

France has unearthed a new traitor who has been selling her war secrets to Germany, getting \$212 for the lot. The price was cheap and the information no doubt of corresponding character.

In England, France and other countries in the Old World all street railroad cars, omnibuses and other vehicles used as public conveyances are limited by law to their seating capacity under heavy penalties.

The amount of copper produced in the United States last year—estimating the output of December—was 264,600 tons. This amount includes the copper in sulphate and shows an increase over the production of 1898 by about 10.5 per cent.

Orea, a little city in Sweden, owns and operates a nursery which yields an income of \$150,000—sufficient to pay all the expenses of the municipality, including the cost of conducting free schools for the children and a free telephone system for the people.

The telephone lines of Sweden are owned by the state, and the cost to each subscriber averages \$13.40 a year. The government is bound under the agreement by which it secured ownership of the lines not to exceed that rate. For this sum the state will erect a line not exceeding two miles to bring a subscriber into the system. Some special rates are as low as \$2.88 a year, and the contracts under which they have been allowed run for a series of years. The fee for conversation, not exceeding 62 miles, is 4 cents; up to 155 miles, 8 cents; up to 335 miles, 13 1/3 cents, and for longer distances 27 cents. Conversation is permissible under these rates for three minutes, and a third extra is charged for every extra minute the phone is in use.

It used to be popularly said that modern invention would make war so horrible, so expensive in men, that nations could not afford to engage in it; that war would cease because armies would be wiped out. It seems, however, that the element of human caution intervenes. Long-range projectiles make long-range battles. Shrapnel produces the trench. Armies no longer hurl themselves at each other in the open. It would be suicide, and a campaign of investment and forced surrender. Creating an impassable zone of fire has created a disposition not to cross it. Areas widen, and so widen with safety for greater numbers.

No factor in the last decade has been so potent in bringing the American nation to a realization of the fact that there is a desirable outdoor life as the bicycle. When cycling was a fad three and four years ago it raked its disciples from all walks of life. Largely, however, it drew upon that element of humanity engaged in sedentary occupations. The dull-eyed clerk, the listless bookkeeper, the stolid artisan, who saw nothing of life prior to that time but monotonous car ride and a dreary day within drearier walls, suddenly awoke to the realization that there was a great world outside which could be enjoyed by short excursions on the wheel. It is this portion of the population that has clung steadily to the bicycle, in spite of the fact that society elbowed cycling to one side, merely to go to some extreme in another pursuit of pleasure. The number of actual riders, for the foregoing reason, has steadily increased in the last two years in the face of an apparent decline in the sport.

Congressman Lacey of Iowa has been acting as schoolmaster in the House of Representatives. He has been showing what Iowa spends for school purposes compared with Alabama and some of the Southern states. Without contradiction from his hearers, whose faces expressed blank amazement, he intimated that a single congressional district in Iowa paid more school taxes than the whole state of Alabama. This statement was brought out by the appeal of representatives from Alabama for donations of land from the United States for common school purposes. In its constitution, passed in 1875, the state of Alabama provided that the tax for all school and state purposes should not exceed 3-4 of 1 per cent. The result is that, owing to this restriction by the constitution, the entire sum raised for public schools in that state in the years 1897-8 was but a little over \$800,000. That is only 46 cents per capita to the population. Each child that was sent to school cost \$3.59. In the same year when Alabama spent \$800,000 for school purposes Iowa spent \$4,451,000, and the amount for each child was \$22.79. South Dakota in the same year spent \$23.45 for each child.

THE COMMON THINGS OF LIFE.

The common things of life, they give
To us its highest way:
The things that in the life we live
Are with us every day.
And never wrought the dreamer yet
Whose work true honor brings
But that his fabric's base was set
Firm on life's common things.

For those dear things to eyes that see
Not common are nor plain;
Beauty to its supreme degree
Lives in their homely grain.
And when God's awe-inspiring seraph band
Creation's mystery sings,
It tells how sea and sky and land
Were made life's common things.
—Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republic.

THE MANILA WIRE

By Brigadier-General Charles King, U. S. V.



It was the morning of February 5, 1899, and all Manila was girdled with smoke and flame. From the shores of the beautiful bay opposite the Bozano de Vitas at the north, away around in wide sweep across the Pasig and thence to old Fort San Antonio Abad at the southern suburb, long lines of American soldiers were pitted against the opposing forces of the native army, led by Aguinaldo's best and bravest generals.

As early as the middle of December it was only too evident that armed conflict was imminent. All the same, orders required that Aguinaldo's officers be received with every courtesy, and the rank and file with kindness. They came and went within our lines at their own free will. Their soldiers, their women and children in swarms would visit the American outposts and claim a share of the ample rations, and profess undying regard for their Amigos Americanos; yet in hundreds of native homes rifles and ammunition were stored to be used when the day of battle came, and some of the convents and many of the churches proved to be veritable arsenals.

And it is about one of these, the big stone church at East Paco, the easternmost suburb of Manila, that there hangs a story not soon to be forgotten by the men of Anderson's Division of the Eighth Corps—a story of heroism and devotion to duty that may well be remembered by the youth of America.

Crossing the Estero de Paco by a massive bridge of stone, the Calle Real—the main street—passed within a few rods of the windows and towers of the church. It was the broad thoroughfare over which went most of the travel, and much of the traffic between Manila and the thronged towns and villages up the Pasig River and around the picturesque Laguna de Bay. It was lined on both sides with houses the lower story of which, at least, was of stone, solidly built to resist the earthquakes sometimes so destructive in this volcanic land, and on its northern side were strung the telegraph wires, two in number, of the signal corps of the army, connecting the outermost blockhouse, Number Eleven, with the field headquarters of the general in command of the First Brigade of the First Division of the American army of occupation, and with those of his superior officers, Major-General Anderson at Division Headquarters in West Paco, and Major-General Otis at the Palace within the walled city of Manila.

With the early dawn of that lovely Sunday there came galloping along the hard-beaten road a wiry little Filipino pony, ridden by a slender young soldier in brown khaki uniform. From underneath the curling brim of his drab felt campaign hat a pair of clear, dark-brown eyes peered eagerly, searching along that line of wire and up and down every pole.

From the fact that the sentries at the bridge presented arms as the young rider spurred along, and that there was a single silver bar on each dark blue shoulder strap, it was evident that, despite his youth, the young rider was an officer, a first lieutenant, and the device on the collar told farther that he was of the signal corps of the volunteer army. He was a handsome fellow, with regular features, dark, wavy brown hair and a face bronzed by tropic suns, but radiant with the health and spirit of youth.

Only a few minutes before, two men of the First Idaho had been shot almost in front of the building where the young signal officer sprang from the saddle to make his report to the adjutant-general.

"Lines all safe as yet, sir," he said, his hand going up in salute, "but the fire is pretty sharp along the road, and the sentries say there's occasional shooting around them. The worst of it is that they can't tell where the bullets come from, now that it is light, and the enemy uses smokeless powder. The Wyoming regiment is in reserve, by General Anderson's order, behind those buildings across the bridge, and they say, too, that they hear shots every little while."

An ambulance, driving rapidly, came rattling down the street from the firing line at the eastern skirt of the village. A pale-faced soldier, his arm freshly bandaged, sat beside the driver, and both soldier and driver trembled with wrath and excitement as they drew up in front of the building.

"We were fired at from three of those nipa huts up the road, right there this side of the bend!" said the driver angrily; and then, lowering his voice, "I've got two desperately wounded men inside, too." Then a hospital corps soldier, springing from the step, corroborated the statement.

"I could see them in one shack aiming at me," he said, "and the bullets flew close as—that," and he whisked his hand back over the shoulder, almost shaving his ear.

"The general's over at Battery

Knoll with the guns," was the answer of the chief of staff. "There they go now!" he added, as with a roar and shriek the long shell leaped from the brown muzzle and went tearing through space toward the Krupp in the river redoubt. Then followed a distant crash—it had burst just above the hostile parapet. "We can't get orders to advance yet, and when we do he wants you to follow us right up with your wire. Communication must be kept by telegraph. It's as much as a man's life is worth to attempt to ride this street, and I hate to send an orderly with a message."

"Can you leave men enough to guard the line?" asked the young signalman, anxiously. "They'll be cutting it in a dozen places otherwise."

"We haven't got 'em!" was the impatient answer. "Sooner or later the order must come to pitch in; then every man will be needed at the front. They are calling for re-enforcements even now at Blockhouse Eleven. The general sent in two California companies, and then rode over to Dyer's battery. You might go to him there, if you like. He'll want to know this, anyhow."

But even as he spoke, up the street at a sharp trot, and followed by a single orderly, came the brigade commander. The crash of musketry at the front, and the cheers of the Californians, as they drove in through the rice-fields to the support of their comrades of the First Washington, had deadened the sound of the ponies' hoofs. Silently, but with intense interest, the general listened to the driver's story of the fire from the nipa huts on the skirts of the town, and even before it was more than half-told, excited exclamations among the soldiers called his attention away. Lashing his pony to top speed and bending down on his neck, an orderly came tearing in from the front, running the gauntlet between two rows of native houses from which the sharp, vicious crack of the Mauser, and the heavier report of the Remington, could be plainly heard.

"Send a platoon to thrash those fellows and burn those huts at once!" was the instant order. "Send a company back toward Paco Church. Did they fire at you from there?" asked the general, turning suddenly on the signal officer.

"I think so, sir," was the modest answer. "At least they fired several shots from somewhere close at hand."

"You'll have hard work keeping your wires up to-day, my lad," said the commander, thoughtfully, "and I can't help you very much, either. But all the same, I shall have to rely upon you."

"You may, sir," was the answer, and the old soldier and the young shoo-k hands parted.

Two hours later came the longed-for order, "Advance!" With crashing volleys and ringing cheers the men of California, Washington and Idaho plunged through the muddy stream at their front, and charged home upon the intrenchments to the south and west of Santa Ana, and then, wheeling to their left, drove the insurgent force pell-mell to the banks of the Pasig, many of the enemy, indeed, drowning in their frantic efforts to swim to safety on the farther shore.

Meanwhile the extreme right of the brigade, in hot pursuit of the insurgent reserve and rear-guard, drove on eastward along the highway, overwhelming the enemy every time he strove to make a stand, and at last, worn and breathless, halted for the night. On the back of a pasteboard cartridge case their brave leader, Colonel Smith, of the First California, wrote to his commander the brief, soldierly report of their success, and sent it back to Santa Ana by galloping orderly.

"Wire this news at once to General Anderson," was the order, as the brigade commander turned his horse's head up the river road, and spurred away for the extreme front. The wire was in Santa Ana already, so energetic had been the work of the signal corps, but when the operator touched his key a moment later the line was lifeless—dead.

"Wire's cut!" said he, briefly, and went leaping down the stone steps in search of his young chief. In another moment the tall lad in brown khaki was lashing his pony back along the corpse-strewn road to Paco. Through a lane of blazing nipa huts he tore his way, keenly scanning the newly strung wire. Over the scarred Concordia bridge, where the battle raged so hotly in the early morning, the plucky little racer bounded to the Manila side, and so on down the Calle Real between the smoldering ruins of the native huts, from which had come that treacherous fire in the rear that killed and wounded members of the sacred band who serve under the protection of the Red Cross. Dense volumes of smoke and flame were pouring from the roof and windows of the great church and convent in Paco Square. "And yet," said the soldiers, huddling in the shelter of the nearest building, "there's a gang of 'em in the stone tower the flames

can't reach, and they are firing at every man who shows a head along the street."

Peering through the murky veil, the young officer could dimly see other crouching forms of blue-shirted soldiers firing upward at the tower window—wasted shots that only flattened harmless on the archway above the hidden heads of the daring occupants, who poured through narrow slits a deadly fire on the roadway. Over at Battery Knoll Captain Dyer had trained one of his guns to bear on that lofty little fortress, and now and then a shell came screeching over the roofs, and burst with crash and crackle at the tower; and still any attempt on part of officer or man to run the gauntlet along that road was met with the instant crack of a Mauser and the zip of a bullet. It was a lane of death—but duty beckoned on.

Despite a vigorous balk and protest, the little beast was urged into a trot, and the brave lad with his eyes on those precious wires, rode sturdily on.

Another second and he was seen from the tower, barely two hundred yards away, and then down came the hissing bullets. Like angry wasps they buzzed past his ears, and the brave young heart beat hard and fast, but duty—duty always led him on; and just a block away, under sharp fire every inch of it, he came suddenly upon a soldier of his corps crouching in the shelter of the stone wall at the roadside, and pointing helplessly to where the severed wire hung, limp and useless, from a tall pole close to the abutment of that perilous bridge.

One way and one way only could it be repaired. Some one must climb that pole in the very face of those lurking rebels in the tower.

If the smoke hung low it might spoil their aim. If it lifted, and it was lifting now, he could not hope to escape. Yet that wire must be restored, and duty bade him make the thrilling, hazardous effort.

Springing from saddle and crouching at the wall, he made his hurried preparations. From the nervous hand of his subordinate he took the clamps and the few tools necessary, stowed them in the pocket of his blouse, and then, with who knows what thought of home and mother, with who knows what murmured prayer upon his lips, with the eyes of admiring and applauding comrades gazing at him from the safety of the walls, he sprang suddenly to the swaying pole, and lithe and agile, climbed swiftly to the top.

Madly now the Mausers cracked from the belfry. Fiercely the Springfield barked their answer as the cheering lads in blue sprang out into the open, and poured rapid volleys to keep down the rebel fire. Clamping the pole with his sinewy legs and using both hands deftly, quickly, he drew together and firmly fastened the severed ends.

Then, just as he was about to slide to the ground and out of harm's way, zip! tore a bullet through the other wire, and down, dangling, it fell to the ground.

Inspired by the heroism of his young chief, the soldier below leaped for the wire, and clambering part way up, passed it to the lad, who, with clenched teeth and firm-set lips, clung to his at the top.

Another minute of desperate peril, and the work was done.

Cheered to the echo by the few soldiers—an officer and perhaps a dozen men—who saw the gallant deed, the brave lad slid unharmed to the shelter of the wall; and at last the wire hummed with life again, and bore to division headquarters and to an eager thousand of miles across the sea the brief, stirring story of sweeping victory from the distant front.

And that was the exploit that led not long after to the recommendation that the coveted medal of honor be awarded Lieutenant Charles E. Kilbourne, of the Volunteer Signal Corps, on duty at Manila.—Youth's Companion.

Home Life in Porto Rico.

To one unaccustomed to tropical conditions, the furnishing of the Porto Rican home would at first sight seem meagre; but it is quite ample. A short residence will demonstrate that nearly 500 years of experience with the unpleasant features of life in the West Indies have been crowned by a survival of the fittest in housefurnishing as in other matters.

Austrian bent-wood furniture, and also wicker-work and willow-ware, constitute the main equipment of the parlors and living-rooms. Upholstered furniture is unknown and undervalued, little or no attempt being made at decoration except in the matter of embroidery and fine hand-made lace-work, with which the bedrooms are elaborately supplied. Hundreds of yards of crochet-work are used in the embellishment of a single canopy bed. This work is the chief delight of the Porto Rican housewife.

The walls are for the most part bare, but here and there a painting of merit may be seen. The sofa pillow is the one great feature of the home; it is everywhere, in every conceivable size, shape and material. Ferns of gigantic size and exquisite formation, as well as broad-spreading palm leaves, are used to festoon the walls and arched doorways. Out fresh from day to day, they render the dark, cool rooms inviting and attractive. Potted tropical plants in great variety abound within and without the home.—Harper's Bazar.

A Watertight Watch.

A novelty just placed on the English market is a watertight watch which is particularly designed for soldiers and others exposed to hard service. The back is screwed on and the stem-winding apparatus is protected by a screw top. One of these timepieces has for months been running and keeping perfect time submerged in a jar of water in a London window.

AGRICULTURAL.

Mushrooms as a Field Crop.

It is claimed that mushrooms can be grown in the fields by selecting rich old pasture lands. About the middle of June, with a sharp spade, make V-shaped cuts in the sod, about four inches deep, and raise one side enough to allow the insertion of a piece of spawn, two or three inches square, under it, so that it shall be about two inches below the surface, then stamp the sod down. Make these plantings three or four feet apart, and if the season is favorable a good crop should appear the following August and September.

Growing the Vegetable Oyster.

One of the very best and least known garden plants is salsify or vegetable oyster. This is very hardy and is easily grown as parsnips. Sow early in the spring in rows twelve or fourteen inches apart. When the crop is wanted for winter, take up late in the fall and spread in boxes and cover with soil. The roots will keep nicely until spring. They probably shrivel somewhat, but when placed in water will regain their natural appearance. Properly cooked some people prefer this to the genuine oyster.

To Prevent Rabbits Barking Trees.

A good way to keep rabbits from gnawing the bark from off the bottom of trees is to make an ordinary white-wash composed of about one pound of flour of sulphur to four pounds of lime, to which is added about two ounces of fluid carbolic acid.

This mixture should be kept well stirred while applying it with a brush to the bottom of the trees. Apply it liberally up to a height of about three feet or so, and then the rodents cannot reach above it—they will never gnaw the bark where the mixture is applied. After a rain it will no doubt be necessary to make another application.

Batter Tested by Photography.

Oleomargarine and renovated butter have seen their halcyon days, if the silent efforts now being made in the basement of the State Capitol prove effective. State Chemist J. A. Hummel is engaged on the varieties of yellow stuff, alleged butter, which the inspectors are sending him from every portion of the State. The chemist has hit upon a new scheme which he thinks will surely bring the butterine dodgers to time. By a combination of nickel prisms, microscope and a lensless camera with a sensitive plate, Mr. Hummel has developed a plan which must show the difference between butters and pseudo butters to every amateur eye at a moment's glance. Thus, it is hoped, the photographs will carry weight with a jury where chemical formulas failed.—St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer-Press.

Shallow Planting For Sweet Peas.

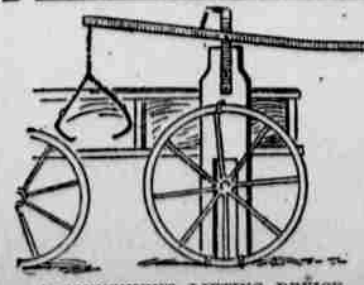
The sweet peas were planted near the top of the ground, not in a deep trench as formerly. Then, after they began to run, I sifted the ashes from the kitchen stove (part coal and part wood) by the side of the row every morning until the ashes were about six inches deep from the row of sweet peas to the row of potatoes on each side. These kept the roots cool and damp and we never saw such thrifty sweet pea vines and large blossoms. The row was sixteen feet long and a large bunch was picked nearly every day from July 4 until October 1. The vines got about eighteen inches above the six feet wire and then fell back. For the last five weeks it was necessary to use a chair to stand on to pick.—Jared Bradley, in New England Homestead.

Tip For Potato Growers.

A simple method of preventing rot and other diseased conditions of winter seed potatoes is in use by the peasants of Thuringia, according to Consul Hughes at Coburg. Those potatoes that rot easily in the cellar in winter are made better able to resist disease conditions and cold by being laid in a sunny place, as far apart from each other as possible. They are turned over morning and night until they become thoroughly green, and are then placed in the cellar for the winter. Potatoes treated in this manner do not rot and can withstand a great amount of cold without freezing. Early potatoes thus treated do not sprout in the cellar, and so retain their full strength. In February the potatoes are taken from the cellar and put in a partially warmed room until planting time. When planted they will sprout stronger and quicker than potatoes not so treated, and the crop will be larger and better.

For Loading Farm Wagons.

Where a man is doing his work alone he is often at a great disadvantage when about to load heavy sacks or barrels into the farm wagon. A device is shown in the cut that will greatly assist him. A plank is cut to slip down over the axle, between



A CONVENIENT LIFTING DEVICE.

the wheel and the wagon body, and to grip the wheel rim by means of three hooks. A bent arm of iron sup-

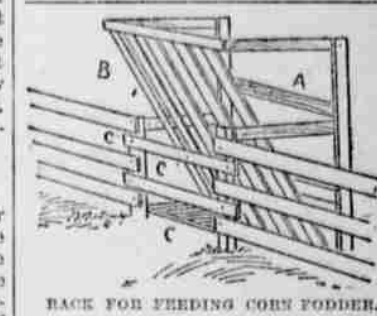
ports a pole or lever, that has a grasping arrangement of hooks. Arranged as shown in the cut, heavy articles can be lifted over the side from the ground. If the contrivance is turned about, the plank coming outside the wheel, articles can be loaded into the rear end of the wagon.—New York Tribune.

The Use of Greenhouses.

Glass is now made so cheaply and greenhouses are so little expense, that they are profitably used for growing many things for market that were formerly grown out of doors. All the best foreign varieties of grapes are grown by some of the leading nurserymen in cold grapeeries, where no heat is used and the vines are resting during the winter just the same as they do out of doors. But under glass in the cold grapeery the buds will start several weeks earlier than they can in the open air. The grapes will not be chilled at night by dews, as they are out of doors even during most of the summer months. Hence they will ripen without mellowing the foliage or having the fruit attacked by fungus. To some extent the growers of native grapes are taking a hint from the cold grapeery under glass. If a native vine is trained so that some of its fruit is ripened under a protecting awning, such fruit will be much finer and better than it ever can be grown on parts of the vine that are not thus protected.

Feeding Corn Fodder.

Feeding unshredded corn fodder is hard work, on account of the difficulty of handling. There is also a greater part of the stalks that the cattle will not eat. This accumulating under the cattle's feet or about the feed lot soon becomes a nuisance. Accompanying this description I send the sketch of a rack that will be easy to fill and which will retain the stalks, allowing



RACK FOR FEEDING CORN FODDER.

the cattle to strip off the leaves, corn and tender, eatable portions. The un-eaten portion can be cleaned out by force filling anew, and the used stalks piled up for hauling away, mixed with the accumulating manure heap, where the refuse of barn stable is piled before being hauled to the fields.

The rack is to be built against the fence, so that the filling can be done from the outside, the outside of the manger at a being only high enough to retain the fodder. The frame of the rack should be made of 2x4s. The rack should be made of four-inch fencing lumber, the slats about four inches apart. The outside rack, c, should be set out far enough so the cattle can easily reach down inside to pick up the chaff. To guard against any waste here, it is well to have the bottom, e, floored, and the floor surrounded by a six-inch board. The rack can be made any length, according to the amount of stock to be fed.—American Agriculturist.

Short and Useful Pointers.

Alfalfa yields from six to ten bushels of seed per acre.
You never heard of such a thing as a dairyman being too clean.
The dairy cow is exactly what the farmer brings up the calf to be.
Poultry pays when their habits, diseases and feeding is made a study.
Never milk with dirty hands, and never allow the hired man to do it.
All animals enjoy a clean, dry bed at night. Plenty of straw is just the thing.

The production of eggs is increasing; but not so fast as the demand for fresh eggs.

There is no waste on a farm where ducks are kept—that is, not if the ducks can help it.

The average yield of apples throughout the whole country is less than three bushels to the tree.

Allowing little chicks to run about in the wet grass is a sure way of getting rid of a lot of them.

Cutting feed pays, and cutting the bedding is well worth the trouble. It will absorb much better.

Some farmers are getting ahead of their neighbor in the yield of potatoes by using the trench system.

Drought is bad; but to those who use plenty of shallow culture it hasn't the terrors that it has to others.

The hens that receive careful handling, exercise and constant attention, are the ones who furnish the eggs.

Careful feeding before calving, and a good cleansing of the bowels immediately after, will usually keep a cow clear of milk fever.

Breed dairy heifers when they are from sixteen to twenty months old, then they will be giving milk when a little over two years old.

Don't over feed the dairy heifer. If you do she will become too fat. There is a happy medium, and this is what you want to strike.

Dairyman should make it a point to have their stable in a healthy sanitary condition, with the honest purpose of furnishing to their customers a healthy milk supply.

In order that the farming industry may be raised to its proper place, as head of all others, it is necessary that the farmers themselves should think more of it and give it increased attention.