

At this distance it looks as though Spain is suffering from a serious impediment in her pocketbook.

The flag factories of the United States find it impossible to keep up with their orders. This evidence of accentuated patriotism cannot be very encouraging to Spain.

The Austrian government has enlarged the boundaries of Vienna to such an extent that the metropolitan area is now half as large as London, twice as large as Paris and three times larger than Berlin.

Since the Declaration of Independence the United States has had six wars, not counting the little differences with the Indians. These were the war of the revolution, the war of 1812, the war with the Barbary states, the Mexican war and the civil war. The war with Spain makes the sixth.

It is said that a big trade in American bicycles will soon be opened up in China. An American bicycle which sells for \$100 here brings \$225 in Chinese silver. As the average Chinaman makes from 20 to 25 cents a day it would be interesting to know how long it will take him to save enough money to buy a bicycle.

Naval experts are not going to see so many disputed questions settled in the "Yanko-Spanko" war as they hoped. What modern ships can do against modern forts, how great a role destroyers will play in naval battles, will still be debated after all the light that can be had from the experience of the present war. It is the personal equation which vitiates the conclusions. Spanish gunnery has been so bad that it has done little to determine the power of forts to resist ironclads. Spanish mechanical skill has been so poor that the ineffectiveness of torpedo boat destroyers in Spanish hands proves little or nothing.

A statistician has recently published in Paris, France, what purports to be a horse census, and some of his figures just at this time, when the government is buying horses, are interesting. According to this expert, Russia leads the world in the number of horses. Her total is placed at 22,000,000 head, and the United States comes second with 12,000,000 head. The Argentine Republic is third, and Austro-Hungary and the German Empire are tied for fourth place, with 3,500,000 each. France is credited with 2,880,000, and the United Kingdom with 2,790,000. This expert says that England and France have the most valuable horses, with the United States and Canada ranking next.

It is estimated that the steam power of Great Britain is equal to the united strength of 1,000,000,000 men. The number of persons employed in her coal mines is but 200,000, and of these fully two-thirds dig coal for other uses than for engines, leaving 66,666 men to mine the coal necessary to do the work of 1,000,000,000. The engines are made by 60,000 men, so that 126,666 men furnish the means of doing the work of 1,000,000,000 the strength of each being thus multiplied nearly 8000 times. This gives to each man, woman and child of a population of 35,000,000 some thirty willing slaves, born fully grown, exempt from sickness, needing no clothes, eating only fire and water, and costing merely the work of one man in 8000.

In mineral wealth Cuba is capable of taking high rank. Gold and silver have not been found in paying quantities. Copper was mined at Cobre by the natives before Columbus discovered the island, and there is strong proof that native copper was carried across to Florida and used by the Florida Indians hundreds of years ago. The mound-builders of that state buried with their dead copper ornaments and utensils hammered from native copper, which always has an admixture of more or less foreign matter. As no copper ore is found in Florida, or in that portion of the United States, and, as that found in the United States or in Mexico does not correspond chemically with that buried in the mounds, it occurred to Professor R. H. Sanders, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, in Philadelphia, that it was possible that these mound-builders had water communication with Cuba. In the early part of the present century some English capitalists purchased these mines in Cuba, which are nine miles from Santiago. From 1828 to 1840 an average of from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 worth of copper ore was shipped annually to the United States from these mines. How much was shipped elsewhere is not known. Large quantities of copper still remain unmined in this locality.

In China the expansion of imports of American goods has been over 125 per cent. in the past ten years.

During last year the United States furnished over one-half of the imports of our sister republic, while England and France had one-sixth and one-fifth respectively; Germany one-tenth, while degenerate Spain only had about one-fourteenth.

What would "Ben" Franklin, our first postmaster-general, think if he were to see how our postal service is making a war record nowadays? With special offices in every army camp, one at Manila, six or eight thousand miles away, and another with the army in Santiago de Cuba, all postal records bid fair to be broken.

A San Francisco newspaper makes a careful estimate of the wealth of state forest reserves in Bavaria. It says that at a three per cent. interest rate the net income from them makes them worth \$130,000,000, or \$65 an acre, while the land without wood would not be worth \$10. These figures it makes the base of an appeal for the care and preservation of American forests. This is a good way to go to work in a good cause, particularly in the states where vandalism against trees has been rampant.

The war campaigns are likely to prove to be extensive schools of cookery. Every private soldier is supposed to learn the rudiments of cookery. Of course, the style is hardly that of a Delmonico, nor is it practicable for the campaigner to carry a library of cook books in his knapsack. One effect of the war will probably be to train the men at the front to eat almost anything. And when they come back, there may be as a result less criticism of the wife's cooking in favor of the mother's. There is nothing like a season of adversity or hardship for knocking the critical nonsense out of a man.

Exports of American corn for the year ending with June amounted to more than 200,000,000 bushels, for which the farmers have received upward of \$60,000,000. Sixty per cent. of this grain has been taken by England and Germany, the latter having already purchased more than 30,000,000 bushels, as against less than 1,000,000 bushels in 1888. The development of the European demand for American corn discloses one of the most promising markets now opening to the farmers of this country, and one from which they may confidently expect a steadily increasing profit on the products of their industry.

In the Franco-Prussian war France lost as many as 136,000 men, of whom some 80,000 died of wounds received in battle, 36,000 by sickness, accident, suicide, etc., and about 20,000 in German prisons. A French statistician estimates that his countrymen who were wounded, but who survived, numbered 138,000, those injured on the march or by accident 11,421, those who recovered from illness 328,000, making a total of 477,421 direct sufferers. The German killed numbered 40,877; 17,255 died on the field and 21,023 in the ambulances, making 79,155 in all. The wounded who survived numbered 18,543 men. From first to last the German field artillery fired 340,000 shots and the infantry 20,000,000. The booty of war consisted of 5526 fortress guns, 1915 field guns and rapid-firing cannon, 107 eagles and flags and 855,000 rifles, exclusive of what was captured at leisure on abandoned fields.

"The Rough Riders' battle," says a despatch from the front, "is the only occasion in which untried volunteers ever fought as well as regulars." In the first place, it would be hard to find an "untried volunteer" in these United States, comments the New York World. We are in business as a nation chiefly to teach men to think and act intelligently and courageously, and to be in all circumstances self-reliant and self-respecting. And when the circumstances are war and battle, results of coolness and courage are as natural as leaves on a tree. In the second place, it is one of the commonplaces of our history that our raw recruits—which is a truer phrase than "untried volunteers"—behave like regulars. As far back as Braddock's campaign, when Washington with Virginia recruits covered the route of British regulars, or as the Revolutionary days, when the "embattled farmers" whipped and chased British regulars, or as the battle of New Orleans, when Jackson's militia and woodsmen did the same trick, or as late as the fight in the brush near Sevilla, the American citizen has again and again proved that a democratic training makes as good soldiers as citizens—that is to say, makes men!

IN MEMORY'S BOOK.

There are pages in memory's volume
Written in tears and sighs.
That gladly we'd fold together,
Way from our aching eyes.

There are pages where blissful moments
Made life seem all complete;
But the lines are dashed with sadness—
The bitter mixed with the sweet.

Fain would we pass them quickly—
These records of other years—
Seeking some fairer writing,
Undimmed by regretful tears.

But ever the book flies open,
And Memory points again
To scenes we may never banish,
Though fraught with bitterest pain.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

GASPARD, L'IMBECILE.

BY JOHN L. BRETON

Ah! those were happy days when Gaspard Meudon was a fisherman! From the peaceful village of Bizon the fishing fleet sailed, to return loaded with the spoil of the sea which has been provided for man. Silvery, lithe and gleaming, the fish came into the boat only to pant their little lives away, for often the men were lucky, and it was as much as they could do to get in the nets and clear them.

When summer came and the sea, like the skies, was flaunting its royal tints of deepest, brightest blue and the lazy wind would not lift the sails, it seemed a dreamy life to Gaspard; the older hands would tell the young ones tales of countries far away which they had seen when they had been serving in the warships, as any of the fishermen might be called upon to do. But when winter came, and the great waves threatened to swallow up the little fisher-boats, there was no leisure for recounting stories while at sea, for each one had to strive and heed for the safety of all.

They were a brave and generous race, the fishers of Bizon, and courage was born in every babe of them; through generations they had battled with the sea, growing braver and harder, and so the government prized them, and always some of the Bizon men were away in the warships.

And then a day came when Gaspard had to leave home and kindred to join the Marine Depot. Gaspard was to join the marine soldiery, and after some months of drill he was sent away to the west coast of Africa, there to be drafted into the Dalmath, one of the small flotilla lying off Goree.

At that time France, wishing to extend her African dominions, had threatened the Dalmat, or monarch of Gayer, who reigned over a large territory, the possession of which would enable her to connect St. Louis and Goree.

Reinforcements had been sent from Algeria, native volunteers were enlisted, and 380 marines were added to give solidity to the expedition, which was to start in two parties, one from Goree and the other from St. Louis.

The Senegal column, to which the marines were attached—and among them Gaspard Meudon—set out for Gaudiol on January 2, 1861, whence it proceeded to Beun-M'bro on the 6th, the road lying by fresh and briny lakes and through marshes, by welcome oases, where slender palm trees towered up toward the brilliant blue of the cloudless heavens and clusters of tiny huts lay scattered here and there.

As the column advanced the Dalmat Meudon retreated, and on January 12 the French decided to march on Mekhey, where was the king's palace. The Dalmat sent messengers asking for pardon and offering terms, but they were sent back to him unanswered.

"When the king says he is willing to give us whatever we ask for," said Gaspard to his comrade, Francois Bearn, "why do we go on marching through this terrible country, where we lose so many of our brave fellows?"

"Why, man, we have had no fighting yet," said Francois; "we should be laughed at if we returned without defeating the enemy!"

"But what more can we gain by fighting than the king offers us freely?"

"Fame, glory, honor! What else does a Frenchman ask for?" returned Francois, and Gaspard marched on, pondering over his comrade's words.

But Commandant Sprade was not satisfied with this bloodless march upon Mekhey, and so, on February 5, he left Goree with a small flotilla of four dispatch ships, a cutter and other small vessels, and the marines, commanded by Lieutenant Vallon of the Dalmath, debarked on the 10th, opposite Sedhion and marched immediately on Sardinier.

The village was strongly held by the natives; every mud hut was pierced for the guns, and as the column advanced a heavy fire was poured upon it. The French commander sent on the native volunteers first, then the Spahis from Algeria to see that the volunteers did not run away, and then, in reserve, came the marines.

From every hut came flashes of light and puffs of smoke which hardly floated away, but hung about on the still air and presently concealed the village and those nearest to it. The marines were moved up nearer, and half of them were led round to the rear, just in time to see issuing from the huts the desperate natives, who fired upon their advancing foes and then turned and fled. The marines opened fire upon the fugitives, and they, realizing that their retreat was cut off, rushed back to the village only to be met by the merciless black volunteers and the Spahis.

The French officers, by dint of driving back their allies with threats and blows, even shooting a few of them, managed to save the lives of a small remnant of the gallant foe, but most of them lay dead or desperately wounded by the time the firing had ceased. Gaspard was sick at heart as he marched past those groaning or silent bodies; his comrades cheered and laughed, but it had come home to him with appalling directness that he was a murderer!

As night approached the women came from the country outside and tried to carry off the bodies of their men, wailing out their death-cries with an awful, piteous monotony that depressed the most exuberant of the marines. Fascinated, yet horrified, Gaspard watched their lithe dark forms as they tore their hair and flung their arms above their heads in gestures of wild grief and wept over their dead. One of the women, who was crouched beside the body of a fine young warrior, turned upon Gaspard as he passed and spat at him, uttering words which from her manner of delivering them, seemed to be curses.

Gaspard looked at the woman; he met the full gaze of her eyes of hatred, of savage agony and savage love, and he flung down his rifle with a clatter and marched on.

"Private Meudon, what means this?" shouted Sergeant Croix. "Go, pick up your rifle!"

"I shall not use it again, sergeant. Look at that woman!"

"What have the black cattle to do with you? You have done your duty; it is enough. Pick up your rifle!"

Gaspard strode on and never answered, and so the sergeant picked up the rifle himself and reported Private Meudon to the lieutenant, and the culprit was sent for.

"Do you know what you deserve?" asked Lieutenant Vallon, who was a kindly man, although a severe disciplinarian, and who had no wish to be severe with a man who had fought his first battle gallantly.

Gaspard was silent.

"Death is the punishment," hazarded the lieutenant. He had no exact knowledge of what the punishment was for such unprecedented behavior. Clearly, however, Gaspard had been guilty of disobedience of orders while in an enemy's country.

Gaspard was unmoved. It was evident to the officer that this man was no coward, and to he tried to reason with him.

"You must have had some motive for throwing away your rifle. Come, out with it, my lad!"

"I have killed men." The words came out slowly, reluctantly, and Lieutenant Vallon laughed outright at the answer.

"And what do you suppose your rifle was given to you, for? To fight a fire with, eh?"

"They are murdered! Their wives and children are broken-hearted. I know it!"

"You know nothing, you fool! These black pigs do not value your life so much as you value your cigar. If you hadn't killed them they'd have killed you."

"Then I would have died without being a murderer. In taking the lives of men I have lost my own soul."

"Pouf! I'll absolve you, mon enfant!"

"It is impossible, lieutenant!"

"What?"—the officer was angry at the man's obstinacy now. "What? Speak to your officer like that! Here, sergeant, put this imbecile under arrest! We haven't any cells, but do your best to make him feel what a fool he is."

The sergeant grinned intelligently and marched the prisoner off to a hut and placed a guard at the door. The hut was filthy and the air foul, but there Gaspard had to remain, thirsty and restless and silent, until the guard was relieved, and then he asked for water.

"Sergeant's orders are that you are to have none until you recover your senses, comrade. Come, be a man," was the sentinel's reply.

"I am a man!" Gaspard said proudly, and he waited without complaint until morning, when the sergeant fetched him and marched him to the lieutenant.

"Well, prisoner, are you going to do your duty?" asked the officer.

"I cannot kill," was the hoarse reply, and the swollen tongue and the cracked purple lips told what agony of thirst the man had endured.

"Very well," said the lieutenant, "do with him as you suggest, sergeant."

"Prisoner! Right about face! March!" cried the sergeant, and, joined by the guard at the door, they marched to a stake that had been set up in the village street, and Gaspard was bound to it.

There, in the burning rays of the sun, half-crazed with the heat and the longing for water, Gaspard remained until late in the afternoon. Then the sergeant approached him, bearing in his hand a flask of water and a cup, into which he poured some of the cool liquid, raising the flask high so that the water fell into the cup with the sound that there is no forgetting. Gaspard's eyes glared at it wolfishly, but his lips and tongue were so swollen that he could not utter a sound.

"Private Meudon, will you obey orders?" asked the sergeant.

The poor scorched head nodded assent, and the mouth moved feebly; the sergeant poured a little of the water between Gaspard's lips, and he tried to swallow it. Then, in a moment, his eyes brightened, and he opened his mouth for more and swallowed it and mumbled that he wanted still more.

So, having surrendered, he was cast loose and carried to a hut, where he lay for a week between life and death; and when three weeks had passed he came again upon a parade, a hollow-cheeked, sunken-eyed wreck, hardly able to stand.

Next day some of the soldiers went, as was their daily custom, to bathe in the river, and while there they were surprised by a body of Mandingoes, who killed ten or twelve of them before help could arrive. There was a fort just outside the village, and the garrison, 20 in all, had rushed out to the rescue; but they, too, were so far outnumbered that they could only show a bold front and retreat to their fortress with the rescued men in their midst.

By the time they had reached their mud fort they were almost surrounded by a ferocious horde, mad with the lust for blood, and only one person at a time could pass in through the small door to safety. The fort was pierced for musketry above the line of the door, and those who were within fired down into the black crowd, keeping them somewhat at bay.

Still the enemy fired and advanced, and Frenchmen fell dead and wounded, and those who were able to stand struggled among themselves to gain access, until at last the inevitable result arrived, and the door was blocked.

Gaspard never looked at the door, but faced the foe with a calm and resolute courage that moved the sergeant, who was near him, to admiration, so that he cried out words of encouragement to him. Every time the foe made a rush he pointed his rifle, and they fell back before the determined-looking soldier and fired at him instead. They were bad enough shots, those dark-skinned warriors, and yet Gaspard was bleeding from half a dozen wounds when the sergeant shouted to him, "You've done your share, mon brave! Run in!"

Gaspard would not move, but stood there a few paces in front of the door through which the last of his comrades were retreating until only he and the sergeant were left.

"Now, Private Meudon, I'll cover you," cried the sergeant.

"I wait for you, sergeant," and the sergeant, seeing how determined he was, made a rush and got through the door in safety.

Then Gaspard turned his head toward the door, but in that moment the enemy rushed in upon him with yells of triumph, and he was lost to sight; only a struggling mass of black warriors was to be seen, hacking and hewing at something in their midst.

Just an hour later reinforcements came from the village, and the Mandingoes were driven away with heavy loss, and then they found what was Gaspard.

The sergeant took up a rifle from the clinched hand of a dead native; he knew it had belonged to Gaspard, and he looked into the barrel. It was bright and had not been fired. The sergeant mused for a moment.

"Ah! the poor Gaspard Meudon," he said; "he was an imbecile, look you, but he was also a man and a brave man!"

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Transparent leather is made in France.

There are 10,000 camels at work in Australia.

Savages, on the whole, live longer than civilized people.

As a rule, a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's.

The most wonderful bridge in the world is one of solid agate in Arizona.

A pen carrying a small electric lamp to prevent shadows when writing has been patented in Germany.

It is estimated that since the beginning of the historical era 13,000,000 persons have perished in earthquakes.

The Tartars have a quaint custom of taking a guest by the ear when inviting him to eat or drink with them.

Under the laws of China the man who loses his temper in a discussion is sent to jail for five days to cool down.

Chileans never enter or leave a coach, street car or other public vehicle without bowing to all its occupants.

Ornithologists have discovered that crows have no less than twenty-seven cries, each distinctly referable to a different action.

The nests of the ternites, or white ant, are proportioned to the size and weight of the builders, the greatest structures in the world.

In Sweden there are floating canneries. They are small vessels, which follow fishing fleets, and men on them can the fish while they are fresh.

It was once customary in France when a guest had remained too long for the host to serve a cold shoulder of mutton instead of a hot roast. This was the origin of the phrase "to give the cold shoulder."

Cats can swim if they only care to exert themselves sufficiently. The ancient Egyptians used to fish with them on the Nile, according to the representations on walls and so forth that have come down to us.

Bull-Fighting in France.

Bull-fights are now becoming popular in the north and west, as well as in the south of France. At Alencon, in the Orne, 4000 people assembled in order to witness a real fight on Spanish lines between toros and toreadors. Robert, a burly bull-fighter from the south, was practically crowned with laurels after he had despatched two animals by his sword in what was considered a masterly manner. The police summoned the organizers of the show and the toreador. Another fight was to take place on the following Sunday, but the prefect of the department declined to be present at the spectacle.—London Telegraph.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Decanter—A Shocking Sight That Can Be Witnessed at the Very Gateway to the Nation-Setting Prospective Citizens a Bad Example.

There was an old decanter and its mouth was gaping wide, the rosy wine had oozed away and left its crystal side and the wind whistled humming hummum, up and down the sides it flew, and through its reed-like hollow neck the whistling notes it blew. I placed it in the window where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that its two mouth and nose, the queerest strain to me. "They tell me—punny conquerors! the Plague has slain his ten, and War his hundred thousand of the very best men, but I—'twas thus the bottle spake: But I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye youths and maidens all, come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirits up; that puts to shame your conquerors that slay their bodies below, for this has deluged millions with the lava tide of woe. Though in the path of battle darkest waves of blood may roll; yet while I killed where they could not, and who the very soul. The cholera, the plague, the sword such ruin never wrought, as I in mirth or malice, on the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, and they shrink before my breath; and year by year my thousands tread the dismal road of Death.

In Need of Reform. "At the immigration station of New York," says a well known temperance worker, "beer has been sold to the immigrants for the past five years, who can buy when they like and as much as they choose, so long as they have money to pay for it. It is a common sight for young men, who land in the morning bright and sober, to be very much the worse for liquor in the afternoon, and have not been out of the building, and upon being questioned as to where they obtained their drink, they took their money point to the bar run by the United States Government. The first money spent by them in this country the first day of their arrival is to the United States for that which steals away their brains and makes them unfit to care for themselves or those dependent upon them, and an easy prey to the vultures who swarm about ready to pounce upon their victim and fleece him, leaving him like the stranger in the Bible on his way to Jericho, who fell among thieves and was left to die. The parties having the monopoly of selling provisions at the Barge Office, in spite of promises which they have made again and again, are selling no tea, coffee or milk, but only hundreds of thousands of women and children are kept there for hours. Think of these people, after being huddled together like sheep in the steerage for days, mothers with their little children, sick, faint, weary, wanting a cup of tea, but not being able to get it, and think of these little children needing, craving a cup of milk, and nothing but beer for them! Yes, plenty of that! What wonder that nine-tenths of the 250,000 saloon keepers in this country are foreigners, for Uncle Sam taught them at the very entrance of this New World how easy it is to make money selling the drink. Shame upon us—and we a Christian nation!"

Intemperate Women. One of the most pitiful and ruinous phases of the alcoholic wave that has been passing over Greenock and Port-Glasgow for some months, says the Greenock Telegraph, is the over-indulgence of women in strong drink. In this year of plentiful work and high wages, many of the women and children are kept there for hours. Think of these people, after being huddled together like sheep in the steerage for days, mothers with their little children, sick, faint, weary, wanting a cup of tea, but not being able to get it, and think of these little children needing, craving a cup of milk, and nothing but beer for them! Yes, plenty of that! What wonder that nine-tenths of the 250,000 saloon keepers in this country are foreigners, for Uncle Sam taught them at the very entrance of this New World how easy it is to make money selling the drink. Shame upon us—and we a Christian nation!"

Why Turkish Soldiers are Effective. Major-General Nelson A. Miles, in McClure's Magazine, writing of the Turkish army, says: "What I saw of the Turkish soldiers in Constantinople convinced me that they are among the most effective in the world. The reason is, of course, for this fact. . . . They are all Moslems, and their religion has three elements which contribute largely to their soldierly qualities. . . . It enforces simplicity of life and strict temperance."

Two Points of View. In the course of a conversation between two workmen's wives, one happened to remark that her husband always put on a clean white shirt on Sunday morning. The other replied, "Well, I never care so much about Sundays; but I always see that he has a clean shirt every Saturday afternoon, because that's the time he generally drinks, and if he should take off his coat to fight I like him to look clean and decent."—Scottish Reformer.

Temperance Wins a British Victory. An English paper claims the battle of Atbara as a great victory for temperance as well as for the English army. Sir Herbert Kitchener, at the commencement of the advance, sent back all the beer that had been ordered to the front. As a result of this policy, and of the excellent discipline maintained, the health of the army was superb, and the wounded are now rapidly recovering.

Notes About the Crusade. Encourage the boys in the total abstinence ranks. Is not the desire for unearned felicity the secret of much of the craze for alcoholic stimulants? A total abstainer is good. A total abstainer is better. Little is gained without organization. During the summer vacation the necessity of guarding against the use of intoxicating drinks is greater than ever. Fifty or a hundred men united in the cause of temperance can certainly do much more good than if they tried to work simply as individuals.