According to official reports the American navy used 314,233 tons of coal during the war with Spain. This, perhaps, accounts for its hot and effective firing.

And now the coffin-makers have formed a trust, with an aggregate capital of \$20,000,000. This, of course, is a benevolent scheme to make death unpopular by making a decent burial more costly.

The suggestion that the new America's cup defender be built for crossing the Atlantic that she may take part in races for various international trophies in European waters would be a national expansion policy to which no American could object.

Bicycles and trolley cars have displaced 240,000 horses in seven cities as follows: Philadelphia, 50,000: Chicago, 75,000; New York, 40,000; Baltimore, 25,000; St. Louis, 10,000; Cincinnati, 10,000; Richmond, Ve., 15,000; Toledo, 15,000, and the motor vehicle is coming right along to add its quota to this column of equine displacement.

Men now living will ride by rail from Cairo to Cape Town. Then civilization will set in all along the railway. Towns will spring up in salubrious spots, and in some not salubrious, where money is to be made. The telegraph, the telephone and the electric motor will spread out on both sides, and the "unexplored country" of the geographies of a generation ago will hum with the activities of modern

The United States consul at Vienna, Austria, in a report to the state department, ascribes the general decrease in exports from Austria-Hungary to this country to the fact that the same goods are now manufactured in the United States at as low a figure and even lower than in Austria. The consul says it is frankly admitted that American cut glass is finer and more elegant than any manufactured in Europe, while in Austria, as in other countries, the American bicycle is preferred to those of native make.

Notwithstanding the war with Spain, the people of this country have not forgotten deeds of generosity and philanthropy, the latest of which is a gift of property by Col. C. H. Payne to Cornell university for a medical college and dispensary valued at \$1,500,000. Since January 1 last there have been donated by gift or bequest in this country over \$14,000,-000 in about the following proportions, Charities, \$4,000,000; churches, \$1,-500,000; colleges, \$7,000,000, and the remainder to libraries, museums and galleries. Of these various contributions three have exceeded \$1,000,000 each, two \$500,000, four \$300,000, ten \$200,000 and twenty \$100,000 each.

The curious fact is noted that if Cuba should ever become an independent republic it would be the sole island in the world to possess separate national existence. Madagascar has become French, and Japan is an archipelago. This seems to show that isolated tracts do not get on well alone. Tiny countries, walled in by mountain,

under the cheapest and easiest conditions," philosophises the New York Commercial Advertiser. "Like other forms of action, industry seeks the least resistance. We have had repeated illustrations of this principle in this country. Wheat growing originally was an important industry in New England, but later it shifted to western New York, and now it is almost completely monopolized by the western states. So it has been, to a large extent, with the iron industry. During the first half of the century Pennsylvania produced nearly all the iron used in the United States, but now an ever-increasing quantity of it is furnished by the west and south. The gradual migration of the cotton industry from New England to the southern states is in obedience to the same economic law. The relative decline in New York commerce is trace able to a like cause. Excessive terminal charges, want of adequate canal facilities, railroad differentials and similar burdens and obstacles have diverted eastward-bound freight from New York city to other Atlantic ports which can be reached at less expense.

Oh, what care I for wealth or fame!
They vanish as a dream,
When night is drawn through gates of Dawn
On Slumber's ebbing stream!
Let others sing of Death and War,
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;
But Love has come and calls me home
To meet him at the door!

Oh, what care I to weave my Fate
On Life's mysterious loom,
Its warp and woof from peace aloof—
The glittler and the gloom!
Let others sing of Death and War,
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;
But Love has come and calls me home
To meet him at the door!

Oh, what care I for clashing creeds,
Or hostile schools of art,
If I may wear through smile and tear
The ermine of the heart!
Let others sing of Death and War,
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;
But Love has come and calls me home
To meet him at the door!

Oh, what care I for houseless winds,
With rain and darkness blent,
If through the blight on me may light
The shy dove of content!
Let others sing of Death and War,
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;
But Love has come and calls me home
To meet him at the door! Love has come and eet him at the door! —Harper's Bazar.

THE CONVENIENT

Adventure of a Man Who Found Himself in an East Indian Jungle with a Bag of Rupeos

BY J. C. POWTON, I. C. S.

"I don't know that I have ever met a full-blosomed yogi in all my years in India. One has to come to America to find out the wonders and mysteries of theosophy. But I have seen performances of Indian fakirs quite as in explicable as anything I have heard of the Mahatmas. There was one in particular in which I was concerned—a matter of some 20 years ago. It had a tragedy in it and some things which neither you nor I can explain. You understand, no doubt, what an Indian fakir is—a man of the Brahminical faith who devotes his life to communion with the Hindoo gods. Through

about came one afternoon to Archie
Redvon's bungalow, near Charpore,
where I had been staying for a few
days during a round of inspection. He
was an old, brown-skinned man, with
a long, intellectual face and hair and
a long, intellectual face and hair and
begin a snowy white A waist eleth
begin as now was now white A waist eleth
begin as now was now white A waist eleth
begin as now was beard snowy white. A waist cloth, turban and sandals were all he wore, consisted of a prayer mat, a hubble, or native water pipe, and an earthen bowl from which he ate his food. He spread his mat in the middle of the compound, seated himself cross-leged upon it and began to take tinsel balls from somewhere—from the mat it seemed, although none could be a support a few minutes to rest, the bearers got hold of a report about a force, which was said to have killed a man or two lately on the road to Baghra, and when they started on it was with little of the willingness that mat, it seemed, although none could be seen upon it—and to throw them one by one up into the air. Each one, Charpore when we met a crowd of

be seen upon it—and to throw them one by one up into the air. Each one, as he threw it, went sailing up, up, until it was out of sight, and none of them came down. Then he did the boy and ladder and the mango tree trick in a manner that showed that he was a fakir of no common order.

"Then he took a hollow reed, fashioned it into a sort of pipe and went reand in the compound and on the outside of the bungalow, playing a weird tune. Presently a cobra poked its head out from a hole in the wall, its body followed, and the serpent came to the ground and glided along after the fakir. Soon another cobra crawled out of the grags and followed the sound of the pipe. When the fakir, stayed his steps the snakes stopped, and as he played on the reed they reared their hooded heads from the ground, and their bodies swayed to and fro as if they were keeping time with his piping. He called for a basket. A house servant brought him one, and the fakir, with his bare hands, took the snakes each by the neck and body, placed them in the basket, pressed their heads down and tied a cloth above them.

"This ended his performance. Red-"

We had got about four miles beyond Charpore when we met a crowd of grass cutters coming on the run for the village, and they shouted 'Tiger!' Tiger! as they came near us. I managed to find out from them that no one had been hurt, but that one of them thought that he had seen a tiger. That was enough for my six palanquin down and joined the grass cutters in their run for the village, leaving me with Nagho in the jungle.

"I reckoned that it was about ten miles further to Baghra and decided hat I would walk there rather than turn back. I spread my umbrella to protect me from the sun and started along the path, with Nagho following, carrying the satchel. It was a rough road, miry in places. I had to stop often to rest, so as not to be overcome by heat, and darkness fell before we had made a third of the remaining distance to Baghra. But I plodded on in the darkness, feeling rather than seeing my way, and

tied a cloth above them. "This ended his performance. Redon gave him a rupee, and I handed him five, for I had never seen anything to compare with what he had done. He gravely took the coins, after the manner of the Brahmins, without a thank or salaam, But as he dropped them somewhere in his waist cloth his agont fallen I carried my revolver in my hand, quite as much on his account as on the chance of falling in with a grapfall on my savgart Nagho stadius; eye fell on my servant Nagho, standing at my shoulder, and he looked at him "I had ordered him to walk ahead,

trayel in a palanquin over a bullock trayel in the early evening. It made my start in the middle of the afternoon, expecting to arrive in Baghra in the early evening.

The my trayeling satchel were notes. In my traveling satchel were notes and coin to the value of 12,000 rupees. which I was taking to the deputy lector. At the last hour Re

There's a chance of dacoits—and then begun to nod with drowsiness, when if your palanquin bearers should run the roar of a tiger somewhere off in upon them or get a tiger scare, they would think nothing of setting down the palanquin and leaving you in the jungle. Of course, you have your revolver by you in working order?"

"I had cleaned and oiled and recharded the palanquin and leave the jungle palanquin and leave the palanquin and leave the jungle palanquin and leaving you in the jungle. On the jungle palanquin and leaving you in the jungle.

loaded my revolver that morning and told Redvon so, But he had still another caution to give me. He looked at Nagho, who was filling a water ves-

"I don't know that I have ever met birth, that he talks the argot of the

fakir is—a man of the Brahminical faith who devotes his life to communion with the Hindoo gods. Through prayer and contemplation and the leading of an ascetic life the fakirs attain powers that seem miraculous to the Western mind.

"The fakir that I am to tell you could well do in the matter.

"We shook hands, and the four bearers of the palanquin trotted away with me at a four-mile-an-hour gait, with Nagho and two relay bearers fol-

was beginning pretty thoroughly to distrust Nagho. There had come an unpleasant change of expression in his face since the palanquin men had

barriers, like Montenegro and Switzerland, retain independence, but the coean is a less sure protection than mountain walls. Even Iceland is a dependency of Denmark still. An island would seem a more advantageous spot for maintaining a national existence than such territory as Belgium and Holland, but both countries are in a fair way to retain independence permanently.

"Every kind of industry tends to go where production can be carried on go where production can be carried on more than and pipe, put the basket and snakes on his shoulder, and he looked at him the fooked at him the strange intentness, then turned to make so nel thindoo's eye chanced to notice a Hindoo's eye chanced to note of the follows and comprehend and revealing no more than a po pore, three miles away.

"On the next day I had to go to Baghra to meet the deputy collector there. To save distance I decided to leaving the darkness out of the ques-

"It soon became clear to me that I should not get to Baghra that night.
The air was horribly hot and humid,
and the road got worse as I went on. hector. At the last hour Redvon showed some anxiety about my taking the route I had chosen.

"Once your start is made, don't waste any time in getting through to Baghra,' he said. 'Beyond Charpore the road is through jungle all the way.

There's a change of dacoits—and then the roar of a tiger somewhere off in the jungle gave a new turn to my thoughts, and I got up and stumbled Just as the tiger roared again I saw a smouldering fire in the clear ing off to the right. chance whether it meant a camp of woodcutters or a rendezvous of da-coits, but I turned off the road and approached it. Only one man was by the fire—an old white-bearded man seated cross-legged on a mat—and I saw that it was the fakir who had been sel from a chatty at the further end of the veranda.

""That servant of yours—have you had him long?" he asked. "My steward tells me that he is a hill man by sorbed in contemplation, as calmly as

if such things as tigers or jungle fever did not exist. Two cobras in a basket by his side reared their heads and hissed as I came near, but the fakir did not raise his eyes until I stood be-fore him. Then he looked at me with-out the slightest sign of surprise and motioned that I should seat myself

opposite him.
"'I expected you,' he said, in Hindostanec. 'You will remain here until the morrow.'

"He returned to his contemplation and spoke not another word through nearer, and I clutched my revolver as it changed into the low, eager, purring cry that tells he has scented his prey —but the old man gave no sign that he had so much as heard it. I watched the misty darkness around for an hour or more but there was no for an hour or more, but there was no more roaring, and no tiger appeared, and I laid my pistol across my lap and prepared to pass the night as comfortably as I could. In searching my pockets for cigars I found a package of quinine. I took 50 grains of it beor dumme. I took so grains of it be-fore morning and thus saved myself from jungle fever. Hour after hour I sat on the ground smoking cheroots, with the old man sitting opposite me. "Part of the time his eyes were closed, but he did not nod or change his parities, and whether he close

his position, and whether he slept or not I could not tell. From time to time he fed the fire from a little heap of dry branches at his side, and two or three times he lighted his hubble-bubble, but he did not once rise to his feet or leave the mat. Toward morning sleep overcame me, and I woke to find myself on my back on the ground with the beams of the rising sun streaming into my face and one of the cobras crawling across my legs. I kept still, and the snake crept away in the grass hunting his break-

"The old fakir, who was smoking, presently laid aside his pipe, collected his snakes and other luggage together, told me with a look that we were to move, and we left the clearing and turned into the road toward Baghra. In the dust, and more plainly in the miry places, we could see the tracks of Nagho. Presently there were other footprints above the man's and taking the same course—the tracks of a tiger which had come into the road from the jungle. I had not said a word to the fakir of what had occurred the night before, but he pointed to the tiger's tracks and said gravely, the first words he had spoken that morning:

"These are bringing you to your property.'
"We kept along the road until we

came to a place where the tracks showed that the swinging trot of the tiger had changed to a succession of long bounds, which ended at a spot where the dust had been stirred by marks of a struggle and caked with drops of red. The bushes and long grass crushed and bent to left and right, showed where the tiger leaped back into the jungle, and there was no track of man or beast in the road beyond. But in the tiger's path at a few paces from the roadside, strung along the bushes was a single party of the along the bushes, was the unwound turban of Nagho with a long smear of red upon its white.

"" 'It was so appointed,' said the fakir. 'He was weaving the plan of his own death when he thought he was compassing yours. Now, take your own, restored to you, and we will go on into Baghra.

on into Baghra.'

"He pointed to my satchel, which I had not seen, in the grass by the roadside. It was unopened, and all its contents were safe. We went on to Baghra, where the fakir left me at the outskirts of the town, taking his way, I suppose, to the house of some person of his religious order. I gave him a hag of rupees at parting, which him a bag of rupees at parting, which he accepted without thanks or comment—to him it came by appointment of the gods, and I feel sure he would have received a sentence of immediate execution with the same calm fatalism. I saw him once more, when he was called before the magistrate to give his testimony as to the manner of Nagho's death, but he gave me no sign of rec-ognition. To one like him, wrapped in communion with diety, a mere man,

whatever his degree, was worthy of nothing more than a passing notice. "My story of the fakir is told, and you may explain it if you can to your satisfaction. His tricks at the bunga-low were incomprehensible to the Westeru mind. Beyond these, what do you think of his reading of the hu-man soul, as when his glance at Nagho revealed my servant's thought of murder and robbery against me? Of his knowledge of the events occurring in his case beyond the perceptions of the recognized senses of see ng and the recognized senses of seeing and hearing? Was it the reading of Nagho's mind at the bungalow and of mine by the fire in the jungle? Let that explain it if you will. But what a genuine and lofty order of mind reading. Compare it with the jugglery that passes by that name among people of the Western hemisphere."—New York

Lotterles in Old Havana.
"Life and Society in Old Cuba," is the title of an article in the Century, made up of extracts from the journals of Jonathan S. Jenkins, written in

Mr. Jenkins says: In Havana the stranger's attention is arrested by the venders of lottery tickets, who stand on the street cor-ners with a pair of shears in one hand and sheets of lottery tickets in the other, ready to cut off any number for buyers. They are very adroit, and are apt to persuade the credulous that they will draw a fortune in the scheme. These licensed lotteries are one of the great evils there, especially to the Spanish' people, who seem to be born gamblers, and for whom the chances of dice, cards and lottery tickets appear to have an irresistible charm, all classes in Havana dealing in them habitually.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

This dressy waist, of fancy figured green taffeta, is stylishly combined with cream-colored satin and mousseline de soie. The fronts roll back in pretty pointed lapels from the neck



to waist-line, which are faced with the satin and edged with ruching of mous-seline. The full front, of mousseline, is arranged over satinin evenly spaced rows of tucked shirring at the top and

blouses prettily at the waist-line The collar is of cream satin, shaped with stylish points under the ears. The waist is supported by fitted lin-

ing fabric or of material to match the

skirt. The collar and shoulder straps are sometimes made of red, white, or pale blue cloth, edged with the braid, which

enhances the military effect.

The skirt has all the prevailing graduated flounce, that is so fashionable this season, joined to a five-gored upper portion that fits closely the be-coming fulness at the back, falling in pretty fold. Serge, cheviot, covert or broad cloth, and other weaves in plain colors or fancy mixtures are suitable for skirts or whole costumes by the

To make the jacket for a miss of fourteen years will require one and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch mate-rial. To make the skirt in the medium size will require three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material.

The Hobson Tie.

The Hobson tie is a pretty finishing for the neck of a silk waist or woolen gown with which linen collars are The Hobson tie consists of s satin strip with a slip-knot of accordion pleated chiffon worn in front and fastened by a clasp like the four inhand.

Colors For Evening Dresses. Several shades of one color will be vorn on evening dresses.

A Favorite Style For Boys The Norfolk jacket is a favorite style for boys, and when made in



MISSES' ADMIRAL JACKET AND SKIRT.

ings that close in centre front, the full heavy tweed or cheviot may be worn

revers and front of satin, and decoration of point applique is especially handsome.

To make the waist for a woman of

medium size will require two yards of forty-four-inch material.

A Patriotic Idea.

Our glorious victory has been celebrated in the fashion world by modelling many of the new season garments according to the patriotic idea, so in compliment to our heroes on water the "Admiral" jacket, shown in the large illustration, is a favored style for

Naval blue faced cloth, braid and brass buttons with anchor design are incorporated in the stylish coat which is correctly fitted with a centre-back seam, side-back and under-arm gores. The fulness below the waist is laid in coat plaits which are flatly pressed and finished at the top by buttons, a deep coap lap completing the centre seam. The double-breasted fronts lap widely

in reefer style, the neck fitting closely by a short-dart in the centre. Square laps cover pockets that are inserted in the fronts, and the neck is inserted in the fronts, and the neck is finished by a military looking collar closely fitted and trimmed with braid. Shoulder straps cover the shoulder seams coming forward, brass buttons decorations of the contract of the decorating each end.

omitted if not desired.) The fashionable two-seamed coat-sleeves are finished at the wrists by the braid put on to simulate cuffs, and

The comfort-two-seamed sleeves throughout the whole winter. Brown cheviot is the material here delineated The comtort-two-seamed sievess have stylish fulness arranged in gathers at the top, and at the wrists points of the white satin stand out fashionably. The waist may be part of a costume or made separately to wear with different contrasting skirts. Combinations of material and coloring aleast that meet the rolling collar in the point of the point of the state of the state of the sating the state of the sating skirts. may be artistically arranged, and the waist can be made in silk, cotton or light woolen fabrics. Velvet made in worn at the waist. The two-seamed



sleeves are of correct tailor cut, machine stitching simulating cuffs at the

Knickerbockers are here shown in conjunction with this jacket, but the regular knee trousers can be substituted. Brown felt sailor hat, brown and shoes completes this stylish suit.

A Bright Business Woman

the slight fulness at top is collected in gathers, which is the newest style.

Jackets in this style are natty and smart and can be made of any cloak-tendent and principal owner as well,