If the United States continues to b thus prosperous and popular, it will accumulate a fine collection of statues

It is said the cable to Honolulu will be ready for business in November, thus bringing the Philippines 2000 miles closer to the United States.

The president of the Illinois Humane society offers the suggestion that when ping-pong has run its course as a fad the racquets may become efficient instruments of humane home disci

Martinique, the scene of the recent cataclysm, is said to be one of the few islands in the West Indies where the deadly fer-de-lance snake is to be found, and before Mont Pelee broke out this reptile was regarded as the only thing on the island to be dreaded.

The secretary of war has found it necessary to issue an order holding army officers pecuniarily responsible for the disappearance of revolvers and other small arms used in the service unless the loss is proved to be due to legitimate causes. His action has been prompted by an extraordinary increas of late in the losses of this kind of

An official in the Canadian govern ment estimates that there is in the 50 .-000 acres of coal lands just taken over enough to wipe out the Canadian public debt. At the average royalty paid estimated quantity of 800,000,000 tons -enough at the present rate of consumption to supply all Canada for half

As a result of the revolting scenes a bull fight in honor of King Alfonso, it it reported that the king may stop bull fighting. After the bloddy dis play the king asked some of the foreign diplomats how they liked such sport. One of them answered that he found that it impressed him disagree ably. The king remarked: "It is cruel I do not like it myself. I should like to introduce horse-racing as a substi-

It is difficult to account for the enor mous velocity of some birds' flight when migrating. The northern blue throat goes at the rate of 540 miles an hour, flying 4800 miles from Egypt to Heligoland in a spring night of barely nine hours. Virginian plover fly from Labrador to North Brazil, 9600 miles, without stopping, going at the rate of 636 miles an hour, and probably more. How can this speed be attained? The birds resort to great heights, where the resistance of the air is slight.

Princess Irene, the wife of Prince Henry of Prussia, enjoys the unique distinction of having about 4000 god fathers. Born in course of the war of 1866 her father. Prince Louis of Hesse. requested the officers and men of the Hessian regiments forming part of the cavalry brigade under his command to stand sponsors to his baby girl, and at the christening, which took place on the termination of hostilities, deputations of officers, non-commissioned officers and men from each regin the names of their respective corps the readiness of the latter to assume the customary spiritual, moral and material obligations toward their godchild. The name of Irene-which means peace-was given to the little wth the end of the war

It is reported that two travellers recently asked their way at a lonely farm house not 20 miles from one of our great cities, and that the mistress of the house, seeing that they were far from a hotel, not only gave them food and lodging, but positively refused to accept payment. This suggests an idyllic state of society, which it is true one must not count upon finding everywhere in the country, remarks New York Commercial Ad vertiser. Yet there are advantages preserved in country lifehospitality, among them virtue of primitive regions-that the American people are rediscovering Indeed, the signs are many that the tide of population is turning back from the city to the country. After all has been said, the city is only a makeshift of the nineteenth century in its attempt to accommodate itself to new mechanical and industrial situations The result was, and to a great extent still is, that city and country have been separated from each other by hard and fast lines; and the traditions of the two have become as inflexible as if the people were of different caste Today, however, all civilized countries are sharing in a renewed love for



world over a companion is smally considered desirable. In the Klondike, as Tom Vin-In the Klondike, as Tom Vinent found out, such a companion is about ley essential. But he found it out, tot by precept, but through bitter exerciserience.

In itself it was a very insignificant in the lege he was well toward the middle before he broke through. In itself it was a very insignificant in the lege he was well toward the middle before he broke through. solutely essential. But he found it out. not by precept, but through bitter ex-

Never travel alone," is a precept of the north. He had heard it many times and laughed, for he was a strap ping young fellow, big boned and big muscled, with faith in himself and in the strength of his head and hands.

to go up Paul Creek to the divide be-tween it and Cherry Creek, where his party was prospecting and hunting colder, and he knew it.

The frost was sixty degrees below zero, and he had thirty miles of lonely trail to cover, but he did not mind. In fact he enjoyed it, swinging along through the silence, his blood pounding

home letters from the States.

At 7 o'clock, when he turned the heels of his moccasins toward Calumet Camp it was still black night. when day broke at 9.30 he had made the four-mile cut-off across the flats and was six miles up Paul Creek. The trail, which had seen little travel, followed the bed of the creek, and there to Vincent bared his, gathered a sufficient of the creek and there to vincent bared his, gathered a sufficient when the sum of the was no possibility of his getting lost. He had gone to Dawson by way of Cherry Crock and Indian River, so Paul Creek was new and strange. By drew out his matches and a strip of 11.30 he was at the forks, which had then been described to him, and he knew he had covered fifteen miles, half the dis-

the trail was bound to grow worse from there on, and thought that, con-sidering the good time he had made he wiched with sliced bacon and wrapped quite stiff he did not hurry in a handkerchief—the only way they could be carried without freezing cold. He had barely chewed his first mouthful when his numbing fingers warned him to put his mitten on again This he did, not without surprise at the bitter swiftness with which the frost bit in. Undoubtedly it was the coldest he had ever experienced, he snap

thought. He spat upon the snow—a favorite orthland trick—and the sharp crackle He of the instantly congealed spittle startled him. The spirit thermometer at Calumet had registered sixty below when he left, but he was certain it had grown much colder, how much colder,

he could not imagine. Half of the first biscuit was yet un touched, but he could feel himself be-ginning to chill—a thing most unusual This would never do, he decided, and slipping the pack straps across his shoulders be leaped to his feet and ran briskly up the trail. A few minutes of this made him warm again, and he settled down to a

steady stride, munching the biscuits as he went along. The moisture that ex-haled with his breath crusted his lips and mustache with pendant ice and either hand. formed a miniature glacier on his chin. Now and again sensation forsook his countered great difficulty in separating one from the bunch. This he succeed-till they burned with the returning ed in managing, however, and also, by

Nevertheless he was aware of a fully. Putting on his mittens, he atheritance of fully are followed by the fully are fully fully. Putting on his mittens, he atheritance of fully ful frost. He was its master. What he did he did in spite of it. It could not He was going to the Cherry ek Divide

Strong as were the elements, he was stronger. At such times animals shook and the tiny flame was quenched. It for a percentage. The manager crawled sway into their holes and remained in hiding. But he did not hide. He was out in it, facing it, fighting it. He was a man, a master of things.

In such fashion, rejoicing proudly, he tramped on. After half an hour he rounded a bend, where the creek ranclose to the mountainside, and came upon one of the most insignificant appearing but most formidable dangers in northern travel.

The creek itself was frozen solid to its rock bottom, but from the mountain effect of the severest cold snaps was to lessen their discharge. Protected from the frost by the blanket of snow.

and so formed a second ice-skimmed but found it impossible to separate

OR land travel or seafaring the last skin was about an inch of recen

snow to make the trap complete.

To Tom Vincent's eye the unbroken

mishap-a man does not drown in twelve inches of water-but in its consequences as serious an accident as could possibly befall him.

At the instant he broke through he

felt the cold water strike his feet and It was on a bleak January day when the experience came that taught him respect for the frost and for the wisdom of the men who had battled with it. He had left Calumet Camp on the Yukon with a light pack on his back,

He knew, further, that great care must be exercised; that with failure at the first attempt the chance was made greater for failure at the second attempt. In short, he knew that there must be no failure. The moment bewarmly through his veins and his mind care free and happy. For he and his comrades were certain they had struck "pay" up there on the Cherry Creek same elements—such was the difference Divide, and, further, he was returning caused by the injection of a quart of to them from Dawson with cheery water into a northland traveler's calcu

In a clump of pines on the rim of th bank the spring high water had lodged And many twigs and small branches. Thor

cient number of twigs, and knocking the snow from them knelt down to kin-dle his fire. From an inside pocket he

He noticed how quickly his finger He knew that in the nature of things had chilled as he separated one match the trail was bound to grow worse from the bunch and scratched it on his trousers. The birch bark, like the dry sidering the good time he had made he est of paper, burst into bright flame, merited lunch. Casting off his pack This he carefully fed with the smallest and taking a seat on a fallen tree he unmittened his right hand, reached inside his shirt next to the skin and fished out a couple of biscuits sandal although his fingers were now

After the first quick, biting sensation of cold his feet had ached with a heavy, dull ache and were rapidly growing numb. But the fire, although a very young one, was now a success, and he knew that a little snow, briskly rubbed, would speedily cure his feet. But at the moment he was adding the

first thick twigs to the fire a grievous thing happened. The pine boughs above his head were burdened with a four months' snowfall, and so finely adjusted were the burdens that his slight movements in collecting

the balance.

The snow from the topmost bough was the first to fall, striking and dislodging the snow on the boughs be-neath. And all this snow, accumulat-ing as it fell, smote Tom Vincent's head and shoulders and blotted out his

He still kept his presence of mind for he knew how great his danger was. He started at once to rebuild the fire but his fingers were now so cold that he could not bend them, and he was forced to pick up each twig and splint-er between the tips of the fingers of

When he came to the match he en blood.

Most men wore nose straps; his partners did, but he scorned such "feminine contraptions," and till now he had never felt the need of them. Now he did feel the need, for he was rubbing constantly. though the ankles were aching pain-

> strike a second match and to set fire to the remaining fragment of birch bark. changed during an entire year. He But his body had now begun to chill, and he was shivering, so that when he tried to add the first twigs his hand

The frost had beaten him. His hands were worthless. But he had the fore-sight to drop the bunch of matches into his wide mouthed outside pocket before he slipped on his mittens in despair, and started to run up the trail.

He came round a sharp turn of the creek to where he could look ahead for The creek itself was frozen solid to its rock bottom, but from the mountain of help, only the white trees and the came the outflow of several springs.

These springs never froze, and the only its prince is could and the brazen silence! If only he had a comrade whose feet were not freezing, he thought, only such a comrade to start the fire that could save him!

from the frost by the blanket of snow, the mre that could save him!

Then his eyes chanced upon another high-water lodgment of twigs and leaves and branches. If he could from the creek, and, on top of the creek high-water lodgment of twigs and leaves and branches. If he could strike a match all might yet be well. With stiff fingers which he could not been do got out a bunch of matches,

But his fingers stood straight out. They could not clutch. This he everhand against them, and so forcing them down upon the bunch. Time and again, holding thus by both hands, he scratched the bunch on his leg and finally ignited it. But the flame burned into the flesh of his hand, and he included the scratched the bunch of his hand, and he included the scratched that the scratches had been been seen to be seen to b voluntarily relaxed his hold. The bunch fell into the snow, and while he tried vainly to pick it up, sizzled and

frightened. His feet were utterly devoid of sensation. He stubbed his toes once on a buried log, but beyond pitch-ng him into the snow and wrenching his back, it gave him no feelings. His fingers were helpless and his

wrists were beginning to grow numb. His nose and cheeks he knew were freezing, but they did not count. It was his feet and hands that were to save him if he was to be saved. He recollected being told of a camp

of moose hunters somewhere above the forks of Paul Creek. He must be somewhere near it, he thought, and if he could find it he yet might be saved. Five rimutes later he came upon it, lone and deserted, with drifted snow sprinkled inside the pine bough shelter in which the hunters had slept. He sank down, sobbing. All was over. In an hour at best, in that terrific tem But the love of life was strong in tim, and he sprang to his feet. He was thinking quickly. What if the matches his hands? Burned hands did burn his were better than dead hands. No were better than death. He floundered along the trail until be came upon another high-water lodgnent. There were twigs and bro

Again he sat down and shuffled the bunch of matches on his knees, got it into a place on his palm, with the wrist of his other band forced the nerveless ngers down against the bunch, and with the wrist kept them there. At the second scratch the bunch caught fire, and he knew that if he could stand the pain he was saved. He choked with the sulphur fumes, and the blue flame licked the flesh of his hands.

At first he could not feel it, but it urned quickly in through the frosted urface. The odor of the burning flesh bis flesh—was strong in his nostrils. He writhed about in his torment, yet held on. He set his teeth and swayed back and forth until the clear white flame of the burning match shot up, and he had applied that flame to the leaves and grasses

An anxious five minutes followed, but he fire gained steadily. Then he set to work to save himself. Heroic measires were necessary, such was his ex-

tremity, and he took them.

Alternately rubbing his hands with snow and thrusting them into the snow and thrusting them into the lames, and now and again beating them against the hard trees, he re-stored their circulation sufficiently for them to be of use to him. With his hunting knife he slashed the straps from his pack, unrolled his blanket and got out dry socks and footgear.

Then he cut away his moccasins and bared his feet. But while he had taken liberties with his hands he kept his feet fairly away from the fire and rubbed them with snow. He rubbed till his hands grew numb, when he would cover his feet with the blanket, warm his hands by the fire and return

for three hours be worked till the worst effects of the freezing had been counteracted. All that night he stayed by the fire, and it was late the next day when he limped pitifully into the cam

on the Cherry Creek Divide.

In a month's time he was able to be about on his feet, although the toes were destined always after that to be very sensitive to frost. But the scars on his hands he knows he will carry to the grave. And — "Never travel to the grave. And — "Never travel alone!" he now lays down the precept of the north.-Youth's Companion.

tism that still obtains in certain lines of business in London, says the corres-pondent of the New York Herald, was brought to my notice the other day

in omnibuses and cars are never called on several of the largest tising agents, submitted the frequent change and offered to develop pany in the United States to change their advertisement at least quarterly But when we submitted the proposition to our directors they agreed that it was too much trouble.

The Genesis of Fogs.

Mr. Rollo Russell has for many years studied the formation of fogs, and now prints his principal conclusions. Mist and fog are ordinarily caused by the mixture of currents of air of different temperatures. Fogs that do not de-pend on the meeting of such currents are rare, but there are many cases of meeting currents where no fogs are produced

Early Agricultural Exhibition The first agricultural exhibitions.

The first agricultural exhibition held within the limits of the United States is said to have been organized and carried to a successful conclusion as

AN ANT WAR WHICH HAS LASTED FIFTEEN YEARS.

The Field of Battle is a Cemetery in Pennsylvania—Black Ants Make Raids Upon a Colony of Red Ants For Slaves The Plan of Campaign.

In the little cemetery at the St. Vin-

cent Monastery, Latrobe, Westmore-land County, Pa., over the peaceful graves of the departed Benedictine monks, there has for fifteen years waged a curious war, the outcome of which is watched with interest by the fifteen years sun fathers of the institution, one of whom, at least, Father Jerome, is known wideat least, Father Jerome, is known widely as an entomologist of repute, being at present engaged in identifying entydoms for the museum of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg, several new species which he has discovered being named after him. The war in question is a perennial contest waged between two colonies of ants. In the cemetery two colonies of ants. In the cemetery proper there is a colony of "slave-tak-ing ants," the boundaries of whose home are definitely marked near the borders of the burial ground. Just over the hill from this is a colony of the common red ants of larger size, and be-tween these two communities, or form-icaria, for a decade and a half the battles have been frequent and furious As a natural consequence the red ants being constantly depleted of their "neuters," or workers, are becoming "neuters," or workers, are becoming less and less numerous, while the black ants. living in luxury and ease, ar waxing more powerful in numbers each year. The outcome will probably be that in the end the slave-taking ants will exterminate the red ants, when the former will be compelled to move elsewhere for serfs.

Exhaustive study, under the microscope, has been made of the two colonies and their bellicose relations by Father Jerome and other priests at the monastery. The black ants have constructed, with the help of their serfs immense galleries in the cemetery, which are constantly being enlarged by the additions of new colonies sent out from the mother house and the extend-

ing of these by increasing population.

To begin with, there are three kinds of ants in the black nest: the males, females and the neuters, the latter being undeveloped females. When the males and females emerge from the pupae state both have wings. Unlike the bees, which leave the colonies in swarms because of bad air, overcrowding or other cause, the young ants leave the nest simply for reproductive pur-poses. Pairing, the males and females poses. Pairing, the males and remains take their honeymoon trip in the air, after which the males die and the females uncouple their wings, never more to reclaim them. In this apparently helpless state the females are found by the neuters and either brought back to the original home nest or, surrounded by a colony of neuters, the new queen takes up her abode in a new colony. In this she at once proceeds to deposit her eggs in groups of six or eight. When the eggs are hatched the insects are then in the pupa state. This pupa spins a cocoon, which looks like a little bar-leycorn, and which most people quickly mistake for an "egg." In about a year this cocoon hatches into the perfect ant, which, suppose for descriptive pur-poses, to be a "soldier," for such the poses, to be a "soldier," for such t colony possesses. This soldier is a neuter with eld

gated jaws, made for fierce battle work. The colony finds that the work is becoming too much for the slaves captured on the last raid into the colgated ony of the red ants down the hillside With their attennae, the soldiers communicate from one to another the intelligence that a foray is to be made First a few scouts set out, soldiers like These scouts go a little way, then re trace their steps—why? Because the sense of smell is with the ant its means of following the path taken by its pre-decessor. This fact has been proven decessor. This fact has been proven time and time again by crossing the path with the human finger or other-wise interrupting the line of scent, in which case the ants become at fault, and only after scouts have been sen out in all directions by the main body

ants. The black soldiers rush in. furious battle ensues. Many of the red ants are killed in defense of their home, their lineage and their helpless offspring. But the red ants are no black ants retrace their steps toward their own colony. The kidnaped pupae are now taken in charge by the nurses and attendants—the "minor" neuters of the black ant colony. The helpless things are fed and cared for till the are perfect insects. By this time probably they have lost all knowledge of their old home, and being thoroughly domiciled as serfs, and knowing noth ing better, they are reconciled to serf-

As the Romans were so kind to the Sabine women, whom they had kid-naped that these same women risked their lives to prevent battle for their deliverance, so it is likely that these serfs will do anything to make com-fortable and easy the indolent lives of their abductors. In truth, the black ants treat their slaves with all kindness, aside from the fact that the latter have the burden of all the work. It is their duty to make new galleries, to attend the queens, or females, of which, unlike the bees, there may be pool above the first.

Thus at the bottom was the solid creek ice, then probably six to eight the nanother six inches of water and another ice skim. And on top of this to the date of a hunting knife at an earlier date.

The separate carried to a successful conclusion at Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, in 1810. This claim is disputed, the duens, or females, or which, unlike the bees, there may be several in the same hill; to feed the larvae and to otherwise keep the colony in the best repair. One of their chief

would project when clutched in the fist. A. PERENNIAL CONTEST labors is the removal of the larvae from place to place in the nest, which, in fact, seems to be constructed mainly for the protection and growth of these helpless infants. During the night the larwae are placed in the deepest cells of the nest, the entrance to which is secured to keep out marauders morning the diligent neuters the larvae in their mouths and convey them to the outer chambers of the for-micarium, where sun's rays may have access to them. Sometimes the larvae are exposed to the direct light of the

The serf ants are not the only outsid-

ers brought into the use of these black slave-taking ants. It is well known that ants like sweet things. Sugar attracts them; ripe fruit, a crust of bread dipped in molasses, a piece of candy, will usually be found covered with ants if left for a few minutes on the ground. Also naturalists have discovered that ants have learned to know certain little insects called aphides, or ant-cows, which exude a sugar from their bodies. This ant-cow has a gland filled with the sugar, leading into a duct, which the ant touches with his attenna, whereupon a tiny drop issues forth for the "milker." This operation is repeated till the ant is satisfied. But in this connection one prominent feat-ure has been discovered at the monasaphides into their nests or simply go out to them as the little lice-for such the ant-cows are-climb upon plants. According to the observations made it would seem that so long as the aphides are plentiful about the colony the black ants do not bother to take them prisoners, but simply locate them upon tender plants and go to them for a sip of the honey-nectar. But just as soon as changes in temperature or other causes bring about a dearth of the aphides the black ants thereupon proceed to corner the market in cows—something like the beef trust-and treat those taken pris oners with all care, in order to prolong a supply of drinks. If this observation proves to be a truth it will add one more jot of intelligence to the high credit of the ant, already known as one of the most wonderful creatures of an-imal life, ranking with some naturalists next to man, and by few placed lower than third in the scale, man and the bees the only creatures above them. New York Commercial Advertiser.

Legend of Gunpowder Legend of Gunpowder.

Great honor is paid to St. Barbara
in Germany and Italy. Why, very few
people, apparently, have up to now
been able to discover. A German officer says that she is honored because the invention of powder is, in a large measure, due to her. Berthold Schwarz, a monk, he explains, opened the "Lives of the Saints" on St. Barbara's day, and read the story of her martyrdom after which he reasoned as follows:
"The heart of the virgin was white as salt, the soul of her tormentor was black as coal, and it was sulphur from heaven which punished him for his cruelty. I will mix these three things, and it will be a wonder if I do not discover the philosopher's stone." He did mix them, and as soon as he put the mix

ture in a fire a tremendous 'explosion

ma

chu

followed. Such, according to the German soldiers, was the origin of gunpowder.—Golden Penny.

Cordite. It has been shown that the ercsive action of cordite was seriously affecting the value of this explosive, and that the British admiralty appointed a committee to make a series of tests and to report upon the subject, and to investigate whether some other explosive could not be substituted for military and naval use. One of the results has been the adoption of a new smoke less powder, to be known as "Cordite M. D." The new explosive is said to have nitro-cellulose as its base, and it is believed to contain a certain per-centage of nitro-gylcerine, but not so much as is used in cordite itself. It is claimed that it does not generate so much heat as cordite, hence the longer life to a gun.—New York Tribune.

of the army following can the trail be again found and followed.

Following the scouts—in this case, also the old trail of years before—the surprise and satisfaction, his listeners body of foragers crosses the borders of paid strict attention and applauded at the proper places, shouting "Viva!" and "Bravo!" repeatedly. At the conclusion of his speech the orator took his seat beside the chairman pered that he pered that he was delighted with his reception and had never spoken to a more intelligent audience onspring. But the red ants are no match for the slave-takers. Here and there, in this gallery and in that, the black ants are busy grabbing up the puppa in their jaws. Finally, each invader with a pupa in its mouth, the black with a pupa in its mouth, the black with a pupa in its mouth, the Me hol' up one-a finger, evra man say-a 'Hurrah!' Me hol' up two-a finga, evra finga, evra man say-a 'Bravo!' Me bol' up whole-a hand, evra man say-a 'Hiyi!' like one great yell. Me fix all-a dat."-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Pennies in the West

Pennies in the West.

"They are now using pennies in the Far West," said a traveler, "but they are chary of them. They don't like them much.

"Thek is 1000 Years and the said a traveler," but they are chary of them. "Back in 1890 I got on a Western street car. A woman passenger handed the conductor for her fare five pennies. The man took them, and, without a word, walked out on to the back plat

form and threw them in the gutter. I was a tenderfoot and the prodigality of the thing impressed me "They didn't, you see, give coppers in change because they had none. It is a little better out there now, but pennies are still much scarcer than they are in the East."-Philadelphia

The big gray kangaroo of Australia measures about seven feet from the tip of its nose to tne end of its tail. It can run faster than a horse and clear