

A bicyclist has just obtained a verdict of \$24,500 against a railroad company for the loss of his legs. If he had not been a wheelman what would the sum have been?

A sharp line of distinction should be drawn between the classes that are in the "submerged tenth" because they are hopelessly degenerate and those coming to us from Canada and Europe, who begin at the bottom, but quickly rise to self-support and self-respect.

Koyama is a member of the Japanese Diet. That body had been considering a land tax bill which the government was determined should become a law. When the roll was called Koyama announced that certain agents of the government had paid him \$4000 to vote for the tax bill, and then sedately proceeded to vote against the measure. In his artless Japanese fashion, Koyama further rebuked his would-be corrupters by pocketing the money. While this is exceedingly interesting evidence going to show that the dawn of civilization in Japan has become a sunburst, it is disappointing. Koyama is evidently young. He must learn that the first requisite of a successful politician is to stay bought and say nothing about it.

It is a little over a year since Philadelphia transferred to the United Gas Improvement company, under a 30 years' lease, the franchise of the gas company, and reports recently made mark sharply the difference between political control and business management. The city now has a revenue of 10 per cent. on an increased quantity of gas sold at \$1 per thousand, whereas it was formerly unable to make both ends meet at a higher rate. Consumers are supplied with better gas, and the worn-out gas mains have been replaced with new ones, to the comfort of citizens whose noses had been assailed with the odor of escaping gas. In this work of betterment \$3,112,829 has been expended within the year, although the lease only requires the expenditure of \$5,000,000 in this way during the first three years, and of \$10,000,000 thereafter. All these improvements, it should be noted, will ultimately revert to the benefit of the city, as at the end of the 30 years the gas-works must be returned to the city without the expenditure of a dollar of public money on the improvements made or to be made.

More evidence of the use of boracic acid as a meat preservative comes from Philadelphia. A soap-maker in that city, who purchases the excess fat from the market stalls, says that about five years ago he noticed that something in connection with the tallow was preventing its union with the lye in the soap-making process. He concluded that there was an acid of some kind in the tallow, and on making that statement to the firm that supplied the tallow it was admitted that the meat men were using a wash for the meat, and that it was boracic acid. He asked if the fluid was injected in the meat, and was told that it was used only on the surface before the meat was put into the ice-chest. The soap-manufacturer adds that he has often since that time noticed in butcher shops that meat that had been undeniably washed with a preserving liquid or powder was avoided by the flies, while they would swarm on untreated meat. He had observed also that he had less trouble with the acid in cold weather, when it was presumed that less of the preservative was used.

Apropos of the phenomenon of sleep, a printer in a newspaper office in Bangor, Me., thought that he had solved it. He might have succeeded had not nature called him to account for his trifling. His scheme was simple and plausible. He did not believe that slumber had any effect on the muscles; they need simply rest or change in the character of exercise. As to the brain, that could be rested in the same way. He dropped off a few minutes from his sleep every day. In the course of a month he had reduced his ordinary time of slumber of eight hours to five. At length he reached the supreme moment when he was to pass his first sleepless consecutive twenty-four hours. As has been said, he was a printer, a compositor. He needed a certain font of type that was kept in a dark corner of the room. He climbed up on the stool. Three hours later they missed him. A search revealed him sitting on the stool fast asleep. He was taken home and he slept for long periods throughout a week. So far he has not found his experiment profitable. This is a good illustration of all the attributes of nature. Poor humanity cannot ignore her laws without a stern admonishment.

THE AMERICAN NOMAD.

Turning from the quiet fields
Where the lazy cattle graze;
Leaving her in tears who bent
O'er him in his helpless days;
Faring down the dusty road,
Leaving all he loves behind,
Rushing in where striving men
Push him down and never mind.

Dreams of sweet old peaceful scenes,
Sometimes, in the rush and roar;
Memories of eradic songs
That are sung to him no more;
Newer friends and newer hopes,
Gaining step by step, and then
For a little thinking coin,
Leaving all behind again.

Ever striving to outstrip
Those that labor at his side;
Spurring love and spurring rest,
Till the last unsatisfied;
Here today—tomorrow where?
"Home" a hollow, empty name,
Happiness to give in trade
For a little pelf or fame.

Still the lazy cattle graze
Out upon the sloping hill,
And the smoke is curling up
From the old red chimney still;
Still the rusty hinges creak
When they swing apart the gates,
And a little vacant lot
For the restless traveler waits.

—Cleveland Leader.

THE OLD UNIFORM.

A Story of the Zouaves.

One of my desk-mates in the office at the ministry of war was an ex-commissioned officer, Henri Vidal. He had lost a left arm in the Italian campaign, but with his remaining hand he executed marvels of calligraphy—down to drawing with one pen-stroke a bird in the flourish of his signature.

A good fellow, Vidal; the type of the upright old soldier, hardly 40, with a sprinkling of gray in his blonde imperial—he had been in the Zouaves. We all called him Pere Vidal, more respectfully than familiarly, for we all knew his honor and devotion. He lived in a cheap little lodging at Grenelle, where—on the money of his cross, his pension and his salary—he managed to support his widowed sister and her three children.

As at that time I, too, was living in the southern suburb of Paris, I often walked home with Pere Vidal, and I used to make him tell of his campaigns as we passed near the military school, meeting at every step—it was at the close of the empire—the splendid uniforms of the Imperial Guard, green chasseurs, white lancers and the dark and magnificent artillery officers, black and gold, a costume worth while getting killed in.

As we walked along the hideous Boulevard de Grenelle he stopped suddenly before a military old-clothes shop—there are many like it in that quarter—a dirty, sinister den, showing in its window rusted pistols, bowls full of buttons and tarnished epaulets; in front were hung, amid sordid rags, a few old officers' uniforms, rain-rotted and sunburned; with the slope-in at the waist and the padded shoulders they had an almost human aspect.

Vidal, seizing my arm with his right hand and turning his gaze on me, raised his stump to point out one of the uniforms, an African officer's tunic, with the kilted skirt and the three gold braids making a figure eight on the sleeve.

"Look!" he said; "that's the uniform of my old corps, a captain's tunic."

Drawing nearer, he made out the number engraved on the buttons and went on with enthusiasm:

"My regiment! The First Zouaves!" Suddenly his hand shook, his face darkened; dropping his eyes, he murmured, in a horror-stricken voice:

"What if it were his!" Then brusquely turning the coat about he showed me in the middle of the back a little round hole, bordered by a black rim—blood, of course—it made one shudder, like the sight of a wound.

"A nasty scar," I said to Pere Vidal, who had dropped the garment and was hastening away. And foreseeing a tale, I added to spur him on:

"It's not usually in the back that bullets strike captains of the Zouaves."

He apparently did not hear me; he mumbled to himself: "How could it get there? It's a long way from the battlefield of Melegnano to the Boulevard de Grenelle! Oh, yes, I know—the carrion crows that follow the army; the strippers of the dead! But why just there, two steps from the military school where the other fellow's regiment is stationed? He must have passed; he must have recognized it. What a ghost!"

"See here, Pere Vidal," said I, violently interested, "stop your muttering, and tell me what the riddled tunic recalls to you."

He looked at me timidly, almost suspiciously. Suddenly, with a great effort, he began:

"Well, then, here goes for the story; I can trust you; you will tell me frankly, on your honor, if you think my conduct excusable. Where shall I begin? Ah, I can't give you the other man's surname, for he is still living, but I will call him by the name he went under in the regiment—Dry-Jean—and he deserved it, with his 12 drinks at the stroke of noon."

"He was sergeant in the Fourth of the Second, my regiment, a good fighter, but fond of quarrel and drink—all the bad habits of the African soldier; brave as a bayonet, with cold, steel-blue eyes and a rough red beard on his tanned cheeks. When I entered the regiment Dry-Jean had just re-enlisted. He drew his pay and went on a three days' spree. He and two companions of the same kidney rolled through the low quarters of Algiers in a cab, flying a tri-color bearing the words, "it won't last forever." It did wind up with a knock-down fight. Dry-Jean got a cut on the head from a tring o that nearly finished him, a fortnight in the guard-room and the loss of his stripes—the second time he had lost them."

"Of well-to-do parents and with some education, he would have risen to be an officer long before if it had not been for his conduct. Eighteen months later he got his stripes back again, thanks to the indulgence of the old African captain who had seen him under fire in Kabylis. Hereupon our old captain is promoted chief of bat-

talion, and they send us out a captain of 28, a Corsican named Gentili, just out of school, a cold, ambitious, clever fellow, very exacting, hard on his men, giving you eight days for a speck of rust on your gun or a button off your gaiters; moreover, never having served in Algeria, not tolerating fantasia or the slightest want of discipline. The two took a hatred to each other from the first; result, the guard-room for Dry-Jean after every drinking bout. When the captain, a little fellow, as stiff as a bristle, with the mustaches of an angry cat, flung his punishment at Dry-Jean's head, adding curtly, "I know you, my man, and I'll bring you to order!" Dry-Jean answered never a word and walked away quietly to do pack-drill. But all the same the captain might have come off his high horse; a bit had he seen the rage that reddened the sergeant's face as soon as he turned his head and the hatred that flashed through his terrible blue eyes.

"Hereupon the emperor declares war against the Austrians, and we are shipped off to Italy. But let me come at once to the day before the battle of Melegnano, where I left my arm, you know. Our battalion was camped in a little village, and before breaking the ranks the captain had made us a speech—rightly enough—to remind us that we were in a friendly country and that the slightest injury done to the inhabitants would be punished in an exemplary way. During the speech Dry-Jean—a little shaky on his pins that morning, and for the best of reasons—shrugged his shoulders slightly. Luckily the captain didn't see it."

"At midnight Dry-Jean was engaged in a brawl with some peasants and was being prevented from molesting a young girl when Captain Gentili arrived. With one look—the little Corsican had a paralyzing way—he cowed the terrified sergeant; then he said to him:

"Dogs like you deserve to have their brains blown out; as soon as I can see the colonel you lose your stripes again, this time for good. There's to be fighting tomorrow; try to get killed."

"At dawn the cannonade awoke us. The column formed, and Dry-Jean—never had his blue eyes glittered more ominously—placed himself beside me. The battalion moved forward; we were to dislodge the white coats, who with their cannon, occupied Melegnano. Forward, march! At the second kilometer the Austrians' grape shot cut down 15 of our company's men. Then our officers, waiting for the order to charge, made us lie down in the grain field, sharp-shooterwise; they remained standing naturally, and our captain wasn't the least straight of the lot. Kneeling in the rye, we kept on firing at the battery, which lay within range. Suddenly some one joggled my elbow. I turned and saw Dry-Jean, who was looking at me, the corner of his lips raised leeringly, lifting his gun.

"Do you see the captain?" he said, nodding in that direction.

"Yes, what of it?" said I, glancing at the officer, 20 paces off.

"He was foolish to speak to me as he did."

"With a swift, precise gesture he shouldered his arm and fired. I saw the captain—his body bent backward, his head thrown up his hands beating the air for an instant—drop his sword and fall heavily on his back.

"Murderer!" I cried, seizing the sergeant's arm. But he struck me with the butt of his rifle, rolling me over and exclaiming:

"Fool! prove that I did it!"

"Rose in a rage, just as all the sharp-shooters rose likewise. Our colonel, bareheaded, on his smoking horse, pointed his sabre at the Austrian battery and shouted:

"Forward, Zouaves! Out with your bayonets!"

"Could I do otherwise than charge with the others? What a famous charge it was, too! Have you ever seen a high sea dash on a rock? Each company rushed up like a breaker on a reef. Thrice the battery was covered with blue coats and red trousers, and thrice we saw the earthwork reappear with its cannon jaws, impassable.

"But our company, the Fourth, was to snatch the prize. In 20 leaps I reached the redoubt; helping myself with my rifle-butt I crossed the talus. I had only time to see a blonde mustache, a blue cap and a carbine barrel almost touching me. Then I thought my arm flew off. I dropped my gun, fell dizzily on my side near a gun-carriage wheel and lost consciousness.

"When I opened my eyes nothing was to be heard but distant musketry. The Zouaves, forming a disordered half-circle, were shouting 'Vive l'Empereur!' and brandishing their rifles.

"An old general followed by his staff galloped up. He pulled up his horse, waved his gilded helmet gayly and cried:

"Bravo, Zouaves! You are the first soldiers in the world!"

"I found myself sitting near the wheel, supporting my poor broken paw, when suddenly I remembered Dry-Jean's awful crime. At that very instant he stepped out of the ranks toward the general. He had lost his fez, and from a big gash in his close-shaven head ran a trickle of blood. Leaning on his gun with one hand, with the other he held out an Austrian flag, tattered and dyed red—a flag he had taken. The general gazed at him admiringly.

"Hey there, Bricourt!" turning to one of his staff; "look at that, if you please. What men!"

"Whereupon Dry-Jean spoke up:

"Quite so, my general. But you know—the First Zouaves—there are only enough left for once more!"

"I would like to hug you for that!" cried the general; "you'll get the cross, you know, and still repeating, 'what men!' he said to his aid-de-camp something I didn't understand—I'm no scholar, you know. But I remember it perfectly: 'Worthy of Pharaoh, wasn't it, Bricourt?'"

"At that very moment the pain was too much for me, and I fainted. You know the rest. I've often told you how they saved off my arm and how I dragged along in delirium for two months in the hospital. In my sleepless hours I used to ask myself if it was my duty to accuse Dry-Jean publicly. But could I prove it? And then I said, 'He's a scoundrel, but he's brave; he killed Captain Gentili, but he took a flag from the enemy.' Finally, in my convalescence, I learned that as a reward for his courage Dry-Jean had stepped up into the Zouaves of the Guard and had been decorated. Ah! at first it gave me a disgust at my own cross which the colonel had pinned on me in the hospital. Yet Dry-Jean deserved his, too; only his Legion of Honor ought to have served as the bull's-eye for the squad detailed to put him out of existence."

"It's all far away now. I never saw him again; he remained in the service, and I became a good civilian. But just now, when I saw that uniform with its bullet-hole—God knows how it got there—hanging a stone's throw from the barracks where the murderer is, it seemed to me that the captain, the crime still unpunished, was clamoring for justice."

"I did my utmost to quiet Pere Vidal, assuring him he had acted for the best. Five days later, on reaching the office, Vidal handing me a paper folded at a certain paragraph, murmured gravely: 'What did I tell you?'"

"Another victim of intemperance.—Yesterday afternoon, on the Boulevard de Grenelle, a certain Jean Maillet, known as Dry-Jean, sergeant in the Zouaves of the Imperial Guard, who with two companions had been drinking freely, was seized with delirium tremens while looking at some old uniforms hanging in a second-hand shop. He drew his bayonet and dashed down the street to the terror of all passers-by. The two privates with him had the utmost difficulty in securing the madman, who shouted ceaselessly: 'I am not a murderer; I took an Austrian flag at Melegnano!' It seems that the latter statement is true. Maillet was decorated for this feat; his addiction to drink has alone prevented him from rising in the ranks. Maillet was conducted to the military hospital of Gros-Caillon, whence he will soon be transferred to Charenton, for it is doubtful if he can recover his reason."

"As I returned the paper to Vidal, he looked at me meaningly and concluded:

"Captain Gentili was a Corsican—he has avenged his self!"—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Francois Coppee.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Of the houses in Paris, France, there are still 10,000 (with 200,000 inhabitants) that use well water.

Under Henry V an act of Parliament ordered all the geese in England to be counted, and the sheriffs of the counties were required to furnish six arrow feathers from each goose.

A large tom-cat for thirteen years made voyages on a mail steamer between Sydney and San Francisco. The animal died, and was buried at sea, having almost completed 1,000,000 miles of travel.

There are some curious superstitions concerning waves. The Arab sailors believe that the high sea off the coast of Abyssinia are enchanted, and whenever they find themselves among them they recite verses which they suppose have a tendency to subdue them.

The oldest inhabited house in England stands close to the River Ver, and about 250 yards from St. Alban's abbey. It was built in the time of King Offa of Mercia about the year 795, and is thus over 1100 years old. It is of octagonal shape, the upper portion being of oak, and the lower has walls of great thickness.

During the last decade excavations in Egypt have added to the treasures of ancient Greek literature buried in the sand for two thousand years—manuscripts of works by Aristotle, Herondas, Bakchylides, Menander, besides the Ninus romance, Grenfell's erotic fragment, and the hymns to Apollo, with music.

Children or Taxes.

If you live in Madagascar you must have children, or else pay a tax to the authorities. This is the latest decree issued by the government of Madagascar. For some time the population of that island has been decreasing. The government authorities sat in council a short time ago and decided upon a tax to be levied, upon every man who, at the age of twenty-five, is unmarried, and upon every married man who, at that age, has no children. The tax is \$3.75 a year. Every girl must pay a tax of \$1.80 a year as long as she remains single after she passes her twenty-fourth year, and every married woman does the same until she has children as the result of her marriage.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—A waist in this style usually accompanies a work dress, or is worn at other times when a tidy, trim appearance only is necessary. When fashion-



WOMAN'S SPENCER WAIST.

ioned in appropriate materials it may also form a suitable support for the dressy and appropriate bodice decorations now in vogue, that can be purchased ready to wear over plain waists. Figured percale is here represented for ordinary house wear, a linen collar with stock of sheer white muslin with tucked and pleated ends, forming the pretty neck decoration. The lining is fitted with the usual double darts, underarm and side-back gores, a curving centre-seam in back completing the trim adjustment.

The whole back is smooth across the shoulders, pretty fullness being drawn to the centre at the waist line, and smooth under-arm gores join the back and fronts. The lower edge of the waist is finished with a shaped girdle of velvet, a bow of the same being placed at the left side. The two-seamed sleeves have the slightly full upper portions arranged over well-fitted linings, the wrists being pointed in Venetian style. Waists by the mode may form part of a stylish gown or be made separately of contrasting color and material, taffeta, satin, foulard and other fancy silks making dressy waists with fronts of tucking, cording or all-over lace.

The skirt comprises seven gores, the novel features being the shaping that gives a distinct spring at the foot of each gore suggesting the flare of a circular flounce. A close adjustment is presented at the top, and the fullness in back is laid in single back-ward turning pleats that meet over the placket finished in the centre-back seam. The foot trimming of ruffled velvet ribbon is applied in four wavy lines. The skirt may form part of a costume or be made separately to wear with numerous odd waists, which still prevail in the realm of fashion. To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require two yards of material forty-four inches wide.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require five yards of material forty-four inches wide.

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The skirt comprises seven gores, the novel features being the shaping that gives a distinct spring at the foot of each gore suggesting the flare of a circular flounce. A close adjustment is presented at the top, and the fullness in back is laid in single back-ward turning pleats that meet over the placket finished in the centre-back seam. The foot trimming of ruffled velvet ribbon is applied in four wavy lines. The skirt may form part of a costume or be made separately to wear with numerous odd waists, which still prevail in the realm of fashion. To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require two yards of material forty-four inches wide.

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