. Cecil can't get over the habit of reducing his patriotism to a commercial basis.

The neutrality of the great Powers of Europe can hardly be looked on as virtuous. They are holding their hands off in the South African business because they are afraid of each other.

Professor Atwater has demonstrated to his own satisfaction that alcohol is food. But what's the good of such a discovery as long as there is other stuff to eat.

The annual receipts of the New York Post Office a hundred and ten years ago were a little over \$3,700, or about half those of the Philadelphia office, where Postmaster General Ben Franklin had his headquarters. The revenue last year was over \$9,000,000.

An indication of some of the important industrial effects which may be expected to follow the opening up of China, is given in recent reports concerning the Chinese tree called the "tu chung." Both French and English botanists assert that this tree contains a valuable substance resembling rubber, or gutta-percha. Mr. Weiss, of Owens College, believes that the substance is a true caoutchouc, and that the tree will become of great economic importance.

Rural free delivery for postal matter is slowly winning its way, bringing the daily newspaper to many a farmhouse—a stimulus of fresher interest in the life of the world. The village and traveling libraries, rapidly increasing in number and size, extend, in turn, a broader outlook. The discussions of local clubs—often farmers' granges—and of the many women's clubs (as representative of the "new woman" at her best as the most pretentious of city clubs), give the most beneficial of social contacts, those where thought sharpens thought, observes the New York Post.

If any one thinks that the world doesn't grow, let him look at the price paid for Flying Fox, the animal sold a few days ago at auction by the Duke of Westminster. One hundred and ninety thousand dollars for a horse shows an advance in the price of horseflesh that should make the heads of conservative investors in such humdrum property as Government bonds and real estate swim. Flying Fox's grandsire, Ormonde, is said to have brought about \$150,000. Ormonde's grandsire, Doncaster, was sold for something like \$85,000. A dozen horses have been sold for sums between \$50,000 and \$100,000; but Flying Fox makes them all look like hacks for hire.

In the matter of telephone development Japan compares favorably with other countries. Several of its large cities have a number of subscribers. Tokio has about 5,000, with 4,000 on application at the last report, and a new exchange is being built with a capacity of 6,000. The subscribers last year in other cities are returned as follows: Osaka, 1,000; Yokohama, 1,002; Kobe, 845; and Kyoto, 520. The subscription rate in Tokio is \$33 a year, and 15,000,000 messages were sent over 900 miles of wire in 1899. The government is spending \$1,000,000 this year on new telephone work.

New Hampshire is often referred to as the Granite State, but the strike of granite cutters has brought out the fact that the stone is quarried for commercial purposes in every State east of the Hudson. One of the most important centres of the industry is barre, Vt., a town that has grown remarkably in recent years because of its quarries. In this State the village of Niantic is becoming a granite centre. It has been a small manufacturing place for many years, but bids fair to develop rapidly in the next decade, thanks to the stone business.

Eight millions a year isn't enough for Emperor William. He wants ten millions. In his twenty-four palaces he keeps 1,500 lackeys and more than 2,000 maid servants, and there are his royal stables and kennels and covers and cotes and playhouses, etc., not to mention his family. His expenses would pay for three or four new battleships per annum. He comes high, does this swelling King of Prussia, but he feels that Germany must have him.

What a lesson of contentment for men of moderate means is taught by the story of George Smith, who, with a fortune of \$100,000,000 behind him, supplied all the want of life on \$3 a day! The late Cornelius Vanderbilt hardly spent more for his personal needs. Russell Sage probably spends less. Jay Gould lived chiefly on tea and toast. The Duke of Westminster was a man of frugal habits. No ordinary business man lives more simply than Rockefeller or Carnegie. This is an important lesson. It should be preached and explained and insisted upon for the benefit of the scheming strugglers after wealth—the lesson that wealth has its limits, that it does not bring happiness, and that all the truest and highest pleasures of life are within the reach of men of moderate means, and that they are denied to the lords of millions.

"Step lively!" the cry of the street-car conductor, has been judicially approved, at least to a certain extent, by the Common Pleas Court, No. 1, in Philadelphia, in a decision that a passenger on a trolley car is not necessarily negligent in standing on the lower step as it is coming to a standstill. The plaintiff, a man, while standing on the lower step of a car that was slowing down at Chestnut street, was thrown by a sudden jerk. In upholding a verdict for the plaintiff the court ruled that although trolley-cars are more dangerous than former means of transportation, the rapidity of transportation demands that passengers be more alert and prompt in entering and alighting, and for that reason it is not negligence for a passenger to go upon the platform of the car or even upon the step before it comes to a full stop. Two of the judges dissented from this ruling.

A comparatively trifling incident in Paris is significant of the bitter feeling with which the French masses seem to regard everything British. Two or three weeks ago an American lady and her two daughters hailed a cab, it was raining, and the driver, with the customary arbitrariness of Paris coachmen, refused to be hired by the hour. The lady then, speaking in English, told her daughter to report the man to the authorities. Meanwhile, a woman belonging to the lower orders intervened and caused a crowd to assemble. She declared that an English woman wished to denounce a French cabdriver, and the crowd rapidly became menacing and vituperative. Fortunately police assistance came before mischief was done, and the cabman was arrested. The magistrate, who of course knew the nationality of the complainant, promptly sentenced the offender to eight days' imprisonment. This inability of the Paris populace to discriminate between Americans and English is worth remembering in this exposition year.

Greater New York can now claim to be the "city of parks." The area covered by them includes 7,564 acres. The two largest parks, situated in Bronx borough, are Pelham Bay Park of 1,756 acres, and Van Cortlandt Park of 1,132½ acres. Central Park, Manhattan, has nearly 840 acres; Bronx Park, Bronx Borough, 661 3/5 acres; Brooklyn Forest Park, town of Jamaica, within the city limits, 535 acres, and Prospect Park in Brooklyn 516 1/4 acres. The rest of a total of sixty-nine parks are considerably smaller, and 250 acres of Bronx Park are to be devoted to a botanical garden.

The New York Sun has been counting up the totals of European migration during the century, and finds that the movement is the greatest of the kind recorded in history. In the first twenty years of the century only 250,000 Europeans came to this country, but between 1820 and 1882 more than 17,000,000 came. In the last named year alone the United States received 800,000 immigrants. Since 1882 the European outpouring to various parts of the world has been over 12,000,000 souls. Trustworthy data indicate that during the century Europe has been drained of 30,000,000 persons seeking to better their fortunes in other lands. This number is equal to three-fifths of the total population of Europe at the time of Augustus Caesar. It is greater than the total number of inhabitants of the United Kingdom in 1860, and only a little less than the total population of the United States in the same year. Probably this remarkable phase of history will never be repeated, for there remain no more such vast and fertile wildernesses in the temperate zone as the United States was at the beginning of the century.

The common idea of an automobile as a four-wheeled vehicle on heavy rubber tires will have to be modified. An inventor, doubtless a Yankee, has perfected a new automobile in the form of a sled for hauling logs, and it is being successfully used in the Minnesota pine forests. The motive power operates on two cylinders, whose surface is studded with pins similar to those in the cylinder of a music box. These take hold on the ice and packed snow of the roads, and loads or logs varying from twenty to thirty tons are hauled with ease. That is one of the new applications of the automobile idea for heavy winter work in the rural districts, and suggests an indefinite extension of it in other directions. It will not be long before autotrucks for heavy haulage in cities are widely used, and then will come some application of the same idea to the country. The British automobile wagon has already made a good beginning, being now used in rivalry to freight trains over short distances. Signs point to this as the next phase of development in this line.

The truly ambitious workman will work with good materials when he can, but with poor materials rather than with none. It has been said of a famous painter that he made a fine picture with a burnt stick on a barn door, and of another that he could produce noble artistic effects with a brush made of hair from his cat's tail. We read of mathematicians too who have worked out intricate problems on a piece of leather. Genius is always superior to circumstances, philosophizes the New York Observer. The ten talent man in mental or moral endowment can do wonders simply with a single talent of wealth, physical strength, or other sort of capital.

Perhaps no figures in the forthcoming census will prove fuller of interest

or significance than those which will give the statistics of trolley extension. The census of 1890 showed that the gain in miles of street lines was 453 per cent. for cities and towns of a population over 50,000. This was due, of course, to the seizure of the new motive power as fast as its feasibility was understood by the smaller cities and towns, because of its perfect adaptation to their needs. But since 1890 the extension of trolley roads, from centre to suburbs and from town to town, has continued at an astonishing rate, one quite beyond popular comprehension or estimate. In short, we have seen, probably with but casual recognition of it, the passing of the distinguishing marks of the time in which we live. A formula of description long familiar is the age of "the railroad, the steamship, and the telegraph." But that formula "smacks of antiquity" when the present is more accurately the age of the trolley, the telephone, and the bicycle.

NEW USE OF EXHAUST.

How Waste Steam May Run An Auxiliary Engine.

For many years it has been known that the steam engine did not utilize all its energies. The ordinary high pressure engine which discharged its exhaust steam into the air used hardly more than 5 per cent. of the value of the fuel burned under its boiler. The compound engine, which condenses its steam and returned the warm water to the boilers, used only 12 to 13 per cent. of the fuel energy. Here ingenuity seemed to stop until a device was invented for using the heat of the exhaust steam to evaporate another liquid, which, having a lower boiling point than water, required less heat for the process than does water.

This process is the joint discovery of G. Behrend, a Hamburg engineer, and Dr. Zimmermann of Ludwigshafen, and it gains as high as 56 per cent. additional motive power without increasing the expenditure of fuel. The liquid they chose for evaporation is sulphurous acid, which is cheap, easily obtained, and is so oily that it lubricates the inner working surfaces of the machinery without corroding them. The steam passes into the surface condenser or vaporizer, in which the cooling medium, instead of being water, is liquid sulphurous acid, the boiling point of which is so low that the liquid is decomposed immediately by the heat of the exhaust steam, liberating sulphur dioxide gas. This gas passes over into the cylinder of an auxiliary engine, where its work is done as in an ordinary steam engine. Then the sulphurous vapor enters the surface condenser, is condensed to liquid by cold water tubes and is forced by a pump back into the vaporizer to do its work over again.

With a fairly economical compound engine, using 16½ pounds of steam for each indicated horse-power hour, half an indicated horse-power can be produced in the auxiliary machine for every indicated horse-power developed in the main engine.

A Sample of War Talk.

What is more diverting than a loud conversation on a street car or elevated train between utter strangers who are so full of a subject that they will burst if they cannot let off steam? Their voices generally are high pitched and loud, and the rest of the passengers might as well lay down their papers or magazines and listen. I heard the other afternoon:

Emancipated Old Gent in Silk Hat and White Whiskers—Whittier think of that? Took 50,000 Englishmen to capture 3,000 Boers!

Complacent Citizen—No. It took 28,000 Brits to capture 4,000 Boers. The highest military authorities agree that in order to effect a capture the victorious force should outnumber the enemy about 7 to 1.

"Why, man, in Cuba the United States with 14,000 soldiers, captured nearly 300,000 Spaniards, and—"

"You don't call that war, do you?"

"War? War! That's just what war is!"

"Shub! There wasn't more than an hour of war in Cuba. The rest of it was a picnic."

"Were you there?"

"No. Were you?"

"No, but—"

A shout from the passengers ended the threatened controversy.—New York Press.

An Alligator's Tough Hide.

The older an alligator gets the bigger it gets, and the bigger it gets the tougher its hide is, but there was never an alligator hide tough enough to turn one of the modern small calibre projectiles. Formerly it was the case that the snarling beast was struck in the eye or just behind the forehead to insure capture. The old muzzle-loading rifle, which shot a round bullet of soft lead, did not have the force to penetrate the scales. The Winchester, however, will go through if it strikes fairly and the new .30-30 will throw its nickel-jacketed projectile through scale, bone and bone no matter at what angle it may happen to strike. The alligator hunters, however, have not yet risen to the dignity of owning the most modern weapons. The Winchester rifle, or carbine, is the best they have been able to do; and many of them are still armed with muskets left in Louisiana as a heritage from the Civil War. Even with weapons so crude, it is possible for a 'gatorman, as they are locally called, to go out and earn \$5 three times a week. For one living down here that is a great deal of money. The age the animals will reach is not definitely known, but it is certain that if undisturbed they will go over a hundred.