

Boston is perfectly patriotic now, says the Boston Globe, with her red brick buildings, her white subway, and her blue stockings.

New York's expenditure for schools, \$9,000,000 this year, is 50 per cent. greater than the amount the Spanish nation spent for education last year. The average pay of a teacher in Spain is \$100 a year.

The young men who go heroically forward to a service where death faces them, where danger is sure, and where hardships are inevitable, rightfully command admiration. They help to fan the spark of patriotism in any community into a flame.

The last consular report from the United States representative at Corunna, Spain, says that "the use of bicycles in Spain is not increasing; there is no demand for wheels, and bicycling is considered merely a pastime for the rich." That settles it; such a nation is hopeless, exclaims the Chicago Times-Herald.

The last blockade of Havana was by an English fleet in 1762. The attacking force, under Lord Albemarle, consisted of over two hundred vessels of all classes and 14,000 men. The Spanish army consisted of 27,500 men, and the defense was very obstinate. The blockade commenced June 6, but it was July 30 before Morro Castle surrendered, and August 14 before the city capitulated to the English.

Americans are great coffee drinkers. Statistics which have lately come to hand show that the annual imports of coffee into the United States aggregate 737,645,000 pounds, or more than ten pounds per capita. Most of our coffee comes from Brazil, Venezuela, Mexico, Colombia and Costa Rica. For the year ending December 31, 1897, our importation of coffee from the various sources of its production were as follows.

	Pounds.
Brazil	542,837,265
Venezuela	58,918,154
Mexico	28,838,876
Colombia	20,989,528
Costa Rica	19,300,381
Guatemala	11,569,772
Dutch East Indies	11,091,036
Haiti	7,299,778
Salvador	7,147,369
Aden	5,118,336

In round numbers, the cost of our imports of coffee last year aggregated \$81,544,000.

The passage of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment through Baltimore in 1861 is historic. The hostility shown toward it was unbounded. When the Sixth Massachusetts regiment went through the same city recently, it was received with unmeasured hospitality. The city was gayly dressed, and the streets were lined with people anxious to make their welcome as warm as the hostility was thirty-seven years ago. The men were pelted with roses instead of paving stones, with sweet words of fraternity instead of rifle-shots. Not from the citizens of their own state did the volunteers receive so great an ovation. This typifies the new epoch, exclaims the New York Independent. The old war is forever closed, the North and South are one; Baltimore and Boston are not apart in feeling and sympathy. Our glorious country is thoroughly united. The new war is a demonstration of that great fact.

The preparations for war have disclosed something that should make every bicyclist reflect. It is reported from Washington that a large majority of the militia volunteers rejected because of physical unfitness are wheelmen who have used very low handle bars habitually. It is said that their double-up posture in the saddle has produced abnormal conditions of the heart and spine which disqualify them for the life of soldiers. While the reported discovery of the examining surgeons conflicts somewhat with the statements of physicians who have investigated the bodily soundness of professional racing wheelmen, it is by no means a surprise. How can a rider assume the humped, dromedary-like position of the scorchers without dangerously affecting his back and cramping the organs of his chest? Perhaps the explanation of the healthiness of racing wheelmen lies in the fact that, in most cases, they were exceptionally well qualified for the race track before they entered upon a professional career. The police authorities of Washington have endeavored lately to reform monkey-backed wheelmen by making it unlawful for them to ride with their handle bars more than four inches below the centre of the saddle. This ordinance is based on the fact that the scorching attitude is not only unbecoming, but also prevents the rider from seeing objects ahead of him.

A SEA-SONG.
On, east-by-north the strong breeze blows,
The sea drives west-by-south;
Far out the thickening cloud-rack flows
Across the harbor's mouth;
Aloft the rippling bunting plays,
The ratlines whistle shrill;
And down the sky the gray gulls fly
Beyond the darkening hill.

Then loose the sail to greet the gale
That crisps the scurrying wave,
And bless the breeze that lifts the seas
The ship's stout sides to lave;
Let breakers roll, or fog-bells toll,
Or decks be dashed with foam,
Through cloud and spray she'll cleave her way
And bear the seamen home.
—William Higgs.

THE TEST CASE.

It was Morton—I mean Montagu Morton, the well-known dealer in precious stones—who told me this story. I was talking to him in his dingy office and was struck by the almost incredibly careless way in which he dealt with some valuable diamonds. Yes, he owned that he was careless. He assured me that he never registered any letter or parcel, however valuable, and yet had never lost anything in the post. He did not keep a light burning all night or use an electric alarm of any kind or give any special orders to the police. Yet he never lost anything, by burglary. "And yet this place is perfectly simple—outer door, passage, inner door to clerk's room, opening into my own office, which in turn opens into the strong room. It's wonderful that the burglars never try it."

I suggested that he had used precautions of his own—watchmen, private detectives. Montagu Morton smiled. "Ah!" he said. "Ever hear of Roynal?" I have heard of him. Seeing that Roynal advertised his detective agency in every morning paper every day it would have been difficult not to hear of him, and I said so. Montagu Morton unlocked and opened a drawer in his writing table. He took out a leather tray, divided into compartments, and from one of the compartments produced a green stone, which he handed me. "What do you make of that?" "An emerald," I said. "All green stones are emeralds to you," said Morton. "It is not an emerald. It is an opal—a curious sort of opal—and worth whatever I can get for it. I would give £7 or £8 for it myself, but then I never give what a thing is worth—otherwise I could not live. However, that is not the point; the point is that it had not been for Roynal the stone would not have been in my possession today." And then Montagu Morton told me the story which I here tell again.

When a grocer has his silk umbrella stolen by a tramp he goes to the police. When an English countess lends a pearl necklace to her sister-in-law and the sister-in-law returns it with the four principal pearls removed and excellent imitations substituted, the countess goes to Roynal. She wants her pearls just as much as the grocer wants his umbrella—probably even more—but the countess does not want publicity and scandal. Roynal, engaged on these pearls, called on Morton for some information, which Morton gave him with his customary good nature. As he talked, Roynal saw an opportunity for extension of business. He mostly divided his time between complaining he had too much to do and endeavoring to get still more. He rarely worked on a case himself; he had any amount of assistants, clever naturally and trained by himself to do the actual work. It was only a case of exceptional difficulty and importance that would secure Roynal's personal attention.

It having become quite obvious to Roynal that Montagu Morton must be frequently and urgently in need of a detective agency to take care of him, he took especial pains not to mention the fact at the time. But on the following day he instructed an emissary and despatched him. The emissary was very fashionably dressed and in face was a little like Napoleon. And the card he sent in to Mr. Morton, by the hands of Mr. Morton's clerk, bore the name of Mr. Michael Hayvers and in the left-hand corner "Mr. Roynal's Detective Agency." Introduced into the presence of Mr. Morton, Mr. Hayvers began hesitatingly.

He was sure that Mr. Morton would be glad to hear that the real pearls had been recovered and that Mr. Roynal was taking them to the countess that morning. Mr. Roynal had desired Mr. Hayvers to thank Mr. Morton very warmly for the valuable information which he had so kindly given. Mr. Morton said politely that he was happy to have been of any use. "It has since struck Mr. Roynal that his detective agency would be of constant use to you, Mr. Morton, in your business."

"Yes? And in what way?" "In tracing the history of any gem when you thought that necessary. In finding out the financial position of any purchaser far more quickly, surely and delicately than from the usual methods. In exercising the closest supervision over any workman entrusted with the cutting or setting of valuable gems. In representing you at auctions and manipulating the auction in your favor—in a thousand ways that would save you time, trouble and expense."

"There are only two objections. Firstly, your terms are known to be very high." "When we take up a single difficult case for a member of the aristocracy our terms are very high. When we work regularly for a man of business—much of the work being the merest routine—our charges are very moderate, exceptionally moderate." "My second objection is that I am by no means sure that you can take care of me as well as I can take care of myself. You might bungle. In a case of real difficulty—I've one on my mind at this moment—you might fail altogether." "Certainly," said Mr. Hayvers, "that was an objection I had not expected. In the last few years we have not had one failure—not one. It's in all our advertisements—'Mr. Roynal never fails.' Now just let me have that case you've got in your mind, and if we do not succeed no charge shall be made at all. Just let us show you what we can do." Mr. Morton walked up and down his room, meditating. "It's not fair on you," he said; "you couldn't do it." "Try us. What we can't do in that way could be written on a threepenny bit." At last Mr. Morton was persuaded to put his case: "This morning I sent my clerk to my bank in Lombard street. In his absence I had out on the table in my office a tray containing 20 opals. One of these was curious—of no particular size, but of an even green color, looking to the uninitiated almost like an emerald. I happened to go into the strong room for a minute. I was not there more than a minute, and I heard no sound in this room to make me suspicious, yet when I returned the green opal was gone. Of course you see what happened. The thief, whoever he or she was came in from the street and into my clerk's office, probably with some pretext ready if the clerk had been there and really intending to examine the place with a view to burglary. Finding the clerk's room empty he peered into mine. That was empty, and the opals were on the table. It was the work of a moment to snatch that opal and get out into the street again. I want that opal back—but I am perfectly certain no one will ever get it for me." "Is that your difficult case?" said Mr. Hayvers, smiling. "It is the merest child's play. You may consider the opal back in that tray again. Let me first of all dispose of your own theory. A thief who was intending to burglarize your place would not spoil his chances by first committing a comparatively trifling theft." "Sudden temptation," suggested Morton. "Then he would have taken 20 opals, not one. The fact that the stone was not an ordinary opal makes the case easy. The fact that only just that particular opal was taken shows that the thief was no ordinary thief and makes the case still easier. Don't you see that the field of inquiry is narrowed down?" "I hadn't thought of that," said Morton, rather humbly. "Very natural. But in our profession we have to think of such things, and we do think of them." "I felt so sure that the case was desperate," Morton owned, "that I had quite decided not to apply to the police." "Well," said Mr. Hayvers, genially, "they might have found it for you. They're very painstaking. I'm by no means one of those who sneer at the police detectives. Of course, they cannot get the best talent—that's bought up. Mr. Roynal can very well afford to outbid anybody else for the best men. But to come to business"—here Mr. Hayvers produced his pocketbook—"let me take down the particulars." Morton had no note of the size and weight of the opal. However, he made a rough sketch and gave Mr. Hayvers the weight approximately and a minute description; he also handed him a piece of tinted glass to guide him as to the color. "That will do perfectly," said Hayvers. "I should know the stone now if I saw it." He obtained also a great deal of information about the clerk; Mr. Hayvers seemed particularly curious about the clerk. "Now, then," said Hayvers, "we will begin with a little precautionary measure. A man will come from us this afternoon, ostensibly to examine the electric lighting, in reality to make sure that the stone is not still in the office." Mr. Morton objected. "My clerk knows something of the electric business; he will find out that your man's a sham." "But our man won't be a sham. He will really be a practical electrician. We have assistants in all trades and all ranks of life. I may tell you, Mr. Morton, confidentially, that we have two duchesses in our pay at this moment." When Mr. Hayvers had gone, Morton touched his bell, and his clerk, Smith, came in. Then Mr. Morton did what may seem an indiscreet thing. "Smith," he said, "you are going to be suspected of having stolen an opal." "Certainly, sir," said Smith. "That will be all at present." Smith could not write shorthand or work a typewriter. He spoke no language but his own, and of that he was remarkably economical. Perhaps it was for this economy, coupled with one or two other qualities, that Morton valued him. He must have valued him, for he paid him a salary of £200 a year. The electrician came, examined and exhorted himself in his efforts to make Smith talk. He received one

piece of information—that Smith was going to the Earl's Court Exhibition that night. At the exhibition a fair-haired stranger got into conversation with Smith. The stranger did most of the conversation, while Smith drank whiskey and soda at the stranger's expense. In a burst of confidence the stranger owned that he was a collector of precious stones, had just bought a couple and would like Smith to look at them. Smith looked and said "Good night" and incontinently went up the Great Wheel.

On the following day, while Smith was at Morton's office, a fair-haired stranger called at Smith's lodgings to correct the gas meter. "E did a deal of pokin' about," said the landlady. "Ah!" said Smith. Then a week elapsed, during which the workings of Mr. Roynal's agents were wrapped in darkness. At the end of that time Mr. Hayvers called for a list of Morton's customers (ladies especially) who were in the habit of buying opals. "You have a clew?" asked Morton. "We are drawing the nets closer. Patience for a day or two," and Mr. Hayvers, who seemed very busy, left hurriedly.

Mr. Morton exercised patience for a day or two. A month passed without any news of the green opal. One's patience cannot last forever, and Morton wrote a short, sharp letter to Roynal, ordering him to relinquish the case, saying that he would hand it on to the police and greatly regretting that he had not done so at first. The letter promptly produced an apologetic reply. The case had suddenly developed features of exceptional difficulty, but Mr. Roynal was now giving it his personal attention, and it had so far progressed that a satisfactory termination could be guaranteed in 24 hours.

Early on the following morning Morton received a telegram. "Opal recovered. Please call at your convenience. Roynal." Morton found it convenient to call at once and was shown into Roynal's private room. "Your case was the most difficult I have had to deal with for three years," said Mr. Roynal, "though the difficulty did not lie in the direction you imagined. You cannot prosecute, and I will not give you the name of the thief. But you wanted your opal—and here it is!" "If you don't tell me how you got it, I don't see how I'm to be quite sure it's mine."

"It answers your description, and—but wait a minute." Roynal wrote hastily on a sheet of notepaper and handed it to Morton. "There is my guarantee that if your legal claim to that stone is disputed I will pay you £50. Is that satisfactory?" Morton put the opal in his waistcoat pocket with the guarantee. "It is very kind of you," he said. "I have had your bill made out." Roynal went on, "and I have also had it receipted. I take this as a test case and make no charge."

"It is, indeed, good of you," said Morton. "All I ask—and expect—is that you will employ us regularly in the future." And then over Morton's fat and usually solemn face there came an unholo grin. "I shall never employ you again, Mr. Roynal, because you have failed in this case. The story that I told your Mr. Hayvers was a fabrication from beginning to end. I have never had an opal stolen. The whole thing was an effort of the imagination, a test for you. And you have failed." "I could never have believed," said Mr. Roynal, warmly, "that you could have acted in such bad faith."

"Mr. Roynal, of what use to me would a private detective be who failed to suspect where suspicion was justified? And what an I to think of a private detective who undertakes to find a certain stone, fails and procures a substitute which he attempts to palm off on his client? It must have cost you much time and money to find an opal exactly answering to that description." "You will return that stone," Mr. Roynal said, sharply. "I think not. I have your guarantee in my pocket. Good morning, Mr. Roynal."—The Boston Guardian and Lincolnshire Independent.

Statistics of the Blind in Europe. A Russia medical journal has just published a series of statistical articles showing the number of blind persons in Europe. French scientists, while not doubting the truth of the figures, consider them somewhat remarkable; of the 302,000 totally blind persons in Europe, 192,000 are in Russia—that is to say, one out of every 500 subjects of the Czar is blind. It is believed that this unfortunate proportion is equalled by no other country in the world. The proportion in France, England, Germany, Italy and Spain is recorded as a little less than one to every 1000 of population. The Russian physicians who compiled the statistics attribute the great number of blind persons in Russia to the bad hygienic state of peasant life, to the intense cold, and to the glare of the sun on the snow, which the Russian rustic takes pride in facing. It is reported that the total number of blind persons in the world is 2,000,000.

An Aztec Eight Feet Tall. Professor Moorhead, the archaeologist, who has been exploring an Aztec ruin three miles west of Phoenix, Ariz., has discovered portions of the skeleton of the human being whose stature he computes to have been about eight feet. He has also some well-preserved pottery and other utensils used by the early dwellers in the valley and which he found in the ruins. The professor is working in the interest of a eastern museum.—Cleveland Leader.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Land of Make Believe.
I know of a dear, delightful land,
Which is not so far away
That we may not sail to its sunlit strand
No matter how short the day;
Ah, there the skies are always blue,
And hearts forget to grieve,
For there's never a dream but must come true.
In the Land of Make Believe,
There every laddie becomes a knight,
And a fairy queen each lass;
And lips learn laughter, and eyes grow bright
As the dewdrops in the grass;
For there's nothing beautiful, brave and bold
That one may not achieve
If he once sets foot on the sands of gold
Of the Land of Make Believe!

Some Great Men.
Hans Holbein, the Swiss artist, who lived the early part of the sixteenth century, was only sixteen years old when engaged in painting altar pieces for the churches of Basel, Switzerland. Benjamin Franklin first discovered electricity by means of a kite made of two cross sticks, a silk handkerchief and a key. David Rittenhouse, the American scientist, born in 1732 and died in 1796, made the first calculation about eclipses on his plow handle. His name is handed down by Rittenhouse square, one of the aristocratic residence places of Philadelphia.

Peter Paul Rubens, the great Flemish painter, was educated by his mother, to whom he attributed all his success.
Polly's Mirrors.
Every Saturday Polly has to scour the spoons. That is all that mamma asks her to do, and it does not take much time, but Polly has always dreaded it so long beforehand, and grumbled so while she rubbed them that it seemed like very hard work indeed. Every week it was the same old story, and you would think that the little girl was asked to clean the family plate in some old mansion.

But last Saturday mamma heard her laughing all by herself in the kitchen, and asked what she was doing. "Making mirrors, mamma!" shouted Polly, gleefully. So mamma came to see. Polly was rubbing away on a spoon, and when it grew quite bright and shiny, sure enough, there was a little mirror in the bowl of the spoon, and such a funny Polly reflected there, with very fat cheeks and very small eyes, and no hair. When she moved her head her cheeks grew thin, and her eyes as large and round as an owl's. How Polly did laugh!

Then she scoured another spoon, and soon there was another tiny looking-glass, and another queer little Polly, as funny as the first. When she had twelve of these droll little mirrors her work was done, and she was surprised to find that it was only play after all.—Youth's Companion.

Playtime in Japan.
The afternoon in every Japanese town or village is devoted to recreation. The boys go out to sail their kites, which are amazing creations of bamboo and paper. A kite fight is an amusement sufficient to bring out the entire adult population. Two kites, sometimes five or six feet in diameter and belonging to rival boys, are sent up. The long tails of the kites have been covered with powdered glass, made to adhere to the tails by means of glue or some sort of nuclage. The fun consists in seeing which kite can longest escape with string uncut by the tail of its rival. As to handle these kites requires a great deal of skill and knowledge of aerial tactics the game becomes a very interesting one. The kite which is cut belongs to the victor—that is, in case it does not go floating off through space. Mechanical toys are popular. Almost every Japanese boy, provided he lives near a stream, is expert in the manufacture of water wheels and similar toys. Toy dealers abound, and Japanese parents are generous in their gifts of tin, a coin equivalent to the American cent, although only worth about two mills.

The Japanese children have many games. Most of these are quiet and sedate as compared with those of European or American children. The games are largely imitations of the occupations and pastimes of their elders.

A True Story.
"Oh, if I were only a man!" exclaimed Rebecca Bates, a girl of fourteen, as she looked from the window of a lighthouse at Scituate, Mass., during the war of 1812, and saw a British warship anchor in the harbor. "What could you do?" asked Sarah Winsor, a young visitor. "See what a lot of them boats contain, and look at their guns!" And she pointed to five large boats filled with soldiers in scarlet uniforms, who were coming to burn the vessels in the harbor and destroy the town. "I don't care; I'd fight!" said Rebecca. "I'd use father's old shotgun—anything. How still it is in the fowls! There is not a man to be seen!" "Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we'll hear the shots and the drum." "The drum!" exclaimed Rebecca.

"How can they use it? It is here. Father brought it home last night to mend. See! They are going to burn father's sloop! Where is that drum? I've a mind to go down and beat it." As flames began to arise from the sloop the ardor of the girls increased. They found the drum and an old fife, and, slipping out of doors unnoticed by Mrs. Bates, soon stood behind a row of sand-hills. "Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!" went the drum; and "Squeak, squeak, squeak!" went the fife.

The Americans in the town thought that help had come from Boston, and rushed into boats to attack the red-coats. The British paused in their work of destruction, and, when the fife began to play "Yankee Doodle," they scrambled into their boats and rowed in haste to the warship, which sailed swiftly away.—Mail and Express.

An Affectionate Cat.
There are many who would say that cats feel no genuine affection even for those who have treated them kindly. But, in my judgment, says a writer in Our Animal Friends, this opinion is erroneous. An incident in my own life proves to my own satisfaction that cats do love those who treat them kindly, and that in no small degree. At about six or seven years of age I came into the possession of a gray kitten, which soon became a treasure to me. I looked after "Tom" myself, gave him his meals regularly—something, too, very often between meals—and lavished upon him all the affection I could. Very soon he showed an affection for me which he bore to no other member of the family; in fact, on more than one occasion he ran away from my brother, who was rather given to teasing him, and came to me for protection.

I used to smuggle Tom to bed with me and hide him under the blankets until I was satisfied no one would come near me again for the night. Then would I drag him forth in triumph from his hiding place and hug him closely to my breast, Tom showing his appreciation by purring loudly and diligently rubbing my neck and chin with his soft cheek. To my sorrow it was only once in a long while that I was allowed this pleasure, as very often my mother in her final look at me for the night would spy my pet or hear him purr, and then Tom would be banished from the room.

Sometimes, when particularly anxious to be with me, he found a way to manage it. During the night, if the window was not open, he forced his way through a pane of glass, and I awoke to find him nestling on the pillow beside my cheek. This may sound incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and I think that Tom must have felt a deep love for me, or he would not have been so eager to be with me. Of course he did not do this sort of thing regularly, but I remember several occasions on which he did so. Every morning he visited me before I was out of bed, and we generally had our breakfast together.

The school I attended was distant about two miles. At first, though both to leave Tom behind, it never occurred to me to take him with me. But after a time he sometimes accompanied me, either sitting on my shoulders or in my arms or running along by my side. During school hours he remained close by, outside in the woods. At intermission I sought him out, and during the dinner hour let him share my lunch. When school was over he accompanied me home. But he had not the opportunity of doing this very long, because when I was about ten years old I was sent to a school about twenty miles away, and then I saw Tom only about once in three months.

The Columbus of the Skies.
Lacaille has been justly called the true Columbus of the southern skies. Born near Rheims in 1713, and left destitute at an early age, he was educated at the expense of the Duke of Bourbon; having acquired proficiency in theology, like Laplace, he abandoned that profession for the study of science, and by the favor of Cassini became one of the surveyors of the coast from Nantes to Bayonne, and in 1730 took part in the remeasurement of the French arc of the meridian. The perfection with which this work was done secured him admission to the academy of sciences, and a professorship at the college Mazarin, where he worked energetically in a small observatory fitted up for determining the places of the fixed stars. While occupied with this work he became impressed with the need of good observations of the stars of the southern hemisphere. Accordingly he proposed an expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, which was officially sanctioned and carried out with marvelous rapidity and success. Landing in April, 1751, at the cape, which was then a mere signal station for Indian vessels, he secured a location in the wild country near the great Table mountain, and in fourteen months had observed the positions of nearly ten thousand stars with a degree of precision never before attempted in that region of the heavens. The great catalogue which he formed from these observations was published in 1763, and reprinted in 1847 by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and until within the last twenty years was the chief source of our knowledge of the southern hemisphere.—Atlantic Monthly.

Memorial to Caedmon.
Caedmon, "the morning voice of England," the monk who first sang of the creation of the world's growth, is to have a memorial in the form of a Gothic cross erected on the old abbey heights on the chalk cliffs of Whitby. The inscription will be lines from his poem in Runic letters with a translation in modern English.