

Michigan cast four million barrels of flour on the waters of traffic last year.

Alphonso cannot be blamed if he sets down all allusions to "happy childhood days" as rank nonsense.

Yellow fever is a Spanish warrior, but Yankee skill will conquer him just as Yankee valor conquers Spanish fleets and battalions. American science will do for the pestilence precisely what American gunnery did for the enemy's ships at Manila and Santiago.

A young woman in Elizabeth, N. J., recently broke off an engagement which had been in force for eight years, and the disconsolate lover brought suit for \$25,000. Well, why shouldn't he be reimbursed for the cream and soda water expenditures?

The postoffice department of the Dominion of Canada is rejoicing in a surplus of not less than \$1,000,000 for the year ended June 30 last. This is a new experience for the Dominion, here having been previously a deficiency annually since 1893 amounting in five years to some \$6,000,000.

"Within twenty years," says Charles Denby, Jr., formerly secretary of the American legation at Peking, China, "there will be twenty thousand miles of railroad in operation in China. The internal development of the Orient has just begun. America's footing in Oriental trade will be broadened, and our prestige in the affairs of the Far East greatly increased."

Universities on the European model are to be established in China under the direct initiative of the Emperor. The old exclusiveness of the Middle Kingdom appears to be giving way at all points under pressure of the conviction that only in that way can the national life and welfare be preserved. The imported methods of scholarship are to be introduced in a land of scholars, where learning flourished not only before such comparatively modern schools as those of England, France, Germany and Italy were founded, but before art and letters were taught in Bagdad or Aleppo, or for that matter, in Alexandria or Athens. The Western graft of culture on the ancient Eastern stock ought to produce a particularly valuable fruitage, and that is what it promises to do, thinks the New York Tribune.

The vegetarians are making a great do over the alleged triumph of their theory in the long-distance test of walking endurance, seventy miles, in Germany recently. The twenty-two starters included eight vegetarians. The distance had to be covered within eighteen hours. The first six to arrive were vegetarians. The first finishing in fourteen and one-fourth hours, the second in fourteen and one-half hours, the third in fifteen and one-half, the fourth in sixteen, the fifth in sixteen and one-half, and the sixth in seventeen and one-half. The two last vegetarians missed their way and walked five miles more. All reached the goal in splendid condition. Not until one hour after the last vegetarian did the first meat-eater arrive, completely exhausted. He was the only one. Others dropped off after thirty-five miles.

Congress at its last session passed a bill enlisting army cooks which will be welcomed by the troops everywhere. The measure has been advocated for years, but the actual presence of war seems to have been needed for its enactment, thinks the New York Sun. Commissary General Egan, in urging the bill, pointed out that during the civil war the complaints made against the rations arose largely from the fact that in each company one or two men were detailed to cook them, and that these men might be very imperfectly suited to the business. Under existing regulations, he said, food supplies are issued for ten days at a time, and through inexperience or unskillfulness in cooking, these supplies are sometimes used up by the seventh or eighth day, and then complaints are made that the government does not furnish food enough, "whereas what is supplied constitutes a ration that is more ample than any other in the world, and fully sufficient, if properly cared for and cooked, to meet all the needs for nourishment." The new bill authorizes the enlistment for each company, battery or troop, regular or volunteer, of "a competent person" as cook, who should have the rank and pay of a corporal, and should instruct other men who may be detailed to assist him. This step must have a good effect on the health, comfort, and entertainment of the troops in the field.

America practically supplies the whole world with clocks, nearly every civilized country importing them.

Sunday will go into history as naval sinking day. Montejos's and Cervera's fleets were both sent to the bottom on that day.

Farm laborers are so scarce in some parts of the West that they find ready employment at \$3 per day. No man should go out there looking for work unless he is willing to take it.

The slaughter in the battles before Santiago seems dreadful to us, unused as this generation is to the butchery of war, but it was trivial compared with the wholesale destruction of life in our Civil war thirty-five years ago. The inventor is steadily striving to make war more deadly, but thus far the tactician seems to be keeping ahead of him.

The growth of the railroad system of the United States has been marvelous. Seventy years ago the United States did not have a mile of railroad track, while now her total railway mileage exceeds that of any other country of the world. This mileage is 118,717, while the balance of North America has 24,000 miles besides. Europe has 155,284 miles of railway, Asia 26,790, while Africa, laggard though she is, actually now boasts of 8169 miles.

The impression appears to be general among intelligent observers that America is being discovered a second time. Our kinsmen of Great Britain are beginning to find us out, are just learning the true inwardness and enterprising outwardness of Americans. Evidently the idea that Americans are but half-cultured people, intensely provincial and largely rustic, is wearing away in England. This is well, for a better mutual understanding may pave the way for a closer union of hearts.

"In the harbor of Santiago de Cuba," says Maturin M. Ballou in "Due South," "a sunken wreck is pointed out, partially visible at low tide, not far from the shore. Only the ribs and stanchions are still held together by the stout keel timbers and lower sheathing. This wreck has laid here unheeded for years, yet what a story these old timbers might tell, had they only a tongue with which to give voice to their experience—literally the experience of ages." Reference is made to the remains of the old St. Paul, one of the ships of the great Spanish Armada that Philip II sent to England in 1588, being one of the very few of that famous flotilla that escaped destruction at the time. What a historical memento is the old wreck! After a checkered career, in which this ancient craft had breathed the waves of innumerable seas and withstood the storms of nearly three centuries, she was burned to the water's edge here in the harbor of Santiago a few years since and sunk, where her remains now lie, covered with slime and barnacles—a striking emblem of the nation whose flag she once proudly bore.

Interesting data about the occupations of the American people is given in the bulletin of the eleventh census recently made public in Mines and Minerals. It shows that the total number of people engaged in occupations of all kinds in 1890 was 22,735,961. Of the whole number of working people the females form 17.22 per cent. Divided by classes the working people of the country are as follows: Agricultural, fisheries and mining, 9,013,336; professional, 944,333; domestic and personal service, 3,360,577; trade and transportation, 3,326,122; manufacturing and mechanical industries, 5,091,293. Considerably more than four-fifths of the illiterate male population of the country, and over one-fourth of the illiterate female population are working. Over 59 per cent of the workmen are married, over 27 per cent single, over three per cent widowed, and one-quarter of one per cent divorced. In manufactures and mechanics the carpenters and joiners, numbering 611,482, make up the greatest element, with dressmakers and milliners following with 499,690. There are a little over 1,000,000 bookkeepers, clerks and salesmen, 690,658 merchants and dealers, 5,281,557 farmers, planters and overseers, and 3,004,061 agricultural laborers, 349,592 miners, and only a little over 60,000 fishermen and oystermen. Professors and teachers aggregating 347,344, form the most numerous of the professional classes. Physicians and surgeons, 104,805, come next; then lawyers, 89,630; clergymen, 88,203; government officials, 79,664; musicians, etc., 62,155; engineers and surveyors, 43,239; artists and art teachers, 22,496; journalists, 21,849, and actors, 9728.

COLDENROD.
Spring is the morning of the year,
And Summer is the noontide bright;
The Autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the Winter's night.
And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
Like lighted street-lamps in the town.
I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.
But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!
—Frank Dempster Sherman.

OCHO, THE CHICKASAW.

The colonel was in command, and it was our business to obey orders. His mouth was straight and firm, and his small, gray eyes were set unusually close together. His chin was clean shaven, and on either cheek he wore a thick and formal whisker. Perhaps it was to this severe exterior that Colonel Bailey owed his appointment as deputy sheriff of Guthrie district; but he was to be capable and fearless, and so when an elusive young Chickasaw bandit was seen in the vicinity of Lehigh it was the colonel who was chosen to run him down.

Colonel Bailey selected me as one of his associates. For the other he picked out an unsociable fellow, known in the community as "Frozen Pete." I suspect that he had no great confidence in our ability to catch the thief. For when we reached Lehigh and found the outlaw under lock and key, he seemed very well satisfied. It merely remained for us to bring the prisoner safely to Guthrie and lodge him in the county jail.

After a short delay, we started on our return journey, and so it happened that one breezy autumn evening we four encamped in a hollow of the Washita Hills, Oklahoma, with more than half our ride behind us.

Our prisoner's name was Ocho—a Chickasaw word meaning "all right." Never was name less appropriate. Except in his youth, his vigor and the marvellous quickness of his motions, Ocho was anything but "all right." Though he stood five feet ten in his moccasins, his extraordinary leanness left his weight scarcely a hundred pounds. He spoke little English and was wholly without education, but his high reputation for cunning had been thoroughly earned. A pair of frayed buckskin trousers and a dingy blanket made up his simple costume. He looked a typical Indian outlaw, but his face was kind, and there were men who said his gratitude for a favor was keen and lasting.

As a professional horse-thief Ocho had small claim upon the kindness of honest men, and he must have expected the severest justice at official hands. But at the outset the Indian had reason to be surprised, for contrary to his appearance Colonel Bailey was generous to a fault, and his kind consideration for a prisoner was invariable. Frozen Pete and I followed his example. We had no wish to be discourteous, and it seemed only natural and right to offer Ocho such little attentions as were within our power to bestow. I remember in particular that last night when the Indian was shivering beneath his scanty blanket how the colonel drew off his heavy weather-coat and spread it carefully over him. Ocho merely raised his head and stared hard into the rugged face of the sheriff.

The hollow in which we had halted was a natural basin, situated on the west bank of a branch of the Washita river. Eastward between us and the stream a very narrow wall of shaly earth rose precipitously to the height of full 30 feet. To the north and west the low hills were almost perpendicular. Thus on three sides the basin was entirely shut in by cliffs. On the fourth alone to the southwest the view was open, and through the gap we could see stretches of the illimitable prairie.

The tall prairie grass grew abundantly on the floor of our camping-ground, and here and there along the hard, dry walls hung an occasional patch of stubby buffalo grass or a sickly cluster of yellow cacti. Certainly it was not a pretty spot, but the bank was a rampart against the chill breezes of the northwest, and the basin had long since been a favorite halting-ground for travelers.

On this night, however, the wind had veered round until it swept unrestrained through the mouth of our three-walled flat. All night long its violence steadily increased, and when the colonel wakened us by loud shouts of "Rouse! Rouse!" it was blowing a gale.

I started up and began to draw on my heavy boots. The colonel was already making coffee over a glowing heap of brush sticks. By chance my eyes wandered to the opposite side of the basin, where we had picketed our four broncos. They were gone.

In blank amazement I pointed to the spot. The colonel followed the direction of my gaze and understood. Then by a common impulse we ran to where his overcoat lay. He snatched it from the ground. Beneath were a blanket, a piece of heavy rope and a pair of locked handcuffs. Ocho had gone, too.

Had the blow been less severe, the colonel might have given expressive vent to his feelings, but as it was, he merely dropped upon the blanket and began to examine the discarded manacles.

"There are times," he muttered, weakly, "when a man who calls himself a man insists upon being a mule. This is one of the times, and I'm the man."

"How was it done?" I asked, kneeling opposite him on Ocho's blanket.
"Done," he replied; "there wasn't anything to be done about it. All he had to do was to get up and walk. You know how slim he was? Well, he's turned out to be one of those fellows whose hands aren't a particle broader than their wrists. What do you suppose they care about things like these?" he added, rattling the handcuffs viciously. "While we were sleeping here, like the gentle lambs we are, he slipped his hands out, untied the rope from his ankles and left, taking the broncos along as mementos of a pleasant trip with rools."

"Then let's follow him!" I exclaimed, leaping up; but the sheriff gripped me by the trousers.
"I'm thankful," he said, earnestly, "that I'm not the only idiot in this camp. Why, you dummy, can't you comprehend the difference between people on horses and people on foot, and don't—"

Frozen Pete had been quietly but rapidly pulling on his boots, buttoning his jacket and tightening his belt. His manner was generally so deliberate that now we both stared at him in surprise. My view embraced the mouth of our camping-ground, and between the black walls I saw, with horror, a long, unbroken line of leaping flame. Extending the entire width of the bottom, its dancing yellow crest was just visible as it rose over a long knoll lying in its path. How the fire started I do not know to this day. Perhaps campers on the prairie had set it going accidentally.

It could not have been burning long, for else we should have noticed the glare in the night sky. Completely hidden by our walls until within the last few moments, the terrible danger had crept upon us unobserved. The fire was already within 300 yards of us, and the rough wind was sweeping it nearer with frightful rapidity. There was no time to start a counter fire. The sheer walls on three sides of us blocked our retreat. A death of torture was rushing straight at us.

Pete and I stared at Colonel Bailey, while in that awful moment the sheriff stood, with bent head, thinking how to save us.

"This way, boys," he cried, suddenly, and ran straight across the canon toward the creek. We followed and quickly reached the narrow bluff opposite. The sheriff glanced rapidly along its base. He had seen such formations before and hoped to find a hole through the wall.

I was by his side when we reached a spot where the tall grass had been worn down. He stopped, dropped on one knee and then pulled me bodily to the ground. To my astonishment I found myself looking into a wolf-burrow, perhaps 18 inches in diameter. At its other end, scarcely 15 feet away, I could see light. Some enterprising coyote had dug a passage through the narrow wall to the creek beyond.

"See if it's wide enough for you, boy," cried the colonel; "maybe we can get through, maybe not. If we can't—"

I lost the rest of the sentence as with both arms extended in front of me I thrust my head and shoulders into the opening, and digging my toes violently into the ground I shoved myself forward almost my length. There I stuck fast. With no room to bend my arms or use my knees, I was helpless. Writhe and squirm as I would, I could make no progress. In despair I struggled back into the basin.

"I feared it," said the sheriff, huskily. "If we could use our elbows we could make it, but as it is, God help us."

For some seconds we stood motionless. The fire had advanced full 50 yards, and the infernal roar was buzzing in my ears when Pete suddenly thrust out his hand toward the west. Opposite us, on the very edge of the bluff, was the rascally bandit, Ocho. We could see him distinctly in the increasing light. There he sat astride the colonel's pony, stolidly watching us and apparently finding a ferocious joy in our approaching destruction.

We had hardly time for thought, however, before Ocho dropped to the ground. Holding the lariat coiled in his hand, he cut it from the bronco's neck and sprang to the edge of the bluff at a point where the wall was slightly less steep. Instantly he squatted down, lurching his weight forward and slid down the bank into the basin below. The descent was almost as rapid as a fall, but Ocho reached the bottom unharmed, and springing to his feet he came bounding toward us, his lank, wiry body shooting far through the air at every leap.

The act of the bandit in dropping from safety to apparent death utterly bewildered us. In the nature of things it would not be to attack us. The roaring of the flames grew louder, we could hear the crackling of the tall, crisp grass, yet we could only stand and stare.

The Indian presently reached us.
"Throw away guns—hats!" he cried.

"Do it, boys," commanded the colonel, and as Frozen Pete threw down his belt, pistol and sombrero Ocho pushed him prostrate to the earth. Pete fell just in front of the burrow, and Ocho sliding past him, strung the lasso on the grass. Pete

understood and grasped the rope near its centre, while Ocho, dropping full length upon the ground, wriggled his naked body into the burrow. Thanks to his extreme slenderness and to his Indian blood he crawled through the tunnel with all the dexterity of an animal. Holding one end of the lariat at his back he drew the slack rapidly after him, and in less than a minute he stood on the narrow strip beside the creek.

Pete crawled into the tunnel as far as his own exertions would permit, and now the Indian, drawing the rope taut, pulled him along with all the strength of his lithe body. Twisting and turning, the cowboy scraped safely through.

The colonel grabbed the end of the rope which had almost disappeared in the burrow, and running back with it 15 feet he ordered me to go before him. The fire was within 50 yards of us. The wind drove sparks and smoke against our faces. It was no time for chivalrous deference.

Dropping to the earth I grasped the lariat as Pete had done and was trying to compress my bulk just a little when I felt myself jerked forward with a vigor which told me that Ocho and Pete were hauling together at the rope. In half a minute I was by their side, and our united strength dragged Colonel Bailey rapidly through the tunnel. But just as the sheriff's head emerged from under the bluff Ocho sprang from us and running along the bank of the stream stopped some five rods away. It was hardly strange that neither Pete nor I thought of him as a prisoner.

Colonel Bailey got on his feet and took a step toward Ocho. The outlaw stood motionless. The sheriff made another step. The Indian shook his head, then turned and walked slowly away, conscious of his perfect security. He had seen us throw down our holster pistols on the other side of the hole, and as an Indian he did not fear our pursuit on foot.

The sheriff watched Ocho until he had passed a bend in the ridge, then turned and walked toward us in silence. Halting at the wolf-burrow he bent down and peeped through it. As he did so his trousers were drawn tight across his hips, and I perceived the outline of a hard object in his rear pocket. It was the butt of a derringer pistol; but I am not the man to criticize the colonel.—Til Tilford, in Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A map of Jerusalem in mosaic, over 1500 years old, has been found in Palestine.

A night-blooming leguminous plant of Trinidad is pollinated by the agency of bats.

There are houses still standing in Nuremberg, Bavaria, that were built in 1080.

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

Prisoners when arrested in Morocco are required to pay the policeman for his trouble in taking them to jail.

The Roman bride, when being dressed for the wedding, invariably had her hair parted with the point of a spear.

A pedestrian succeeded the other day in setting foot, in the course of five hours and forty minutes, in seven German states.

Simla, India, is built on the side of a steep hill, and the roof of one house is often on a level with the foundation of one in the next tier.

Grasshoppers attain their greatest size in South America, where they grow to a length of five inches, and their wings spread out ten inches.

The Japanese are curiously alike physically. Recent measurements taken of an infantry regiment showed no variation except two inches in height or 20 pounds in weight.

An early Anglo-Saxon custom, strictly followed by newly married couples, was that of drinking diluted honey for thirty days after marriage. From this custom comes the word honeymoon, or honeymoon.

Safety for Miners.

A recently invented device for miners will no doubt result in lessening the loss of life. It is designed to render the miners immune from the deadly effects of carbonic oxide in the after damp which follows gas explosions in mines. It is a helmet which will enable the wearer to live for at least half an hour after such an explosion takes place. It is worn over the head and face, and is constructed of a special asbestos tanned leather, or cloth, rendering it proof against fire, heat, steam, boiling water and all poisonous fluids. It comes down close over the shoulders, and is held firmly in place by means of two straps passing under the arms. At the back of the helmet is a metal reservoir, from which the wearer is supplied with fresh air at the natural air pressure and twenty degrees cooler than the outside atmosphere. The tank has a capacity of 100 pounds' pressure of compressed air, and is always ready for service, the same pressure of pure air being retained for months. The amount of air in store can be seen on the gauge attached to the reservoir, which can be quickly changed by an air pump. A lever on the top of the reservoir forces the air through the supply tubes to a point inside and directly in front of the mouth and nostrils. The supply can be adjusted to the comfort of the wearer. The neck gear has an outlet for the foul air, and the two lookouts are constructed of double plates of clear mica, with revolving cleaners and protected by four cross wires. The side or ear plates have special diaphragms, or sounding discs, which give perfectly distinct hearing.—Philadelphia Record.

THE WILLOW BOWER.

I know a bower made of willow trees,
Low leaning from the grassy water-side,
The long leaves drooping in the rippling stream,
Like lady's fingers trailed in cooling tide.

Within the bower is never seen the sun,
Though fiercest rays assail its leafy screen,
And, save for lowing of the distant herd
And lapping waves, the silence is serene.

Herein I sit within my little boat,
Soft-cushioned as in dreams of weary men;
And little reck I that the world without
Is full of care and strife of sword and pen.

With eyelids closed and pillowed cheek on hand,
I dream the happy, idle hours away,
Till twilight comes and goes, and night has come,
And then I leave my bower, faint to stay.
—May Belle Willis, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOROUS.

"Do you regard late rising as injurious?" "It certainly shortens one's days."

Judge—"Don't let me see you here again. Prisoner—Where shall I see you, Judge?"

"Mine, miner, minus!" This is the general upshot of speculation in mining stock.

Bob—Saw Tom and his wife out wheeling yesterday. Will—Tandem? Bob—No; perambulator.

Aunt—Harry, do you love your baby brother? Harry—What's the use? He wouldn't know it if I did.

A great many girls say "No," at first; but, like the photographers, they know how to retouch their negatives.

"What's the matter, old man? You look hot and excited." "Just been trying to dodge a cross-eyed girl on a bicycle."

He—Poorman says he is convinced now that the world does go round. She—Well, he doesn't look as if he'd got very much of it yet.

Mamma—Oh dear! Jimmy, I don't believe you know what it is to be good. Jimmy—Yes, I do, mamma. It's not doing what you want to do.

Little Pitcher—I don't think my papa loves me as much as he loves my mamma. Mamma says papa tells her fairy stories. He never tells any to me.

Clerk—How did you discover that the man in 35 was Siann, the great detective? Bell Boy—He had to ring for some one to find the towel for him.

Husband (angrily, after a somewhat heated argument with his better half)—Do you take me for a fool? Wife (soothingly)—No, John! But I may be mistaken.

"Pa, can I go to the circus?" "No, my son; if you're a good boy, you won't want to go to the circus." "Then, I'd better go while I'm bad enough to enjoy it, hadn't I?"

"I say," asked Jinks, as he walked into Blinks' store, sample case in hand, "can a cowhide in a shoe store?" Blinks wasn't at all slow—"No," he says, "but calfskin."

The Cabman—Gimme your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab. Mrs. Oatcake (as she gets in)—No; that poor horse of yours has enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap.

"If you had an apple, Johnnie, and your little brother asked you for a piece, you'd greet his request with a cheerful smile, wouldn't you?" "Yes, ma'am, I'd give him the merry ha, ha!"

"Lady," began Mr. Dismal Dawson, "you see before you a man whose name is mud—m, n, d." "There must be some mistake in your calculations," replied the lady. "It takes water to make mud."

Mrs. McCall—It's too bad of you, Ethel, to worry your mamma so. Ethel (aged 5, tearfully)—Oh, well, Mrs. McCall, if you'd lived with mamma as long as I have you'd know which of us was to blame.

He—I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Louisa. I was about to give you a kiss when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine. She—And was there no bridge or no boat.

"If it wasn't for your father," said the wrathful citizen, "you would have starved to death long ago. You haven't sense enough to pound sand." "Haw," answered the chappie, "I had sense enough to be born into a wealthy family, and that is more than you had."

The Pioneers of Colonization.

The pioneers of colonization were pirates and marauders, fishermen and navigators, hunters and traders, explorers and discoverers, missionaries, runaways, adventurers and convicts. It is easier to rob others than to procure spoil or food where they found or reared it, and so privateers and marauding adventurers may have preceded fishermen and hunters. The earliest Greek and Roman colonies seem to have been founded by just such bands. The Spanish and Portuguese colonies of South America were hardly more exalted in their origin. The Dutch East Indies were colonized by a band of landless resolute from the Texel—disorderly youths (says the old chronicler), "whose absence was more desired" there "than their presence." The gentlemen adventurers who founded Acadia, like the two La Tours, the renegade Frenchmen (like De Castin and his half-breed son) and the forest rangers who "blazed the track" in Canada for future settlers, Kipling's "gentlemen rovers" and "lost legion," Mr. Cecil Rhodes himself, when he seized Matabeleland, are types of this class. The Jamieson raid was only the last of the daring burglaries by which ancient and modern colonial empires have been built up.—Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.