

The Vesuvius has a dangerous cough, but it is of a kind that worries the other fellow.

England will not have her customary naval review this year. She doubtless feels that America is presenting a somewhat more impressive exhibition in the same line.

It is barely possible that the dynamite cruiser of the Vesuvius class will supplant both the torpedo boat and the monitor in future naval armament, thinks the Chicago Times-Herald.

American lumber exports are on the increase as shown by returns for the last two years. During 1895 the value of lumber exports was \$30,000,000, during 1896 \$3,000,000, and for 1897 there was an increase of 20 per cent., bringing the total up to \$40,000,000.

Kaiser Wilhelm is inventing a new mitrailleuse to knock over a whole regiment at one fire whenever it comes within range. After he has invented a new bicycle saddle he can sit down like Alexander and weep that, in the fields of ingenuity, at any rate, there are no more worlds left for him to conquer.

The first railroad in Sweden was opened in 1825, and the country has now in proportion to its population, more railways than any other country in Europe. They are owned partly by the state and partly by private corporations. Sweden has the only railway in the world which passes the polar circle, i. e., the state line from Lulea to Gellivare, in the Lapland district.

The progress of English toward universal use was shown when Doctor Nansen recently addressed the Russian Geographical society on the theme of his Arctic adventures. He spoke in English, saying he knew no Russian, was not sure of German, and could not use French with any degree of ease; but not one of his audience complained of not being able to understand English.

It would appear from all accounts that M. Chacot's enterprise of the manufacture of spiders'-web silk is to be pursued on a large scale, a factory in Paris having been taken for the purpose. Here the spiders will be kept and worked at regular hours, and when one of them is used up, he will be fed and helped back to condition again, while another will take his place on the bobbin. An expert, fully acquainted with the habits of the insect, will be in control of the spider department of the factory, the care of them, feeding, housing, etc. In obtaining the requisite supply, if the latter exceeds what is necessary for the industry, experiments will be made with a view to ascertaining which of the different varieties produces the finest quality of silk, and in this way those not favored with a fine web will be weeded out. Trials will likewise be made with different diets, in order to determine whether or not it is possible to train the spider to give forth a web that is an improvement on the ordinary product—the expectation being that perseverance in this respect will result in securing a quality of silk hitherto unsurpassed.

We do not have to search long for the explanation of the tremendous spread of the English language during the last one hundred years, says the Atlanta Constitution. There is something in the temperament of both Britons and Americans which makes them superior to any other race of people on the globe in wide-awake progressiveness. While Great Britain on the one hand has been engaged in planting colonies in all parts of the globe, the United States on the other hand has been engaged in subduing the vast domain of the North American continent. While Great Britain has carried the English language into foreign quarters, placing it upon the lips of millions, the United States with the proffer of splendid opportunities held out to the discontented spirits of the old world has succeeded in attracting millions into her ample borders, endowing them with her language as well as with the fruits of liberty. In spite of the decline which other nations have experienced, the two great English-speaking nations have forged their way to the front, causing every obstacle to succumb to their invincible progress. At the present time they carry on the great bulk of the world's commerce, and represent the major portion of its wealth and enterprise. Such being true, there seems to be abundant warrant for the statement that the world's destiny, in a large measure lies within the keeping of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The "curfew" idea is said to be getting very popular in Kansas towns, and, where tried, to have been effective of good results in the control of the young.

The German emperor wrongs Americans by imagining they doubt his expressions of friendship. But they are justified in a suspicion that he may see fit to take them back.

United States Consul Smith at Moscow, Russia, reports that the Russian government has already expended \$188,014,938 on the construction of the Trans-Siberian railway.

Angusti, the Spanish governor of the Philippines, offered a reward of \$25,000 for the head of Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader. The latter captured the governor's wife and children, whom he treated as tenderly as if they were his own. Perhaps this is an exhibition of the Philippine savagery that Madrid talks so much about.

The export trade of the Congo state is growing splendidly. In 1886 it was \$354,000. In 1889 it was \$859,000. In 1894 it was \$1,752,000, and in 1897 it was \$3,029,000. More than half the export trade is in rubber, which has increased in amount more than fifty-fold since 1886. And that increase is chiefly due to the enormous extension of wheeling. Thus does civilization get swiftly forward upon a bicycle.

The population of Cuba increased from 715,000 in 1825, to 1,631,400 in 1894. The population is much less now than it was then, owing mainly to starvation. About sixty-five per cent. of the population is descended from the aristocracy and peasantry of Castile, Andalusia, Catalonia and other provinces of Spain. Most of the remainder of the population is mainly of African descent. Havans is about as populous as Washington, and until the war began was a very gay city.

It is hardly possible that the widow of the great English commoner who all through life declined ennoblement at the hands of the Queen will now fall to the bait, muses the St. Louis Star. She is the relict of Mr. Gladstone, and a space is reserved beside his body at Westminster Abbey for her remains. Mrs. Gladstone would read much more eloquently on the tablet than the Countess of Liverpool. Oh, no. Gladstone lived and died as plain Mr. His widow, if she reveres his memory, will live the balance of her life and go down to the tomb as Mrs. Gladstone.

The poverty and low state of social life and civilization of the Spaniards is indexed quite accurately by their wage rates, states Gunton's Magazine. For instance, the average weekly pay of a bricklayer in Spain (Malaga) is \$3.80; in the United States \$21.18; of a mason \$3.30 in Spain, \$21 in the United States; of a carpenter \$3.90 in Spain, \$14.35 in the United States; of printers \$4.50 in Spain, \$16.42 in the United States; of laborers, porters, etc., \$2.75 in Spain, \$8.88 in the United States. While rents, and possibly prices of a few native products are lower in Spain than in the United States, the difference comes nowhere near equalling the wide disparity of wages. Moreover, in a comparison of this sort the quality of the living must be considered as well as the nominal cost. Thus lower rent, nearly always imply inferior accommodations, and to the average Spaniard, most of the comforts and conveniences in ordinary use here are unattainable luxuries.

The president and the secretary of war had a delicate task in selecting 195 men out of 7000 applicants for appointment as second lieutenants in the regular army under an act of Congress providing for changes in the form of battalion organization. The selections indicate that the task was performed with rare discrimination. Eighty-nine of the men designated are college graduates, representing sixty-seven different institutions in which military instruction is a part of the curriculum; thirteen are enlisted men in the United States army, and the others are serving in various capacities in the volunteer service. The appointment of college graduates who have had a military training to serve as junior officers in the regular army can hardly be called an experiment, says the Chicago Times-Herald, for the methods employed by military instructors in colleges are much the same as those at West Point. The government is thus assured of a high degree of efficiency on the part of the new junior officers, who have the additional qualifications of learning and youthful enthusiasm.

A fair young mother calmly read, While one hand rocked the cradle bed, When her first-born slept away The twilight of a summer day. She carelessly the paper turned, Till "Latest War News" she discerned; "Our loss was small," dispatches said— "A skirmish, and one soldier dead."

They troubled not to give his name, Or e'en the troop from which he came; For who, rejoicing in success, Cares if there be one private less? Only a soldier lying there, With blood upon his sunny hair, With no kind friend to raise his head, Or treasure the last words he said.

Oh, happy mother, do you know That not so many years ago That soldier was a baby, too, With face as sweet and eyes as blue As those within your cradle there? And knew a mother's tender care, Who now must sit alone and weep Because he wakes not from his sleep?

And other thousands also said: "Only a private soldier dead, Without a passing thought that he Might one of nature's nobles be, Or that the words that line contained Would wreck a life that yet remained. His mother waits for him in vain, For he, her only child, is slain. —Jean Paul Wayne, in the Chicago Post.

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WHY I LEFT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

BY A CABLE OPERATOR.

I was the only American operator in Eastern Cuba in February and March, 1898, which were very busy months in the cable office at Santiago, where I had been for four years. In the early part of 1895 we seldom handled more than 30 messages a day, but after the insurrection began the number rose to 90 and 100 daily, increasing a little every month. The cable from Santiago to Spain goes under sea first to Kingston, Jamaica, thence to Puerto Rico, thence to St. Croix and from there to Paramaribo and Pernambuco in Brazil. Cables from Pernambuco cross the South Atlantic to St. Vincent, Cape Verde islands, and from St. Vincent other cables extend to Madeira, thence to Lisbon and overland to Madrid. There is also a less direct cable from Pernambuco to St. Louis in Senegal, Africa, and thence to the Canary islands and Cadiz.

Beside myself, there was but one other operator in the Santiago office, Laurin Merode, a young Spaniard, who had learned cable work at Lisbon. We thought that 100 messages daily made work enough, but over 800 passed the day after the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor. Four more operators were needed, and we called to Havana for help; but no notice was taken of our appeal, and, rather than desert our posts and leave the company's business undone, we labored night and day, always hoping the pressure would moderate.

One day we sent 13,742 words in over 1100 despatches, yet we were two hours "back" at midnight, with Havana fuming at us over the land wire and still hurrying messages through the Cienfuegos cable. There were Spanish government cipher messages from Sagasta to Blanco and Blanco's cipher to Sagasta; reams of bombast from the Cuban correspondents of The Imparcial and Correo for Madrid, followed by more cipher to Weyler at Barcelona from his brother officers at Havana, and then the bankers and merchants quoting, selling and ordering!

To add to our vexations, the "mouse mill" of the siphon recorder gave trouble constantly, and the clockwork that carries the record tape broke down every day or two. Now a Spaniard is utterly without native ingenuity. Merode was a tolerably good operator, but when it came to rectifying faults of the instrument he was an infant, and all such tasks fell on me. Anything like clockwork I can "tinker," but the mouse mill that works the siphon pen is a very delicate bit of mechanism, which assists the faint electric impulses that come great distances through the cable to move the ink point of the recorder to and fro on the tape.

I suppose I had taken the record tape clockwork and mouse mill apart 20 different times, and on the evening of the second of April, after Merode relieved me, I set to work to wind a new motor coil for the mouse mill, which had worked so very badly all day that, rather than struggle with it longer, I had determined to sit up all night and build a new "mill."

The cable-house at Santiago is a most lonesome place, particularly at night; but a Spanish sentinel was supposed to pass the door every three minutes. These poor fellows were rarely paid and often looked in at the door for a cigarette. So when the outside door opened behind us that evening, I supposed the incomer was the sentinel, and I did not even look around till an amused voice exclaimed: "Aha, senors! Buenos noches!"

A Spanish sentinel begging a cigarette does not speak in that tone, so Merode and I faced round with a jump. There stood a rather tall, good-looking young fellow, in a white duck suit and white cap, regarding us keenly; and a step behind him was a typical Cuban rebel—sombbrero, long mustaches, broad belt, long boots, revolver and machete.

In an instant Merode was on his feet and shouted, "Sentinela!" at which our unexpected visitors laughed good-humoredly, and the Cuban said: "I must beg the Senor Telegrafista not to distress himself concerning the worthy sentinel, for that watchful soldier is now lying comfortably on his back outside, with a gag in his mouth, and his hands are tied to his feet."

"Well, who are you, and what do you want here?" I exclaimed, in Spanish. The young man in white duck laughed. "You are an American; anybody could tell that by your Spanish. Oh, I know about you. Speak English."

"Certainly," I replied. "What do you want here?"

"The news."

"What news?"

"Are the Spanish warships, Vizcaya and Oquendo, still at Puerto Rico? Has the torpedo flotilla arrived there, or has it gone to St. Vincent, at Cape Verde?"

"It is contrary to the rules of the cable company for me to give such in-

formation," I replied. "Besides, all these Spanish government messages are in cipher, which I am not supposed to know anything about."

"Don't let the cipher trouble you," he replied, laughing. "I have the key to their cipher all right."

"As to who I am," he continued, "my name's Macomber. I am the correspondent of the——"

He named an American journal. "News as to the whereabouts of the Spanish torpedo boats and those cruisers would be valuable just now, not only to my paper, but to the American navy at Key West. Now you are an American and a good patriot, I dare say. Will you not help us out?"

"I'm a good patriot," said I. "And I am also an honest man, employed here to do a certain duty, which I will not betray."

"You will not help me then? Very well, I shall examine your tapes by force."

"It is not my business to fight for Spain," said I. "I have no force to resist you, but I will not help you."

"Thanks. That's all I ask. Just you sit quiet."

"Do you think you can read our tapes?" I asked, incredulously.

"Sure. I was a cable operator three years."

"But where did you get your cipher key?"

"That's a matter that was arranged in Havana three months ago. Your tape bobbins for the current week are in the table drawer, I presume?"

"Look for yourself," I said. "But my fellow-operator here is a Spaniard. I do not speak for him."

"Senor Merode," I said in Spanish, "these gentlemen wish to see the record tapes."

Merode had stood listening, making out what we said with difficulty. "Nunca! (Never)!" he exclaimed, excitedly, and made a jump for the big table drawer, with some notion, I think, of destroying the tapes. He was a plucky fellow, but the Cuban seized him by the collar before he could open the drawer, flung him violently backward on the floor and drew his machete.

"Don't hurt him, Luiz!" shouted Macomber, and then, after a steady glance at me, he stepped to the drawer himself and took out the rolls of tape.

"This will be a somewhat long and tedious business," he remarked, beginning to unroll one of them. "You might help me, if you would; but at least oblige me by turning up the lamp a little and placing it on the table here."

"Thanks," he went on, when I had complied and began rapidly unrolling the tape through his fingers. He read well and fast, and his running comment amused me.

"Oh, this is a dandy siphon of yours, isn't it?" "What all your mouse mill?" "Say, friend, your record here looks like the teeth of an old dull back-saw." "Your ink's coagulated."

I sat back and quietly looked on. Merode still lay on the floor. The Cuban stood watching us both; if Merode stirred, he shook his machete at him. Thus, fully an hour passed; it seemed much more than an hour, indeed, before our American visitor found what he sought.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last. "Here we are! So the Vizcaya and Oquendo left Puerto Rico for St. Vincent last Sunday. Good! Blanco is informed that the torpedo flotilla is going to St. Vincent, too, instead of coming to Havana."

"That's all I wanted to know," he continued, turning to me. "Sorry to leave your tapes in such a mess, but I really cannot stop to roll them up again, for I must be well out to sea before daylight. Oblige us now, both of you, by remaining quiet here after we bid you good night."

But just then there was a new noise outside. The door opening to the street was flung back, and there stood a Spanish lieutenant from the fort, with half a dozen soldiers at his back! For the Spanish sentry—a boy of 18—whom they had gagged and tied up outside the house, had proved more nimble than they had thought him. He had worked himself loose and had run to the fort for aid.

The Cuban turned instantly, killed the lieutenant with a swing of his machete and was at once shot down by a soldier who fired over the shoulder of his falling officer.

Macomber showed better judgment, if less courage; he dashed the lamp out and grasped me by the arm. "Help me out," he said.

It would be difficult for anyone to resist the appeal of a fellow-countryman at such a time. While the soldiers rushed in, trampling and falling over the slain men and Merode, I pulled the American after me through a door, back of the tables, which opened into our battery room. In this back room was a window looking out on the harbor side, from which Macomber swung in an instant and decamped without a word. I had

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Learn to Say No—Balancing Accounts—Only an Allegory. But It Shows How a Drunkard Stands With Old Alcohol—Promised to Make a Gentleman, But Turned Out a Tramp.

Learn to speak this little word In its proper place, Let no timid doubt be heard Clothed with skeptic grace;

Let thy lips without disguise Pour it boldly out, Though a thousand dulcet lies Keep hovering about.

To be sure our lives would lose Future years of woe If our courage could refuse The present hour with "No."

Balancing Accounts.

A thickset, ugly-looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes; I've been figuring my accounts with Old Alcohol to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time; and he has lied like sixty."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he has made me go staggering round any time he throws me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and to be the laughing-stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me 'sick as a dog.'"

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves, but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me strength, and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage."

"Then what followed?"

"Then he made me go on toward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits, but instead he made me act like a fool and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he has made me a tramp."

One Reason Why Cervens Lost.

From the news columns of the New York World: With the command to advance came the order, "Open the stores of wine and brandy." Officers and men drank freely therefrom. The Spanish officers drew their pistols and threatened instant death to the first man who flinched or hesitated in his work. In the stokehold, 120 degrees of heat, half-drunk officers stood near half-drunk stokers, and the first man who gave a word of complaint became the effect of the cognac was shot in his tracks. On the gun-decks the sun beamed down on men whose stomachs were filled with the fiery liquid and made them half mad. They tore their clothing from off their backs, cursing and shouting because of the strain and liquor. Thus, nerved with liquor, the Spaniards prepared for the desperate struggle. The Americans went from their prayers to battle.

From the news columns of the New York Journal: The Spanish gunners were drunk. This is freely admitted by the prisoners. Indeed, some of them still show the effects of the debauch that gave them the desperate courage for the adventure. The wine and spirits on board were handed out to them without stint. On board nearly every ship it was the same—an orgie with death for its end, for none of them expected to live to see the end of it. The men drank as they served the guns. Those who remember describe the scene on the doomed ships as a saturnalia of the damned.

Inebriety of Young Men.

Dr. George H. McMichael, of Buffalo, contributes a suggestive paper to the Quarterly Journal of Inebriety, in which he states that there is some evidence that inebriety amongst American young men is increasing, partly attributable, he thinks, to the "club" life now fashionable among the wealthy classes. He believes that the desire for alcoholic drinks is much more easily acquired between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five than in later life, and thinks that "if inebriety has, up to now, been comparatively uncommon in youths, it has been because the customs of society have made indulgence comparatively difficult," but he adds that "these are rapidly disappearing. If they have not already disappeared, and drunkenness among young men seems to be increasing." Surely there is an urgent call in this for a revival of the old-time method of pledge signing and a total abstinence crusade among the young.

No Moral Pest-Houses For Our Camps.

We do well to honor our soldiers, to provide them with good camps, good food, good clothing, and all other actual needs; it is right that they should be paid for their merited service, and that the disabled or partially disabled they are entitled to pensions; but it is not less important that their moral welfare should be upon the heart of the nation. Abolish the canteen, rescind the special privilege of officers, and let our camps be freed from the presence of that which breeds incalculable moral and physical evils. Let the country offer of its vast resources dainties, comforts, useful luxuries for our army, and let that scourge of civilization, the saloon, the moral pest-house of our slum, be banished out of every camp. It is a shame to us to be engaged in debauching those who should be our staunch defenders, or to allow others to do it. —New York Independent.

Whisky Killed the Rest of the Tribe.

The last of the Lake Union Indians are John Cheshishon and Madeline, his wife. They live, the sole survivors of their tribe, on the shore of Lake Union, which now lies wholly within the town of Seattle, Wash.

John is over seventy years old, and his wife is not much younger. They state, without any false pride of race, that "whisky killed the rest of them." They themselves have avoided the destroying beverage. They have never been in odds with the whites, by whom they are now entirely surrounded. —New York Journal.

Best Weapon a Temperate Life.

"History tells of many a proud army going forth to conquer, but returning conquered itself by the enervating effects of its own excesses," says the Detroit Free Press. "Intemperance and debauchery are more to be dreaded than any human foe with guns and swords. The best weapon which the young soldier can take with him to Cuba is a temperate life."

Notes of the Crusade.

The majority of the clergy are abstainers and non-smokers.

Drunkenness always debases a community. A man or woman reeling in public places offsets the sight of a thousand who are sober.

An unhappy childhood means, very often, a blighted after life. Drinking parents are to blame for a great part of the unhappiness of childhood.

Who can blame the children of drunken parents, if, when they grow up, and often long before that time, they hasten to leave surroundings that have been a torture to them for years?

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Five is the great sacred Chinese number.

In Greenland potatoes never grow larger than marbles.

If kept going, the wheels of a watch travel 3558 3-4 miles a year.

The smallest cows in the world are to be found in the Samoan islands.

The Japanese have a custom of celebrating the blossoming of fruit trees by a general holiday.

The largest clock in the world is that in the Westminster clock tower. It was set up on May 30, 1859.

In some parts of central and South Africa a single firefly gives so much light that it illuminates a whole room.

The cloak on which Wolfe breathed his last, at the capture of Quebec, is one of the curiosities in the British Museum.

The elephant can neither trot, canter nor gallop. Its only pace is a walk, capable of being hastened to a fast shuffle.

Tomatoes have been grafted upon potatoes by a French experimenter, whose hybrid plant produces tubers underground and tomatoes above.

In a certain village it is said that the church offertory is collected in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached for the purpose of arousing sleepers.

In the early days of Rome the ladies of that city wore such heavy earrings that they made the ears sore, and sometimes tore the lobes. There were doctors whose business was chiefly to heal ears thus injured.