

Michigan east four million barrels of flour on the waters of traffic last year.

Alphonso cannot be blamed if he sets down all allusions to "happy childhood days" as rank nonsense.

Yellow fever is a Spanish warrior, but Yankee skill will conquer him just as Yankee valor conquers Spanish fleets and battalions. American science will do for the pestilence precisely what the American gunnery did for the enemy's ships at Manila and Santiago.

A young woman in Elizabeth, N. J., recently broke off an engagement which had been in force for eight years, and the disconsolate lover brought suit for \$25,000. Well, why shouldn't he be reimbursed for the ice cream and soda water expenditures?

The postoffice department of the Dominion of Canada is rejoicing in a surplus of not less than \$1,000,000 for the year ended June 30 last. This is a new experience for the Dominion, there having been previously a deficiency annually since 1893 amounting in five years to some \$6,000,000.

"Within twenty years," says Charles Denby, Jr., formerly secretary of the American legation at Peking, China, "there will be twenty thousand miles of railroad in operation in China. The internal development of the Orient has just begun. America's footing in Oriental trade will be broadened, and our prestige in the affairs of the Far East greatly increased."

Universities on the European model are to be established in China under the direct initiative of the Emperor. The old exclusiveness of the Middle Kingdom appears to be giving way at all points under pressure of the conviction that only in that way can the national life and welfare be preserved. The imported methods of scholarship are to be introduced in a land of scholars, where learning flourished not only before such comparatively modern schools as those of England, France, Germany and Italy were founded, but before art and letters were taught in Bagdad or Aleppo, or for that matter, in Alexandria or Athens. The Western graft of culture on the ancient Eastern stock ought to produce a particularly valuable fruitage, and that is what it promises to do, thinks the New York Tribune.

The vegetarians are making a great ado over the alleged triumph of their theory in the long-distance test of walking endurance, seventy miles, in Germany recently. The twenty-two starters included eight vegetarians. The distance had to be covered within eighteen hours. The first six to arrive were vegetarians. The first finishing in fourteen and one-fourth hours, the second in fourteen and one-half hours, the third in fifteen and one-half, the fourth in sixteen, the fifth in sixteen and one-half, and the sixth in seventeen and one-half. The two last vegetarians missed their way and walked five miles more. All reached the goal in splendid condition. Not until one hour after the last vegetarian did the first meat-eater appear, completely exhausted. He was the only one. Others dropped off after thirty-five miles.

Congress at its last session passed a bill enlisting army cooks which will be welcomed by the troops everywhere. The measure has been advocated for years, but the actual presence of war seems to have been needed for its enactment, thinks the New York Sun. Commissary General Egan, in urging the bill, pointed out that during the civil war the complaints made against the rations arose largely from the fact that in each company one or two men were detailed to cook them, and that these men might be very imperfectly suited to the business. Under existing regulations, he said, food supplies are issued for ten days at a time, and through inexperience or unskillfulness in cooking, these supplies are sometimes used up by the seventh or eighth day, and then complaints are made that the government does not furnish food enough, "whereas what is supplied constitutes a ration that is more ample than any other in the world, and fully sufficient, if properly cared for and cooked, to meet all the needs for nourishment." The new bill authorizes the enlistment for each company, battery or troop, regular or volunteer, of "a competent person" as cook, who should have the rank and pay of a corporal, and should instruct other men who may be detailed to assist him. This step must have a good effect on the health, comfort, and entertainment of the troops in the field.

Spring is the morning of the year,  
And Summer is the noontide bright;  
The Autumn is the evening clear  
That comes before the Winter's night.  
And in the evening, everywhere  
Along the roadside, up and down,  
I see the golden torches flare  
Like lighted street-lamps in the town.

### GOLDENROD.

I think the butterfly and bee,  
From distant meadows coming back,  
Are quite contented when they see  
These lamps along the homeward track.  
But those who stay too late get lost;  
For when the darkness falls about,  
Down every lighted street the Frost  
Will go and put the torches out!  
—Frank Dempster Sherman.

## OCHÉ, THE CHICKASAW.

The colonel was in command, and it was our business to obey orders. His mouth was straight and firm, and his small, gray eyes were set unusually close together. His chin was clean shaven, and on either cheek he wore a thin and formal whisker. Perhaps it was to this severe exterior that Colonel Bailey owed his appointment as deputy sheriff of Guthrie district; but be this as it may, everybody knew him to be capable and fearless, and so when an elusive young Chickasaw bandit was seen in the vicinity of Lehigh it was the colonel who was chosen to run him down.

Colonel Bailey selected me as one of his associates. For the other he picked out an unsociable fellow, known in the community as "Frozen Pete." I suspect that he had no great confidence in our ability to catch the thief. For when we reached Lehigh and found the outlaw under lock and key, he seemed very well satisfied. It merely remained for us to bring the prisoner safely to Guthrie and lodge him in the county jail.

After a short delay, we started on our return journey, and so it happened that one breezy autumn evening we four encamped in a hollow of the Washita Hills, Oklahoma, with more than half our ride behind us.

Our prisoner's name was Oché—a Chickasaw word meaning "all right." Never was name less appropriate. Except in his youth, his vigor and the marvellous quickness of his motions, Oché was anything but "all right." Though he stood five feet ten in his moccasins, his extraordinary leanness left his weight scarcely a hundred pounds. He spoke little English and was wholly without education, but his high reputation for cunning had been thoroughly earned. A pair of frayed buckskin trousers and a dingy blanket made up his simple costume. He looked a typical Indian outlaw, but his face was kind, and there were men who said his gratitude for a favor was keen and lasting.

As a professional horse-thief Oché had small claim upon the kindness of honest men, and he must have expected the severest justice at official hands. But at the outset the Indian had reason to be surprised, for contrary to his appearance Colonel Bailey was generous to a fault, and his kind consideration for a prisoner was invariable. Frozen Pete and I followed his example. We had no wish to be discourteous, and it seemed only natural and right to offer Oché such little attentions as were within our power to bestow. I remember in particular that last night when the Indian was shivering beneath his scanty blanket the colonel drew off his heavy weather-coat and spread it carefully over him. Oché merely raised his head and stared hard into the rugged face of the sheriff.

The hollow in which we had halted was a natural basin, situated on the west bank of a branch of the Washita river. Eastward between us and the stream a very narrow wall of shaly earth rose precipitously to the height of full 30 feet. To the north and west the low hills were almost perpendicular. Thus on three sides the basin was entirely shut in by cliffs. On the fourth alone to the southwest the view was open, and through the gap we could see stretches of the limitless prairie.

The tall prairie grass grew abundantly on the floor of our camping-ground, and here and there along the hard, dry walls hung an occasional patch of stubble buffalo grass or a sickly cluster of yellow cacti. Certainly it was not a pretty spot, but the tall banks were a rampart against the chill breezes of the northwest, and the basin had long since been a favorite halting-ground for travelers.

On this night, however, the wind had veered round until it swept unresisted through the mouth of our three-walled flat. All night long its violence steadily increased, and when the colonel awakened us by loud shouts of "Rouse! Rouse!" it was blowing a gale.

I started up and began to draw on my heavy boots. The colonel was already making coffee over a glowing heap of brush sticks. By chance my eyes wandered to the opposite side of the basin, where we had picketed our four broncos. They were gone.

In blank amazement I pointed to the spot. The colonel followed the direction of my gaze and understood. Then by a common impulse we ran to where his overcoat lay. He snatched it from the ground. Beneath were a blanket, a piece of heavy rope and a pair of locked handcuffs. Oché had gone, too.

Had the blow been less severe, the colonel might have given expressive vent to his feelings, but as it was, he merely dropped upon the blanket and began to examine the discarded manacles.

"There are times," he muttered, weakly, "when a man who calls himself a man insists upon being a mule. This is one of the times, and I'm the man."

"How was it done?" I asked, kneeling opposite him on Oché's blanket.

"None," he replied; "there wasn't anything to be done about it. All he

had to do was to get up and walk. You know how slim he was? Well, he's turned out to be one of those fellows whose hands aren't a particle broader than their wrists. What do you suppose they care about things like these?" he added, rattling the handcuffs viciously. "While we were sleeping here, like the gentle lambs we are, he slipped his hands out, untied the rope from his ankles and left, taking the broncos along as mementos of a pleasant trip with fools."

"Then let's follow him!" I exclaimed, leaping up; but the sheriff gripped me by the trousers.

"I'm thankful," he said, earnestly, "that I'm not the only idiot in this camp. Why, you dummy, can't you comprehend the difference between people on horses and people on foot, and don't—"

Frozen Pete had been quietly but rapidly pulling on his boots, buttoning his jacket and tightening his belt. His manner was generally so deliberate that now we both stared at him in surprise. My view embraced the mouth of our camping-ground, and between the black walls I saw, with horror, a long, unbroken line of leaping flame. Extending the entire width of the bottom, its dancing yellow crest was just visible as it rose over a long knoll lying in its path.

How the fire started I do not know to this day. Perhaps campers on the prairie had set it going accidentally. It could not have been burning long, for else we should have noticed the glare in the night sky. Completely hidden by our walls until within the last few moments, the terrible danger had crept upon us unobserved.

The fire was already within 300 yards of us, and the rough wind was sweeping it nearer with frightful rapidity. There was no time to start a counter fire. The sheer walls on three sides of us blocked our retreat. A death of torture was rushing straight at us.

Pete and I stared at Colonel Bailey, while in that awful moment the sheriff stood, with bent head, thinking how to save us.

"This way, boys," he cried, suddenly, and ran straight across the canon toward the creek. We followed and quickly reached the narrow bluff opposite. The sheriff glanced rapidly along its base. He had seen such formations before and hoped to find a hole through the wall.

I was by his side when we reached a spot where the tall grass had been worn down. He stopped, dropped on one knee and then pulled me bodily to the ground. To my astonishment I found myself looking into a wolf-burrow, perhaps 18 inches in diameter. At its other end, scarcely 15 feet away, I could see light. Some enterprising coyote had dug a passage through the narrow wall to the creek beyond.

"See if it's wide enough for you, boy," cried the colonel; "maybe we can get through, maybe not. If we can't—"

Lost the rest of the sentence as with both arms extended in front of me I thrust my head and shoulders into the opening, and digging my toes violently into the ground I shoved myself forward almost my length. There I stuck fast. With no room to bend my arms or use my knees, I was helpless. Writhe and squirm as I would, I could make no progress. In despair I struggled back into the basin.

"I feared it," said the sheriff, huskily. "If we could use our elbows we could make it, but as it is, God help us."

For some seconds we stood motionless. The fire had advanced full 50 yards, and the infernal roar was buzzing in my ears when Pete suddenly thrust out his hand toward the west. Opposite us, on the verge of the bluff, was the rascally bandit, Oché. We could see him distinctly in the increasing light. There he sat astride the colonel's pony, stolidly watching us and apparently finding a ferocious joy in our approaching destruction.

We had hardly time for thought, however, before Oché dropped to the ground. Holding the lariat coiled in his hand, he cut it from the bronco's neck and sprang to the edge of the bluff at a point where the wall was slightly less steep. Instantly he squatted down, lurched his weight forward and slid down the bank into the basin below. The descent was almost as rapid as a fall, but Oché reached the bottom unharmed, and springing to his feet he came bounding toward us, his lank, wiry body shooting far through the air at every leap.

The act of the bandit in dropping from safety to apparent death utterly bewildered us. In the nature of things it would not be to attack us. The roaring of the flames grew louder, we could hear the crackling of the tall, crisp grass, yet we could only stand and stare.

The Indian presently reached us. "Throw away guns—hats!" he cried.

"Do it, boys," commanded the colonel, and as Frozen Pete threw down his belt, pistol and sombrero Oché pushed him prostrate to the earth. Pete fell just in front of the burrow, and Oché sliding past him, strung the lasso on the grass. Pete

understood and grasped the rope near its centre, while Oché, dropping full length upon the ground, wriggled his naked body into the burrow. Thanks to his extreme slenderness and to his Indian blood he crawled through the tunnel with all the dexterity of an animal. Holding one end of the lariat at his back he drew the slack rapidly after him, and in less than a minute he stood on the narrow strip beside the creek.

Pete crawled into the tunnel as far as his own exertions would permit, and now the Indian, drawing the rope taut, pulled him along with all the strength of his lithe body. Twisting and turning, the cowboy scraped safely through.

The colonel grabbed the end of the rope which had almost disappeared in the burrow, and running back with it 15 feet he ordered me to go before him. The fire was within 50 yards of us. The wind drove sparks and smoke against our faces. It was no time for chivalrous deference.

Dropping to the earth I grasped the lariat as Pete had done and was trying to compress my bulk just a little when I felt myself jerked forward with a vigor which told me that Oché and Pete were hauling together at the rope. In half a minute I was by their side, and our united strength dragged Colonel Bailey rapidly through the tunnel. But just as the sheriff's head emerged from under the bluff Oché sprang from us and running along the bank of the stream stopped some five rods away. It was hardly strange that neither Pete nor I thought of him as a prisoner.

Colonel Bailey got on his feet and took a step toward Oché. The outlaw stood motionless. The sheriff made another step. The Indian shook his head, then turned and walked slowly away, conscious of his perfect security. He had seen us throw down our holster pistols on the other side of the hole, and as an Indian he did not fear our pursuit on foot.

The sheriff watched Oché until he has passed a bend in the ridge, then turned and walked toward us in silence. Halting at the wolf-burrow he bent down and peeped through it. As he did so his trousers were drawn tight across his hips, and I perceived the outline of a hard object in his rear pocket. It was the butt of a derringer pistol; but I am not the man to criticize the colonel.—Til Tilford, in Youth's Companion.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A map of Jerusalem in Mosaic, over 1500 years old, has been found in Palestine.

A night-blooming leguminous plant of Trinidad is pollinated by the agency of bats.

There are houses still standing in Nuremberg, Bavaria, that were built in 1080.

A pen carrying a small electric lamp to prevent shadows when writing has been patented in Germany.

Prisoners when arrested in Morocco are required to pay the policeman for his trouble in taking them to jail. The Roman bride, when being dressed for the wedding, invariably had her hair parted with the point of a spear.

A pedestrian succeeded the other day in setting foot, in the course of five hours and forty minutes, in seven German states.

Simla, India, is built on the side of a steep hill, and the roof of one house is often on a level with the foundation of one in the next tier.

Grasshoppers attain their greatest size in South America, where they grow to a length of five inches, and their wings spread out ten inches.

The Japanese are curiously alike physically. Recent measurements taken of an infantry regiment showed no variation except two inches in height or 20 pounds in weight.

An early Anglo-Saxon custom, strictly followed by newly married couples, was that of drinking diluted honey for thirty days after marriage. From this custom comes the word honeymoon, or honeymoon.

### Safety for Miners.

A recently invented device for miners will no doubt result in lessening the loss of life. It is designed to render the miners immune from the deadly effects of carbonic oxide in the after damp which follows gas explosions in mines. It is a helmet which will enable the wearer to live for at least half an hour after such an explosion takes place. It is worn over the head and face, and is constructed of a special asbestos tanned leather, or cloth, rendering it proof against fire, heat, steam, boiling water and all poisonous fluids. It comes down close over the shoulders, and is held firmly in place by means of two straps passing under the arms. At the back of the helmet is a metal reservoir, from which the wearer is supplied with fresh air at the natural air pressure and twenty degrees cooler than the outside atmosphere. The tank has a capacity of 100 pounds' pressure of compressed air, and is always ready for service, the same pressure of pure air being retained for months. The amount of air in store can be seen on the gauge attached to the reservoir, which can be quickly changed by an air pump. A lever on the top of the reservoir forces the air through the supply tubes to a point inside and directly in front of the mouth and nostrils. The supply can be adjusted to the comfort of the wearer. The neck gear has an outlet for the foul air, and the two lookouts are constructed of double plates of clear mica, with revolving cleaners and protected by four cross wires. The side or ear plates have special diaphragms, or sounding discs, which give perfectly distinct hearing.—Philadelphia Record.

## PAYING OFF THE TROOPS

### THE COMPLICATED TASK WHICH PAYMASTERS HAVE TO PERFORM.

One of the Pleasantest Features of Army Life Is His Arrival With a Gripsack Full of Money—How the Soldiers Get Their Pay—The Volunteer Paymaster.

One of the pleasantest features of army life is the coming of the paymaster with his gripsack full of money. Since the declaration of war with Spain the war department has added several paymasters and twice as many clerks, under the Emergency act providing for an increase. The work required is almost wholly that of expert accountants. Especially is this true of the department of the east, in New York city, where, in addition to keeping the accounts of the volunteers in this vicinity, the paymasters are obliged to take care of the accounts of regulars and retired officers and soldiers. There is no mercy shown to a green paymaster. Whether he understands the work or not, he has to do the same amount as is given to a paymaster who has been in the service twenty years. In fact, there is a growing suspicion that the volunteer paymaster gets the worst of it all round.

The retired list which new paymasters are required to wrestle with in the paymaster's office in this city comprises the accounts of 400 officers and men who have been retired from the service, but who are drawing three-quarters pay. These payments are made once each month under an intricate system of bookkeeping. It is so complicated that no business man of today would think of applying it to his own business.

The retired officers and men are paid on the first day of each month. Those residing in New York receive their pay in currency at the paymaster's office, while those residing outside the city are paid by check. The New York pay department is under the control of Lieut.-Col. Wilson, who ranks next to Paymaster-General Stanton. Under him at the present time are two regular army paymasters and three emergency or volunteer paymasters, all ranking as majors. As in the army proper, there is nothing done in the pay department without orders, and the soldier who becomes impatient at not receiving his pay at the anticipated time should not blame the paymaster. It may be that he has not received his orders.

The First New York Volunteers were paid off recently by Major Fowler at Fort Hamilton, and the method of procedure will serve to illustrate all payments in the field. On the rolls furnished by the company commanders an estimate due each man, less fines, was made by the paymaster, and the latter, with his clerk, went to the camp with sufficient currency to pay off. At Fort Hamilton the place selected for paying the troops was the hall of the local lodge of Good Templars. Each company was lined up, one at a time, in front of the paymaster's desk, and as his name was called out each man stepped forward and received his money.

First comes the captain, who receives \$150; then the first lieutenant, who takes \$125. The second lieutenant walks off with \$116.67, and then follow the non-commissioned officers, beginning with the first sergeant, whose compensation is \$30 a month. After the non-commissioned officers come the privates, who receive \$15.60 a month instead of \$13 a month, as formerly. In fact, in all the salaries of non-commissioned officers and privates there has been a uniform increase of 20 per cent.

When an entire regiment is paid off it is done from what is known as the roll of the field, staff and band, containing the names of the brigade or regimental field officers. Those officers are paid by the paymaster in the same manner that other payments are made, but the amounts are much larger, the brigadier-general receiving \$158.83 a month; colonel, \$291.67; lieutenant-colonel, \$250, and major, \$208.33. Regimental quartermaster and regimental adjutants receive \$150, while the regimental chaplain's pay is \$125 a month.

Commissioned officers may draw their salaries from any paymaster, and it is not infrequent that accounts are duplicated. In such cases there is trouble in store for the officer. Paymasters, although they handle large sums of money, are only under \$10,000 bonds. They are responsible for the accuracy of their accounts, and the overpayment of money to soldiers is a loss to the paymaster. The possibility of error is a constant worry to the volunteer paymasters, who are unfamiliar with the work, and whose largely dependent upon their clerks.

For this responsibility their compensation is \$208 a month. Were it not for the gold shoulder straps and the rank of major which goes with the office, there are few paymasters in the volunteer service who would accept the place. There are among the volunteer paymasters some whose incomes from their private business exceeded that of their salary, but whose age disqualified them for army service, who have joined the pay department that they might acquire a military title. Such of these paymasters as have been assigned to the department of the east are fast realizing that they are paying dear for their titles.—New York Sun.

### Stern Battle Facts.

"What is a battle like?" she asked. "Well," returned the veteran thoughtfully, "you've seen pictures of them, haven't you?" "Of course," she answered. "Then, all you have to do," he explained, "is to imagine something that is entirely different."—Chicago Post.

## UNCLE SAM'S LIVESTOCK.

He Has Invested \$3,000,000 in Mules and Horse Flesh.

Since the beginning of the war there have been purchased for army purposes by the government 15,000 mules and 4000 horses. The total number of these animals now in use by the troops in the field and at the several army camps is not far from 17,000 mules and 7000 horses. With the further equipment of volunteers under the second call purchases continue to be made, and it is quite probable that within a few weeks this four-footed army will number 90,000. These will cost in round numbers \$3,000,000. Assistant Quartermaster Charles P. Miller, who is in charge of this department, has agents in several sections of the country looking for young horses and mules that are fit for army duty.

"The attempts to corner the mule market," said Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, "have all been ineffectual. Dealers around St. Louis have tried it several times, but as soon as this is done we have ceased to purchase in that market and transferred our operations to other cities. The result has been that mules could eventually be bought in that market for less than the original prices."

The mules are rendezvoused generally in the vicinity of some of the army camps, and are trained there for service in dragging the heavy transportation wagons. During the civil war each wagon was given six mules, but it is found preferable by the quartermaster's department now to drive many of them in teams of four. The price paid for the animals depends upon the position they are fit for in the team. The wheel mules, which must be larger and stronger than the others, cost the government about \$118. The "swings" or second span in a team of six, cost from \$98 to \$105, the leaders being lighter and not necessarily so strong, about \$87 a head.

The principal centers that the government depends upon for its mules are St. Louis, Kansas City, and northern Texas. Some have been purchased in Chicago and some in Atlanta.

In fitting out those heavy teams the government has taken a new departure in carts, which is thought to be an improvement over the carts of the civil war. Then wheels with narrow tires, hardly more than two inches, were used. These narrow tires cut the roads up badly, and the passing of a long army train was sufficient to badly demolish any ordinary country highway. For the service in Cuba and the South Lieutenant-Colonel Miller has some wagons mounted on mammoth tracks of wood. They are made in sections from oak and bound together by an iron tire twelve inches broad. Then the rear trucks are placed on axles that prevent their "tracking" the forward trucks. This arrangement is regarded as especially adapted for the soft roads in Cuba, where the rain sometimes makes the thoroughfares well nigh impassable. Army wagons mounted on these trucks will have the effect of packing the soil down harder rather than cutting it up. Teams of four mules are driven there instead of teams of six.

### An Ancient Agricultural Implement.

An agricultural relic of considerable interest was unearthed recently on the farm of Amos Buckman, in Springfield township, Delaware county. Buckman's farm is known as the "Levis Homestead" and is said to be the oldest place in the county, the title dating back to William Penn's time. The farmhouse, a solid stone structure, about 250 years old, has begun to show signs of age, and recently steps were taken to put it in repair. Preparations were made to reshingle the roof, but before this could be done it was necessary to tear down and rebuild the large chimney. The men engaged at this work had razed the chimney to the level of the roof when they came to a large, flat piece of iron which had been put in to brace the chimney against the stone wall. This was torn out and thrown to the ground, when one of the workmen noticed its odd shape. After the mortar had been cleaned off it was examined and proved to be an old-fashioned "sod cutter." A name was sunk on it, of which only the three last letters (sis) could be made out, but the date, 1758, is fairly legible. At that time the plows were very primitive, yet they had in a crude form the cutters still frequently used on modern plows to open the way for the share. Owing to the mortar the cutter is well preserved, but the worn edges attest that it had turned many a furrow in its palmy days before it was built into the chimney.—Philadelphia Record.

### An Invisible Monkey.

There are many animals, especially birds and insects, which mimic in their colors and shapes the natural objects amid which they dwell, and thus frequently escape the eyes of their enemies, but, as Dr. Lydekker says in Knowledge, "Until quite recently no case was known where a monkey, for the sake of protection, resembled in form or coloration either some other animal or an inanimate object." Such monkeys were discovered by Dr. J. W. Gregory during his recent journey in East Africa. Near relatives of the monkeys seen by him have long been known to naturalists and have excited surprise by the brilliant contrast of the black fur covering their body and limbs with the snow-white mantle of long, silky hair hanging from their shoulders and the equally white plumes on their tails. The contrast, Dr. Gregory found, serves to render the animals practically invisible, for the trees which they inhabit have black stems and are draped with pendant masses of gray-white lichen, amid which the monkeys can hardly be distinguished.