

While the British lion is waiting to have the powers twist its tail, apparently just yet that is not the end they are seeking.

A Colorado millionaire celebrated his birthday by giving a \$5000 banquet to the poor of Denver. He's the sort of man who deserves to be born again.

The Anarchist who killed the Austrian empress says his doctrine is that no one who doesn't work should be allowed to live. This would carry a pretty general death sentence to his tribe.

Princeton defeated Yale in football this season by one brilliant play. It was not the kind of defeat college men enjoy; if they must be beaten they would rather be overcome by conventional football. In some quarters the victory will undoubtedly be called a fluke, but it was not a fluke, it was a chance—a chance in a thousand—instantly seized and turned to most brilliant account. In general the two teams were evenly matched, Yale being better ground-gainers, Princeton being better at punting. Poe seized the one opportunity that offered and won the victory. In football as in war, that is genius.

Marseilles is the best market in the world for American cottonseed oil. The demand has jumped from 11,887 barrels in 1888 to 237,897 barrels in 1897, and will go far over the latter figure in 1898. The failure in the peanut crop in India and elsewhere for several years is responsible in the first place for the demand for cotton oil, which displaces vast quantities of peanut oil in the soapmaking and other industries. The American oil has dealt a terrible blow to the crushers of oleaginous seeds in France, and they are now trying to secure a restrictive tariff, which the soapmakers, in their turn do not want.

The London Lancet says in regard to the work of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children: "If we take the record for last August alone we find that it contains 2141 cases of proved cruelty. The great majority of these appear under the heading of 'Neglect and Starvation,' though nearly 400 are instances of direct ill-treatment and assault. In other words, vice and poverty are the most fruitful sources of domestic tyranny. The method of treatment adopted by the society is commendably judicious. Though armed with the power of a punitive law, a preference is given wherever possible to less heroic measures. Of the 2141 cases referred to 1675 were dismissed with a warning, but it is noteworthy that out of 258 prosecutions there were 248 convictions.

General Wheeler is old but full of ideas, and his plan for higher education among Cubans is excellent, observes the New York Commercial Advertiser. He proposes, in brief, that each American college give free tuition to a few Cuban youth. The colleges are doing well in agreeing to General Wheeler's plan, and it will be a good thing for Cuba. Wealthy Cubans have sent their sons here to be educated nearly as often as to Europe, but now the wealthy class are embarrassed, and the middle class are poor. No doubt many Cuban youth who would otherwise be prevented by poverty from coming here for education will be able to come under this plan. Anything to spread American ideas, the English language, and acquaintance with scientific and mechanical progress among the Cuban people will be salutary. The closer connection there is between Cuba and the United States the better for the Cubans and for civilization.

The government commission on tuberculosis in England has issued its report, which is strongly in favor of public slaughter houses in all cities and towns. There is no question that the private slaughter house is a relic of days when sanitation and preventive medicine were unknown factors in life. That in England, as here, custom and usage have maintained them so long is discreditable. However, as the facts as to the spread of disease became more clearly apprehended, and as the need of warding off tuberculosis infection is seen in its true light, the demand for the abolishment of private slaughter houses will become more insistent. Clean, well-appointed public slaughter houses, where inspection will be more than perfunctory, are civic necessities not luxuries, and no municipality can consider that it has solved sanitation until it has absolute control of its slaughter houses. And this it cannot have unless the public slaughter house be substituted for the private establishment.

Maine packed about 600,000 cases of sardines this season. Possibly a few small herring may have got in among them here and there.

A new manufacturing company of New Jersey announces that it is going to manufacture a preparation which a man can put on his face and remove his beard without the aid of a razor. The company is capitalized for \$200,000.

A rule has been adopted in New York forbidding the employment of married women as teachers in the public schools. The married women may be able to stand such a discrimination, but the blow will fall heavily upon some of the married men.

A Canadian paper has a cartoon on the "unwanted activity" of England just now. Uncle Sam, smoking a "Manila" cigar, says to John Bull, striding along in sailor clothes, with a gun on his shoulder: "What you goin' a gunnin', John?" and John answers: "Blest if I quite knows yet, Sammy. Maybe h'over to France, h'eagle 'unting and then h'again maybe h'over to Roosher, bear 'untin' y'know."

A student of Spanish annals has added an interesting chapter to the history of prices by revealing from the archives of the Escorial what it cost to discover the New World. The stipends of the discoverers, at all events, did not amount to much. The pay of an able seaman was only, it seems, \$2 a month, while a captain drew only \$16 a month. As for Christopher Columbus himself, his earnings were at the rate of \$320 per annum. Even in Spain salaries have risen since those days.

The United States of Central America—Salvador, Nicaragua and Honduras—start business as a federated republic with the usual grandiose anticipations and performances. We wish them well, says the Philadelphia Record. Under the managing hand of a man like President Diaz of Mexico, who is practically a king masquerading as an elective official, the new states might be glued together by something more substantial than wittened agreements. But there is nothing in the past history of the Central American states to justify hopes for the future of settled government.

How much reverence have we? Some years ago at an auction in Edinburgh two bones announced to have formed a part of Robert Bruce's anatomy, fetched \$20, and one of the vertebrae of William the Conqueror sold for \$22.50. What is called "a most interesting relic" was put under the hammer at London. It was a man's garment made of blue silk and stained with blood. To this gory raiment there was a document attached, duly certified, which declared that it was worn by Charles I when on the scaffold, and became the property of Dr. Juxon, who attended the king during his last moments. The history of this garment is then traced through numerous possessors up to today.

The London Times says: "A good story of the 'things one would rather have expressed differently' type is being whispered about Gloucester. Some 'crank' has been writing to the local papers complaining that during the festival he is not admitted to the cathedral free, that being a place of worship. The 'crank' turned up at the cathedral the other day and was told he could not be admitted without a ticket. 'Do you mean to tell me,' he excitedly argued, 'that I shall require a ticket to enter the kingdom of heaven?' 'Well, no,' explained the polite steward, 'but you won't hear Mme Albani in heaven.' And then, when the enormity of his remark dawned upon him, that steward turned and fled."

One of the latest inventions is said to be a fog dispeller, an apparatus consisting of a horizontal outlooke-pipe, some eight feet in length and eight feet in diameter, into which enters a tube from below, connecting with a blower deep down in a steamship's interior. This blower sends a powerful stream of air into the tube, the current of air, so to speak, boring a hole through the fog, and inducing a cone of clear atmosphere with its apex at the mouth of the tube. By the aid of this apparatus a pilot who stands with his eye at the glass at the rear of the tube, can, it is claimed, pick up his buoys and look out for other vessels ahead. The inventor hopes eventually to make the fog-dispeller effective at a range of a thousand feet. Certainly any apparatus or agency capable of dissipating fogs at sea or on land, whether the mists be physical, mental, or spiritual, would be a boon to mankind.

DEATH'S FERRYMAN.

I am a ferryman, old and gray,
And the river is deep and wide;
And who's or crosses by night or by day
Can never return, but forever and aye
Must remain on the other side.

The waters are cold, and the current is swift,
And the mists hang heavy and chill;
And backward and forward they slowly drift,
With never a break, and they never lift,
Though they seem to be never still.

The heavens are dark, and the course is long,
But my boat is staunch and true;
And the waves are rough, but my arm is strong,
And safely I ferry the ghostly throng
To the shore mist-hidden from view.

All are equal who cross with me,
Beggard and millionaire;
Vassal and king and bond and free,
Peasant and noble of high degree,
The maid and her lady fair.

The weary toiler who longs for rest,
Brave youth and manhood proud;
The erring one with his sins confessed,
The sinless babe on the mother's breast
And the mother with sorrow bowed.

Some on their journey set forth alone,
With trembling and anxious fears;
Some amid wailing, with sob and moan,
And prayers that their lives had never
And heartbreak and bitter tears.

Man brought naught into the world save death,
And naught can he take away;
Naked was he when he first drew breath,
And naked will be when he goes with Death
On his silent, mysterious way.

So all are equal when Death sets free,
To cross to the distant strand;
The king and vassal and bond and free,
Whether of lowly or high degree,
Must all cross the river of Death with me
To enter that unknown land.

—Dr. John A. Gilbert, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

EL CANEY'S ROMANCE.

BY FRANCIS KIMBALL.

When the colonel of the—th cavalry summoned Captain Burden to regimental headquarters, some one at the officers' mess asked who he was, anyway, that the "old man" had picked him from among a dozen old campaigners for a consultation.

"Nep—, or something, to a senator," growled a grizzled lieutenant, who had seen 20 years of service and was jealous of the—th's reputation.

"Fresh from a desk in the war department, but all-fired anxious to smell Dago powder."

"Ought to join the rough riders," added another; "they'll be in the fight tomorrow; th—'s too full already, and here's the old man asking him to supper before he's seen a week of service."

"Tut!" interposed the regimental surgeon; "Burden's not a greenhorn, and the colonel knows it. Reckon you don't know what sent him out of Washington into this fever-stricken climate; do you think a doughboy'd join the fighting—th?"

"Come," said the adjutant, locking arms with the surgeon, for he saw the latter had something on his mind, and he, too, was curious about Captain Burden. "Let's go outside and leave the fellows to their growling;" then, when they had passed beyond the confines of the mess tent, "What was it, Johnson? The chap's no coward, and he interests me."

"Well," said the surgeon, soberly, "it isn't my business, but I don't mind telling you; I've a cousin in the war department, a chum of Burden's, and he wrote me to keep an eye on him. It was hard luck drove him out of Washington."

"Humph!" growled the adjutant, sarcastically, "small pay and—"

"No," broke in the surgeon, "Burden has an income and—"

"Then what the deuce? Why didn't he stay in Washington and leave us poor fellows to do the fighting?"

"If you'd been in Washington it wouldn't take much guessing," replied the surgeon, "for if you'd been there you'd have known Miss R—, and she played Burden to throw him over for a doughboy, so all Washington was on to it and felt sorry for the captain and didn't wonder when he threw up a fat position in the department and petitioned the secretary for active service."

"And the doughboy," grunted the adjutant, "enlisted for all time in the new captain's behalf. Stayed in Washington with the reserves and—"

"Not much, and that's what puzzles the wise-heads up there. He enlisted in the regulars and lit out for Santiago along with Burden, though I reckon they didn't come together."

"What's his name?" asked the adjutant?

The surgeon fumbled for the letter, glancing over it by the light of a neighboring lantern. "Hardey," said he shortly, "and, by thunder, he's in the—th! What if he and Burden come together?"

In the meantime Captain Burden, unconscious of the effect the summons from the colonel had upon his brother officers, stood before the commander of the regiment at headquarters.

"Captain Burden," said the latter, noting with a practised eye the slender figure of the young officer, "you come to the—th highly recommended for coolness and courage. Tomorrow we attack El Caney; I have been ordered to call for volunteers to do a little scouting. Will you lead the party?"

"Thank you," said Burden, simply; "it will be an honor, I—"

The colonel removed his eyeglasses. "Young man," said he, seriously, "the bush is full of Spaniards; you may be killed or seriously wounded; every caution will be required."

"I will do my best, sir," replied Captain Burden; "is the start to be made at once?"

The colonel wheeled around on his camp stool. "Orderly," said he, sharply, "tell Captain Clark that I wish a volunteer of two good men from his company to undertake a dangerous errand near the enemy's lines. You will skirt the base of El Caney, making a detour to the north. It is unnecessary to say the volunteers will be under orders from you and are to be governed by your judgment."

Five minutes later the tramp of approaching men was heard, and two cavalrymen entered the commander's presence. Captain Burden, noting them critically, started; the sharp tones of the colonel rang in his ears:

"Corporal Joyce and Private Hardey, you are under orders to proceed according to Captain Burden's direction on a reconnaissance into the enemy's lines. That will do."

Burden returned the men's salute mechanically. The presence of John Hardey filled him with conflicting emotions. He had fled from Washington hoping to drown in the excitement of an aggressive campaign the sorrow which this man had brought upon him. Had it not been for Hardey—he clenched his hands until the nails bit into the flesh. "What now?" an evil spirit whispered. "He is in your power; you may order him whither you will, even to death by Spanish bullets; none will know of it, for the Cuban bush tells no tales."

The colonel wondered at the paleness upon the face of the young officer as he passed from the tent into the darkness beyond. Could he be afraid? He dismissed the thought with a laugh. Captain Burden had come to the—th with the highest recommendations from the secretary of war.

Out beyond the shelter of the camp, Burden led his men straight into the thick, prickly brush. At times he could almost feel Hardey's breath upon his face and hear the voice whispering in his ear: "To the left, to the left! He will reach the Spaniards sooner there."

Far up the height a dozen tiny lights glimmered in the darkness—the Spanish torches about the blockhouse of El Caney. To the left the faint ring of steel told the three Americans that the enemy's sentinels were wide awake, ready to fire blindly in the darkness. Captain Burden paused.

"Private Hardey," said he, so huskily he scarce recognized his own voice, "move cautiously to the left, keeping well in the shadow of the bush; the corporal and I will detour to the right, approaching the slope further on."

Hardey's hands came to a quick salute. "Very good, sir!" replied he, steadily, though he must have known he ran against the very muzzles of Spanish rifles. Then, wheeling about, he disappeared in the tangled thicket.

Captain Burden paused irresolutely, white to the very lips. "Come!" said he sharply, "to the right, corporal."

A myriad of insects buzzed about their faces, the pests of the Cuban chapparal. The corporal fumed and brushed them off, but his companion scarce noticed them; his ears were strained to catch the shots from the slope of El Caney, the fusillade which would send him back to Washington.

A minute passed—five—ten; it seemed as many hours. The heat and blackness of the brush stifled the Americans, the sharp thorns tore their clothes and lacerated their bodies. Corporal Joyce lamented the fate which had sent him to Cuba. Captain Burden moved forward as one bereft of feeling. He had become a machine, a thing devoid of sense and feeling, a human sounding board waiting to catch a rifle crack from El Caney.

Suddenly the buzz of insects, the crunching of the dry leaves and twigs under the feet of the moving men, the noise made by the passage of their bodies through the brush were drowned by the echoing report of a Mauser rifle; then another, a third and fourth and fifth. Corporal Joyce unconsciously clutched his officer's arm. "God!" he whispered, "they've riddled him, an' a braver fellow never wore a sabre."

Captain Burden staggered as though the bullets from the Mausers had pierced his body. A cry sounded in the stillness following the echo of the shots; an appeal for help, and the voice was Hardey's.

For an instant Burden wavered, then, before the corporal could restrain him, dashed through the matted chapparal to the slope of El Caney, upon whose summit danced a hundred Spanish torches awakened into life by the fire of the sentinels.

With Joyce panting at his heels, he pushed forward, drawing his revolver as he ran and shouting aloud to Hardey to answer him, that he might gain the private's side in the darkness.

Breaking through the bush, he came upon an open space unsheltered from the Spanish guns above, to stumble over Hardey, who, resting on one elbow, was keeping off five white-clothed figures with his revolver.

Perhaps the Spaniards feared an attack from the entire American army. At sight of Burden and the corporal they wavered, forgetting the Mausers in their hands, that they were five to three with one of the latter sorely crippled.

"Corporal," said Burden, sharply, noting with quick perception the confusion of the Spaniards, "to the rear with Private Hardey. I will cover you."

A flash of admiration filled the corporal's eyes. "God, sir!" he muttered, "they'll shoot you like a dog; I—"

"To the rear, sir!" shouted Captain Burden; "he's light and—"

Then, as the bulky corporal lifted the wounded cavalrman, slinging him across his shoulder like a bag of meal, Burden faced the astonished Spaniards.

"No," cried Hardey, struggling in the arms which would bear him in safety; "stop, for God's sake, corporal!" Then, in an appeal of agony: "Save yourself, Burden; she will not marry me, it's you—"

The sharp crack of the captain's revolver cut short the sentence. "Run!" he shouted; "I'll hold them off."

Four times the revolver cracked ere the Spaniards, realizing 'twas but one man who confronted them, raised their rifles.

Corporal Joyce, tearing through the chapparal, heard the whiplike crack of the dreaded Mausers, then once more the sharp report of the captain's revolver. Afterward came silence, save for the groaning of Private Hardey and the rustle of the parting branches.

On the morning of July 3, after the charge on El Caney, an orderly halted before the quarters of the fighting—th.

"A letter for Captain Burden," replied he to the sentry's query, "franked at the war department, an' from a lady. I reckon he won't want to wait for it."

The colonel pushed aside the tent flap. "Surgeon," said he, "turning to the officer who followed him, 'told that fellow Captain Burden's dead, killed in an ambulance. And, surgeon, you'd better take the letter and forward it to Washington.'"—Washington Star.

PEARLS IN MAINE WOODS.

Found in Mussels—and an Invalid Rhode Islander Makes Money Out of Them.

Henry Spears, an invalid from Pawtucket, R. I., who passes most of his time in the Maine forests, going from place to place with guides and canoes, has gathered and sold nearly \$800 worth of pearls from fresh water mussels during the past season. He went to Grindstone, states the Sun, in May soon after the lakes opened.

When he had fished for trout in Moosehead lake for a time he went across the watershed and floated down the Allegash toward New Brunswick. When beyond Chamberlain lake, and 100 miles from the nearest settlement, he had a hemorrhage which compelled the party to lay by for a month.

One day when the food supply was growing scarce Mr. Spears's guides went up stream to cut some hard wood for fuel. Coming down in the canoe and towing the wood and limbs behind them, they passed through half a mile of quick water that flowed over a stony bed, and on arriving at camp they found a large number of mussels were attached to the limbs which had rubbed against the bed of the stream.

At the request of Mr. Spears, some of these mollusks were opened and prepared for supper. Before the guides had snuck a pint they had discovered three pearls, one of which was as big as a seven shot. They found five other pearls in the shells which had come down attached to the brush.

From that time until Mr. Spears was able to travel the guides devoted their energies to pearl hunting. When Mr. Spears and his men arrived at Caribou the pearls were sent by express to Boston, and ten days later a check for \$350 was received. They visited the place again in September, and in five days had found a quantity of pearls that sold for \$430.

The mussels from which the pearls were obtained are the long, dark-colored species, which the natives call fresh water clams, but which are classified in the books on natural history as *Unio vinctus*. The Allegash river is said to contain large quantities of them. In some places the bed of the stream is paved with shells for half a mile or more. These are believed to contain many thousand dollars' worth of pearls.

It was in this fight that a shrapnel shell struck the road within ten inches of the foot of the British naval attaché, Captain Paget, and lifted five Wisconsin volunteers off their feet and knocked them down. For a moment Paget was lost to view in a cloud of dust and smoke, from which no one expected to see him reappear alive, but he strode out of it untouched, remarking, in a tone of extreme annoyance, "There was a shell in the Sudan once did exactly that same thing to me."

His tone seemed to suggest that there was a limit to any man's patience. A few minutes later a solitary tree beneath which he was sitting was struck by another shell which killed two and wounded three men. Paget, who had been in a dozen campaigns, took it all as a matter of course and assisted one of the wounded men out of the range of the bullets from the side of a steep and high hill. The sight did more to popularize the Anglo-American alliance with the soldiers than could the weightiest argument of ambassadors or statesmen.—Richard Harding Davis in Scribner's.

The Discovery of a Crannog. About a mile east of Dumbarton Rock, in the Firth of Clyde, a dwelling on piles, or crannog, has been discovered below high-water mark, some fifty yards from the low-water mark. It is 184 feet in circumference, the outer circle of piles being of oakwood, sharpened with stone axes. The transverse beams and floor are of oak, willow, elder and branches of fir, beech and hazel, with bracken (ferns), moss and chips. In the refuse heaps outside of the crannog were found the bones of stags, cows, sheep, signs of fire, many fire stones, and a whetstone or hone. Near by was a canoe thirty-seven feet long by four feet wide, hollowed from a single trunk of oak. This crannog is the first yet found in an estuary, and it evidently dates from the Stone Age; therefore, it seems earlier than others yet found in the British Isles.—Public Opinion (London).

It has been calculated that the loss from illness averages 20,000,000 weeks of work in the year, or 2 1-2 per cent. of the work done by the whole population between fifteen and sixty-five years of age.

WHEN ONE IS YOUNG.

When one is young what matters care? For youth has mirth and joy to spare. The future is a blazing fire That lights the pathway of desire, And doing's but a name for dare.

What smiling masks the grim fates wear, How amiable and debonaire! The best seems easy to acquire When one is young.

Youth is a multi-millionaire Who fattens on the best of fare: Whom all delights and naught can fret; Who treats the world as his empire. But old age sets its fatal snare When one is young. —Chicago Record.

HUMOROUS.

"And why did she choose him among so many?" "The others did not propose."

Teller—The cashier has skipped. President—I've been afraid that that fellow would get ahead of me.

"What makes you admire Miss Jessup so much?" "I tried to make love to her and she wouldn't let me."

Fond Mamma—Bobby, Bobby, whatever makes you so restless? Bobby—Having to keep still so much, I suppose.

"Don't you know me, Willie? I am your father's uncle." "Are you the man pa goes to when he's short of money?"

The Sweet Young Thing—But why should not women enter politics? The Savage Bachelor—Too many bosses there now.

Armstrong—Shortton claims to be a self-made man. Conklin—H'm, looks as if he ran out of material, doesn't he?

The tramp sat on the farmer's fence, And made a happy sigh; His life seemed full of rosy tints, For he was full of pie.

Bill—What kind of whiskers ought butchers to wear, Jack? Jack—Blowed if I know. Bill—Why, mutton chops, of course.

He told her that it was impossible to find words to tell her how much he loved her. The next day he received a present of a dictionary.

"She has such liquid tones," said the young man. "How appropriate!" said the young woman. "Her talk drowns every other sound."

First Tramp—I hear they are building a new jail with all modern improvements. Second Tramp—That won't do us no good. You'll need a pull to get in there.

"Since this percale gown supplies me with rations for two days, I suppose it is what is termed a rational costume," remarked the goat, chuckling coarsely to himself.

"Poor Maud! She was cruelly deceived when she married old Gotrox." "Didn't he have any money?" "Plenty of it; but she has learned that he is ten years younger than he said he was."

He's in his tomb, but that is not The reason why his widow frets; She wedded him for wealth, she thought, And he left behind a lot of debts.

Harry—It is enough to kill anybody the way you women kiss one another. I saw you kiss Polly Breese last evening, and I know you hate her. Harriet—Oh, well, what's a kiss? I know where I can get plenty more.

First Volunteer—I hear Bill's fell dead in love with that girl that nursed him. Second Volunteer—Right you are. He got mashed on the beautiful way she always stuck her little finger out when she fixed his bandages.

Uncle (visiting his student nephew)—Glad to see you so hard at work, my boy. What are you doing there? Nephew—Chemical experiments, uncle—combining acids with metal. By the way, do you happen to have any metal about you?

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