

Spain ought to be considered pretty good authority now on submarine boats.

Many of the tragedies of war pale before the tribulations and despairing experiences of the peaceful Klondike gold seekers.

The London Statist, a paper of the highest authority on financial subjects, forecasts the American business future as one of unbounded prosperity.

That Edgar Allan Poe can boast in Russia many more admirers and friends than he can claim in America, is the curious statement of M. Constantine Balmont, a Russian writer.

It is stated that the merchandise carried by rail in the United States is double the amount of land carriage of all the other nations of the earth combined. This means that the 70,000,000 people of the United States transport twice as much merchandise as the remaining 1,400,000,000 of mankind.

New York is far ahead of all the other states in the amount of money in savings banks, its banks holding on the first day of this year \$718,176,889. Massachusetts follows, with 453,220,257, and then comes Connecticut, with \$149,496,556, and California, with \$127,929,281. The figures of savings deposits of all the New England states speaks volumes for Yankee industry, economy and thrift. Thus, the minute state of Rhode Island has \$68,683,698; Maine, \$57,476,896; New Hampshire, \$49,493,056, and Vermont, \$32,600,627.

The record of the torpedoboot Porter is remarkable. Although not intended for sea service, she was kept at sea for three months and weathered the storms with the best of them. Although not intended for long range fighting, she took part in the bombardment of San Juan de Porto Rico. But if her record marks the utmost of achievement of torpedoboot efficiency it also marks the limitations of this arm of the service. On neither side has the torpedoboot done any harm to the enemy, and a single, well-directed shot at the Porter would have disposed of her as effectively as the Spanish torpedoboot destroyers were disposed of off Santiago, before they could get within double their torpedo range of our ships.

So far Southern manufacturers of cotton have been mainly confined to the coarser yarns and ruder fabrics, but in this they have made astonishingly rapid progress. To take the example of a single state, North Carolina had in 1886 eighty cotton mills; in 1897 it had 1010. In the first named year it had 4071 looms, with 199,433 spindles; in the latter, 24,517 looms and 1,044,385 spindles. Some of the other cotton-growing states are not far behind, and with abundant water-power, cheap coal and extremely cheap labor the development of the business there is certain to continue and to display results as surprising as the last decade has shown. By and by the mills there will be able to do finer work, and some time—who knows? they may control the markets of the world with their home-grown and home-woven fabrics, thinks the New York Tribune.

One result of the war with Spain will be to enhance the value of American citizenship in the eyes of the world, predicts the New York Mail and Express. Hereafter the American flag and the American citizen will be respected abroad as they have never been before. Among all but the best educated and most traveled classes we have always had the reputation of being a nation of shopkeepers, shrewd, boastful, vulgar, but of little account outside of commercial transactions. They know better now. The extraordinary, almost miraculous, successes of our navy riveted the eyes of the world in admiration or in fear. The rapidity with which we have evolved an army of a quarter million of men from a state of unpreparedness has also impressed the nations, while the brave, fierce fighting of our raw levies before Santiago has been officially reported to every great power of Europe in words of unstinted praise. With the news of the terrible effectiveness of our army and navy have gone also the reports of the ease with which a great government loan has been placed in sums less than \$5000, with five times the amount of the desired loan offered, but not accepted. More than all, the nations have been impressed with our magnanimity and the generous treatment of our prisoners. The American citizen will hereafter, when traveling abroad, be treated with a degree of courtesy and respect that he has never known before.

THE ROUGH RIDERS.

From where the chaparrals uplift
O'er Texan sea of grass;
From Arizona canoned rift,
And Colorado pass;
From Boston etc and elastic shade,
And Gotham masque and ball,
We've gathered, by one motive swayed—
Rough Riders are we all.

We ken the ways of man and beast—
We've faced the prairie Death,
We've watched the buzzards at their feast,
We've felt the Northern's breath;
We know the realms of helms and helms
And Fashy's gay command—
Our view lies from Delmonico's
Clear to the Rio Grande.

But now, unhooked, the cattle whirr
In headlong wild stampede;
And Beauty's banner may unfurl
In vain. We give no heed,
For Cuban clutch and palm,
The jarring roll of hostile arms
Our plan is and our aim.

In strangely differing clime and place
Our names and paths appear,
For many a college knows our face,
And many a brandied spear,
But, lo! our blood you find us, when
These sounds Columbia's call,
We spring to answer it, like men—
Rough Riders are we all.

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

MY ESCAPE.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

As "Semana Santa," or Holy Week, had arrived, with the prospect of several holidays in succession, the Anglo-American residents of Manila had deserted the city. They went out to live in the surrounding country, partly for pleasure and partly because no vehicle would be allowed in the streets during two days of the week, so that anyone remaining in town would be virtually a prisoner in his house or at the club.

Some of the migrants had gone up the Pasig river to the lake at its source and some to explore the wonderful caves in the great southern volcanic range; but I, with half a dozen others, had chartered a big steamer- launch, loaded her with a capping outfit and native servants and steamed across the bay and up the coast. We were going to the wild north country of Luzon in search of deer and wild pig.

We landed with our paraphernalia on the beach at our destination; ordered the launch to return on the following Monday and began to shift for ourselves in a country as wild as it was when Magellan and Bilboa cruised among the islands. It swarmed with little Negritos, or aboriginal natives whom the Spanish conquerors have vainly tried for three centuries to subdue and civilize.

These Negritos wander about the vast forests in small bands, sleeping one night under a few propped-up boughs and the next, perhaps, among the limestone rocks and caves of the shore. Their language consists of a few bird-like chirps and whistles. Their weapons are bows and arrows and queer swords or knives, which they can wield with terrible effect.

They are cowardly and treacherous to the last degree. We had been especially warned against wandering singly in the jungle, for a solitary hunter would be apt to find himself suddenly bristling with arrows, shot from behind every tree and rock around him. "This," said the grave old half-breed huntsman, who had given us these particulars, "would be excessively disagreeable for your graces"—and our graces agreed with the opinion.

We accordingly took exceeding good care to keep together during the first two or three days, but as no signs of blacks appeared we became less careful and occasionally made individual expeditions along the shore or into the forest in quest of jungle-fowl or other small game.

Now a species of huge lizard—the iguana—inhabits the rocks of the islands, and I was very anxious to secure a specimen. So one afternoon I started off with a rifle to stroll along the shore toward a mass of jagged rocks where the beach ended. There a great bluff rose gradually from the woods, terminating in a mighty spur high in the air and far out at sea.

I soon discovered that I was accompanied by Pete, a small fox-terrier, who belonged to one of the men and had been brought with us for some unknown reason, for so far he had been nothing better than a general nuisance. However, as Pete and I were good friends, he trotted along beside me until we arrived at the rocks.

I had little hope of finding an iguana there and was wondering whether it was worth while to go any farther when Pete gave a yelp and dashed forward. In a moment more I saw a big iguana flashing in and out among the rocks like lightning, with Pete scrambling and dipping in pursuit. As it was hopeless to try a shot while the lizard was dodging about I ran after Pete, shouting to him.

But Pete, a perverse brute at all times, having now an exciting and unique adventure in prospect, scrambled obstinately on, until he and the iguana both disappeared in the low bushes and grass that covered the base of the cliff.

Having fought my way through these, with wrath in my heart against the dog, I emerged beyond and saw the great lizard gliding up the side of the bluff on a zigzag path probably made by the black men. Pete, a very bad second, was pluckily toiling after the same.

I fired a despairing shot and missed, but the bullet must have "gipped" pretty close to Pete's head. He stopped—probably glad of an excuse to do so—looked back inquiringly and then obligingly waited for me to come up, while the iguana vanished aloft. I felt angry enough to have wrung the dog's neck, but restrained myself and after administering a cuff or two told him emphatically to go home.

He only went back a few steps, then sat down defiantly and cocked one ear at me in a derisive and exasperating manner. When I went on again he came gaily trotting after, ready to dash past me should more iguanas heave in sight. Then I threw a stick at him, which he promptly chased, captured and brought back to me.

Finally I made a leash of my necktie and handkerchief and thus restrained his ardor while I climbed up

the rough and steep path. I was determined to get the iguana if possible.

We wound our way among big rocks and clumps of bushes and at last reached the top, a few yards from the great spur. Here the bluff was some twelve yards across. As it sloped gradually back toward the mainland it grew wider and was covered only with stiff, dry grass, till its base was lost in the forest.

The iguana had made good use of his time and was not in sight, so I sat down on the summit to cool off and relieved my feelings by inventing appropriate phrases and applying them to Pete. Then I glanced around at the view, which was superb, with the sun setting in indescribable glory over the calm China sea.

In the glow I could see a steamer, which I knew must be the mail-steamers from Hongkong, probably bringing no letters and Easter remembrances from friends in far-away America. Suddenly the dog jumped up and said "Woof!" I muzzled him with one hand and reached for the rifle with the other, with visions of iguanas before me, but none appeared. Pete wriggled himself loose and "woofed" again, cocking his ears toward the forest at the base of the bluff. I turned my head and listened.

Now I could faintly hear the thumping roll of galloping horses, mingled with the crashing of breaking brush. As I stood up and stared a pony appeared, bursting out of the jungle, followed by another and still another. Almost before I realized what they were, full 20 of them had come tearing out of the woods and were charging up the slope toward me.

In the forest wander herds of these native ponies, discarded as old or useless by their owners, who, as a rule, are too indolent to dispose of them otherwise. We had encountered them in many hunting, but I had never seen so many together, and was wondering what could have caused such a stampede when, just as the last one appeared, I saw a small, black, monkey-like creature dash out after him, followed by a score of others, driving the terrified animals up the hill with shrill whistles and shrieks.

"Negritos!" I thought, remembering what we had been told about their sometimes driving a crowd of these wandering ponies over some precipice to be killed on the rocks below and thus afford their pursuers an unctuous feast of horse-flesh for many days. This was evidently what the black men were doing now.

I saw that the ponies would quickly arrive at the top and carry me over with them if something was not done promptly; so I seized Pete by the scruff of his neck and ran for the head of the side path by which I had come up; but I was just too late; the frenzied mob of scarecrows was almost upon me before I could get there.

In desperation I waved the rifle aloft with one hand and poor Pete with the other, mingling a wild shout with Pete's expostulating yells. So strange an apparition, combined with the sounds from the dog, had the effect of causing many of the drove of ponies to swerve past me, and I heard them go sliding and crashing down the other side of the bluff, while others turned sharply and ran down the path. One of these, however, lost his footing in turning so suddenly and fell headlong.

He rolled over so quickly that I had no time to get out of the way, and he struck me squarely on the ankles. Pete flew one way and the rifle another as I pitched forward on top of the kicking brute. We fell just at the head of the path, blocking the way for the last three or four ponies, who halted trembling and snorting.

As I scrambled up I caught a glimpse of the Negritos, who had stopped at the sight of me and were gazing in amazement, calling to each other with short, sharp whistles. Their great heads, covered with masses of frizzly hair, out of all proportion to their dwarfed, naked bodies, gave them a most uncanny aspect, like a crowd of gnomes. I felt as if I were the hero of some fairy tale in the power of goblins, and for an instant I experienced the same horrid, creeping sensation that one feels at the first shudder of an earthquake.

Every moment I expected a cloud of arrows to come whizzing about me, and I remember wondering whether they would be barbed or smooth; but the fierce little black men seemed too astonished to do anything but stand like statues and whistle. Yet it was certain that they would soon let fly their deadly arrows. By some instinct I grasped the pony's short, rough mane as he struggled to his feet and followed alongside the animal as he headed down the path, keeping his shoulders and forelegs between myself and the blacks. Pete had picked himself up and was close at my heels.

As we disappeared a perfect storm of whistles pierced the air. The ponies behind, frightened afresh, came crowding against my protector, who

lashed out viciously and started to run down the narrow path. Seeing there was danger of being crowded over the edge, I swung on his back, holding tight to his mane, and let him take his own course.

Fortunately for me the little beast, although abnormal in bony and many in appearance, had retained his eyesight and the wonderful sure-footedness that all Philippine ponies possess. He was evidently accustomed to a rider, for he picked his way down the rough passage at a sliding sort of trot, closely followed by the other ponies and Pete, who must have been having a precarious time of it among equine legs and hoofs.

Far ahead I could hear the clattering of the ponies that had gone down first, while over all else were the weird squeaks and piping of the savages. They must have been in close pursuit, but unable either to pass the rear ponies or to get a shot at me on account of the windings of the path. I crouched low and held on with all my might, expecting at every step to feel the blow of some barbarous missile.

Before I realized where we were I found the pony crashing through the bushes at the base, and we came on the rocks where I had first sighted the iguana. The rocks proved too much for my gallant but ancient steed, for when half-way across he slipped and pitched me off. I rose, uninjured, just in time to grasp his mane afresh and run along beside him.

The leading ponies were well ahead, and as they went pounding and thundering by the camp I saw the fellows who were lying about on the beach jump up and get out of the way. Wild was their amazement to see me tearing along the beach with ten-foot strides, hanging on to the mane of a bony and terrified horse, followed by several more "caballos" equally spectral in appearance. The villainous fox-terrier scudded along in rear of the procession, telling everybody what jolly fun he had been having. I let go the pony and tumbled into the crowd, answering their frantic demands for an explanation by pointing to the bluff and gasping "Negritos!"

The boys jumped for their guns, but there was no need of warlike preparation, for the savages had stopped just outside of the bushes on seeing the group. After gazing a moment they turned and disappeared one by one, while the last of the ponies plunged into the woods at the other end of the beach and was lost to sight.

All that night we heard the little black men signaling to each other around the camp, but saw them no more. The next day we climbed the bluff in a body and found my rifle safe and sound.

On the way back, by great good luck, I shot an iguana four feet long, which I had stuffed in Manila and afterward sent home by a sailing vessel. Its delivery, some four months later, by a horrified expressman at my family's home in a peaceful Boston suburb created a scene of consternation fully justified by its appearance.—Charles B. Howard, in Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A petrified oak has lately been dug up in Cheshire, Eng. It is said to be at least 10,000 years old.

Previous to the setting up of a clock at Hampton Court, England, in 1549, no English clock went accurately.

It is a very common sight, in the streets of Paris, France, to see baby carriages which are propelled by electricity.

A curious fact has been noted by Arctic travelers. Snow, when at a very low temperature, absorbs moisture and dries garments.

It is a strange fact that injuries to the tongue, whether of man or animal, heal more quickly than those of any other part of the system.

Large numbers of flintlock guns six feet long are made in Birmingham, Eng., at \$1.50 each, and many of these weapons find a ready market in Dark-Africa.

There are several varieties of fish that cannot swim. In every instance they are deep-sea dwellers, and crawl about the rocks, using their tails and fins as legs.

Skates made of hardened glass, in various colors, are now made in England. It is said that they make it easier to get over rough places than is the case with steel skates.

The oldest piece of wrought iron in existence is believed to be a roughly-fashioned sickle blade found in Egypt. It is now in the British Museum, and it is believed to be nearly 4000 years old.

According to a New Yorker who recently returned from Rome a prominent Italian newspaper gravely announced that General George Washington would take command of the American army in Cuba.

Thin bamboo tubes are fastened to carrier pigeons in China, to protect them from birds of prey. When the bird is in motion, the action of the air through the tubes causes a whistling sound, which alarms predatory birds, and keeps them at a respectful distance.

A Water Monster.

Recently the largest whaleback vessel ever constructed was launched at West Superior, Wis. It is 430 feet long and is one of the largest freight carriers in the world. The "whaleback" is a comparatively new type of boat, built expressly to ride easily in rough seas. The main part or steel hull of the vessel is shaped like a fat cigar, and with a concave upper portion over which the waves may dash without causing inconvenience. As a result the whaleback steamer can plow through heavy seas that would seriously interfere with the progress of an ordinary vessel.

RIFLED STEEL MORTARS.

THE ARMY'S NEW ORDINANCE TESTED BEFORE SANTIAGO.

They Are Little Compared With Naval Guns, Have Accuracy of Fire and Are Destructive in Effect—Played an Important Part in Forcing Toral to Surrender.

There is no more important piece of ordnance used in our war operations than the little rifled mortars that throw explosives, shells, and heavy steel projectiles with destructive effect against the Spanish intrenchments and rifle pits between the American lines and Santiago. The field mortars are believed by the army men in Washington to have played an important part in compelling the surrender of the Spanish troops and to have assisted in the capture of strategic points which otherwise might not have been taken without severe loss to the invading soldiers.

These little mortars have not been generally adopted in armies, except in this country, and never had an actual trial against the enemy until the recent fight between Shafter's men and those of General Toral. They are light, can be readily transported with an advancing body of men, are quick of fire, and are almost accurate as the rifled field piece. Although the shot fired by them describes a trajectory that takes it soaring hundreds of feet up in the air, the accuracy of fire is so great that an exploding shell can be dropped two miles away within a space no larger than a good-sized ballroom.

When compared with the old smooth-bore muzzle loaders of the civil war period, which shot far but with no certainty as to where the shell would fall, the new mortars like those at Santiago are as great an improvement as the modern small arm is over the old Springfield.

With the modern mortar provided with a rifled chamber and breech-loading apparatus the ordnance experts claim that they can plump a shot into any ordinary sized rifle pit and knock the top off any house at which it is aimed within the radius of its action. Although the projectile goes high in the air and then takes a plunging course, the range can be accurately reached by reducing or increasing the powder charge. The explosion of a 7-inch shell in a rifle pit should kill or severely injure every man in it, and if one fell behind an intrenchment where men were assembled thickly it would have the power to wipe out practically half a company.

Mortars, howitzers and field guns were the heavy ordnance used by the army in front of Santiago, but for shelling a city no piece was believed by the officers to be better adapted for effective work than the mortars. Two kinds are used in the army, the heavier being the 7-inch and the other the 3.6-inch. The heavy mortar has a weight of 1715 pounds and a total length of only 58 inches, the length of the bore being seven calibres. A projectile weighing 120 pounds is used for the important work of clearing rifle pits, and can be sent accurately to a distance of considerably more than three miles, and dropped within a space 100 by 12 feet three times out of five. To send this shell through the air only five and one-half pounds of powder is required, which develops an initial velocity for the projectile of about 650 feet a second. The pressure exerted is 18,000 pounds to the square inch, which seems high for so small a charge, and the range of the mortar is placed at 4340 yards, or nearly three miles. The fighting range which will be generally employed, however, is not expected to exceed two miles.

In the operations before Santiago it was less, although when General Shafter determined to bombard the city if Toral failed to comply to his demand for surrender, the mortar batteries were not less than two miles from the centre of the town and were to be fired at that distance. Inside the 7-inch mortar shell is 12 1/2 pounds of powder whose explosion throws hundreds of small pieces of the shell in every direction. A fuse ignites the powder as the shell strikes the ground, and if the explosion is instant the destruction in its immediate vicinity should be terrific.

Should the shell, however, hit soft earth and bury itself before exploding its effectiveness is practically lost. The experience in firing mortars at Santiago showed that this occurred frequently.

These mortars are adapted to fire the projectiles of the 7-inch howitzer as well as the shells. Besides the ordinary shell the mortar is intended to fire as well a steel shell of 150 pounds weight and approximately of five calibre length, charged with high explosive for great destructive effect. This piece supplies the heaviest calibre that the army regards as necessary for field purposes and is intended for just such purposes as those to which it was put at Santiago.

The 3.6-inch mortar is fired from a solidly constructed platform weighing 200 pounds. The platform is held in position by stakes, the recoil being taken up and kept within limits by ropes made fast to an anchor stake. The range of this mortar varies from 300 yards to 3300, and its fire is just as accurate as that of the larger piece. Twelve ounces of powder explodes the shell, and the amount required to propel it varies from five ounces for the smallest distance to fifteen ounces for the greatest obtainable range. Experiments with this piece show that almost every shot can be landed within the space of an ordinary room. They are to the army in creating havoc to the intrenchments what the big 12 and 16 inch coast defence mortars are to a fleet of approaching war vessels.

Alaskan babies when they cry are held under water until they ston.

WOMEN'S WOES.

Hardships at Home Greater Than Those at the Front.

"Are there any greater hardships than those endured by our brave boys at the front?" asked the speaker.

"Well, I don't know," replied the demure little woman in the back of the hall, rising. "Were you ever in a house where four boys between ten and sixteen caught the martial spirit, mounted guard eight times a day and made it a point to charge on the cook at least twice? Did you ever note the enthusiasm with which four boys can enter into the spirit of military operations and patrol the front of the house, insisting upon the countersign when callers arrive?"

"Madam," broke in the speaker, "I assure you I—"

"Did you ever come home from a shopping tour," she persisted, "and find the baby in the guardhouse, yelling itself hoarse, while four boys held a council of war to decide whether it should be shot or hanged?"

"As I was about to say, madam—"

"Did you ever return from a short call at a neighbor's to find the front door barricaded and gimlet holes bored in the hardwood panels in order that the approach of the enemy might be easily detected?"

"Madam, I concede—"

"Did you ever have your front porch mined and the mine exploded just as you were welcoming a maiden aunt who is expected to leave you quite a little money, even though it is well known that she has an antipathy to children and never has quite forgiven you for having so many?"

"There can be no question—"

"Did you ever have a new sheet torn up to make hospital bandages and three yards of colored silk cut up into signal flags? Did you ever have a flower garden ruined because it was deemed necessary to throw up fortifications where the flowers happened to be? Did you ever have a whole new clothesline cut up into short pieces that could be used to securely bind prisoners of war? Did you ever have your barn carried by assault, one of your horses so frightened that it was four days before it was safe to drive him and your coachman tripped up and thrown down a flight of stairs because he foolishly attempted to check the invading force? Did you ever—"

"Madam," broke in the speaker at last, "I never did. If I had, I would have spoken as I did. I now publicly concede that the sufferings in the field really amount to nothing compared with what this war has brought upon some of those who have to remain home."

Grasshopper Kills a Turtle.

One of the soldiers stationed at Tampa sent to Dr. Alfred E. Wadsworth of Brooklyn a letter in which he described a battle he witnessed between a grasshopper and a large snapping turtle. The fight resulted in the death of the turtle, which had awakened the anger of the grasshopper by killing its mate.

The fight occurred on the bank of a small stream in which the soldier had cast a fishing line. While watching the line he saw two grasshoppers jump from a tree and land on the bank. Right beside them was a big turtle, which immediately snapped one of the hoppers. Instantly the survivor jumped upon the turtle's back. The turtle withdrew its head within its shell, and the grasshopper perched itself on the edge of the covering, just at the point where the head of the turtle had disappeared. There it waited patiently.

It was some time before the turtle protruded its head. Then it did so very slowly and cautiously, looking about apparently for the other grasshopper. The insect was on the watch, and when the sleepy eyes of the turtle were exposed it apparently spat into one of them. The reptile withdrew its head instantly. The grasshopper remained where it was. The head of the turtle was not long hidden. In a few minutes the turtle protruded it to look for its foe. The grasshopper made a forward movement and tried to reach the other eye of the turtle. It failed, however, and narrowly escaped being caught by the snapper. The latter made every effort to get at it, but, quick as were the movements of the turtle's head, those of its small enemy were quicker, and the grasshopper managed to keep out of danger. Finally it managed to spit in the other eye of the reptile. Then the turtle, blinded, gave up the fight. The grasshopper waited around for half an hour, and then hopped off. The soldier picked up the turtle and was surprised to find that it was dead. He says in his letter that it must have been poisoned by the saliva the grasshopper injected into its eyes.—New York Sun.

An Unlucky Jest.

There was a little group discussing the glorious news of Sampson's victory in an uptown saloon recently, when a man walked in slowly and stood within earshot of the patriotic expressions. Finally he said in a rather mournful tone of voice: "Well, boys, you may talk as you please, but I would give my right arm to see the Spanish flag floating over New Orleans."

There was a mad rush for the new comer, and for some seconds the air was full of swinging arms. As the stranger ruefully regained his feet and pulled his battered remains together he attempted a smile that faded into a ghastly grin as he whined out: "You fellows are too quick. That's just my little joke. I am blind."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

English military authorities say that new boots will wear better if kept about six months before using. If kept over a year they become less durable.