Spain ought to be considered pretty good authority now on submarine boats.

Many of the tragedies of war pale before the tribulations and despairing experiences of the peaceful Klondike gold seekers.

The London Statist, a paper of the highest authority on financial subjects, forecasts the American business future as one of unbounded prosperity.

That Edgar Allan Poe can boast in Russia many more admirers and friends than he can claim in America, is the curious statement of M. Constantine Balmont, a Russian writer.

It is stated that the merchandise carried by rail in the United States is double the amount of land carriage of all the other nations of the earth combined. This means that the 70,000,000 people of the United States transport twice as much merchandise as the remaining 1,400,000,000 of mankind.

New York is far ahead of all the other states in the amount of money in savings banks, its banks holding on the first day of this year $718,176,889. Massachusetts follows, with 453,220,257, and then comes Connecticut, with $149,496,556, and California, with $127,929,281. The figures of savings deposits of all the New England states speaks volumes for Yankee industry, economy and thrift. Thus, the minute state of Rhode Island has $68,683,698; Maine, $57,476,896; New Hampshire, $49,493,056, and Vermont, $32,600,627.

The record of the torpedoboat Porter is remarkable. Although not intended for sea service, she was kept at sea for three months and weathered the storms with the best of them. Although not intended for long range fighting, she took part in the bombardment of San Juan de Porto Rico. But if her record marks the utmost of achievement of torpedoboat efficiency it also marks the limitations of this arm of the service. On neither side has the torpedoboat done any harm to the enemy, and a single, well-directed shot at the Porter would have disposed of her as effectively as the Spanish torpedoboat destroyers were disposed of off Santiago, before they could get within double their torpedo range of our ships.

So far Southern manufacturers of cotton have been mainly confined to the coarser yarns and ruder fabrics, but in this they have made astonishingly rapid progress. To take the example of a single state, North Carolina had in 1886 eighty cotton mills; in 1897 it had 1010. In the first named year it had 4071 looms, with 199,433 spindles; in the latter, 24,517 looms and 1,044,385 spindles. Some of the other cotton-growing states are not far behind, and with abundant water-power, cheap coal and extremely cheap labor the development of the business there is certain to continue and to display results as surprising as the last decade has shown. By and by the mills there will be able to do finer work, and some time — who knows? they may control the markets of the world with their home-grown and home-woven fabrics, thinks the New York Tribune.

One result of the war with Spain will be to enhance the value of American citizenship in the eyes of the world, predicts the New York Mail and Express. Hereafter the American flag and the American citizen will be respected abroad as they have never been before. Among all but the best educated and most traveled classes we have always had the reputation of being a nation of shopkeepers, shrewd, boastful, vulgar, but of little account outside of commercial transactions. They know better now. The extraordinary, almost miraculous, successes of our navy riveted the eyes of the world in admiration or in fear. The rapidity with which we have evolved an army of a quarter million of men from a state of unpreparedness has also impressed the nations, while the brave, fierce fighting of our raw levies before Santiago has been officially reported to every great power of Europe in words of unstinted praise. With the news of the terrible effectiveness of our army and navy have gone also the reports of the ease with which a great government loan has been placed in sums less than $5000, with five times the amount of the desired loan offered, but not accepted. More than all, the nations have been impressed with our magnanimity and the generous treatment of our prisoners. The American citizen will hereafter, when traveling abroad, be treated with a degree of courtesy and respect that he has never known before.

Dewey has called for 60,000 pounds of soap. A new hardship of war for the Filipinos!

The bonded debt of Hawaii, June 30, 1897, was $3,337,000. In addition there was due to depositors in postal savings banks $782,000.

The Texas State Horticultural society has catalogued 201 varieties of peaches grown in the Lone Star state and has given a distinct name to every one of them.

About $2,000,000 worth of nuts, oranges, raisins and wines have been hitherto imported annually from Spain. The trade this year will be supplied by the people of California and Florida.

South America is still the chief source of the supply of rubber, but the development of the exports of that article from the Congo indicate that in future Africa may be depended upon to furnish a large quantity. In 1893 the customhouse authorities of the Belgian Congo noted the exportation of 532,742 pounds of rubber; in 1897 the exports had increased to 3,665,548. At this rate of increase the Para district of Brazil will soon have its exports matched by the new rival.

The long-advertised German commercial war has begun, and it takes the form of an invasion. A company of German steel manufacturers has concluded that the best way to compete with us is to become one of us, and has begun the construction of a great plant near Chicago. For its sake we hope the Kaiser will not shut its product out of Germany. We can stand this sort of a war splendidly, says the New York Tribune. A great many Germans have invaded this country before now, and we like them.

More than half of the early heroes of America are represented in the navy today. There are four generations of Selfridges, one Bainbridge, a Stevens, a Preble, a Truxtun, three Porters, three Perrys, six Rodgerses, and in looking over the list of American naval officers farther back it is surprising to observe how many of them bear famous naval names by inheritance. The service appears to be a congenial one, though it is comparatively one of the poorest paid among the naval powers of the world. Heroism is evidently its own reward, since sons are ambitious to follow their fathers, and are indeed encouraged by the latter to enter the service.

It will require a thousand millions of dollars to measure the increase in the farmers' receipts for last year's produce over the values that prevailed in 1895. The total return for staple crops alone for this season is estimated at $100,000,000 more than was received last year. The wheat exported from the United States during the past twelve months sold for about as much as the whole crop was worth in either 1893, 1894 or 1895. These statistics tell the story of the farmer's share of the prosperity of our greatest commercial year. As a result of investigations covering the entire Union and running back as far as 1893 the Orange Judd Farmer forecasts "an industrial activity quite unparalleled, with quick markets at home and abroad for the surplus of American farms."

The Manufacturer of London, Eng., comments on the exports of carriages and cars from the United States to the United Kingdom, which in 1897, was valued at more than twice as much as in 1887. The Manufacturer states that one of the reasons of this increase is that the United States have a fundamental advantage in their splendid supply of lumber, and that American manufacturers have also the advantage of the brains of every nationality of Europe. "In their workshops," the journal continues, "may be seen smiths from France and Sweden, trimmers from Germany, carvers from Italy, and general artisans from England. The wages are said to be treble those paid abroad. Americans are famed for their wheel making, in which they employ second growth hickory." The article quoted also states that there are already several London depots for the sale of American-made vehicles, and there is plenty of trade for American manufacturers, but the needs and tastes of the people must, of course, be taken into account. A couple of years ago a firm of American carriage makers shipped 1800 carriages to Germany "in the white," i. e., ready for painting, and all in one year. What is possible in Germany, adds the Manufacturer, is equally so in other European countries, even more in England, where there are no tariff hindrances.

THE ROUGH RIDERS.

From where the chaparrals uplift
O'er Texan sea of grass;
From Arizona canoned rift,
And Colorado pass;
From Boston elm and classic shade,
And Gotham masque and ball,
We've gathered, by one motive swayed—
Rough Riders are we all.

We ken the ways of man and beast—
We've faced the prairie Death,
We've watched the buzzards at their feast,
We've felt the Norther's breath;
We know the realms of belles and beaux
And Fashion's gay command—
Our view lies from Delmonico's
Clear to the Rio Grande.

But now, unchecked, the cattle whirl
In headlong, wild stampede;
And Beauty's banner may unfurl
In vain. We give no heed.
We've changed the ranch and city charms
For Cuban thatch and palm.
The jarring roll of hostile arms
Our pæan is and psalm.

In strangely differing clime and place
Our names and paths appear.
For many a college knows our face,
And many a branded steer.
But, lo! one blood you find us, when
There sounds Columbia's call.
We spring to answer it, like men—
Rough Riders are we all.

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

MY ESCAPE.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

As "Semana Santa," or Holy Week, had arrived, with the prospect of several holidays in succession, the Anglo-American residents of Manila had deserted the city. They went out to live in the surrounding country, partly for pleasure and partly because no vehicle would be allowed in the streets during two days of the week, so that anyone remaining in town would be virtually a prisoner in his house or at the club.

Some of the migrants had gone up the Pasig river to the lake at its source and some to explore the wonderful caves in the great southern volcanic range; but I, with half a dozen others, had chartered a big steam-launch, loaded her with a camping outfit and native servants and steamed across the bay and up the coast. We were going to the wild north country of Luzon in search of deer and wild pig.

We landed with our paraphernalia on the beach at our destination; ordered the launch to return on the following Monday and began to shift for ourselves in a country as wild as it was when Magellan and Bilboa cruised among the islands. It swarmed with little Negritos, or aboriginal natives whom the Spanish conquerors have vainly tried for three centuries to subdue and civilize.

These Negritos wander about the vast forests in small bands, sleeping one night under a few propped-up boughs and the next, perhaps, among the limestone rocks and caves of the shore. Their language consists of a few bird-like chirps and whistles. Their weapons are bows and arrows and queer swords or knives, which they can wield with terrible effect.

They are cowardly and treacherous to the last degree. We had been especially warned against wandering singly in the jungle, for a solitary hunter would be apt to find himself suddenly bristling with arrows, shot from behind every tree and rock around him. "This," said the grave old half-breed huntsman, who had given us these particulars, "would be excessively disagreeable for your graces"—and our graces agreed with the opinion.

We accordingly took exceeding good care to keep together during the first two or three days, but as no signs of blacks appeared we became less careful and occasionally made individual expeditions along the shore or into the forest in quest of jungle-fowl or other small game.

Now a species of huge lizard—the iguana — inhabits the rocks of the islands, and I was very anxious to secure a specimen. So one afternoon I started off with a rifle to stroll along the shore toward a mass of jagged rocks where the beach ended. There a great bluff rose gradually from the woods, terminating in a mighty spur high in the air and far out at sea.

I soon discovered that I was accompanied by Pete, a small fox-terrier, who belonged to one of the men and had been brought with us for some unknown reason, for so far he had been nothing better than a general nuisance. However, as Pete and I were good friends, he trotted along beside me until we arrived at the rocks.

I had little hope of finding an iguana there and was wondering whether it was worth while to go any farther when Pete gave a yelp and dashed forward. In a moment more I saw a big iguana flashing in and out among the rocks like lightning, with Pete scrambling and dipping in pursuit. As it was hopeless to try a shot while the lizard was dodging about I ran after Pete, shouting to him.

But Pete, a perverse brute at all times, having now an exciting and unique adventure in prospect, scrambled obstinately on, until he and the iguana both disappeared in the low bushes and grass that covered the base of the cliff.

Having fought my way through these, with wrath in my heart against the dog, I emerged beyond and saw the great lizard gliding up the side of the bluff on a zigzag path probably made by the black men. Pete, a very bad second, was pluckily toiling after the same.

I fired a despairing shot and missed, but the bullet must have "gipped" pretty close to Pete's head. He stopped—probably glad of an excuse to do so—looked back inquiringly and then obligingly waited for me to come up, while the iguana vanished aloft. I felt angry enough to have wrung the dog's neck, but restrained myself and after administering a cuff or two told him emphatically to go home.

He only went back a few steps, then sat down defiantly and cocked one ear at me in a derisive and exasperating manner. When I went on again he came gaily trotting after, ready to dash past me should more iguanas heave in sight. Then I threw a stick at him, which he promptly chased, captured and brought back to me.

Finally I made a leash of my necktie and handkerchief and thus restrained his ardor while I climbed up the rough and steep path. I was determined to get the iguana if possible.

We wound our way among big rocks and clumps of bushes and at last reached the top, a few yards from the great spur. Here the bluff was some twelve yards across. As it sloped gradually back toward the mainland it grew wider and was covered only with stiff, dry grass, till its base was lost in the forest.

The iguana had made good use of his time and was not in sight, so I sat down on the summit to cool off and relieved my feelings by inventing approriate phrases and applying them to Pete. Then I glanced around at the view, which was superb, with the sun setting in indescribable glory over the calm China sea.

In the glow I could see a steamer, which I knew must be the mail-steamer from Hongkong, probably bringing me letters and Easter remembrances from friends in far-away America. Suddenly the dog jumped up and said "Woof!" I muzzled him with one hand and reached for the rifle with the other, with visions of iguanas before me, but none appeared. Pete wriggled himself loose and "woofed" again, cocking his ears toward the forest at the base of the bluff. I turned my head and listened.

Now I could faintly hear the thumping roll of galloping horses, mingled with the crashing of breaking bush. As I stood up and stared a pony appeared, bursting out of the jungle, followed by another and still another. Almost before I realized what they were, full 20 of them had come tearing out of the woods and were charging up the slope toward me.

In the forest wander hordes of these native ponies, discarded as old or useless by their owners, who, as a rule, are too indolent to dispose of them otherwise. We had encountered them while hunting, but I had never seen so many together and was wondering what could have caused such a stampede when, just as the last one appeared, I saw a small, black, monkey-like creature dash out after him, followed by a score of others, driving the terrified animals up the hill with shrill whistles and shrieks.

"Negritos!" I thought, remembering what we had been told about their sometimes driving a crowd of these wandering ponies over some precipice to be killed on the rocks below and thus afford their pursuers an unctuous feast of horse-flesh for many days. This was evidently what the black men were doing now.

I saw that the ponies would quickly arrive at the top and carry me over with them if something was not done promptly; so I seized Pete by the scruff of his neck and ran for the head of the side path by which I had come up; but I was just too late; the frenzied mob of scarecrows was almost upon me before I could get there.

In desperation I waved the rifle aloft with one hand and poor Pete with the other, mingling a wild shout with Pete's expostulating yells. So strange an apparition, combined with the sounds from the dog, had the effect of causing many of the drove of ponies to swerve past me, and I heard them go sliding and crashing down the other side of the bluff, while others turned sharply and ran down the path. One of these, however, lost his footing in turning so suddenly and fell headlong.

He rolled over so quickly that I had no time to get out of the way, and he struck me squarely on the ankles. Pete flew one way and the rifle another as I pitched forward on top of the kicking brute. We fell just at the head of the path, blocking the way for the last three or four ponies, who halted trembling and snorting.

As I scrambled up I caught a glimpse of the Negritos, who had stopped at the sight of me and were gazing in amazement, calling to each other with short, sharp whistles. Their great heads, covered with masses of frizzly hair, out of all proportion to their dwarfed, naked bodies, gave them a most uncanny aspect, like a crowd of gnomes. I felt as if I were the hero of some fairy tale in the power of goblins, and for an instant I experienced the same horrid, creeping sensation that one feels at the first shudder of an earthquake.

Every moment I expected a cloud of arrows to come whizzing about me, and I remember wondering whether they would be barbed or smooth; but the fierce little black men seemed too astonished to do anything but stand like statues and whistle. Yet it was certain that they would soon let fly their deadly arrows. By some instinct I grasped the pony's short, rough mane as he struggled to his feet and followed alongside the animal as he headed down the path, keeping his shoulders and forelegs between myself and the blacks. Pete had picked himself up and was close at my heels.

As we disappeared a perfect storm of whistles pierced the air. The ponies behind, frightened afresh, came crowding against my protector, who lashed out viciously and started to run down the narrow path. Seeing there was danger of being crowded over the edge, I swung on his back, holding tight to his mane, and let him take his own course.

Fortunately for me the little beast, although abnormally bony and mangy in appearance, had retained his eyesight and the wonderful sure-footedness that all Philippine ponies possess. He was evidently accustomed to a rider, for he picked his way down the rough passage at a sliding sort of trot, closely followed by the other ponies and Pete, who must have been having a precarious time of it among equine legs and hoofs.

Far ahead I could hear the clattering of the ponies that had gone down first, while over all else were the weird squeaks and piping of the savages. They must have been in close pursuit, but unable either to pass the rear ponies or to get a shot at me on account of the windings of the path. I crouched low and held on with all my might, expecting at every step to feel the blow of some barbarous missile.

Before I realized where we were I found the pony crashing through the bushes at the base, and we came on the rocks where I had first sighted the iguana. The rocks proved too much for my gallant but ancient steed, for when half-way across he slipped and pitched me off. I rose, uninjured, just in time to grasp his mane afresh and run along beside him.

The leading ponies were well ahead, and as they went pounding and thundering by the camp I saw the fellows who were lying about on the beach jump up and get out of the way. Wild was their amazement to see me tearing along the beach with ten-foot strides, hanging on to the mane of a bony and terrified horse, followed by several more "caballos" equally spectral in appearance. The villainous fox-terrier scudded along in rear of the procession, telling everybody what jolly fun he had been having. I let go the pony and tumbled into the crowd, answering their frantic demands for an explanation by pointing to the bluff and gasping "Negritos!"

The boys jumped for their guns, but there was no need of warlike preparation, for the savages had stopped just outside of the bushes on seeing the group. After gazing a moment they turned and disappeared one by one, while the last of the ponies plunged into the woods at the other end of the beach and was lost to sight.

All that night we heard the little black men signaling to each other around the camp, but saw them no more. The next day we climbed the bluff in a body and found my rifle safe and sound.

On the way back, by great good luck, I shot an iguana four feet long, which I had stuffed in Manila and afterward sent home by a sailing vessel. Its delivery, some four months later, by a horrified expressman at my family's home in a peaceful Boston suburb created a scene of consternation fully justified by its appearance.—Charles B. Howard, in Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A petrified oak has lately been dug up in Cheshire, Eng. It is said to be at least 10,000 years old.

Previous to the setting up of a clock at Hampton Court, England, in 1540, no English clock went accurately.

It is a very common sight, in the streets of Paris, France, to see baby carriages which are propelled by electricity.

A curious fact has been noted by Arctic travelers. Snow, when at a very low temperature, absorbs moisture and dries garments.

It is a strange fact that injuries to the tongue, whether of man or animal, heal more quickly than those of any other part of the system.

Large numbers of flintlock guns six feet long are made in Birmingham, Eng., at $1.50 each, and many of these weapons find a ready market in Darkest Africa.

There are several varieties of fish that cannot swim. In every instance they are deep-sea dwellers, and crawl about the rocks, using their tails and fins as legs.

Skates made of hardened glass, in various colors, are now made in England. It is said that they make it easier to get over rough places than is the case with steel skates.

The oldest piece of wrought iron in existence is believed to be a roughly-fashioned sickle blade found in Egypt. It is now in the British Museum, and it is believed to be nearly 4000 years old.

According to a New Yorker who recently returned from Rome a prominent Italian newspaper gravely announced that General George Washington would take command of the American army in Cuba.

Thin bamboo tubes are fastened to carrier pigeons in China, to protect them from birds of prey. When the bird is in motion, the action of the air through the tubes causes a whistling sound, which alarms predaceous birds, and keeps them at a respectful distance.

A Water Monster.

Recently the largest whaleback vessel ever constructed was launched at West Superior, Wis. It is 430 feet long and is one of the largest freight carriers in the world. The "whale back" is a comparatively new type of boat, built expressly to ride easily in rough seas. The main part or steel hull of the vessel is shaped like a fat cigar, and with a concave upper portion over which the waves may dash without causing inconvenience. As a result the whaleback steamer can plow through heavy seas that would seriously interfere with the progress of an ordinary vessel.

HE DID HIS BEST.

One O'Neal, my next-door neighbor,
Irish born, but Yankee bred,
Has the U. S. fever in him
From his shoe soles to his head.
And though barred from fighting, being
Crippled by an accident,
To excess of patriot ardor
He unceasingly is bent.

He has cheered our Cuban struggle
With enthusiastic vim,
Not a hero has arisen
But has won a shout from him;
On his heart he has recorded
Name of every gallant son
That in cause of dear Old Glory
Has the crown of valor won.

Daily he would sound their praises
To the ever-listening wind,
'Till a chance to make his homage
More enduring he did find;
Destiny a son did bring him,
Him he named with ardent zeal—
Dewey Lee Schley Hobson Sampson
Bagley Capron Blue O'Neal.

--Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

HUMOROUS.

Bings—That girl has a beauty spot on her face. Bungs—Sort of oasis, isn't it?

Fosdick—Tenspot thinks that he is one of the big guns. Keedick—He is one of the smooth bores.

He—If I should embrace you would you call for help? She—If you really thought you needed it.

Prospective Litigant—You give legal advice here, don't you? Lawyer (absent-mindedly)—No, we sell it.

He (indignantly)—I hope I know my own mind. She (sweetly)—Yes! You surely ought to know as much as that!

"Who was the best advertised sea captain?" "Why, Noah. His method of advertising flooded the country."

Bill—Did you ever try any of Small's twenty-five cent dinners? Jill—Yes; I ate three of them today at noon.

"Does your husband say grace at the table?" "No; he returns thanks for safe preservation from the last meal."

Sergeant—The enemy flies! Captain—That won't do them any good; our army is mostly made up of expert wing-shots.

Lodginghouse Clerk — Bed with bath, fifteen cents. Watkins—I guess I'd rather pay a little more an' not take the bath.

Little Barbara, on seeing a dish of lemon jelly placed on the table, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, see how nervous that jelly is!"

"Doctor, why do you advise me to do so much walking in hot weather?" "I thought if you saved car fare you might pay it on my bills."

Friend—Are you superstitious? Do you believe in signs? Successful Merchant—No; newspaper advertisements are better—and cheaper.

"Of course," observed the thin cyclist, "water won't run up hill." "Well," replied the fat cyclist, who was still puffing and blowing, "I don't blame it."

She—I like this place immensely since they have had the new French chef. He (weak in his French but generous to a fault)—Waitah, bring chef for two.

Amiable Professor (to his servant)—For three weeks I have reminded you every day to buy me a notebook. Henceforth I shall remind you of it only once a week.

Miss DeFashion—You are wanted at the telephone. Mrs. DeFashion—Oh, dear! I presume it's Mrs. DeStyle to return my telephone call. I hope she won't talk long.

Junior Partner—Do you think the new office-boy is trustworthy? Senior Partner—I'm sure of it. I've noticed that when he hasn't anything to do he never pretends to be busy.

"This check is wrong. My beef is down for fifty cents, when the bill of fare says forty." "You ordered it rare, sir." "Well, what if I did?" "You've got to pay for rareties, sir."

Jill—You puckered up your lips so then that I thought you were going to kiss me. Jack—No, I got some sand in my mouth. Jill—Well, for heaven's sake swallow it! You need it in your system.

Miss Cordelia Summers (upon presentation of some flowers by young pupils) — Yes, children, this is my birthday. You see I am getting old—very, very old! Children (enthusiastically)—Yes, ma'am.

"That," said Maud, as the distinguished stranger entered the room, "is the Victoria Cross." "Is it?" inquired Mamie in a tone of great interest. "How many century runs must you make to get one?"

How Lincoln Saved Thirty Dollars.

Still another story of Lincoln, illustrating his respect for his wife's judgment: While Lincoln was practising law in Springfield, the fire-hose company, desiring to buy some new apparatus, sent out subscription papers, and our youthful collector called upon the future president. He was closely examined on the purpose of the subscription, and finally Lincoln agreed to subscribe in this fashion: "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go home to supper—Mrs. Lincoln is generally good-natured after supper—and then I'll tell her I've been thinking of giving $50 to the brigade, and she'll say: 'Abe, you will never have any sense? Twenty dollars is quite enough.' So tomorrow, my boy, you come around and get your $20."

An Automatic Restaurant.

A French journal announces that the inventive genius of the American has produced an automatic restaurant. The food is all spread on a counter in courses, and the customer is seated on a sort of strap which, worked by steam, moves him along from course to course.