

Go to a palmist when you are blue, and you'll come away a happier man, says a writer. Anyhow, you'll make the palmist happier.

Ex-Premier Crispi of Italy is reported as saying that "great danger is threatening the principles and institutions of the Latin peoples."

Majors and captains will be as common in this country at the close of the present war as admirals in Spain and colonels in the Blue Grass region.

The resignation of Spain's secretary of the colonies may have been caused by the fact that the near future promises to make the position a comparative sinecure.

It is told without shame in Maine that an amateur photographer of Waterville took a snap shot at a friend who had lost his balance and fallen into a lake, before going to the rescue.

Cricket in Australia is suffering from the rooters in Australian "bar-rackers," bleacheries. Mr. Stoddard, whose English team has returned home after a series of defeats by the Australians, complains that at every match a portion of the public hooted the players, Englishmen and Australians alike.

Associate Superintendent of Schools William L. Felter of Brooklyn claims that the handwriting of the future will not be a verticle hand, but a round hand, with a slant off the vertical from ten degrees to twenty degrees. Investigation shows that this is the style written by business men. These writers were taught the old slant. They have worked up to a slant of about seventy-five degrees. Why have they not gone up to ninety degrees? Because they could not do so and preserve the essential element of rapidity.

The surgeons who have been making examinations of the members of the militia volunteers will make reports that will be apt to discourage, though it may not extinguish the bicycle habit, and particularly the low handlebars. It is said at the medical department of the army that a great number of the volunteers who have been rejected for physical disability are bicycle riders, who, by that violent exercise, have developed diseases of the heart and spine which unfit them for exposure or endurance. These troubles are said to be confined almost entirely to riders who use low handlebars and lean forward in the saddle. This position not only induces curvature of the spine and other diseases in that part of the anatomy, but causes the other organs to crowd the heart out of its place, and produce irritation which ultimately becomes chronic. As soon as they have an opportunity to do so, the examining surgeons will be called upon for reports on this subject.

There are some questions which, like the poor, we have always with us. One of them is the perennial and well-worn query as whether women have a sense of humor, remarks the Philadelphia Bulletin editorially. A New York newspaper prints letters on the subject from half a dozen women prominent in various walks of life, including Maud Adams, Emma Thursby and the president of the New York State Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which declare that women have humor, though they point out that, owing to the conventional restrictions upon their behavior, their sense of the humorous finds less free expression than that of man. The New York Post says that these women are right, and that it is as foolish to ask if women have humor as it would be to ask if they have a sense of pathos or a knowledge of right and wrong. As normal human creatures, with faculties, perceptions and emotions of the race of which they constitute one-half, they possess humor just as they possess other attributes of humanity. The old theory that women were in some peculiar and mysterious degree essentially different from the masculine portion of mankind is no longer dominant among intelligent people. The enlightened modern tendency is to consider a woman as neither a queen to be worshipped nor as a slave to be driven, but as a thoroughly responsible, fully equipped human being, who should be held to the same degree of accountability as man. It is true that there have been no great women humorists entitled to rank with Cervantes, or even with Mark Twain; but this proves nothing. Woman's humor is likely to be of a finer, less robust character than that of man, and she is seldom able to appreciate a joke against herself. But any man who declares that women do not possess both wit and humor is blind to some of the most obvious facts of life.

England confers the title of second Nelson on Dewey. To the world he is the first Dewey. That title will stand to the end of time.

The Philippines produce the finest indigo in the world, but it isn't so blue as the feeling that the American squadron has produced there.

There are in England and Wales 200,000 children so defective in mental power that they are incapable of fighting the battles of life if left to themselves.

According to the American consul at Sydney, Australia, "American trade has been the means of emancipating the Australians from the time honored tyranny of the silk hat."

The recall of Japanese troops from Wei-hai-Wei has followed the final payment of the Chinese indemnity. The harbor, with its forts, now passes under lease to Great Britain. As the place is a much better rendezvous than Port Arthur of Talienwan and of strategic value, the Russians have not gained any such advantage over their rivals as was indicated in the first announcements.

Kingsley's doctrine that "men must work and women must weep" finds disapproval in the case of the families of Captain Robley D. Evans of the Iowa and Captain Henry C. Taylor of the Indiana. The daughters of both families, Mrs. Charlotte Evans Marsh and her sister, Miss Virginia T. Evans, with Miss Mary V. Taylor, are receiving instructions in the naval hospital at Fort Monroe to qualify as trained nurses during the war. Women have something to do nowadays more important than posing as Niobes.

It is a remarkable fact that our naval heroes have seldom been honored with prominent political office after the achievement of their victories. We have had several soldier presidents, but no sailor executive, yet we talk about the ship of state. What more natural than to put a sailor at the helm? How does it happen that Farragut and Porter never became prominent in civil life, while so many generals of distinction held political positions at Washington after the war? asks the Providence Journal.

One by one our old poetic idols are being shattered by the utilitarian and practical of the fin-de-siecle woman doctor. The latest iconoclast is responsible for the asseveration that what is so poetical in poetry and the old novels about the whiteness of the skin, means something not so poetical. It is due, she says, to the languor of the muscular tissues throughout the body, and the slowness and languor that was so often characterized as a charming feminine attribute is associated with indigestion, and is therefore thoroughly unromantic. It is one of the ironies of life that women as they stand in literature and romance are not true to life.

It has been recently suggested that advantage should be taken of this international brush to attempt a practical solution of the tramp question, says the Washington Star. The proposition is that these wandering ne'er-do-wells be drafted into the service of the United States, uniformed, drilled, armed, and sent to Cuba to form part, at least, of the first army of invasion. It is urged that those tramps who seek to shirk this unpleasant duty will naturally "take to the woods" thus completely ridding the communities that they have infested of a serious nuisance. The military demands of the government, however, are too serious to permit the assembling of a corps of untrained, unutilized, unambitious, and possibly unpatriotic men to be relied upon for dangerous duties. The best fighters are those taken by their country from the ranks of the producers, the men with a conscientious desire to serve the nation, who are energetic both in times of peace and war. The greatest economy in warfare lies in producing a maximum of results with a minimum of men. The mere aggregation of people into ranks is not generalship. The tramp problem lies deeper than this. It is not to be solved by a general conscription, unless it be intended to enter upon a virtual scheme of extermination, which is so utterly foreign to American doctrine, and so antagonistic to the principles upon which the war of intervention is being waged against Spain. If the solution lies in the line of employment let the tramps be drafted to work on the roads. Good roads are needed. Labor must be had to build them. While the war is in progress the stay-at-home tourists of the highways might profitably be set at work putting their favorite lines of travel in fine modern condition.

RALLYING ROUND THE FLAG.



From the North and South and East and West—
From city, farm and plain—
Loud comes a cry—will never rest—
For vengeance unto Spain.
The call knows never stop nor pause
Throughout the mighty land;
But rising for a common cause
Rings out the chorus grand.

With "Yankee Doodle" "Dixie" swells
With no discordant notes,
And Northern cheers and Southern yells
Come from ten million throats.
The Eastern man forgets to boast,
The Westerner to brag,
But one cry's heard from coast to coast—
'Tis "Rally 'round the flag!"

Each free man knows his State's bright star
Shines in Old Glory's folds,
And whether he be near or far
Allegiance ever holds.
And if for men you shout or call
In millions they'll reply;
For that old flag, which floats for all,
'Twould be their pride to die.

Then rally 'round the flag once more!
East, West and North and South!
Fight as our fathers fought of yore
'E'en to the cannon's mouth!
Fling out the Stars and Stripes on high,
And when we deal with Spain
Let these words be our battle cry:
'Remember, boys, the Maine!"

IN THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

A BRAVE SOUTHERN WOMAN WHO SAW HER HOME AND POSSESSIONS
INVADED BY A BRITISH HOST USED HER WIT AND COURAGE
IN BEHALF OF HER HUSBAND.

By Everett T. Tomlinson.

One warm morning in the spring of 1780 Mrs. Slocumb was sitting on the broad piazza about her home on a large plantation in South Carolina. Her husband and many of his neighbors were with Sumter, fighting for the struggling colonies, but on this beautiful morning there were almost no signs of war to be seen. As yet this plantation had not been molested, and as Mrs. Slocumb glanced at her little child playing near her, or spoke to her sister, who was her companion, or addressed a word to the servants, there was no alarm manifest. But in a moment the entire scene was changed.

"There come the soldiers," said her sister, pointing toward an officer and twenty troopers, who turned out of the highway and entered the yard. Mrs. Slocumb made no reply, although her face became pale, and there was a tightening of the lips as she watched the men. Her fears were not allayed when she became satisfied that the leader was none other than the hated Colonel Tarleton. That short, thick-set body, dressed in a gorgeous scarlet uniform, the florid face and cruel expression, proclaimed the approaching officer only too well. But the mistress gave no sign of fear as she arose to listen to the words of the leader, who soon drew his horse to a halt before her.

Raising his cap and bowing to his horse's neck, he said: "Have I the pleasure of addressing the mistress of this plantation?"
"It is my husband's."
"And is he here?"
"He is not."
"He is no rebel, is he?"
"No, sir. He is a soldier in the army of his country and fighting her invaders."
"He must be a rebel and no friend of his country if he fights against his king."

"Only slaves have masters here," replied the undaunted woman.
Tarleton's face flushed, but he made no reply, and, turning to one of his companions, gave orders for a camp to be made in the orchard near by. Soon the 1100 men in his command had pitched their tents, and the peaceful plantation took on the garb of war.
Returning to the piazza and again bowing low the British colonel said: "Necessity compels his majesty's troops to occupy your place for a time, and I will have to make my quarters in your house; that is, if it will not be too great an inconvenience to you."

"My family consists at present of only myself, my child and sister, besides the servants, and we must obey your orders."
In less than an hour the entire place was transformed. The white tents covered the lawn, horses were tied to the high rail fences, soldiers in bright uniforms were moving here and there. Before entering the house the British colonel called some of his officers and gave sharp orders for scouring the country within the neighborhood of ten or fifteen miles. This sharp command was not lost upon Mrs. Slocumb, nor was she slow to act upon it herself, as we soon shall see. But for the present, trying to stifle her fears, she determined to make the best of the situation and avert all the danger possible by providing for the comfort of Tarleton and his men, and accordingly she had a

dinner soon ready fit for a king, and surely far too good for such a cruel and bloodthirsty man as Tarleton soon was known to be.

When the colonel and his staff were summoned to the dining-room they sat down to a table which fairly groaned beneath the good things heaped upon it. It was such a dinner as only the South Carolina matrons knew how to prepare, and the men soon became jovial under its influences. "We shall have few sober men by morning," said a captain, "if this is the way we are to be treated. I suppose when this little war is over all this country will be divided among the soldiers. Eh, colonel?"
"Undoubtedly the officers will occupy large portions of the country," replied Tarleton.

"Yes, I know just how much they will each occupy," said Mrs. Slocumb, unable to maintain silence longer.

to the piazza, an example which all, including Mrs. Slocumb, at once followed. She was trembling now, for she felt assured that she could explain the cause of the commotion.
"May I ask, madam," said Tarleton, turning to her as soon as he had given his orders for the action of the troops, "whether any of Washington's forces are in this neighborhood or not?"
"You must know that General Greene and the marquis are in South Carolina, and I have no doubt you would be pleased to see Lee once more. He shook your hand very warmly the last time he met you, I am told."

An oath escaped the angry colonel's lips, and he glanced for a moment at the scar which the wound Lee had made had left on his hand, but he turned abruptly and ordered the troops to form on the right and he dashed down the lawn.

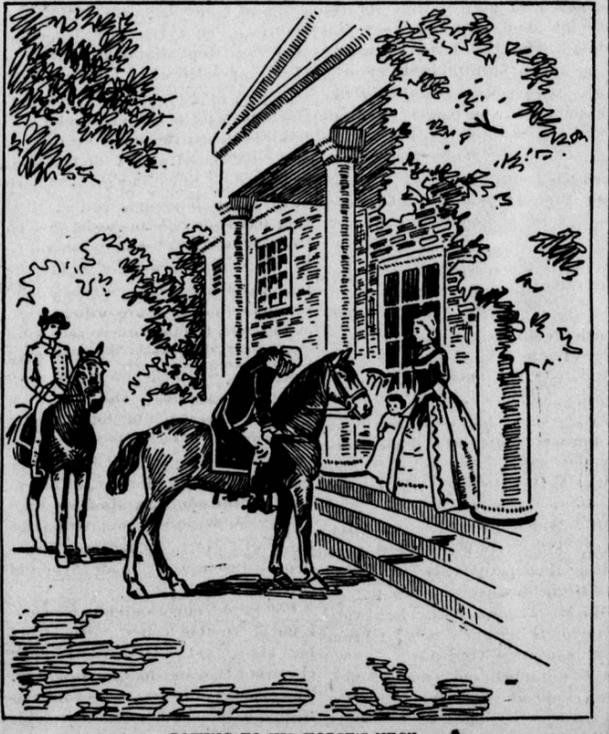
A shout and the sound of firearms drew the attention of Mrs. Slocumb to the long avenue that led to the house. A cry escaped her at the sight, for there was her husband, followed by two of her neighbors, pursuing on horseback a band of five Tories whom Tarleton had sent to scour the country.

On and on they came, and it was evident that the pursuers were too busy to have noticed the army of Tarleton. Broad swords and various kinds of weapons were flashing in the air, and it was plain that the enraged Slocumb saw nothing but the Tories he was pursuing. Could nothing be done? Would they run into the very heart of the camp? Mrs. Slocumb tried to scream and warn her husband, but not a sound could she make. One of the Tories had just fallen, when she saw her husband's



horse suddenly stop and swerve to one side. What was the cause?

Sambo, the slave whom Mrs. Slocumb had dispatched, as soon as Tarleton had come, to warn her husband, had started promptly on his errand, but the bright coats of the British had so charmed him that he had lingered about the place, and when the sound of the guns was heard Sambo had gone only as far as the hedgerow that lined the avenue. Discretion became the better part of valor then, and the fellow in his fear had crawled beneath it for shelter; but when his frightened face beheld his master approaching he had mustered enough courage to crawl forth from his hiding place and startle the



BOWING TO HIS HORSE'S NECK.

"And how much will that be, madam?" inquired Tarleton, bowing low.

"Six feet two."
The colonel's face again flushed with anger as he replied, "Excuse me, but I shall endeavor to have this very plantation made over to me as a ducal seat."
"I have a husband, whom you seem to forget, and I can assure you he is not the man to allow even the king to have a quiet seat on his ground."
But the conversation suddenly was interrupted by the sounds of firing.
"Some straggling scout running away," said one of the men, not quite willing to leave the table.
"No, sir. There are rifles there, and a good many of them, too," said Tarleton, rising quickly and running

horses as they passed.
"Hol' on, massa! Hol' on!" he shouted.

Recognizing the voice, Slocumb and his followers for the first time stopped and glanced about them. Off to their left were a thousand men within pistol shot. As they wheeled their horses they saw a body of horsemen leaping the hedge and already in their rear. Quickly wheeling again, they started directly for the house near which the guard had been stationed. On they swept, and, on leaping the fence of lath about the garden patch, amid a shower of bullets, they started through the open lots. Another shower of bullets fell about them as their horses leaped the broad brook, or canal, as it was called, and then almost before the guard had

cleared the fences they had gained the shelter of the woods beyond and were safe.

The chagrin of the British Tarleton was as great as the relief of Mrs. Slocumb, and when on the following day the troops moved on, the cordial adieu of the hostess led the colonel to say: "The British are not robbers, madam. We shall pay you for all we have taken."

"I am so rejoiced at what you have not taken that I shall not complain if I do not hear from you again."
And she neither heard nor complained.

Cooling Drinks For the Fourth.

Jelly Water—Sour jellies dissolved in water make delicious drinks. Best always boil the jelly in water, then cool. In this way the jelly does not become lumpy.

Cream of Tartar Water—Pour three quarts of water to an ounce of cream of tartar. Stir in it the juice of a fresh lemon and the peel out in very thin strips without a particle of pulp. Sweeten to taste. Let stand till cold and clear. Pour off without disturbing the sediment at the bottom. A tumblerful iced is a pleasant and healthful beverage.

Orange Lemonade—To the juice of two lemons add that of one orange, to this amount of juice add four large tumblerfuls of water, sweeten to taste and cool.

Strawberry Water—Cook the strawberries in a very little water, strain through a small sieve, boil the juice in a little sugar till the strawberry color has returned, set away, and add the right amount to a glass of water.
Soda Beer—Two pounds white sugar, whites of two eggs, two ounces tartaric acid, two tablespoons flour, two quarts water and juice of one lemon; boil two or three minutes and flavor to taste. When wanted for use, take half teaspoon soda, dissolve in half glass water, pour into it about two tablespoons of the mixture and it will foam to the top of the glass.

The Best Part.

On the last day of school the children of Miss Smith's room had a picnic in Blake's Grove, and while they were resting from their games they began to talk about the Fourth of July.

"I think the best part of the Fourth is the procession," said Margaret. "It's so nice to hear the band play and see the soldiers marching!"

"I like the ice cream and the lemonade," said Tommy, "and the peanuts and candy and the merry-go-round."

"But the games and races are the most fun," said Albert.

"You forget the fireworks," said Alice.

"Yes; and the firecrackers," said Paul, "and all the flags."

"I think we'd better take a vote on it," said Miss Smith.

Four voted for the procession, seven for the firecrackers and flags, seven for the games and races, nine for the fireworks, and thirteen for the ice cream and lemonade, the nuts and candy and the merry-go-round.

"How would you have voted, Miss Smith?" some of the children asked.

"Well," said Miss Smith, "it's hard to decide, and I believe I should have voted as little Sammy did, for he held up his hand every time."

Original Declaration of Independence.
The original Declaration of Independence is in so dilapidated a condition that nowadays it is rarely if ever exposed to public view. Exposure to light and the process of making a duplicate copy of the declaration have faded the ink in the historic document, but it is still legible. Some of the signatures are nearly faded out. John Hancock, however, seems to have used an imperishable ink, for his name stands black and bold on the parchment, which is now kept in a steel safe, out of the sunlight and out of public view.

Hard to Choose.

"Doctor, do you think it possible for a healthy ten-year-old boy to get nervous prostration from mental strain?"

"You are referring to your own boy, I presume?"

"Certainly."
"What are the circumstances?"
"Why I offered him his choice between \$40 worth of fireworks and a new racing wheel."—Indianapolis Journal.

For a Change.

Bobby—"Say, did you ever tie a pack of firecrackers to a dog's tail?"
Percy—"No, sir, I didn't. My mamma's taught me to be kind to animals." Bobby—"Huh! What fun did you have then?" Percy—"Oh, I just set mine off behind girls."—Truth.

An Up-to-Date Polly.



Boy—"Polly want a cracker?"
Polly—"See here, young feller, you ain't a going to spring that news, paper chestnut about firecracker, are you? Aw, go chase yourself."