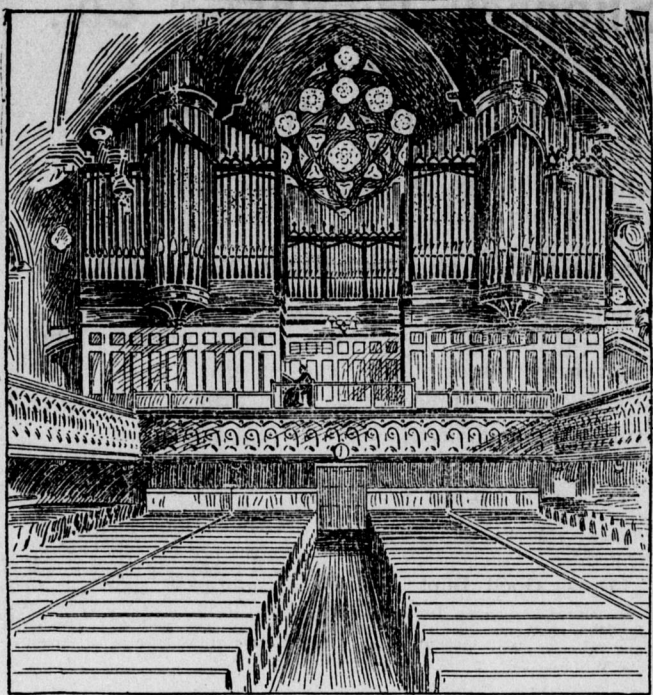


NEW YORK'S GRANDEST CHURCH ORGAN.



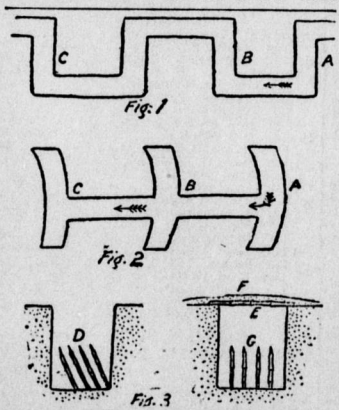
On Easter morning the Fifth Avenue Collegiate Church—the oldest church organization in New York City—heard for the first time one of the most wonderful church organs that have ever been installed in any place of worship. In fact, the instrument combines practically five organs in one, and these five organs may be operated with no greater expenditure of energy on the part of the organist than is required in playing a piano. The new organ is operated on what is known as the "tubular pneumatic process." It represents a perfect balance between the automatic and manual systems of operation. As may be imagined, a considerable amount of power is required to procure the full tones of dozens of pipes, some of them sixteen, eighteen and even thirty-two feet in size. This power is provided by an electric motor. The various instruments which make up the complete organ are the solo, the swell, the great and the choir organs. In addition to these there is an echo organ, placed in the opposite end of the church from the main instrument and operated by means of electrical connection from one of the keyboards of the latter. Some idea of the elaborate nature of the mechanism involved may be gained from the fact that more than two miles of tubing is used in forming the connections within the organ, and it has fifty-two speaking stops.

Trenches to Run From.

One of the Chief Glories of the Filipino Army—Obstructive Fighting.

Although the insurgent soldiers in the Philippine Islands have a poor reputation as marksmen, they deserve considerable credit for the extensive and elaborate trenches made by them. The hobby of a rebel general seems to be to have his men devote a large proportion of their time to designing and building trenches, from which they are ultimately driven by the Americans. It appears to be the plan of the insurgent army to erect magnificent barricades and plan the most beautiful systems of trenches, only to have them captured by the Americans at the first charge. If the native soldiers could fight one-quarter as well as they can devise and build trenches, this Filipino war would be more serious. As it is, the American troops utterly disregard the trenches of the rebels, and think nothing of charging up to and over them, scattering the natives like bees.

The writer never saw an insurgent force stand its ground in its trenches more than a few minutes after an American charge, except at the battle of Balangtang, near Iloilo, when several companies of the rebels managed to hold their position for about thirty minutes before they broke. The insurgents had occupied these trenches for nearly a year, during which time they had been constantly at work on them, putting them into the best of condition for defence. The rebel officers had all along asserted that the United States forces would be annihilated if they attacked this position. One morning the American column moved on the trenches at daybreak, and after a fight of thirty minutes the rebels were obliged to leave the trenches and run for the mountains. The fault was not with the trenches, but with the soldiers in them. The



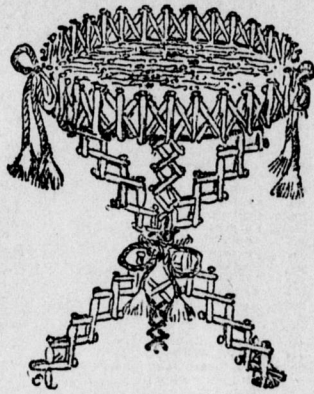
TYPES OF FILIPINO INTRENCHMENTS.

trenches were built as if a thoroughly skilled engineer had directed the work. The indications at every trench system are that the builders of the trenches always had the possibility of flight in mind. In fact, how to run is the chief consideration of the rebel soldiers, and the officers cannot get the natives to take to trenches or barricades of any sort unless complete preparations are made for flight. At Balangtang, and at almost every system of trenches used by the insurgents, there will be found series of retreating trenches, constructed on the plan shown in Figure 1. The trenches are out into the earth zigzag sometimes, and sometimes other ways, but the customary method is that presented in the cut. This mode of trenching not only gives the rebel a

covering them over with light stuff for the Americans to fall through, or they set up poisoned tips of sharpened bamboo as at D, Figure 3, hoping that some of the Americans may tumble in on these wicked points in the dark. A great number of trenches thus fitted have been located in the enemy's country, and, of course, are set fire to at once, so as to destroy the wood points and the poison. The writer has never heard of an American soldier falling on these poisoned tips, but has seen some natives stark in death upon them. Another trick the natives have is shown in Figure 3, in which the trench is lightly covered with bamboo sticks and some stones or earth thrown over so as to conceal the spot.

The natives suppose that Americans will not notice the new earth, etc., and will step on the frail top and fall through upon the points below. The bamboo cover is marked E and the points G. Sometimes they run water into these places and put poisonous reptiles inside. They work out all sorts of extremely ingenious schemes of this description, and to the wonder of the natives the American soldiers refuse to be caught.

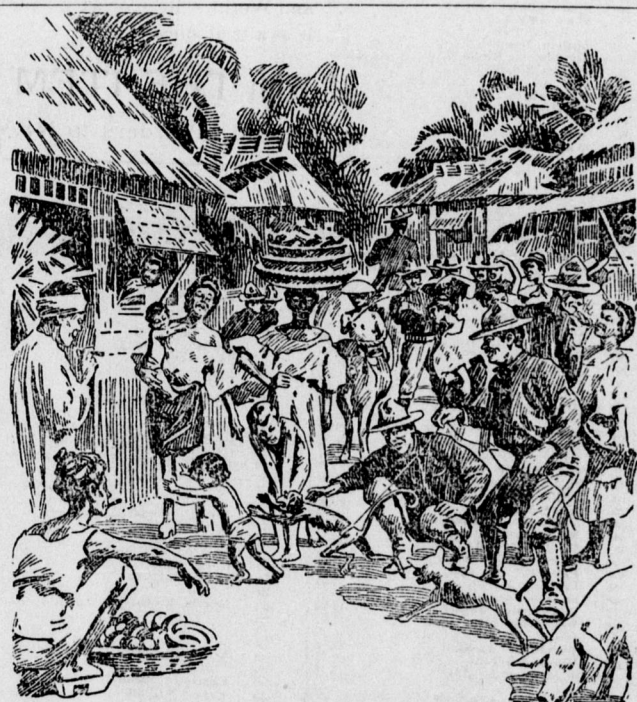
Table Made of Clothespins. A table made of clothespins joined together by rigid wire is the creation of Miss Sophie McIntyre, of Conshohocken, Penn.



The clothespins are gilded, and bows made of golden rope help to give the whole of it an artistic finish.

Wills Written on Battlefields. Many queer and pathetic wills have been found upon the bodies of dead

chance to retreat gradually, but offers a good chance for him to stop and fire his rifle frequently from protected places in the cross trenches. He can pass from the main trench to A when his safety is in doubt, and work back to B, C, and so on for miles; for oftentimes these connecting retreating



A FEAST DAY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

trenches extend for mile after mile along a road or trail, and frequently connect one town with another.

On some occasions the Americans have run into trench systems of the type shown in Figure 2, in which a series of half moon shaped trenches are dug and connected as shown. The first trench (A) will contain the fighting forces at the beginning, but as soon as the American fire gets too severe for comfort in Trench A the soldiers fall back to Trench B. Then, if necessary, they fall back to Trench C, and they can continue to fall back into similar trenches, making a short stand at each trench and perhaps damaging the opposing forces a little. Often these half circle trenches completely cover the approaches to cities and towns previously held by the rebels. The natives worked industriously for years in making them, for they used trenches against the Spanish soldiers, and have been fighting almost all the time since the beginning of Spanish rule on the islands. Then labor is inexpensive, and the rebels employed some labor and used prisoners to work as well, so that the insurgent forces always had a large number of men engaged in erecting trenches everywhere.

When the rebels abandon a section of trenches they have a habit of either



LOCATION OF CAPE NOME GOLD FIELD.

British soldiers on South African battlefields, and in every case the wishes of the testator have been respected.

The body of one soldier was found on the battlefield of Elandsplaagte who, before death, had scrawled with the end of a lead bullet on the inside of his helmet the words, "All to my wife."

When an English army invaded



Afghanistan one soldier was caught while doing scout duty and shot down when none of his comrades were in sight. Weeks afterward his body was found lying before a tall rock, on which he had written in letters of blood, "I want mother to have all."

In both cases the War Office held the wills to be valid, and saw that the proper distribution of the property was made.

Captive balloons are now being used in building operations; they are employed to raise and support scaffold poles and ladders until these latter are secured in position.

A COTTON QUEEN IS SHE. Methods of Mrs. Wilder, a Successful Alabama Planter.

Three years ago Mrs. Lelia Seton Wilder, of Decatur, Ala., took hold of an extensive estate that had been sadly neglected and determined to make it a model cotton plantation. She succeeded, and to-day, says Leslie's Weekly, the planters of her State are studying her methods. She visited New York in September and secured an order for all the cotton her plantation can produce during the coming year. She owns over 6000 acres along the Tennessee River. Of this, 700 acres are under cultivation, the balance is timber of fine hard wood, principally white oak. She cultivates 100 acres herself; the balance is rented on the tenant system. She has twenty negro families on the place, most of



MRS. LELIA SETON WILDER.

them hired by the year. Each family has a cabin, garden and pasture rent free, and firewood. "I think my success with the plantation," says Mrs. Wilder in a letter, "lies in my faculty of getting along with the negro. Life is very different down here than with the tenantry of the North or West. There are more intimate relations between the mistress and the servants. They come to you with their joys and troubles, and always expect a sympathetic listener." We have had a number of cotton kings, and now, in the person of Mrs. Wilder, we have a cotton queen.

HOW BEES MARK A TREE.

If It Does Not Suit Them They Leave a Sign.

"Bees have a language of their own," said a Western bee expert the other day. "They carry different meanings by their buzzings, and they understand each other like a top; but I found out one thing about them that I don't think anybody else did—bees have got a written language and they send communications to each other. I found this out after years of close observation. When the bees get too awfully numerous in a tree—fill up the hollow so that it's too crowded for comfort—certain wise bees are sent out to prospect. When a pioneer of this kind finds a big, likely-looking tree with a hospitable-looking wind-crack in it, he takes plenty of time and goes all over it carefully. 'Sometimes he finds that, while the place looks nice and commodious on the outside, the knothole leads into

THE BEE MARKS ON A TREE. IT READS: 'THIS TREE IS PUNK, AND N. G.'

a shallow receptacle, or the crack is not deep enough to accommodate even a bachelor bee, much less a whole brood. 'In such a case, he gets out and writes a message to all and sundry bees that may come along that way: 'This tree is no good. That knothole is a fake and the windcrack is a frost-pass it up!'



THE BEE MARKS ON A TREE. IT READS: 'THIS TREE IS PUNK, AND N. G.'

He writes this with his tail stringing honey along as we string ink. If the tree is all right he puts up a sign to that effect. The next bee scents the honey, lights and reads the first words of the message, and if the report is unfavorable, flies off, saying 'Hm-m-h' and doesn't worry himself any further about it. 'Oh, yes, bees are cute, and if you've got the idea that they're slow, it's because you are slow yourself.'—Denver Post.

Discoveries in Babylon.

Dr. Koldewey, director of the excavations at the ancient city of Babylon, has informed the Oriental Society of the discovery of a canal built by Aramean bricks, which is believed to be the long-sought East Canal. A temple called Ernach of the goddess Ninniah was laid bare, and stones found inscribed from the time of Nebuchadnezzar. A man can often improve his manners by dropping some of them.

MAKING BOER "REIMS." Skins Turned Into Things for South African Ox Wagons.

One of the strangest things which strike the eye of a casual first visit to a Boer farm is a curious structure, not far from the homestead, standing up against the sky-line like a gigantic gallows. There is a stout, roughly-hewn tree planted fair and square in the ground. From this is a cross-beam, in the centre of which is a large iron hook. Directly underneath this on the ground is a huge, square stone, about 18 inches to two feet in height. But it is not a gallows. It is simply a "breipaal," or braying-poles, where the ox-hides are treated and turned into those remarkably serviceable "reims," or strips of leather thong, which form an indispensable staple of the outfit of every South African ox wagon.

This is the method of preparing the "reims." After the dead oxen have been skinned the pelts are spread on the bare ground and allowed to dry with the under side uppermost to the scorching hot sun. After some days' preparation of this kind they are brought by Kaffir "boys" to the braying-poles. Having been soaked in water, or preferably brine and water, for some little while, and the hair being still on them, the pelts are somewhat limp and extraordinarily elastic. The skin is roughly trimmed into an oval shape. The Boer farmer then pulls out a sharp knife, and from the outer edge inward commences to cut the skin into a circular strip of about an inch and a half in width.

As a rule, a full-sized ox hide yields one continuous strip, one and one-half inches in width and 70 yards in length. A second hide is treated in exactly the same way, and the two ends are knotted together with that particular kind of knot known to sailors, which the more you pull it the tighter it becomes.

The whole length of 140 yards of raw hide ribbon is then stretched to its fullest length. When it is fully stretched it is looped up into a huge hunk, which is of great weight. It resembles nothing so much as a great skein of Berlin wool ready to be wound up into a ball for knitting.

One end of this hank is passed over the iron hook on the crossbeam of the braying poles, while the other end of the hand is tied by "reims," already seasoned, to the heavy stone immediately under the hook. The stone is then laboriously twisted round and round, and the rawhide is naturally twisted in the same degree, the weight causing the strain to become greater and greater. At last there is an end to the possibilities of twisting, the resistance becoming too great, and all hands let go the stone, which unwinds with great velocity.

This, in brief, is the braying process, and nothing remains to make the perfect "reim" except that the whole strip has to be well greased with mutton fat, preferably made from the tail of what is known out there as the "fat-tailed" sheep.—London Mail.

WHY HE WANTED MONEY.

A Beggar Has Fun with a Too Inquisitive Philanthropist.

"No, I never question beggars," said an old citizen who had just handed a small coin to a typical hobo, who "braced" him on a St. Charles street corner the other day. "If the case appeals on its surface to my sympathy I give, and if not I don't, and there the matter ends. But I never waste any time in interrogations. To tell the truth, I was broke of that habit by a very painful experience. One night, several years ago, I was standing almost at this very spot, when a most disreputable-looking tramp shuffled up and asked me for a dime. His clothes were in rags and tatters; he wore one old battered tan gaiter and one cloth slipper; his nose resembled a ripe tomato and he had a dilapidated billycock hat perched on the extreme back of his head. In those days I had a foolish idea that I ought to be very careful not to encourage intemperance by indiscriminate alms, so I looked the apparition over and hardened my heart. 'I would gladly give you a dime,' I said, 'if I thought it would really do you any good, but I am satisfied you would immediately spend it for rum.' 'No, cap'n, you're dead wrong,' he said, earnestly; 'I don't intend to do nuthin' of 't kind.' 'Well, then, I'll make a bargain with you,' I replied. 'If you'll tell me exactly and truthfully what you propose to do with it I'll give you the money.' 'Is dat straight?' he asked. 'Certainly,' I answered. 'Den come wid me,' he said, mysteriously. My curiosity was aroused and I followed him half way down the block, where he turned into an alley and led me to the further end. The place was silent as the grave and not a soul was in sight, but he looked cautiously up and down and peered behind a pile of boxes before he spoke. 'Now gimme de dime an' I'll tell y', he whispered, hoarsely. I handed it over. 'Can ye keep a secret?' he asked. 'Yes, I guess so.' 'Well, I'm goin' to get me boots blacked.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Alcohol and Anarchy.

Professor Cesare Lombroso recently had an opportunity to test scientifically the effect of alcohol in developing latent criminal tendencies. The subject of his experiments was a man who had surrendered himself to the police with the avowal that anarchists wished to make him their instrument for assassinating the King of Italy. The man seemed sane, but no corroborations of this story could be obtained. Unexpectedly, after drinking wine, he broke out into anarchistic threats. Acting upon this hint Professor Lombroso administered alcohol to him in carefully measured quantities, and discovered that after he had drunk a certain amount he developed violent criminal tendencies, all recollections of which appeared to have vanished from his mind when the effects of the alcohol had passed off.

The Crusade in Brief.

In Connecticut liquors and groceries cannot now legally be sold on the same premises. An Edinburgh professor says it is the "morning drum" which is the curse of the country. Temperance advocates will be pleased to learn that one man in six in the British navy is a teetotaler. Of 7100 men who entered one of the State prisons in a given time 6000 admitted that they were drunkards. Opposition to total abstinence and the work they try to do is founded more in ignorance than in malice.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Write it, the Poem Which Miss Willard Urges Every Young Person to Learn—The Wonderful Estimation of the Value of Alcohol For Soldiers.

Write it on the workhouse gate, Write it on the schoolboy's slate, Write it on the beggar's sign, That the young man often look, "Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard gate, Where the rum-slain dead are found; Write it on the beggar's sign, Write for all the passers-by, "Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the nation's laws, Blotting out the license clause; Write it on the ballot white, So it can be read aright, "Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write on our ships that sail, Borne along by storm and gale; Write it large in letters plain, Over every land and main, "Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it over every gate, On the church and halls of state, In the hearts of every band, On the laws of every land, "Where there's drink, there's danger."

Whisky's Growing Disfavor.

In commenting on the report from Lady Smith that whisky was selling there during the siege at \$25 a bottle, a medical journal takes it as an indication that while other provisions were fairly plentiful, it had not been considered necessary to provide alcohol in large quantities. The waning estimation of the value of alcohol for general purposes is exemplified nowhere more clearly than in the records of the British army. In old days, in the army as in the navy, grog was an indispensable and permanent ration. The modern general knows that hardship can best be borne under the constant use of stimulants. In the Indian mutiny Havelock's men performed wonderful feats of endurance on coffee alone as a beverage. General Wolsley has always held a determined opposition to the spirit ration. In the Red River expedition of 1870 Wolsley refused to permit an allowance of spirits to the soldiers and it is recorded that no troops enjoyed better health than those engaged. The rum ration was discontinued from the outbreak of the spirit ration. In the Sudan expedition all alcoholic liquors were forbidden, and the men engaged maintained splendid physical condition as regards both health and endurance. In hot climates the necessity for abstaining from the use of spirits when great and continued physical exertion has to be undertaken, is unquestionable, the uniform and unimpeachable testimony of every soldier as regards both health and endurance. In hot climates the necessity for abstaining from the use of spirits when great and continued physical exertion has to be undertaken, is unquestionable, the uniform and unimpeachable testimony of every soldier as regards both health and endurance. In hot climates the necessity for abstaining from the use of spirits when great and continued physical exertion has to be undertaken, is unquestionable, the uniform and unimpeachable testimony of every soldier as regards both health and endurance.

Rum Is Meant For Every Year.

England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales consume 95,000,000 gallons of pure alcohol annually—not in the arts, but down the gullet in whisky, wine and beer. The yearly cost of England's liquoring is about \$800,000,000. In the last 100 years the expenditure has been \$45,000,000,000. Whisky is growing meaner every year—not the original goods, but the hot stuff that is passed over the average bar to a customer. And if men would pause to learn how the poison that steals away their health is made they might desire it less. Six thousand barrels of whisky were sold in Louisville last week at forty-five cents a barrel. What does the grog seller do? Mixes together the following: 25 gallons of whisky at \$1.50; 15 gallons of spirits at \$1.50; a pint of rum, 50 cents; a pint of gin, 40 cents; 3 pints of prune juice, \$1.40; 5 1/2 gallons of water and a quarter's worth of bead oil for coloring. This gives him 40 1/2 gallons of ro-gut for \$23.55, a little less than \$1.20 a gallon. This concoction is sold over the bar at 15 cents a drink or two for a quarter. There being 80 drinks to the gallon, he takes in at single drinks \$12 and at two for a quarter \$10, leaving a profit in one case of \$10.71 and in the other \$9.71. He sells this vile man-made concoction whisky.—Victor Smith, in the New York Press.

A Calamity.

It is a calamity, almost criminal in its nature and effects, that there are not such unity and liberality upon the part of the American pulp against the natural and deadly foe of the American saloon. The liquor traffic is the greatest of evils, ranks all closed; pulpits fire sometimes at the saloon, and sometimes, alas, at each other. The saloon is fortified with millions of dollars of money, upon which it may draw at will in any emergency; the pulpits have no funds for a crusade against the liquor traffic. The plain truth is, and we may as well face the facts, the saloons exist because the preachers and churches and other friends of temperance will not come together and stay together and give fight together. If God is not omnipotent He is not God, and if He is omnipotent—and He is—He will speedily give victory to the virtuous cause of temperance, if we will bury our differences and do our duty.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

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