

The question of war at home—To stamp or not to stamp?

Madrid statisticians always set down the destruction of Spanish ships in danger of being captured as clear losses to the American navy.

Sixty human lives were saved last year by the 114 stations of the Society for Saving the Shipwrecked. The number of lives saved in thirty-two years is 2414.

By and by historians will say something fine of the age which produced statesmen and scholars so great, so wise, so pure in heart, as Lincoln, Tennyson, Gladstone, and their illustrious fellow-workers in state-craft and literature.

Mr. Gladstone was the author of at least one remarkable prophecy. A London journal points out that it was to him and not to Cecil Rhodes that the idea of the Cape to Cairo connection first occurred—and occurred, too, before England had occupied Egypt. In an article in the Nineteenth Century of August, 1877—more than twenty years ago—Mr. Gladstone used these words: "Our first site in Egypt, be it by larceny or be it by emption, will be the almost certain egg of a North African empire that will grow and grow until another Victoria and another Albert—titles of the lake sources of the White Nile—come within our borders, and till we finally join hands across the equator with Natal and Cape Town, to say nothing of the Transvaal and the Orange river on the south, or of Abyssinia or Zanzibar to be swallowed by way of viaticum on our journey."

By one of those curious twists of irony of which fate is so fond, it was reserved for Spain to supply the first ocular demonstration of the established fact that the Maine was not blown up by an internal explosion, comments the New York World. The experts easily proved it by the known laws governing the conduct of explosives. But there had never been a case of a warship blown up from the inside to which the experts could refer those who insisted on thinking that there "might be something in" Spain's lies. Now there are two such cases—the Maria Teresa and the Almirante Oquendo. And each of them shows conclusively just how an internal explosion acts upon a warship and also how impossible and preposterous is Spain's lying contention that the Maine blew herself up. This Spanish demonstration of Spanish treachery is not important, but it is interesting.

On what decent pretence, it is asked, could our government demand, as a condition of peace, the permanent surrender by Spain of the Philippines, or Porto Rico, or any other of her colonial possessions? says the New York Tribune, and then answers the question: On no mere pretence, but on the well-established ground of the victor's right to exact a war indemnity from the conquered foe, and to prescribe the manner in which that indemnity shall be paid. Japan beat China and took Formosa. Turkey beat Greece, and took a strip of territory, with the assent of the Powers. Russia beat Turkey, and took a slice of Armenia. Germany beat France, and took Alsace-Lorraine. Prussia beat Denmark and took Schleswig-Holstein. The United States beat Mexico, and took California and New Mexico. The rule may be a harsh one, but it is the law of nations. On what decent pretence could our government be asked to fight Spain, liberate Cuba, and pay all the bills without indemnity?

It must be borne in mind that the test to which applicants for army enlistment are subjected is very severe. Still a recent report of Adjutant General Corbin presents some surprising figures. This report refers only to enlistments for the regular army, of which the total for the month of May was 9540, the enlistments for general recruiting service numbering 5207, and the enlistments for special recruiting service numbering 4333. The enlistments in cities were 7790 and the enlistments at military posts and in the field were 1750. In a list of twenty-nine recruiting stations in cities some very interesting facts are stated, which show how difficult it is to maintain the high standard required in the army. At these stations there were 47,871 applicants for enlistment, and of the number of applicants 14,414 were rejected. In Boston, Cincinnati and Indianapolis only one out of five applicants was accepted. In St. Louis the proportion was one out of four, in New York one out of seven, in Philadelphia one out of twelve, and in Chicago one out of 13.

The Philippines will start in with the Merritt system and allow other civil service problems to follow at leisure.

The mercantile marine of the United States has been increased by the addition, in a lump, of fifty-three vessels by the annexation of Hawaii.

The raw silk industry of Japan includes an annual production of about 7,500,000 pounds. Of the average exports more than half are to the United States.

The whole Hobson incident is fine, but there is nothing finer in it than his turning his back on cheering crowds to plunge at once into his technical duty as a naval constructor. The assignment was made and accepted as bare matter of course. This illustrates the spirit of our whole navy.

On top of the news that the Chinese Emperor has ordered the establishment of universities on the European model comes the report that the younger Mandarins have established a reform society; and, though their meetings were for a time forbidden by authority, they have been resumed under the presidency of the Emperor's tutor.

The financial supplement to the Street Railway Journal recently issued, devotes some space to a comparison of gross receipts by leading street railway lines in the United States in the years 1897 and 1896. It shows that in 1897 the twenty-six properties earning more than \$1,000,000 gross per annum increased their income 2.20 per cent.; those earning from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 lost .11 per cent., and those earning from \$100,000 to \$500,000 gained 1.87 per cent. The aggregate gain showed by all of the 175 roads included in the summary was 1.9 per cent.

Mr. George B. Waldron, in an article in McClure's Magazine shows that in the twenty-years following 1793, Napoleon cost the British and French not less than \$6,500,000,000 in money and 1,900,000 lives—the latter number equal to the entire adult male population now living in Greater London and Paris. In the one battle of Waterloo 51,000 men were lost, 29,006 of whom were British. The Crimean war of two years cost the nations engaged in it \$1,500,000,000 in wealth and over 600,000 of their citizens. The Franco-German war cost over 200,000 lives and required an expenditure of \$1,500,000,000. France had in addition to pay an indemnity of 1,000,000,000 and to give Alsace-Lorraine, a total loss, it is estimated, of not less than \$3,000,000,000.

While the soil of the Hawaiian group of islands is prolific in fruits of almost every kind, the manufacture of sugar is the chief industry of the inhabitants. In 1896 the exports of sugar amounted in value to \$14,932,000 out of \$15,436,000, the value of the entire exports. For the same year the total imports aggregated in value \$7,165,000. Most of the trade of the islands for some time past has been carried on with the United States. The public debt of the islands on January 1, 1896, aggregated \$3,754,335; while the yearly income from direct taxes, customs and licenses is approximately \$1,740,000. In spite of the wealth of the islands, the chief attractiveness which they possess for the United States grows solely out of their strategic position, says the Atlanta Constitution.

Statistics translated from the Archiv fur Eisenbahnen, a publication of the Prussian ministry, show that in the five years 1891-5 America has built more miles of railway than any of the other continents, the increase for that period being 16,998 miles, making a total of 229,722, as against an increase of 13,732 and a total of 155,284 for Europe, an increase of 4867 and a total of 26,890 for Asia, an increase of 1647 and a total of 8169 for Africa, and an increase of 1566 and a total of 13,888 for Australia. When put in percentages, however, the additions to the African lines head the list, for the record of that country is 25.2, with Asia second, 22.1, and Australia, Europe, and America following in order with 12.7, 9.7, and 8 respectively. At the close of 1895 the railways of the world, if joined together, would have gone around it at the equator more than seventeen times, for the aggregate mileage was 433,953. Of this nearly a tenth was built between the end of 1891 and the beginning of 1896. This is the first four years in railway history that construction has not advanced proportionally as well as absolutely more rapidly on this continent than elsewhere, but we still have more miles of railway than all the rest of the world united.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

How fair they rise From hyacinthine meadow-ground that lies Within the shade, By snow-capped heights of wild sierras made!	The perfumed breeze Comes through the branches of fruit-laden trees, And song of bird, Flute-like and mellow, from the copse is heard.
How gleaming white Those battlements beneath the morning light! How marbles show Their brilliancy against the eternal snow!	With soothing sound Cool fountains scatter jewels all around, In flashing spray The rainbow bends its arch above our way.
How roof and spire Are daily kindled to a flashing fire, And over all Folds of silken banner rise and fall!	We enter there With bosom friends we bid our joys to share; We rest at ease; We go again at any time we please.
The court below Is moated with a stream of gentle flow, Whose crystal face Reduplicates the beauty of the place.	From mortal eyes Were veiled the glories bright of Paradise, Yet there remain These glorious castles all our own—in Spain. —New York Home Journal.

## THE GRAY STEER.

Twelve hundred feet high is the sun-dial of the Lazy J Ranch and nearly as broad—that cliff of diverse hues which stands out from the wall of the canon of the Grand River. The opposite precipice serves the cowboys as gnomon or index to the hours of day, for its shadow sweeps over the stupendous, variegated face and marks the course of the sun through a sky that is always unclouded. A ledge of porphyry, fifty feet deep, crowns the dial; often it looks like a strip of pink ribbon to the men below by the stream. But it was a glorious coronal, kindling in the first rays from the east, when Holden hailed it with uplifted eye and hand as he quirted his horse through the barway of the corral.

"Sunup!" cried Holden, the young foreman, filled with the joy of the morning. He is the son of the president of the cattle company; he had come straight from college to the cow-camp, and the old stroke of the 'varsity eight set a hot pace in saddle for the Lazy J riders.

He rode that morning a big-boned, Roman-nosed, blue-roan "outlaw"—a horse pronounced irreclaimable by the boys; he had tied a bucking roll across the shoulders of his saddle to supplement the grip of his knees, and on top of that lay the big, loose coil of his fifty-foot cable line, for he was still young enough to disdain a lariat of lesser length and caliber.

Behind Holden Navajo Jim lifted a light left foot to the stirrup; then his spurred right tripped clinking to the evasive dance of his young horse, and he slipped nimbly into his saddle. To its right shoulder hung the trim coiled ring of his rope of braided rawhide, which, to that of the foreman, was as steel to iron and would hold anything on hoofs.

Foreman and follower struck out through the greasewood over ground without grass; the grazing range lay high on the mesa, fenced by the lofty wall of the canon. Its seemingly inaccessible height was sealed by the sure-footed, agile range cattle at a break in the porphyry ledge not far up the canon, and presently they took to the dizzy trail.

With slack cinches the blowing horses clawed up the loose footing at the top of the break and moved out on a narrow projecting tongue of the mesa. Still higher the mesa broadened and was set with squat cedars and pinons. Here the riders saw cattle already chewing their cud in the shade.

"We're too low down. There's nothing here," said the young foreman, his eyes roving over the stock.

"It's beef I'm after. I've got to get a train-road off by the first and not a hundred steers gathered yet!"

"Quaking-asp putty good place for steer now," said Navajo Jim. "Water sweet there and stamprin'-ground close."

"Yes, I know," Holden returned, impatiently. "The boys started twenty head down yesterday and had them pointed for the corral, when that blamed gray steer scattered the bunch, and they broke back for the hills."

"That gray steer like bull elk. Better corral him with six-shooter," said Jim. "One steer not much worth."

"Six-shooter nothing! What's our ropes for?" cried Holden. "That big grizzly brute will fetch up a whole carload to the top notch in the stock-pens. He goes on hoof to Omaha. I told the boys I'd give a \$50-dollar saddle to the first man that 'twined' him and stayed with him."

"I already got putty good saddle, Mr. Holden," said Jim, with a grin. "That steer seven, eight year old now, and all time run wild. Horns so long stick clean through horse."

"Well, beef's up in the air; horses are down," returned the foreman. "Quirt up, Jim. We'll strike up higher."

On the loftier grazing-ground they found the cattle still at feed. Through thickening hosts of deer-flies and horse-flies their horses strained up the steep oakbrush slopes. In banded resistance to like winged attacks, the cattle of the higher range were beginning to "bunch" on each open stamping-ground. Toward these trampled circles the scattered steers were one by one-making their way.

"The boys can run in all these steers tomorrow," said Holden. "You and I, Jim, are going to twine that gray steer today."

"He got big scare yesterday; too sharp to show up on stamprin'-ground today," Jim suggested.

"Like enough," Holden assented, "but we'll rustle him out. The boys lost him late yesterday in the long quaking-asp patch in that gulch up there, just below the rim-rock."

He pointed to the rim-rock of the spruce ridge, rising yet loftily above

them with innumerable aspen gulches and brushy slopes draining down into the side canons.

Quickening their horses, they presently rode into the green gloom of the gulch, where the quaking-aspen trembled over hidden springs. Here mighty hoofprints dented deep the mud and the sodden trails.

"Dere his track, fresh," said Jim, stooping from his saddle over a print like a post-hole. "He lie close, somewhere."

"We'll put him up," said Holden, confidently; "and once he shows, stay with him, Jim."

"You bet I stay!" said Jim, simply.

They threaded the winding thicket on separate trails and met near its head without a sight of the gray steer.

"It's no use looking for him down in here," said Holden. "He's gone up higher. Let's try in the spruce below the rim-rock."

He led the way upward along the steep, brushy side of the gulch until, stopped by the rim-rock, they sat in their saddles and looked down and back in disappointment.

Below them the gulch enclosed the fastness of the deer, a space darkened to twilight by a growth of young spruce and aspen saplings.

"Maybe he down in those," said Jim, with a drop alike of voice and hand. "Hide himself in daytime like blacktail buck."

"But we can't get into that 'pocket' on horses," Holden replied loudly, in vexation. "Wait! I'll try for him!"

As he spoke he dismounted to act on a boyish inspiration.

He had noticed a big block fallen from the rim-rock and lying tilted up on the slope. With mighty heaving he overturned it, and down the slope it crashed in smashing leaps through the brush and swaying timber to the very heart of the spruce thicket.

Snorts came up from below; Holden marked the course of startled, hurrying creatures by the lines of swaying tops furrowing the still, green surface, and three grand bucks sprang out, their horns showing brown in the velvet as they topped the lower brush; but a bearer of mightier horns was breaking through the pliant young trees, and a glimpse of a grizzly hide was exultantly caught by the young foreman.

"Ah, he show up now!" shouted Navajo Jim, erect in the stirrups, as the great steer came out below.

Bred from the finest of the Lazy J stock, he would have weighed near 2000 pounds; but such speed and bottom were his "rustling" on that rough range that the "big body rose over the brush with the wild grace of a buck, and with deer-like ease his frontlet, black and threatening, was thrown back over his grizzly shoulder as he stopped and eyed his hunters for an instant. One defiant shake of his perfect horns, then he raced onward, and only bending brush marked his path.

Holden was already galloping after him, smashing the undergrowth in a straight course down the slope to intercept him below, shouting as he ran. Jim, with Indian circumspection, ran his horse in an easier descent along the slope, keeping his eyes on the swaying brush beneath and waiting for an opportunity of closing in more open ground.

Now Holden's horse, the blue outlaw, showed once more his spirit and brought Holden close behind the game. Navajo Jim emerged from the thicket to see the young foreman in full career, swinging his big rope, while the haltered head of the horse and the huge-horned frontlet of the steer reached out in an even race across the little open space beyond.

The loop of Holden's cable lit fairly over the widespread horns; but his hand was hardly quick enough in closing it. While it hung slack the steer leaped with both front legs through it, and then Holden's tardy jerk brought it tight around the grizzly flanks.

The beast bellowed as the plunge of his great gray body drew the turn of the rope swiftly from the saddle-horn. Vainly Holden tried to stay it. Recklessly he threw the slack end in a hitch around the steel horn and clapping his hand over it braced his horse for the shock.

With forelegs outplanted and quarters lowered, the stubborn blue outlaw stanchly set himself to the tightening rope. For an instant he was jerked along, stiff-legged, then over they went, dragged down, fierce horse and reckless roper.

Clearing his legs, hanging at the side of his struggling horse, Holden still held the saddle-horn with powerful grasp. Another bawl, a plunge that no cinches could withstand—and, lo, the saddle was stripped from the outlaw and jerked high and far from Holden's hand!

Navajo Jim checked his horse, but "On!" roared the young foreman, and

on the obedient Indian spurred after the wild steer and the flying saddle. The great steer seemed scarcely to feel the 50-pound drag of the bumping saddle. Yet it tightened the rope about loin and flanks, and by making it harder for him to breathe so lessened his speed that Jim easily kept him in sight. Through yielding brush and swaying thicket, through bunches of frightened cattle that split to let him pass and came stringing after, bucking and bawling in sympathy, the brute plunged on.

Each bawling bunch in turn was distanced. The brushy slopes broke away. As the mesa, sprinkled with pinons, began to offer to Jim smooth spaces for handling his horse, he unbuckled the strap that held the coil of his rope, but still, as every leap of the steer took him the nearer to the corral, the wise Indian only held the rawhide ringed ready in his hand.

Down the rapidly narrowing tongue of the mesa—the mesa which tipped precipitously out into the river-gorge and was bounded on either side by an abyss—the trapped steer sped. He must soon be at a standstill or at tempt to return on his tracks.

The Indian's eyes had already kindled with anticipation of triumph, when at the last of the pinons the bumping, hurtling saddle caught fast between projecting roots. It scarcely checked the steer! Holden's cable tore loose from the saddle-horn, and its slackened loop was speedily kicked from the steer's high-plunging haunches. Once more the great gray brute was free.

"Ah, he on the push now!" said Jim and looked to his loop as the steer reversed his big body, gave a high, writhing leap over the spurred rope, confronted the herder with the threatening crescent of his sharp horns and plunged forward to the combat.

The Navajo lifted his horse aside with the spurs, swung the loop open in his right hand and rose, half turned in the stirrups, in a quick underthrow for the front hoofs of the steer as he lunged by.

Jim's eyes saw, for an instant, lowered horns and uplifted hoofs mingled together, and his throw was true. But so quick was the play of the ponderous feet that the loop caught one fore leg only and passed over the face and hung across the horns.

The loop, drawn tight by the roper's instantaneous jerk and kept from slackening by his nimble horse, bound horn and hoof together. Now the steer was in sad plight. With head drawn sidewise, with tongue lolling from open jaws, bellowing, he surged on three legs, but his spirit was unbroken.

The roper slowed his horse to the strain. From horn to cantle the saddle creaked as, tramping and tugging in a wild, wide waltz, straining horse and hauling steer made the mad circuit of the precipices.

The Navajo, active in the saddle with rein, spur and rope, was in spite of his efforts, dragged past the break where the trail ran down the slope. His horse, always straining desperately, was tugged on and on until he circled along the perilous porphyry brink, and Jim glanced longingly from the saddle on the corral, seemingly almost directly beneath him, its great square shrunk to the measure of his saddle-blanket.

Holden, pounding down bareback on the blue roan, had stopped to gather up his rope, but now Jim heard his encouraging shout. The quickened tramp of his rushing horse, the whirring of his big rope as he swung it aloft, sounded close at hand, and the sweating roper relaxed his strain.

The steer, alert to the slack, jerked his hoof from the loop. Heedless of the cutting rope, instantly tightened across face and frontlet, his stately head was lifted, and he stood, wild-eyed, quivering, cornered, caught but not conquered. He was on four legs again. Conquered? Never! With resistless pull on the rope, he wheeled and broke for escape across the cliff that rises, red-banded, above the corral.

"Stay with him, Jim!" roared the young foreman, swinging his rope, sure the steer would stop at the edge.

Stay with him? It meant death surely. Already under the plunging front hoofs of the desperate rebel the porphyry rim crumbled. Jim's obedience did not falter, although he was fairly staring down on the corral. How would the falling feel?

The Indian had a swift picture of it—the steer lowest in the air on the taut lariat, horse and man whirling after—but Navajo Jim set his savage jaws. No foreman should dare him to stay with a roped beast! He would not look on the faces of white ropers sneering. He was hired body and soul—he was obedient—he would stay.

Holden, for this mad second, watched incredulously. The steer would not go over—surely not. What? Straight on! And Jim! Was the man also crazy? Then the Navajo heard once more his master's voice.

"For God's sake, Jim—let go! C'heavens!"

Jim obeyed. He flung loose the rope, but on his horse staggered. And the black length of the lariat was still whipping out with the defiant horned head that pitched off into space where the agile horse saved himself and his rider on the very brink.

Holden dropped his useless rope as the Navajo, skimming the porphyry edge like a swallow, rode back and stared into the eyes of the white man.

"He was brave, that steer," said Jim, with a queer choke in his throat. "He saved himself from the stock pens."

Holden held out his hand and grasped the Indian's. "You beat my time, Jim," was all he said, but some thing in the tone called a new pride into the Navajo's stern face.—Frank Oa'ling, in Youth's Companion.

THE MOVING SPIRIT.

It was Uncle Sam as did it. It was Uncle Sam as raised The boys in blue unflinchin', where the cannon fiercely blazed; The boys that's ever ready when there's duty to be done. No matter if it's on the quarter-deck or by a gun; Whose loyalty and courage kin outlast the fiercest fray; The boys to whom the world's takin' off its hat today.

"Twas Uncle Sam as did the things which proudly we review, An' his faithful sons kin trust him to be just an' generous, too. It ain't the first time he's been out a victory to win, And in A. D. 20,000 he kin do the same agin. It'll be the grand old story of men joined in strength and will Marchin' up the path of glory, Uncle Sam a-leadin' still. —Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

Zim—So he laughed at your advice?  
Zom—Yes. My advice was to grin and bear it.

Ned—She has a fascinating quiver in her voice. Ted—Yes, and she uses it to hold her beau.

Zim—Strange how people will wish for eternal youth. Zam—Yes, and how they do kick when they reach second childhood.

Watkins—I told Ethel last night if she laughed again I'd kiss her. Woolens—Well, what about it? Watkins—She had hysterics.

Bigge—I say, old chap, here is a check of yours. I wish you'd just cash it for me. Jigge—Er—certainly er—will you indorse it?

Patient—You seem very anxious to perform the operation, doctor. Doctor—Yes; it is an operation that I have never yet performed.

Ada—No; Priscilla will never marry unless she finds her ideal. Ida—What sort of a man is her ideal? Ada—A man who will propose.

"Who is the man of the hour, mamma?" "Your father, Dickie; he always says that he'll get up in a minute, and then stays in bed sixty."

The Sire—And do you think you can make my daughter happy? Would-be Son-in-Law—Confident of it, sir! I am full of faults she can nag me about.

Mother—If I give you this piece of cake, will you try to be a good little girl? Gladys—Yes; and I will try to be gooder if you will give me two pieces.

Mrs. Nagley—Two-thirds of the scolding wives are caused by your men's clubs. Mr. Nagley—No, my dear. The clubs are caused by the scolding wives.

Johnny had been playing around the piano and had had a fall. "What are you bawling about?" asked Bertie, contemptuously. "It was the soft pedal your head hit."

"They tell me your wife is a particularly fine housekeeper." "Excruciatingly so. I've seen that woman sprinkle the clock with insect powder to get rid of the ticks."

Commissioner (to civil service applicants for places in the custom house)—When was the diamond duty most burdensome? Bright Candidate—Just before my marriage, sir.

Arrows—Hullo, old chap! Congratulations. I hear you have married a lady with an independent fortune. Borrows—No; I married a fortune with an independent lady.

Mr. Bunting—Young Grimshy is going to marry old Miss Broadakers. Mrs. Bunting (astonished)—For the land's sake! Mr. Bunting—Partly, and partly for her bank account.

Doctor (angrily)—You put in something that wasn't ordered in the prescription, and now the patient is quite well. Drug Clerk—Well, then, write your prescriptions so they can be read.

Hogarth—It's queer that these artists sign their pictures so wretchedly that no one can read the names. Rubens—Not so queer when you consider what the people say about the paintings.

Young Bride (pouting)—Here we have been married only two days, Clarence, and you're scolding me already. Husband—I know, my dear; but just think how long I have been waiting for the chance.

Indians Not Keen Sighted.

It is a deeply rooted conviction, dating from our boyhood's reading of Fenimore Cooper, Mayne Reid, Gustav Aimard, and other authors who familiarized us with the red man, that the noble savage had a keenness of vision such as no pale-face could ever reach. And now comes Dr. Kanke of Munich, who has been submitting the eye-sight of several Indian braves to scientific examination, to upset this theory. He comes to the conclusion that the alleged keenness of vision of the redskin is a sheer delusion. They see no further and no more distinctly than does the average citizen of London or Berlin. But they possess the advantage of having been trained from infancy to observe with concentrated attention the objects around them, and to draw deductions rapidly from this survey for the purposes of war or the chase. Dr. Kanke says that with similar life-long practice almost every European could acquire the same faculty.—London Chronicle.

Where Mahogany Comes From.

Mahogany, the wood of a tree known to naturalists by the name of Swietenia Mahogany, is found principally on the coast of Honduras, and around the bay of Campechy. Cuba and San Domingo also yield mahogany, which is of a finer quality than the found in the first mentioned localities. The former is usually called bay wood, while the name of Spanish wood is applied to the latter.