When Spain gets ready to rehabilitate her navy she ought to have ships built in this country. She has had convincing proof that we know how to construct such things over here.

Black powder has seen its last days. The American troops at Santiago, with their black powder, made a target for the enemy, which gave them great advantage in locating our soldiers. With smokeless powder and modern guns of high penetrative power the American regular will be more than a match for any soldier in the world.

As American soldiers go out from Porto Rico American business men are going in, and the islanders are already feeling the good effects of the Yankee methods and Yankee "goheaditiveness." The Porto Rican merchant is said not to be wholly lacking in shrewdness, and he may be safely expected to share in the benefits his island is to receive from American

Boarding-house keepers will rejoice to know that the war with Spain will not cut offentirely the supply of their staple table delicacy-prunes. California has come to the rescue with a crop of 84,000 tons this year from orchards which aggregate 55,000 acres. At least 10,000 more acres will be in bearing next year, and a crop of 100,-000 tons of green prunes is prophesied for the first year of the next century.

The assumption that a majority of criminals would reform if they could but secure honorable employment forms the basis of a new movement in the interest of ex-convicts, says the Omaha (Neb.) Bee. While there is no doubt that many can be thus reached, it is certain that all of them cannot. It has been ascertained that the average age of 82,359 criminals in American penal institutions was under thirty-one, nearly one-half under thirty, and about a third under twentyfive, and nearly one-eighth under twenty. The average age of American paupers, on the other hand, is about fifty-seven. The fact that professional criminals are as a rule young persons shows that many of them are bred to crime, and since young persons find it easier to secure employment than older ones, it is fair to infer that but few of them are driven to crime by hard times.

The name leather has long since passed from the exclusive vocabulary pertaining to animal skins and hides in their prepared state. Recently, says the Zeugdrucker-Zeitung, a German inventor has brought to public notice an improved kind of asbestos material, and the method of its manufacture. The asbestos is at first divided into very fine fibres of the greatest possible length, then immersed in an india rubber solution, the whole being then thoroughly intermixed until every fibre is coated with the solution: the solvent-for instance, petroleum benzine-is thereupon evaporated. By this treatment the asbestos fibres cohere perfectly, and the mass may then be pressed into any desired form, or may be rolled. The inventor calls the manufactured product asbestos leather, and it is said to resemble leather very closely in its peculiarities and structure and in its industrial adaptation.

The total number of public libra ries in Connecticut is 131, of which 77 are absolutely free and 54 subscrip tion libraries, says the Hartford (Conn.) Times. Forty one of these libraries are under the control of the state. Three new libraries were organized during the year, and move ments are on foot to institute others. Within a few years there will be a library in every town in Connecticut. The total number of volumes in the 131 libraries of the state is 593,221, and the total circulation during the past year was 1,598,195. The num ber of new books added for the twelve months closed was 52,365. The total amount paid out in salaries during the year was \$50,197.93, and the amount expended for books was \$23,-015.81. All of these figures are largely in excess of those of the previous year and show an increasing interest in libraries everywhere. The annual report of school libraries shows 688 in all. The amount expended on new books was \$24,885.79, and the total number of books is 136,899. During the year several schools were equipped with libraries, and 8039 books were purchased. The New Britain Normal school library is the largest public school library in the country, the total number of volumes being nearly 12.000.

THE ONE WHO WON'T BE THERE.

I don't think I'll go in to town to see the boys come back;
My bein' there would do no good in all that jam and pack;
There'll be enough to welcome them—to cheer them when they come
A-marching bravely to the time that's beat upon the drum;
They'll never miss me in the crowd—not one of 'em will care
I, when the cheers are ringin' loud, I'm not among them there.

And now they're coming home agen! The record that they won
Was sich as shows we still have men when men's work's to be done!
There wasn't one of 'em that flinched—each feller stood the test—
Wherever they were sent they sailed right in and done their best!
They didn't go away to play; they knowed what was in store;
But there's a grave somewhere, today, down on the Cuban shore!

went to see them march away-I hollered I guess that I'll not go to town to see the

I went to see them march away—I hollered with the rest.

And didn'they look fine that day a-marchin' four abreast.

With my boy James up near the front, as handsome as could be.

And wavin' back a fond farewell to mother and to me!

I vow my old knees trimbled so when they had all got by.

I had to jist set down upon the curbstone there and cry.

I guess that I'll not go to town to see the boys come in

I don't jist feel like mixin' up in all that crush and din!

There'll be enough to welcome them—to cheer them when they come and the boys'll never notice—not one of 'em will care.

For the soldier that would miss me ain't a-goin' to be there'.

—Cleveland Leader.

PRIVATE JIM'S RETURN.

summers before. She was kneading and two or three times she ase-knife.

She hummed a little old-fashioned tune, emphasizing the "tum te tum with savage jabs at the rapidly hardning dough on the shelf-board before

her. "Jane!"

The ungainly figure of a young girl in gingham, her hair escaping in strands the loosely tied knot at the back of her head, appeared in the pantry doorway.
"What d'ye want?"

"What d'ye want?"
"I want ye t' git them biscuit tins
out o' th' kitchen cubboard an' bring
'em in here t' me."
The girl slowly turned and sham-

bled across the kitchen floor, the run-over heels of her old slippers clatter-ing on the white scrubbed boards as she walked

"I never see sich a girl," muttered "I never see sich a girl," muttered
Mrs. Springer to herself. "Seems
like a impossibility t' git any decent
help out here in th' kentry. All th'
girls that's good fer anything gits up an' gits t' teown ez soon ez they're th' right age t' be good fer anything Only them as is too lazy t' live is lef fer us out here.'

From the great lump of dough on the board Mrs. Springer pulled little lumps and rolled them into flabby globes, which she placed in regular lines on the bottom of the biscuit

She had patted the last little lump into a ball and wedged it into a cor-ner of one of the paus and stepped back to survey her work when thre the open doorway of the kitchen floated to her, on the cool September air, the call, "Missus Springer! Oh, kitcher Missus Springer!"

"Neow I'd like t' know who that

is," she exclaimed as she crossed the floor and pushed open the screen

"Fer the lan's sake, Zeke Evans, what be you a-wantin'?"

She had stepped out on the back

porch, all green and blue with cling-ing vines and open morning glories, The little man in the light "rig"

wiped the perspiration from his brow nd clambered out of the vehicle ove He advanced toward Mrs. Springer

and extended a yellow envelope. "This kum las' night," he said, "jes fore th' ten twenty arrove. Th' op-erator asked me t' fetch it. At fust erator asked me t' fetch it. At fust I thought I'd bring it right over, not thinkin' but what it might be from Jim. Then I sez t' myself, sez I, 'Missus Springer'll bet' bed an' better wait till mornin',' so I fetched it over on my way deown.

At the name "Jim" Mrs. Springer clutched the bit of yellow paper and, with fingers that wavered a little, tore

Zeke waited.

The envelope dropped to the floor of the porch. Mrs. Springer held the dispatch in her left hand and followed the scrawled writing with the fore-

the scriavice.

One glance at the words, and she cried out: "It's Jim. He's com' he It's from his capting savin' he vesterday afternoon an'll be here ariy

rrer mornin'."
s they anything I kin do fer ye?" asked Zeke, a little tone of anxiety in

o, they ain't nawthin'. An' 1 believe I even thanked ye fer bringin' me this telegram, Zeke.

Zeke blushed and stammered that "that was all right" and turned to clamber over the wheel again into his

way into the front room. There by the half-curtained window, through which the sun rays had filtered on and could be go? It would be all over an and could be go? It would be gold company, then he could could be go? It would be gold company. another September morning, long be-fore, and lighted the face of a man in a coffin, she read again the telegram: 'Jim is sick, and I have sent two she went down to Thompsonville one

the table and went over to the old regiment left for Cuba. Letters came haircloth sofa. She sat there in the semi-darkness for nearly an hour, and of a sudden, they ceased. She thought when she arose she lifted the corner of those endless days of waiting

gathered in them.

Her hair was drawn back in little curved her trembling lips, and as she waves from her brow. Now and then she would raise her gentle eyes and glance out through the pantry window toward the patch of tall, waving hollyhocks that Jim had planted four lost in the noise of her footfalls: lost in the noise of her footfalls: "Jim'll be here tomorrer. Heow I wish Ezry had a lived till neow, to stopped to scrape the clinging batter see his boy a comin' home from the from her fingers with the back of a war t' me like he come t' me more'n

thirty year ago." 5
She hesitated an instant before pening that last door, and then, a though it were an effort, she turned the knob and stepped into the room. Everything was just as he had left it. The pin cushion top on the dresser was a little dusty, and there were flecks also on the woodwork of the old bed and on the commode top. His brush and comb lay on the bu reau, just where he had left them when he went away with the Thompsonville company. A vest, even, hung over the back of a cane-seated chair, and at the head of the bed on the floor three pairs of shoes and one of rubber

boots were ranged in a straight line.

The September sun entering the room through the east window fell upon the face of Mrs. Springer. was not the old face that had h over the dough downstairs. It was a younger face now. The eyes were not so tired. Maybe the moisture made them look brighter. And she smiled sweetly through the gathering tears as she looked around that room -Jim's room.

She stood there by the head of the bed for a moment, silent and unmoved; then she laughed aloud and going to the closet door threw it open and peered inside, From the pegs she took down a black cassimere suit, Jim's best suit. "He'll needit neow. Tain't nothin' but homesickness, I'll bet, an' he'll be all right in a day or two.

She laid the garments out on the bed and brushed them with the stubby whiskbroom that had hung on the wall, over the washstand. It was a labor of love. When dusted, the clothes were folded and laid on the spread at the foot of the bed. Mrs. Springer covered them with a

newspaper and going down stairs for the broom, stopped a minute in the doorway to smooth the "sham" that hung from a frame over one pillow.

Returning, she swept the room thoroughly, then dusted it and opened the window and pulled back the chintz

curtains.

Then she went back downstairs. All the rest of that day there was no sharp word spoken to Jane, and as a consequence the girl walked even slower than was her usual custom. Budd came up from the spring lot be-fore the biscuits were ready to be slipped into the oven, and his mother

met him in the kitchen doorway. "Jim's comin'," was all she said.
"Who tol' ye?" "Zeke brought a telegram t' me beout an hour ago. It said Jir sick an' two soldiers was comin It said Jim was

him an' that he'd be here on that six thirty-eight train in th' mornin' The younger brother of the soldier thereupon relapsed into a dream of the stories that would be told him ere

Matilda Springer lay in her bed and

dreamed a wake.

In her mind the years unrolled before her like a panorama. She thought of the day Ezra Springer had asked her to be his wife, of her acceptance. It was under the big shag hickory tree down by the spring lot, and the had gone a nutting together. And then the war and his return, And then their marriage and their long, happy life thereafter. And Jim
—the boy who twenty-two years ago had come to them.

And then the war—she thought longest of that. Four months before Jim had come to her, inflamed with enthusiasm. All the boys in the Thompsonville company had signified their willingness to go to the front at summer morning with Budd to see Jim off to camp with his company. He wrote her the night before the when she arose she inter the coner of her checked apron to her eyes and just a word from him, her boy, her wiped away the moisture that had gathered in them. A little smile of happiness, too greating he had been in the hospital with even to give itself full expression, the fever. She remembered how near-

ly crazed she was after she read that letter. Then came others better, and then day after day was better, and without a word, without a word, save once, when a short note, scrawled on a bit of wrapping paper, came to her with the ne that his regiment was again in t United States and encamped son where on the eastern coast. And at last the dispatch of that morning Coming home-" and sleep closed

At four o'clock Matilda Springer arose. She hurriedly dressed and called Budd. He went out and hitched up the two horses to the old democrat wagon and removed the back seat. He knew he would have to sit on the bottom of the vehicle coming back from the station, for Jim would be on the front seat with his mother, and there would have to be room behind or the baggage. Budd thought of all the implements of war that would be ************************ loaded into that wagon and wondered if Jim would give him his gun and

inteen. He led the horses up to the back porch and called to his came out dressed in a brown poplin, and on her wavy gray hair rested her best bonnet, a little affair of jet with violets on one side and strings to tie under the chin. Around her shoulders she had wrapped a shawl.

"I-I-can't hardly wait," she said,

Budd helped her into the wagon and climbed in after her. He drove over the dusty country road and across the old wooden bridge with one hand holding the reins, for she clasped the other. She did not speak often during that drive. There are times when the heart is too full to allow of of those times. The mother's heart was filled to overflowing with love for that boy whose face she had not seen for so many, many weary weeks, whose brown eyes had not looked down at her for oh, so long.

The wagon rolled down the last

hill in the road and around the curve at the bottom. Budd drew up the horses at the depot platform. "Yew stay here an' hold 'em," said his mother. "T'll go over there an' sit on that truck til' th' train comes."

She got out of the conveyance and walked around the station house to the other side. Unobserved by Budd she wiped her eyes, and then she sat down on the truck.

By and by the young agent came and unlocked the door of the building and went inside. Out upon the cool morning air was wafted the "click, click" of the telegraph instrument.

Mrs. Springer rose from her seat and entering the building walked over to the ticket window. "Is th' train from th' north on

time?" she asked. Three minutes late at Silver Lake,"

was the answer.
"Heow long afore it's due?" There was a little tremor in the voice.

"It'll be here in eighteen minutes." the operator replied. By and by from away up the track came the rumble of an approaching train. Nearer and nearer, and then around the curve above the station

the engine swerved.

the engine swerved.

The bell clanged, and the train stopped. Mrs. Springer ran back to the passenger coaches. One or two sleepy heads were poked out of the windows, but no one got off. The woman's jaw fell. No, there was no one in the rear care for Evans. no one in the rear cars for Evans Crossing, the brakeman told her.

"Ain't they some soldiers?" she
cried, her face all white.

he said, "they's "Oh, soldiers," he said

The woman turned and ran down the platform. As she reached the forward end of the first passenger coach two soldiers lifted a long pine box from the car ahead and laid it on

The woman cried out to them, "Where's Jim, my boy Jim? He was comin' on this train! Where is he?" comin' on this train! Where is he?" "Who?" asked one of the men in

"Mno; asset one of the men in uniform, quietly.
"My boy, Jim Springer."
The soldier did not answer. He stooped and glanced down at the little white card tacked on the lid of the

long pine box.
"I can't tell her, Bill," he whispered to his companion.

The engine bell rang.

"Why-why-why don't you tell me?" cried the woman.

She rushed toward the two men. She glanced down at the box. The card caught her eye. She leaned over and read the words written there. Then she stood up straight, her face white, her mouth open, her eyes star-

A cry cut the air—a keen, piercing, gashing cry—and the woman fell upon her knees beside that box and throw-ing her arms over the top sobbed and beat her head against the lid and scratched the rough boards with her

And just then the sun broke through the clouds, and the dew drops on the grass, the leaves, the trees and every-where sparkled like diamonds. All nature seemed to mock a mother's agony.—Detroit Free Press.

Pike and Eagle at One Catch.

Charles Woodward of Egypt, N. J., went fishing for pike in a pond near that village the other day. The fish were not biting freely and the doctor had about concluded to go home when he felt a bite on his line. Just as he got the felt line. Just as he got the fish out of water an eagle flew over his head and the next instant had the pike in its grasp and started to fly away with it. By hard pulling Dr. Woodward drew his double catch to the boat. The eagle showed fight and Dr. Woodward attacked it with an oar, finally killing it. It measured seven feet from tip

to tip of its wings. Dr. Woodwa got the pike also. — New York Sun. Woodward

g========= CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

On tiptoe, very wide awake,
Drawn for a moment from her play.
Watching grandmother frost a cake,
Wee Mabel stood one day.

A spell of pensive silence passed, When by a sudden impulse led, "My papa says I's dwowing fast," With artless pride she said.

Then pausing as the future glowed With promise in her childish view: "An' dwan'ma, when I dit all dwowed. Den I tan fwost cakes, too."

Gradmother stooped, and with a kiss Mabel was folded to a breast Whose longings for her future bliss Love-moistened eyes expressed.

"Dwan'ma," she murmured, nestling ther Her sense of fostering love complete, "I dess dev's fwostin' on 'ou' hair, Betause 'ou is so sweet."

-Washington Star.

What "Sing a Song of Sixpence" Means You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means: The four-and-twenty black represent the twenty-four hours.

pottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented siting in his parlor counting out his menar

in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces tha slip through his fingers as he counts

them are the golden sunbeams.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king—the sun—has risen, is the day dawn, and the clothes she haugs out are the clouds. The bird who so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie - New York Tribune

The winter or late autumn brings, at times, a visitor from the far north, the great snowy owl. I came upon him the other day crouched in the long, dead grass, which whistled in the cold wind, while the snow squalls swept along the far horizon. He turned his great black eves on me for turned his great black eyes on me for a moment and took wing. No bird that I ever saw has such motive that I ever saw has such motive power; the first flap of his broad wings sends him far forward or upward. He bounds up and swoops down, turning in any direction with all the ease and lightness of the swallow. A few seconds and his great bulk is a speck at the horizon, a moment more and he has vanished, while you stand gazing in wonder at his grace and speed and power. He cer-tainly has small reason to forego his southern trip; when the arctic winter comes on breadths of latitude can be nothing to him. A few days, or a fortnight at most, will allow him to pass over the stretch that separates his arctic home from us, and still give him time to stop for rest and feeding by the way. His natural vigor and power of wing is so great that the severe cold of the sub-polar regions, and the passage of the great distance that separates it from us, are both sustained with ease, evidently, by this magnificent bird. — From "Winter Birds," in Vick's Magazine.

School-Days in the Old Times

Boys and girls of the present day find the road to learning a much smoother and pleasanter pathway than did their forefathers. A hundred years ago the favorite text in almost every family was, "Spare the rod and spoil the child '

A rawhide or bunch of birch hung over the mantel-shelf in many houses. to be used upon the boys of the family, the usual rule being that a whipping at school must be followed by one at home. Those given at school were usually the more severe. In many old schools in England the "birch horse" is preserved as a curiosity: a high, wooden frame shaped like a saddle, on which the delinquent was strapped to receive his lashes. ping at school must be followed by

Watson, in his Annals of Philadel-phia, tells us that girls as well as boys were whipped in the "academies for a hundred years ago.

the gentry" a hundre Other punishments were common. Talking in school was sometimes punished by fastening a frame over the mouth, from violed a huge red flannel tongue. most every school had its dunce's cap, and some of them had a "clog," which was a block of wood that was strapped to the leg of a truant and worn out-

Dull scholars were often made to stand open-mouthed under the clock. to be pointed at by their comrades as they marched past. In certain Eng-lish schools a large wicker cage is preserved in which the delinquent was fastened, the cage being then drawn by a pulley to the ceiling, where it remained until the ill-doer was sup-

posed to be sufficiently punished.

The tardy scholar was sometimes forced to march through the streets preceded by an usher who carried a lighted lantern, to the amusement of the jeering crowd.

These punishments seem barbarous, and were barbarous when applied to most school delinquents, but there are some natures, almost or quite devoid of moral sensibility,—gross mentally and physically,—that can only be made to see their wrong-doing by severe corporal punishment. They inflicted as a penalty.

Mildred's Cups of Cold Water Mildred sat under the shadiest tree she could find that was near the pump. The shade and the pump were both indispensable, it was such a sizzling indispensable, it was such a sizzling hot day. The sun had baked all Mil-

dred's mud-pies 'to a turn;" and they stood in little, uneven rows, parched and browned and crisp, waiting to be eaten!

"Oh, deary me! how hot it is!" sighed Mildred, trying to cool her warm little face on the soft grass. But even the grass under the tree was hot.
"But I'm glad I'm me instead of a

"But I'm glad I'm me instead of a horse," mused on the little voice; while Mildred watched a wagon come toiling up the little hill toward her.

"That's Mr. Cooper's horse, an' I guess he's most melted the way he looks. He's all covered over with soapsuds. I'm glad he isn't me."

The poor horse toiled on with drooping head and steaming sides. When he got to Mildred's pump, he stopped wistfully; but the trough was empty.

wistfully; but the trough was empty.

"G'lang, Dobbin! You can't have

"G'lang, Dobbin! You carry!" Mr. Cooper called 'I'm too worn out to get out o this ragon again, to say nothin' of pumpn' a mess 'o water! You've got to wait! G'lang!"

"Yes, oh, do wait!" cried Mildred, jumping up suddenly. For Dobbin had looked down at her with pleading eyes. And, then, s'posing she'd bee Dobbin! 'I can uncheck him. I'll stand up

on the edge 'o the trough," she said cheerfully. "And I'll pump. He cheerfully. "An looks so thirsty!"

Every time the pump-handle went up, Mildred went ip, Mildred went up, too, and then came down again on the wooden platform with steady little thuds.

could get more water that way.

And so Dobbin had his los long, cool drink, and actually went off at a brisk

After that a good, many other pant ing horses came plodding by, with wistful side-glances toward the pump; and Mildred's clear, pleasant, little voice offered them all drink. People rarely stopped at Mildred's pump. It wasn't a public watering-place, and the trough was small and usually empty; and perhaps people had found out how hard the pump-handle worked

up and down.

It was hot, hard work. Mildred's face got very red and wet, and her feet ached with the thuds on the platform; and her arms, - oh, deary me! how they ached with the pump-handle!

Between times she rested under the shady tree, feeling so thankful in her heart that she wasn't a horse! Aunt Winnie watched her from her

invalid chair in the window.
"Girlie," she said softly, when Mildred went in at supper-time, "do you know what you have been doing?

"Yes'm: resting—and pumping,"
Mildred said promptly.

"And giving a 'cup'—a great many beautiful, kind cups—of 'cold water,' dear!" Aunt Winnie added with a hug.—Annie Hamilton Dounell, in Zion's Herald.

Lord Coleridge's Umbrella Decision

The law as to umbrellas was settled once for all by Lord Coleridge in a leading English cause. His lordship

"Umbrellas, properly considered, are a part of the atmospheric or me-teorological condition, and, as such, there can be no individual property right in them. In Sampson vs.
Thompson defendant was charged with standing on plaintiff's front steps during a storm and thereby soaking up a large quantity of rain to which plaintiff was entitled. But the court hald that the rain was any man's man's held that the rain was any man's rain, no matter where it fell. It followed, therefore, that the umbrella is any man's umbrella. In all ages rain and umbrellas have gone together, and there is no reason why they should be separated by law. An umbrella may, under certain circumstances—the chief of which is possession—take on the attributes of personal property, just as if a man set a tub and catch a quantity of rain water, that rain water will be considered as his personal belonging while it is in his tub down again, or if the tub be upset and the water spilled, the attribute of personal ownership disappears. So, if a man hold his umbrella in his hand it may be considered a personal be-longing, but the moment it leaves his hand it returns to the great, general, indivisible, common stock of umbrellas, whither the law will not attempt

So far as we know there has never been a successful appeal from this decision.—Chicago News.

Electric Torpedo Boats

Among the advantages to be looked for in electric torpedo boats are the lack of flaming funnels and noisy machinery to give notice of approach, freedom of risk from cut steam pipes or wrecked boilers, diminished works to serve as a target and ease and rapidity of manipulation by the commander with one hand on the con-troller. A writer in the Electrical World suggests the possibility of primary batteries. For a 140-foot boat. with a displacement of 110 tons, engines of 2000 horse-power are necessary to give a speed of 25 knots, and a weight of 75 tons is all that could be allowed for batteries and motors. Four motors of 500 horse-power each would weigh about 12 tons. would permit the carrying cells consisting of 13 zinc plat inches square and 12 plates of like size of copper oxide compressed on copper with an electrolyte solution of strong caustic alkali. Glass jars of 19 inches cube, with water-tight cov are like animals. Their comprehension of guilt is only vitalized and measured by the acuteness of the pain in flicted are acuteness of the pain in flicted are acuteness of the pain in flicted are acuteness. for one hour, or about 100 miles at 10